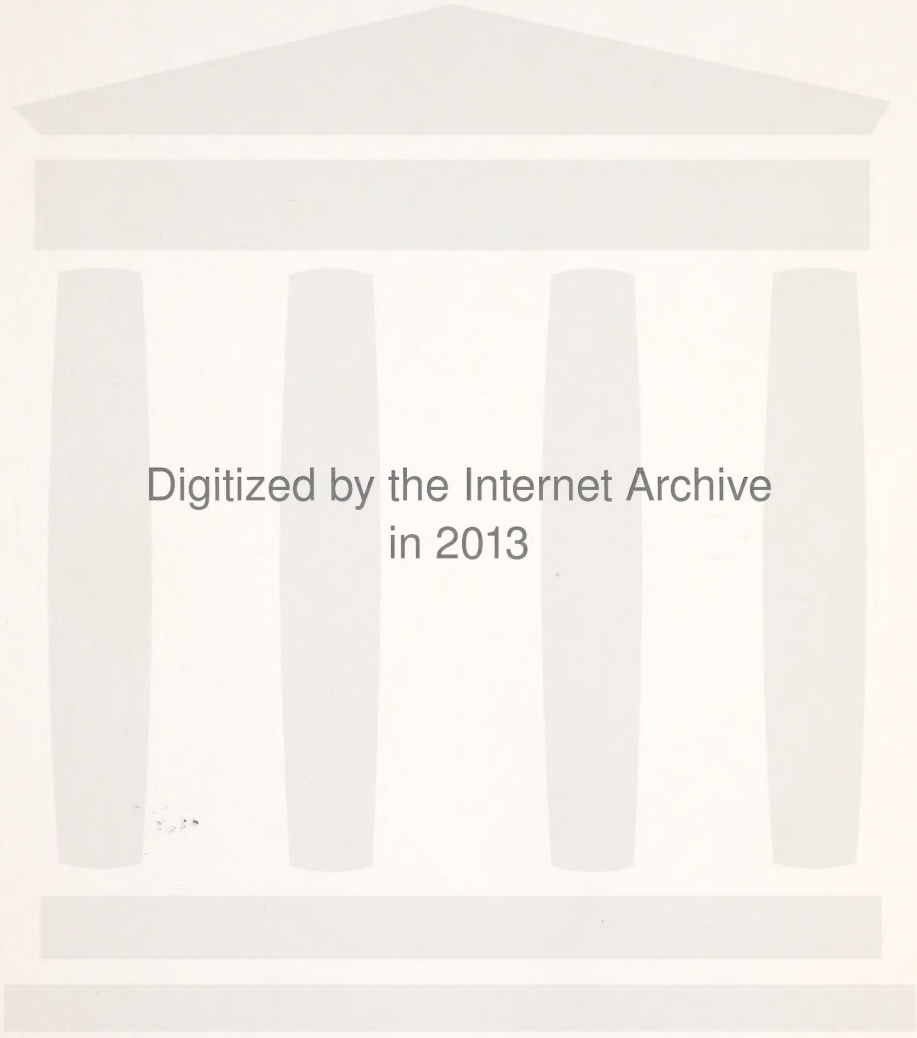
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VOLUME 177

JUNE 1938



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JAPAN'S PARTNER

JAPANESE DEPENDENCE UPON THE UNITED STATES

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

THE Japanese government is engaged in a war in which it would be helpless without necessities—oil, steel, munitions, and various commodities—which it imports from the United States. At the same time the Roosevelt Administration has embarked on the biggest naval program ever undertaken by our government at any time, and one of the chief reasons for it is a fear of the Japanese. How does it come about that our government prepares to defend us against persons who would be no threat if American industry did not help them to become one?

This year's great war games in the Pacific are more secret and mysterious than for many years. This year's Congress is being asked to vote a naval appropriations bill that will land America right in the middle of the arms race. The boycott of Japanese goods has become a minor crusade. And it doesn't make us happy. We don't want it, any of it. We want to live at peace with our neighbors, even with those five thousand miles away. We are not, it is evident, willing to send American boys out to China to die in the fighting there now, but we are saying that if war is forced upon us we must not be unprepared. And that war may be so forced upon us, more and more of us are coming to fear.

Because we were so well vaccinated twenty years ago it is not likely that we shall fight in Europe again for a long time. We may be sick with pity and shame when we read of the rape of Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, but we are thankful that we are out of it. We are indeed so out of it that we are hardly afraid of being dragged in. Our fear now is of war from the west. Not the Balkans, but Hawaii and the Philippines are our danger spots. It is Japan, not Germany or Italy, which figures as the possible attacker in the popular mind and in the Navy Department's plans. It is because of Japan that our enormous new battleships will slide down the ways in 1942 and 1943. There it is, the smoke

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of the "China incident," slowly creeping up from the horizon, a cloud by this time a little larger than a man's hand, and our uneasy people find in it a warning that sometime, from over the world's shoulder, the Japanese guns and battleships may turn against us.

Meanwhile what is Japan doing? That is a fair question because it so happens that she is doing more than bombing Chinese cities. Japan too has plans for 1943. Her immediate problem is of course to supply the armies that are pushing into China; but the program she has publicly announced, and upon which she is now spending every last cent she can find, is not designed merely to supply shells and tanks to her infantry or bombs to her airmen. Japan is beginning a second industrial revolution, the most immediate and obvious results of which cannot be achieved before the early 1940's.

In the past Japan has been proud of her textile industry and her shipbuilding capacity, as befits an island empire. But her empire has changed and grown. Manchuria and North China stretch out before her, immense and primitive. If Japan is to rule and develop them she must revolutionize her economy. She must have a greater steel industry. She must build railroads, turn out locomotives and cars to use them. She must speed up her minute automobile production. And basic to all these plans, she must have an engineering industry that will build the machines to make these things and the machines to make the machines.

Now every modern nation must have a steel, an engineering, an automobile industry, and all the rest. But to what use is Japan planning to put the end products of her new plants? Who is to use her new railroads? When American railroads were flung across the continent after the Civil War they were designed to serve the great farming and industrial areas of the growing West. With them came a substantial rise in the standard of living of Americans as a whole. Again, when Henry Ford began to build cheap cars, and our automobile industry really began to grow into the amazing and unique thing it is to-day, it was the American people who profited by it; so that now we take quite casually the fact that there is one car for every five persons in this country. Most recently, the development of the electrical industry in the 1920's has made radios and refrigerators into commonplaces instead of luxuries. With the growth of each new industry the standard of living as a whole has risen.

Surely if Japan's new industries are to serve her in this way we can only be delighted at the prospect of Japanese peasants living an easier life. But this, alas, is not the case, and it seems probable that the Japanese peasant will ride on the new railroads only in troop trains, and will come to have a close acquaintance with automobiles only if he is mobilized into a motorized unit of infantry.

Japanese living standards are falling, not rising, as the blueprints for this program are approved. The textile industry—Japan's greatest employer of labor and producer of wealth—is seeing more and more of its plants close, as foreign exchange to purchase cotton and wool abroad becomes rarer and rarer. Heavier and heavier are the tax burdens falling upon the peasants, and the Finance Minister can only express sympathy for their decreasing incomes but can offer no hope of easier circumstances. The Japanese government itself has sent a good part of the gold reserve which nominally backs its currency out of the country to pay for imports needed for the war.

Not only are these plans being formulated at an inopportune moment, if these new industries are to serve any peacetime commercial purposes, any solvent domestic market, but the development of them is to take place under the ægis of the government. This may not seem remarkable, or out of place. Other governments than that of Japan are taking a hand in industrial planning. But in Japan the government means the Army.

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Only one point need be cited for proof. The Japanese Army and Navy between them account for seventy-nine per cent of the expenditures under the 1938 budget, a budget that has quadrupled in the seven years since the Manchurian conquest of 1931. Japan's plans for industrial expansion are plans for industrial armament.

This expansion is not confined to Japan proper. Second only to the Mitsui combine in national power is the Manchurian Heavy Industrial Development Co. Ltd., headed by Yoshisuke Aikawa, which is the monopoly for expansion in Manchukuo—in equal partnership with the government (*i.e.*, the Army). The Japanese Army owns large interests in many key industrial ventures, notably the South Manchurian Railway, and is in effect one of the Empire's most important property-owning bodies. Furthermore, since the arrangement of this monopoly in January, 1938, the Army itself, not bothering to use the government as a shield, has become a large shareholder in Mr. Aikawa's project. Aikawa himself, who has close personal connections with the Army, is authority for the statement that five years must pass before Manchurian industry will be in a position to operate up to government requirements. The auto and aircraft industries are the ones which the Army is anxious, for obvious reasons, to see developed most rapidly in Manchuria. But, says Aikawa, it will take two full years for these industries to install machinery and complete other necessary preparations before production can get under way. Does Aikawa expect that it will still be the China incident which, five years hence, when production is meeting government needs, will be requiring the full operation of Manchurian industry? Or by then will the Japanese war machine have found fresh woods and pastures new?

It is certain at any rate, no matter how long Japan expects to be formally fighting in China, that the northern provinces are to be incorporated into Japan's long-term plans and to play their part in strengthening her in future campaigns for future prospective conquests. Here the Manchurian Heavy Industrial Development Co. has its twin in the Kochu Koshi, which is breeding a swarm of "development companies" as subsidiaries. The pattern is identical with that of Manchukuo. Here again is a monopoly company operating in partnership with the government, headed by a friend of the Army, and engaging in long-term Army-inspired projects. Kochu Koshi's head, Mr. Shinji Sogo, is an alumnus of the South Manchurian Railway Co. (which sold out its industrial holdings to Mr. Aikawa in Manchuria, and which was and is dominated by the Army) who has at times engaged himself as official adviser to politically minded generals. Kochu Koshi's projects cover ten basic industries, centering about utilities, cotton growing, and mining. Again the completion of its program is five years off. North China, still a battlefield, is already, in the War Ministry's careful blueprints, an interrelated part of the cherished plan for Japanese self-sufficiency.

II

It will be worth while to examine a few of these industrial schemes and so get some picture of the immense reorganization and expansion which the Army hopes will make over Japan. By 1941 the steel industry is expected to be turning out twice as much as at present. But not only is Japan's capacity for making steel to be doubled; much of this new capacity is to be for specialized steel, so that Japan can thriftily turn out high-grade steel for machinery, and low-grade steel for office buildings. When this program is completed Japan's steel industry will be producing more than that of France, and almost as much as England's in the record-breaking year of 1937. The United States' capacity, although enormously greater, is almost altogether occupied by filling orders for industry. But Japan's steel will be steel for the Army, whether it goes directly into shells or less

directly into machinery to make light tanks. Japan has no need of steel mills to turn out wire for farmers, or light steel strips for refrigerators; for she has no one to buy either wire or iceboxes.

Central agent in the steel program is a government corporation, the Japan Iron Manufacturing Co. This company dominates the expansion program so completely that by 1941, it will produce 87 per cent of Japan's pig iron, the intermediate step between iron ore and steel, and 56 per cent of her steel ingots. Steel may also be made from scrap. But all scrap imported (Japan has not been using enough steel long enough to have much scrap of her own) must be imported through this same Japan Iron Manufacturing Co., which controls the central government agency. Barring scrap imports, the only other way to make steel is by smelting iron ore, and here the authorities are insuring a virtual monopoly for themselves. Again it is their Japan Iron Manufacturing Co. which has just arranged to take over the various mines owned by the Mitsui interests; to operate the newly won mines in North China; and which is conducting a campaign against the Mitsubishi group for possession of its Korean holdings which are said to contain half a billion tons of ore. When this campaign is won the Japan Iron Manufacturing Co. will have absolute control over every ton of steel made in the Japanese Empire.

The automobile industry too is facing four years of rapid expansion under government regulation. The present session of the Japanese Diet has included automobiles in the articles important from the standpoint of national "defense" which are subject to complete government control. The purpose of increased production is of course obvious—and is not for growing sale to civilians. Owners of small factories, for instance, a class that would naturally turn to automobile ownership and that would normally be able to afford it, are being starved for raw material imports, and are therefore unable to finance their manufactured exports, with the result that even the Japanese press reports that they are "undergoing an ordeal." Thus, as might be expected, Japan's automobile factories, unable to create demand in civilian circles, are working on special orders—for the war. For some time now the Japanese automobile industry has been concentrating on cars using Diesel motors—heavy, expensive, economical only on very long hauls, and thus badly adapted in every way for use by Japan's citizens, but extremely well adapted to the needs of armies pushing into China's interior.

An expansion program is badly needed by an automobile industry which has been geared to turn out 20,000 cars a year (normal prosperity production in the United States turns out 20,000 cars a day). The annual figure of 20,000 has, according to the plans, been doubled by this time (though actually it is lagging). But this is nothing to the projects for the future—particularly those of Mr. Aikawa, Manchuria's industrial tzar. His automobile subsidiary, the Nissan Jidosha Kaisha, is aiming at a monthly production of 40,000 cars. Consider that figure for a moment—and remember that Nissan's principal industrial expansion is concentrated in Manchuria. There is some civilian market in Japan for automobiles even now. But who in Manchuria, that empty land of peasants, is going to purchase 40,000 cars a month?

The other method of transport at the Army's disposal, the railroads, is making almost as much trouble. The government authorities used to be of the comfortable opinion that they had plenty of cars and locomotives to handle both peace- and war-time shipments. But they are now finding 100,000 tons of freight going unhandled every day for lack of transport facilities, and new railroad equipment is vital. To complicate the problem are the 1200 miles of railroad taken over in North China which—perhaps simply to confuse the future conqueror—were built on three gauges, wide, standard, and narrow. So orders are being placed under Army supervision—for

500 locomotives, 1000 passenger cars, and 10,000 freight cars. The steel is being obtained from our old friend the Japan Iron Manufacturing Co.

All this expansion is involving enormously increased production for the hitherto minor engineering industry, which even in 1937 was able to produce less than half the amount of machinery imported. Strict governmental measures, licensing and controlling of imports, are being undertaken to encourage Japanese production. But the most significant of these is the government guarantee to those small business men facing ruin in other lines who are, nevertheless, reluctant to enter a war-baby business; a guarantee that government orders to them will continue for at least two years after the end of the present hostilities in China. Military expansion for steel, automobiles, and railroad equipment depends on military expansion of the machine-tool industry which fashions steel into parts for these basic steel-using industries. We have the government's guarantee that the machine-tool business can depend on at least two years of military expansion after any need for it in China is over. Is any other evidence needed to show that North China is just another step in what Japan regards as her imperial progress?

Oil is notoriously the weakest link in Japan's economy. Obviously, as this program of industrial expansion goes into effect her fuel requirements will increase. Now unless something is done to permit Japan to lay her hands on oil that is exclusively hers this whole complicated program will be jeopardized. But Japan's oil deposits are negligible, as are those of Manchuria and North China. Japan, however, is not going to drill for oil, but to manufacture it. She is planning to spend the better part of a billion yen on a project for liquefying coal. By 1943, when this project is to be completed, Japan estimates that her demand for motor fuel and heavy oil will have doubled. Of that doubled demand, synthetic oil is to supply two-thirds of her need for gasoline, and forty-five per cent of the heavy oil required. North China's coal deposits—which Japan casually reckons as hers already—are to be used for normal coal demands, while the Manchurian mines are to produce the coal which will go into the oil. It is the South Manchurian Railway, the economic agency of the Army, which is to undertake the scheme.

Two commercial commodities have been included in this self-sufficiency program for military reasons. Japan's cotton goods industry needs, when working at top speed, about 4½ million bales of cotton a year. China produces about 3¾ million bales, most of it in the North. Japan plans to increase this output by persuading the peasants to give up growing food crops and confine themselves to cotton culture, depending on food imported from other regions. Pulp output, used by her rayon industry, is also to be increased.

For Japan is anxious to maintain her position as a textile exporter, even though at present she is starving out many of her small textile manufacturers. Textile exports bring her foreign exchange which can be used for the import of goods which her ambitious program demands.

III

Now this is important to notice because it is the first admission that this enormous program, so calmly discussed in Japan, is not self-inaugurating and self-perpetuating. It is dependent on imports. So vital are the imports that the government has had to include in its plans two industries, only minutely concerned with the Army, because they make these imports possible. Steel, automobiles, railroad equipment, machine tools, oil, the plans are smugly and snugly laid for expansion in these fields on a huge scale. But here is the catch. Not only a prostrate China is to contribute to the program. So is Somebody Else, the nation which sells industrial equipment to Japan.

If you are beginning to have a grim

suspicion that Somebody Else is the United States—which is boycotting Japanese goods, fearing Japanese aggression, building battleships to defend herself against Japan—you are quite right. You will have heard of our scrap iron shipments to Japan. We are still selling her scrap. More important, we are selling her steel, finished and semi-finished, ready to be processed by her factories into armaments. We are selling her gasoline to fill the tanks of the airplanes that bomb Chinese cities. And most important of all from our own standpoint, we are selling her the machine tools and metal-working machinery which she is to use in revolutionizing her economy on to a base more nearly comparable with our own. In the 1890's there was a bit of excitement in England over the fact that England was exporting textile machinery to countries, including Japan, though no one thought much about her then, which were substantial markets for English textiles. Little attention was paid to the outcry, and the trade continued. What Japanese textiles subsequently did to English markets is a matter of economic history. Well, that took over forty years and there was never any question of war between England and Japan, nor were the machinery exports for armament use. This, then, is a very minor analogy to what we are doing at present. The great triumph which has made the United States the most powerful industrial nation in the world has been the development of mass production—for peaceful purposes. We are selling Japan the means of mass production for war.

But before we begin to talk about the machinery we are selling Japan for future use it is worth while to put down something of what we are selling Japan to-day for immediate use. For this forms, indirectly, part of her expansion program too. Her program, as we have seen, is based upon the complete control, for her own purposes, of North China. We are helping her to conquer North China by selling her the vital raw materials she needs for armaments.

Steel first of all. In 1937 Japan produced 5.3 million tons of steel. Well over one-third of that steel was made from American raw materials, scrap and pig iron. Besides raw material for her furnaces, the United States sold her 1,000,000 tons of new iron and steel in various unfabricated forms. This was quite an increase from the 1936 figure of 54,000 tons. And Japan bought 75,000 tons of American pig iron alone during the first two months of 1938, and is ordering 100,000 tons more. The same huge rate of increase is continuing in the purchase of steel. Our exports to Japan and Manchukuo in January 1938 were three times what they had been a year ago. A very important point to note in connection with Japan's purchases of steel here is that much of it is specialty steel already alloyed with expensive special metals—copper, nickel, aluminum, chromium, and so on—which Japan is thus spared from buying, and, indeed, which she is still unable to process adequately for modern engineering and armament use. Even so, she bought more than twice as much refined copper from us in 1937 as she did in 1936.

Japan's oil self-sufficiency program, you will recall, will not be completed until 1943, and even then will give her at best but two-thirds of her gasoline requirements, and 45 per cent of her heavy oil needs. During 1937, when this program was merely so many figures on paper, Japan bought 34,000,000 barrels of oil abroad. By October she had already bought 23,000,000 barrels of it from us. This includes special aviation fuel, produced in commercial quantities only by America. This anti-knock gasoline, high in octane content, is the only fuel which will permit some of the American engines which Japan has been buying to develop their full power. Because of its anti-knock qualities too, it lengthens the life of engines, thus saving Japan's under-capacitied engine shops much replacement work. So essential is oil to Japan, and so precarious her present shortage, that Tokyo taxis are being prevented

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from cruising in order to conserve her gasoline supplies.

But even more important than the crucial oil and steel supplies for immediate use that we are sending Japan is our part in aiding Japan to complete her expansion program. Her expansion program for the steel industry calls for an increase of 2.3 million tons of rolled steel (finished steel rolled from steel ingots). In 1937 Japan contracted for the purchase of three modern American rolling mills having a combined capacity of some million and a quarter tons—almost half of the increase called for by Japan's five-year program. These are the famous new automatic continuous sheet-and-strip mills made only in this country, which eliminate 80–85 per cent of the labor usually needed for rolling steel and which complete the complicated process at the rate of about 1800 feet a minute, ten times as fast as the old-fashioned mills through which steel was rolled by hand. The steel thus turned out lends itself particularly well to automobile production (another vital part of Japan's expansion program) and, by their labor-saving devices, these mills will ease somewhat the serious Japanese shortage of skilled workmen.

It is not only steel rolling mills which we are selling Japan, but high-speed metal-working machinery of all kinds. We sold Japan $34,000,000 worth in 1937, more than she had bought from the whole world in 1936, and about two-thirds of her 1937 imports. But machinery imports are much more important than their dollar value would indicate; each machine in its lifetime produces goods worth many times the value of its purchase price. Moreover, the high-speed production and standardization of operations which efficient machinery makes possible is something that cannot be measured in dollars or tons. It is the very basis of mass production and the enormous efficiency that that implies—for peace or for war. Japan's automobile industry, for instance, is faced at present with a confusing variety of machinery and parts: standardization is admittedly its principal problem. Aikawa stated, as we have seen, that two years would be necessary for the installation of modern, high-speed standardized equipment in his Manchurian automobile and aircraft plants. It is because he must have standardized and efficient machinery, and because such machinery for automobile production is made only in the United States, that he is coming here shortly to spend $300,000,000 —almost a third of the total cost of the Manchurian development program—on American equipment—if his sales talk about profits to be made in the development of Manchukuo persuades American industrialists to advance the $300,000,000 Mr. Aikawa needs. And if Japan begins to standardize her auto, her steel, her engineering industries on the basis of American designs, she cannot later turn to those of another country; if she did she would simply continue the same old confusion caused by diverse types of machinery, some of them interlocking, others not, which she is trying to get rid of now. Parallel to her auto-equipment buying, purchases of American locomotives and freight cars will facilitate the completion of Japan's continental railway program. Twenty per cent of the new rolling stock Japan needs will be bought here.

Japan's textile exports have traditionally been the most important way in which she has financed whatever purchases of capital goods she has had to make. But textile exports depend upon raw material imports, notably of cotton. Last year, when Japan found that the China incident was developing into something very much like a full-fledged war, she was forced to curtail these imports, sacrificing her cotton textile industry and its exports (its export revenues as well, it may be added) to her need for materials of war. The immediate drop in export revenues, and thus in foreign exchange, forced her to resort to large-scale shipments of gold which cut deeply into her scanty reserves. Altogether she shipped $250,000,000 in gold to the United States in 1937; and some $25,000,000 more has arrived in California so far this year, with

more promised. Furthermore, she is now debating whether or not to ship every last remaining ounce of gold to us, since her need of manufactured imports is much more vital to her than the farce of a gold foundation for her paper yen.

These gold payments went for armament necessities and for machinery needed by the expansion program. They did not go for cotton. Thus was set in motion the vicious circle which has closed her textile factories, despite her recognition of the importance of export revenues to her present solvency and future plans. By heroic measures, she succeeded since the current cotton season began in August in cutting down her lint takings here to a third of last year's volume. In spite of this, however, she ended 1937 with the enormous trade deficit of 636,000,000 yen. This appalling figure frightened her into cutting down her cotton imports by an additional 180,000,000 yen in January and February, so that her trade deficit for these months was reduced by 75 per cent.

But the unfortunate result was that she found herself without sufficient cotton goods on hand to fill export orders previously undertaken. To fill these orders, she has had to purchase finished cotton goods here, an unprecedented step; and, however reluctantly, to resume her raw cotton purchases here. And as soon as she resumed her cotton purchases she was compelled to resume her gold shipments as well, to the dismay of what is left of conservative opinion in Japan. But sad as the result has been for Japan, it has been sadder for us. Cotton is the Achilles' heel of our economy. Japan's inability to purchase her normal quota of our cotton has had a most depressing effect on the cotton market and, therefore, on Southern purchasing power. And her orders to our steel and machine-tool industries have been far from making up what her boycott of our cotton has cost us. Similarly, Japan's inability to supply her rayon industry with pulp has hurt our West Coast lumber mills, which suffered a panic last summer when the outbreak of war left them with huge unexportable surpluses on hand. The Japanese purchases that have been outlined here, vital as they are to Japan, were sufficient in 1937 to provide our steel and oil industries with a week's work apiece, no more. They are essential to Japan but unimportant to us, and the long-term program of armament expansion growing out of the war in China which they are making possible has ominous political implications for the United States.

Well, there is the story, a very simple one. Japan is the one nation in the world whose aggression we fear. Japan is the unashamed attacker of a country with whom we sympathize, whose magnificent defensive stand we admire heartily. In this attack have occurred atrocities—the bombing of universities, for example—which shock the world.

American industry is selling Japan the goods which permit her to do this and to rear grandiose schemes for continuing to do this on a scale so huge that all western Asia will be reduced to the level of the Japanese subjects in Korea. Seventy-five per cent of the gasoline Japan used last year, gasoline for tanks and bombers and warships, came from the United States. One-third of the steel she made last year, steel for shells, bombs, dum dum bullets, was made out of American raw materials.

Here, then, is the paradox. The Japanese menace is made possible by American exports. Because of the Japanese menace our government is building battleships with money which might otherwise go for housing or to ease the tax burden of our people. What is to be done about this situation is up to the American people. Here are the facts.

TWO BIRTHDAYS

A STORY

BY SUSAN ERTZ

When Danby was eleven years old his mother gave him a bridge party. This may seem unusual, but the Currans were a somewhat unusual little family, and Danby, at ten, had learned to play an excellent game. As he knew no boys or girls of his own age who played bridge, it was a grown-up party consisting entirely of his mother's and father's friends. But in spite of this Danby enjoyed it very much.

Besides himself and his parents there were Mr. and Mrs. Colin Leach; Mrs. Osgrove, the sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued widow who made, it was said, a tolerable living out of the game and had taught Danby to play; his mother's greatest friend, Robert de Castro, owner of the famous "Cressida" perfumes and cosmetics, and *his* great friend Miss Vaudrey.

"Poor dears, they want to marry and can't because Robert's wife won't divorce him," Danby had heard his mother say. So he took a particular interest in them, and whenever they came to the house he watched them with his rather weak but friendly and intelligent brown eyes.

Mr. Leach was an old friend of his father's, and he and his wife came to the house every Sunday night for supper. Leach was a painter of landscapes and had had a considerable success at one time, though his vogue, unfortunately, was passing. These landscapes delighted Danby. They depicted, as a rule, broad stretches of open country with rolling hills, clumps of distant trees, often surrounding a church tower, and splendid piled-up clouds which cast blue shadows that all but moved. Sometimes they were thunder clouds, blue-black and menacing; sometimes small showers drifted up from the horizon, and there would be fugitive gleams of sunlight lighting faraway meadows. The boy often wished that he might find himself in just such wide, grassy, open country, but somehow he never did, for neither his father nor his mother cared for the country, and for holidays took him to Ostend or Dinard, where they could do a little mild gambling and watch the people at the casinos.

For his birthday Mr. Leach gave him one of his landscapes—a small one that Danby had greatly admired. His parents gave him a wrist-watch and a set of Thackeray. Mrs. Osgrove gave him a set of chessmen (he was also fond of chess); Robert de Castro gave him a pair of gold cuff-links, and Miss Vaudrey a pair of ebony hair brushes with his initials on the backs in silver. He felt very grown-up partly because of the bridge-party and partly because of the painting and the set of Thackeray.

"Mother," he asked when the party was over and he had made eight shillings playing at sixpence a hundred, "why do Robert and Miss Vaudrey always come here together? Do they live in the same house?"

"Of course not," his mother said, with a little laugh. "I've told you before, dear, that Helen Vaudrey has a flat of her

own. And you know very well where Robert lives. You've been there often enough."

"Yes, I know, but I thought perhaps Miss Vaudrey lived there too. Why don't they live in the same house?"

"Well," his mother answered, glancing at his father for support, "they don't simply because they're not married."

"But what would happen if they did live in the same house? They wouldn't be arrested and sent to prison, would they?"

"Really, Danby," said his father, "what an absurd question to ask! You know perfectly well they wouldn't."

"Well," the boy argued, "then it seems to me very silly to live in separate houses. Like you and mother living in separate houses. Or mother and me. I don't see why . . ."

"People don't live together unless they're married, you great goose," his mother interrupted.

"Yes, they do," Danby insisted. "Of course they do. Uncle Louis lives in the same house as Cousin Ella, and they're not married."

"But they're cousins, stupid!"

"Well, and Mr. Downing lives in the same house as old Miss Thompson."

"She's his housekeeper."

"Then why can't Miss Vaudrey be Robert's housekeeper?"

His pretty little mother threw a despairing look toward his father, who was twenty years older than she was and chiefly interested in Roman Britain.

"Can't you explain to him, Gerald?" she asked.

"It simply isn't done," said his father, a dry, kindly man. "It isn't done. You'll find that's the answer to a lot of questions, my son."

"Well, I don't see why not," said the boy.

"When you're older," his father told him, "you'll see a lot of things you don't see now."

"Still," Mrs. Curran said, "that's no explanation, is it?"

"Explanation enough," said his father. "Now, off you go to bed, my boy. It's nearly twelve. And take your money with you. Better put it straight into the savings bank."

Danby went to bed and puzzled his head for a long time about Robert de Castro and Miss Vaudrey. What was it, exactly, that "wasn't done"? He could understand quite well that Robert was unable to marry Miss Vaudrey because a man may have only one wife, and Mrs. de Castro was alive and had a villa somewhere in Italy. But why they couldn't just live in the same house like other people passed his comprehension. Every time Robert wanted to see Miss Vaudrey, which must be pretty often judging from the frequency with which they came together to his parents' house, he had to walk or take a bus or a taxi. And Miss Vaudrey had to do the same. It wasn't because there was no room in Robert's house; there was lots of room. Two empty bedrooms at least. And they wouldn't be doing anything wrong by living together; his father had said so. It just "wasn't done," whatever that might mean. Why did no one explain? He decided to ask his mother the very next day.

But the next day it went out of his head, and he didn't think of it again until about a week later when he was coming home from school. He was walking along with his nose in an essay he had written and of which he was very proud. So proud, in fact, that he could read it over twenty times a day and still feel an agreeable glow. He ran straight into Miss Vaudrey, and she caught him by the arm, laughing.

"Here, here! Look where you're going, young man!"

She was looking very nice in a dark-blue coat and hat with some white trimmings, which suited her reddish hair and bright coloring. As soon as he saw her he remembered with pleasure the ebony hair brushes she had given him, with the silver initials on them. He remembered the other matter too.

"I brush my hair with those brushes

you gave me every day now," he said, looking up at her candidly.

"You do? Really? Oh, I'm as pleased as I can be. I did so want to give you something you'd really use. It was a nice birthday party, wasn't it? Robert and I loved it. Are you going home now?"

He said that he was.

"Good. I'm going too, so let's walk along together. Robert said he wanted to see your father this afternoon, and I promised I'd pick him up there at half-past four."

But they had not gone more than a few steps when Miss Vaudrey stopped and said, "Bother! I've forgotten my handkerchief, and as I've got a slight cold I'm sure to want one. Walk back to my flat with me, will you? It's only just down the street a little way."

"I've never seen your flat," he said as they turned.

"Well, you will now. Come along up and I'll show it to you. There's no hurry."

They went upstairs in a silent little lift that was only large enough for two. Danby said that he'd never been in one like that before.

"Automatic, you mean? Why, you funny boy. Half the flats in London now have lifts like these."

When they reached her door and she felt in her bag for the key, he asked,

"Do you live here all alone?"

"Yes," she said, shortly. Then added, "I'm not lucky, like you. I haven't got a mother and father."

It came as a shock of surprise to him to hear this complete adult, this grown-up young woman, wishing for a mother and father. He'd never before considered the place of parents in the lives of adults. Neither of his own parents had parents so far as he knew.

She shut the front door. "It's lonely sometimes too," she said. "Have a look round. That's the living room in there. I'll just go and fetch my handkerchief."

The walls were a cream color, the short curtains a bright, warm red. On a table he saw a large photograph of Robert in a mahogany frame. Some flowers stood in a vase just beside it. On the sofa sat a long-legged doll dressed in Tyrolean costume.

"You don't play with dolls, do you?" he asked, when she returned.

She laughed. "No, of course not. That was a favor I got at a night club one evening. I went there with Robert. I thought it was pretty."

"Well, I wondered if you still played with dolls," he said.

"It wasn't so very long ago that I *was* playing with dolls," she told him. "Whole families of them. I was a great one for dolls."

He looked at her with some curiosity.

"Are you as old as mother?" he asked.

"Really, Danby!" She laughed, but she didn't really seem amused. "I'm only just twenty-one. About ten years older than you are. And I played with dolls till I was nearly sixteen."

"Oh," he said. "Well, I always think that anyone who isn't my age is probably about mother's age."

"Your mother must be thirty-five if she's a day."

"Yes, I think she is just thirty-five."

"Well, come along," she said.

"Can I see the rest of your flat first?"

"Certainly, if you like. Here's my bedroom—sweet, isn't it?—and here's the bathroom. This is a little spare bedroom. I could put a maid into it of course, but I prefer just to have a maid in for a few hours each day. It's less bother. And here's the kitchenette."

"It's all very nice," Danby said. "It seems a pity you have to live here alone."

Miss Vaudrey gave an uncomfortable little laugh.

"Don't imagine I like it," she said.

As they walked home he longed to ask her, "Why do you live all alone? Don't you feel frightened sometimes at night? I know I should. Why doesn't Robert or somebody live here with you?" But he couldn't summon up sufficient courage to say the words. He was afraid of making her angry.

By the time he was fifteen he understood much better why Robert de Castro and Miss Vaudrey were still living apart. Mrs. de Castro would neither divorce nor die, and as for people who weren't married living under the same roof, it just wasn't done. At any rate, not very often. So Miss Vaudrey still occupied her little flat by herself. She looked no older; if anything, she seemed to grow younger, and her hair and complexion were as bright as ever. She had worked for a time in a beauty shop where Robert de Castro's beauty preparations were used, and it was there, Danby knew, that they had originally met.

The little circle was broken now, for Mr. Curran had suddenly and unexpectedly died, leaving Mrs. Curran enough to live quite comfortably on with reasonable care. Mrs. Osgrove had married again and gone to South Africa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leach, who had really been Mr. Curran's friends rather than Mrs. Curran's, had given up bridge. So Danby and his mother, and Robert and Miss Vaudrey used to meet at Mrs. Curran's house and play bridge in the evenings. Robert and Miss Vaudrey would quarrel sometimes, and Danby, who was the best player of the four, was always the one to settle the disputes. His mother would merely look bored and say, "Well, settle it between yourselves. I shan't interfere." And sometimes she would leave the table and go and strum on the piano until it was over.

It did not take Danby long to see that his mother did not like Miss Vaudrey as much as she had before and that she was inclined to take Robert's side. So she held her tongue rather than cause trouble. But in spite of disputes, in spite of a certain lack of friendliness between the two women, the bridge games went on. It almost seemed as if the four couldn't get on without one another. Twice a week they met, sometimes at Robert's house, but more often at Mrs. Curran's, and these meetings now seemed to Danby an essential part of his life.

But when he was seventeen there was a change. The four no longer met alone. Both Mrs. Curran and Robert asked new people to the house, and though Miss Vaudrey was still invited, she seemed to Danby to occupy a different place. She seemed to have become far less important, and he got the impression that Robert asked her because he was afraid or hadn't the heart not to, and something altered and desperate looked out of her eyes.

One day when he was at home studying for an examination, the telephone rang and he answered it. It was Miss Vaudrey.

"Danby," she said, in a voice he hardly recognized, "come and see me. I'm here, at the flat. Please come. Come at once."

"What's the matter?" he asked, reluctant to lose a valuable hour.

"Don't ask me now. Please, hurry!"

He put on his hat and almost ran to her flat, hoping to get back in twenty minutes or so. He pressed the button of the little lift and found her waiting for him with the door of the flat open. Puzzled and a little frightened though he was, he could not help seeing how shabby the place had become. It needed repainting, and in the living room the paper was peeling here and there from the walls, and the curtains were faded. But there were still fresh flowers beside Robert's photograph. Some luncheon dishes were pushed into a corner, and he caught a glimpse of an egg-stained plate. But what disturbed him most was the sight of Miss Vaudrey's face. She seized him by the shoulders, and her eyes were streaming.

"Danby," she said, "Danby, you've got to do something for me. You've got to help me, do you understand? If you don't, something dreadful will happen."

He stared at her, his hat in his hand; a slight, somewhat undersized youth with a narrow pale face and roughened hair.

"But what . . . ?"

"You've got to speak to Robert. And to your mother. If you don't I'll kill myself. Do you understand me? I'll jump out of that window there. It's five stories up . . . and there's a glass roof underneath. And I'll leave a letter for the coroner. You tell Robert that.

And your mother. She . . . she . . ."

Then she flung herself down on the sofa sobbing, sobbing.

"But what's wrong?" Danby asked. "I don't know what you want me to do." Dread was making his knees tremble. His mother never cried.

Her sobs seemed almost to strangle her. She fought to form words.

"Robert . . . Robert . . . after all these years and years . . . he thinks he can . . . can just cast me off . . . oh, God! he's sick of me . . . sick of me . . . I tell you I'll kill myself. Tell your mother she's got to *make* him . . . oh, I've no one to help me. No one. I'll kill myself, I tell you."

The boy stood, numbed, horrified. Did people do such things? Yes, there were the papers to prove it. He'd read about them. Faraway horrors.

"I'll tell them anything you say," he stammered. "Anything."

"He's always at your house now . . . without me, without me . . . your mother encourages him to go. . . ."

"I don't think he's always there. Sometimes perhaps."

"Without me . . . that's the thing that . . . oh, God! What am I going to do?"

"Don't cry, please," Danby said. "I'll go straight home. I'll run straight home and tell them."

"It won't do any good . . . but you must. Oh, Danby, I wish I were dead!"

"You mustn't talk like that. Please. I expect Robert doesn't realize. . . ."

She gave a dreadful little laugh.

"Doesn't realize! Oh, my God!"

"I'll go," he said. "I'll go now."

"Tell them it's got to stop. Tell them I'll kill myself . . . I'm desperate . . . I don't care what I do!"

"I'll run home now," he said.

But somehow he couldn't say anything to his mother. She was quite gay nowadays, going out to teas and bridge parties; she seemed very happy. So he watched for an opportunity and spoke to Robert. It struck him that Robert had grown very much older. His straight, fine brown hair had grown thin and lay across his head in stripes, and his face had thin small wrinkles about the eyes and mouth. He was always jaunty and carried himself well, but in spite of that he had a furtive, worried look.

"Robert," Danby said, forcing himself to speak, "Miss Vaudrey asked me to go to see her. She said I must hurry. So I went, and she was crying like anything. She said . . . she said she'd jump out of a window. And she said . . ."

"Perhaps you imagine, my boy," said Robert, "that this is something new." And he showed his white teeth in a painful smile. "Keep out of it, for all our sakes. If she asks you to go to see her again, keep away, do you understand? This is a bit out of your depth."

"Well, I've told him," the boy thought, "and that's what she wanted me to do."

But he was haunted by Miss Vaudrey's tears and her despair.

Before he was nineteen he began to study medicine, the profession he had chosen for himself. He was an odd young man, somewhat aloof, somewhat serious, a little contemptuous of the things that interested the other students. He both looked and was old for his years, and could easily have passed for twenty-one or two. His mother went for a cruise that year, and Robert was abroad somewhere—he didn't know where—so he spent a long holiday alone in London. But Mrs. Curran returned from her cruise just before the holiday was over and in time to arrange a little birthday party for him. Robert had come back too, looking very well and very brown, and he threw himself with enthusiasm into plans for the evening.

"No bridge, this time," Mrs. Curran said, gaily. "We'll dance. We'll have a piano and a drum and a banjo. You see to the music, Robert, and I'll do the rest. And give me a list of the people you'd like asked. And Danby, haven't you some young friends you'd like to invite?"

But Danby said no, he hadn't. Then, two days before the party, he said to her,

"I think you ought to ask Miss Vaudrey."

"My dear Danby," she said, surprised, "surely you know as well as I do that all that was over years ago. Robert made her a very generous settlement, and I don't think he's seen her since."

"I think she ought to be invited just the same."

"Really, Danby, sometimes I wonder if you'll ever grow up. It would completely spoil the evening." Her still pretty blue eyes flashed angrily. "It's a ridiculous idea."

"All right," he said.

When, just as the dancing was about to begin, Helen Vaudrey walked in, Mrs. Curran turned white with anger, and Robert looked as though he'd seen a particularly horrible ghost.

"Helen!" Mrs. Curran said, keeping her voice low because of the other guests, "this is . . ."

"An unwarranted intrusion," Miss Vaudrey finished for her, with a smile, but she had the hard look of a woman who has been pushed too far.

Danby stepped quickly up to her and faced his mother.

"Please, mother," he said, "wait. Helen and I were married yesterday."

His mother's face seemed to freeze. She gave him a look such as few women can ever have given their sons.

"Then you can both walk straight out of this house," she said.

"Come on, Danby," said the new Mrs. Curran. "Come back to the flat. You can send for your things to-morrow."

As they entered the flat Danby said, in a voice that shook a little, "Well, you won't be alone here any more."

But the new Mrs. Curran was busy switching on the lights and drawing the curtains.

"We've paid them out," she was thinking, "in a way they won't forget." And then, catching sight of Robert's photograph, she pushed it hurriedly into a drawer.

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TEACHERS AND CONTROVERSIAL QUESTIONS

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

I HAD just been listening to the President of the United States. He was speaking at the celebration of the birthday of Virginia Dare, the first child of European stock born in this country. He said to his far-flung audience of Americans that America has been, and still is, a place of controversy. Throughout the record of our three hundred and fifty years he found a conflict between the Many and the Few, between the mass of the common people, who wish to control and direct themselves, and the powerful group or groups who seek to take that control and direction from them. That conflict, the President seemed to say, that controversy, is the most striking feature in the political history of our people.

As I listened to the President's words they seemed to me especially important for the teachers of America. What have teachers to do with the controversy of which he spoke? Should they discuss it in their classrooms? Should they be partisans with respect to it, line up before their pupils and the general public? Should they fight with their minds and wills on the side of the Many or of the Few, as may seem to them best? Or, on the other hand, should they keep clear of such controversies, as irrelevant to the business of teaching? If one is commissioned to prepare young Americans for living in America what has he to do with the crucial, the controversial issues of his time and country?

I need hardly point out that this question about the teacher and his work is itself a controversial one. Around it passions gather and conflicts rage with a peculiar intensity. Just as we resent cruelty to a child more than cruelty to an older person, so do we resent the "misleading" of children more than the misleading of their elders. For a hundred different reasons, emotional and intellectual, we demand that our schools shall not malform our pliant youth, shall not destroy its capacities, or start them growing in wrong directions. And so it has come to pass that the American teacher is to-day a focus of controversial fury. The conflict which finds open expression in discussions about "loyalty" is raging in subtler form in every American community which is sufficiently aware of its schools to pass judgment upon what they are doing. Teachers and administrators are under constant pressure. As compared with the few striking, sensational "cases" which are noted by the press, the unnoted bulk of that pressure is enormous and overwhelming. It is that pressure which chiefly suggests our problem. I am not asking, however, whether or not a community should influence and determine the character of its schools. That it should do so seems to me both inevitable and desirable. But the real question is: "In what direction should the community influence its teachers? Should it expect them, encourage them, direct them to make their instruction relevant to the controversial questions of the time? Or should it forbid them to deal with those issues at all?" I am asking—let it be

noted—not about the rights and privileges of the teacher, but about the welfare of the people.

When we say that an issue is controversial we commonly mean not only that people differ about it, but also that they "feel" about it. A genuine controversy splits a community into factions, into hostile groups which regard each other with such fruits of misunderstanding as hatred, distrust, and contempt. Such an issue cleaves like a sword through the life of a community and cuts it asunder. As an illustration of such a conflict, I should like to present an issue which arouses even more passion and misunderstanding than that formulated by Mr. Roosevelt. Perhaps I should rather say that it is the President's question stated in its most extreme, its most fury-raising form. I refer to the conflict between the Capitalists and the Communists. Should the American teacher, in the normal course of his teaching, discuss Communism as a possible alternative in America for our way of dealing with men and with their possessions?

I am assuming, as I state this question, that the conflict between Capitalism and Communism is now raging in America. It is not yet clearly stated as a question. No one can tell, I think, just what form it will take when it does come to focus. And yet, in the realm of feeling, if not in that of opinion, America is falling apart into two hostile groups. Two cultures, two plans of civilized living, are at war for the domination of our minds and actions. The issue concerns religion and art, poetry and morals, manners and philosophy, as well as economics and politics. On the one hand, there is the traditional tendency to trust our welfare to the play of private initiative. This is the way of the "individual," the way of competition, the way which demands freedom for private enterprise. No one supposes that we have had in America the unlimited acceptance of such individualism. But men have said, and do say, that the interference of the group with the individual should be kept as limited as possible. Competition, men say, is the "natural" form of human living: regulation of it is artificial, justified only by strong necessity; and, in the nature of the case, such regulation must be largely unsuccessful. And, over against this, the attitude which I am labeling "Communism" puts its faith in group action. It believes in the efficacy and necessity of the control of men by their government. It regards a polity which is based upon the private seeking of advantage as inherently selfish and immoral and as doomed to failure because of that immorality. These two tendencies are, I say, at war in America. In much more complicated form they are at war in Europe. In that place of bitter and desperate struggle there is not a single problem of international relations which does not take its form, its color, from that underlying controversy. To understand the Western world to which we belong is, in larger measure, to weigh the merits of these two proposed ways of dealing with human society. The still relatively unclear issue between Capitalism and Communism is the most far-reaching, the most deeply significant external factor in the interpretation of modern society.

May I explain, in passing, the use of the name "Communism"? There are many terms which might be used to indicate the second of these two conflicting programs. Social Planning, Collectivism, New Dealism, Socialism, Social Control—all these, as well as Communism, express opposition to the customs and presuppositions of private enterprise. Which of them then shall we select to indicate, not its own separate party meaning, but the field as a whole? I have chosen "Communism" because it is, for many Americans, the most hated, the most objectionable term on the list. For our purpose of finding out how we propose to deal with controversies it has a peculiar advantage. It sharpens the issue. Its ordinary associations are those of antagonism. It smacks, as now used, of the alien and the foreign. It suggests danger to religion and morals and good taste.

In a word, it offends the popular mind of America. And it is this quality of mutual misunderstanding which is needed for the square and honest facing of our question. What do we, as Americans, propose to do about opinions which many of us deeply and passionately condemn? I know no better way of determining the essential meaning of our institutions than by inquiring how we intend to deal with "Communism" as I am using the term. What is the American plan for conducting controversies which bear upon our most cherished interests and beliefs?

II

If then we face the problem, "Should teachers be permitted, be encouraged, be directed to discuss the relative merits of Capitalism and Communism as plans for America?" my own response is quite unequivocal. It can be stated in three assertions. I should like, first, to express these as simply as possible and, then, to explain the views of teaching and of America by which they seem to me justified:

First, all our teaching, no matter what its field of interest, must be related to a controversy so fundamental as that of which we are speaking. Teaching which is irrelevant to such issues is irrelevant to the purposes of education. In America to-day teachers, in order to do their proper work, must bring before their pupils the conflict between Capitalism and Communism.

Second, teachers must, so far as they honestly can, take sides on the issue. The teacher must appear before his pupils as one who is struggling with the essential problems of his time, and who is, in his own way, forming conclusions about them. He must be going "left" or "right." To be a teacher, a leader, he must be going somewhere. He must be a believer in some plan of human living.

Third, school boards and trustees of colleges and universities have a heavy responsibility. They must see to it that among our teachers there is an adequate supply of "Communists," of able, fearless, outspoken advocates of the unpopular view. It must be arranged by the authorities that both sides of fundamental issues shall be represented by teachers who believe in them. Under the actual conditions of democratic life the practical question facing a governing board is not, "Shall we have any 'Communists' on our faculties?" but rather, "How can we get enough 'Communists' to give proper expression of views which run counter to the general trend of habit, emotion, interest, of the community at large?" We must provide for the criticism of our institutions as well as for their advocacy.

To get an understanding and, it may be, a justification of these three contentions, two matters must be considered—first, teaching, and, second, America. What is the task, the purpose, of the teacher? And, further, what are the peculiar conditions in American life which require that teaching here be different from that of many other countries? And, finally—putting these two together—what is it that we want done in our schools for the education of our children?

Among those who oppose the teaching of Communism in the schools one often finds a curious misunderstanding of what teaching is. We seem to regard it as a form of "salesmanship," in the popular sense of that term. The teacher is expected to "put something over" on the pupil, to get him to accept a definite set of opinions. Just as the church too often tries to "sell" religion, as an artist "sells" his painting, as all of us "sell" ourselves—that is, get people to accept from us something which it is to our advantage that they should take—so the teacher is expected to lure or cajole or force his pupil into the acceptance of habits and beliefs. By direction or indirection we equip the student with opinions which someone other than himself wishes him to have. From this standpoint, education is, to quote the words of Professor Bode, "the art of taking advantage of defenseless childhood." And if this were sound doctrine, it would be easy to see

why a predominantly Capitalistic community should object to the advocacy of Communism in its schools. Any good salesman wants an embargo on foreign goods.

But education is not salesmanship. No genuine teacher is trying to put something over. The human relationship between teacher and pupil differs, as does Heaven from Hell, from that in which one person is trying to use another for his own advantage or is hired by a third person to do it for him. Our teachers must be advocates, but they may never be salesmen or propagandists. The very existence of democratic schools depends upon that distinction.

What, then, is teaching? It is, I think, the initiation of pupils into a fellowship. Teachers are members of a guild. Their lives are devoted to the practice of an art. It is the art of creating and using intelligence for the improving of human living. And the first duty of a teacher, prior to whatever he does in the classroom, is to cultivate his own mind. No one can be a genuine teacher unless he is himself actively sharing in the human attempt to understand men and their world. Teaching is not, primarily, a matter of tricks and devices and methods. It is the communication of intelligence. One cannot educate young people by bringing them into contact with uneducated teachers.

But, second, the teacher leads his pupil into the practice of this craft of his. How is that done? There is nothing mystical about the process and yet it is curiously compounded of interchanges which are emotional, active, personal, as well as intellectual. How, for example, does a man like Tilden teach tennis? The pupil must of course go out on the court and try to play. But he must also see and experience how his master plays. And as they play together there is built into the pupil the "feel" of the game. He becomes aware of his wrist as never before, and of the swinging leverage of his arm and the moving of his feet and the balance of his body. He sees the court as a field of infinitely varied action, senses the flight of the ball, the impact of the racquet, the strategy of the struggle. All these are revealed by the teacher who plays the game with him, who knows how to play it. It is never assumed that the pupil is to play just as the teacher does. That would be true only if their bodies were identical and their wits of the same brand. No one whose arms are short, whose legs are chunky, should copy Tilden's style. But it is assumed that both teacher and pupil are intent on discovering what is the "right" style of play for that pupil, what he should do with arms and legs and wits and what he may never do with them. About this "rightness" and this "wrongness" the whole process of teaching centers. On the basis of them, habits are developed, faults are corrected, judgments are established. Under a good teacher one learns to play by a process of free, directed imitation.

What I have said of tennis is true of any art or craft. Only by such contacts with a "master" can one be helped in learning to wield a brush, or play a fiddle, or argue a case, or manage a kitchen. In all these one learns to play well by playing with a good player, just as one learns to play badly by playing with a bad one. And in like manner, in the classroom the craftsmanship of the mind is created by the joint activity of teacher and pupil. In any good school or college a student learns to do what his master is doing. He becomes a member of his teacher's fraternity. What does that membership mean? It is a poor statement of it to say that the pupil learns how to think. Rather he learns to do thinking, to take an active share in the making and using of the world's intelligence. He undertakes a piece of work which will keep him busy as long as he lives. And, further, he recognizes and accepts the distinction of value upon which any art or craft must be established—the difference between lazy, careless, inaccurate, shoddy work and the kind of activity in which a man trains himself to do the best there is in

him. The fellowship of understanding has standards. It makes demands. And the neophyte must acquire, by association with his leader, responsiveness to those demands. He enters a fellowship in which heart and will as well as mind, muscles and glands as well as spirit, are habituated and inspired into the using of a human mind for the doing of a man's work. It is that craftsmanship which he must learn from his teacher.

III

So much of education in the abstract. What now are the peculiar conditions, and hence the peculiar purposes, to which in America teaching must be adjusted?

There are in modern society two plans of life and of government, and the difference between them bears directly on the work of the teacher. The difference has to do chiefly with methods of settling controversies. One way is that of suppression and violence. The other is the method of free discussion. No country is of course completely committed to either of these policies, and yet, predominantly, societies are of one type or the other. And from this it follows that there are in the modern world two different kinds of education. It is one thing to learn to submit, to obey, to conform, to cringe. It is a very different thing to learn to join with one's peers in the discussion of common problems, the decision upon common issues. In both cases, as policy is determined, it is inevitable that one party shall prevail over another, that the weaker shall give way before the stronger. But the essential difference between the two programs is seen most clearly just at this point. In the regimes of violence the beaten party is expected to change its opinion when the decision has been made. It must come into line. If necessary, it is forced to do so. But in societies of free discussion, on the other hand, we expect that the minority will, in the main, hold to its view, that it will continue to criticize and to challenge the prevailing procedure. In such a society all men, whatever their party, are expected to obey the law, but it is not demanded that men shall think, or shall say, that the law which they obey is wise, that it should not be changed. Men's actions are controlled but their minds are free.

Now it is the crowning glory of America that we have, from the start, pledged ourselves to the creation of a program of government by free discussion. "Congress shall make no law," says the First Amendment, "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." And that statement defines for the American teacher the nature of the society which he serves. It is for life in a community of free discussion that he must educate his pupils.

But the first principle of action in a society so defined is that all its mature members must understand the decisions which are made, must share in the making of them. Government is carried on by the active consent of the governed. And from this there follows the peculiar character of our education. Our pupils must learn how to make up their minds. They must acquire the art of making decisions. That art, as used by a democratic society, is a very difficult and paradoxical one. Young Americans must be taught to think independently, but they must also learn to think together. They must be partisans, but, in a deeper sense, they must also be impartial. They must come to conclusions, while at the same time recognizing that other men, for whom they have respect and affection, are coming to opposite conclusions. So far as minds are concerned, the art of democracy is the art of thinking independently together. Our teachers then must be adept in the practice and the teaching of that art. The purpose of the American school is not merely to teach arithmetic and literature and science as unrelated subjects. It is rather, through these and other means, to

teach the art of living intelligently as one takes an active share in the experiences and decisions of a democratic society.

IV

The three contentions which were made at the beginning of this paper seem to me now to have been justified. They all follow from the principle that it is the purpose of school and college to train and equip minds to deal with living issues. If that be true, then education must relate itself to such a conflict as that between Capitalism and Communism. Again, teachers who are training their pupils to deal with that issue must themselves deal with it openly and frankly. And, finally, pupils must be exposed to the full force of both sides of a controversy with which they are getting ready to deal. A school or a college, to serve the interests of a democracy, must be a place of active, fearless, unhindered intelligence, at work upon the interpretation and direction of the society which it serves. Teachers and pupils must study actual human living.

These conclusions, as they apply to the teacher, can be seen from two different sides. For the sake of clarity I should like to speak of them separately.

First, it is obvious that the teacher must be free to do what he is trying to get his students to do. No one can teach an art which he is forbidden to practice. Slaves cannot teach freedom. If the members of our faculties are forbidden to make up their own minds and to express their own thoughts they cannot lead their pupils into the making up of their minds and the expressing of their thoughts. They can only teach what they do. To require our teachers to say to their pupils, "I want you to learn from me how to do what I am forbidden to do," is to make of education the most utter nonsense.

But far deeper in significance than the privilege of the teacher to use his mind independently is his duty to do so. There is a popular, sentimental view of the teacher which stresses his open-mindedness. He is represented as dealing fairly with all the conflicting answers to any question. When a problem has been formulated he can tell his pupils with cool, impartial, scholarly detachment just what opinions different men and groups have offered for its solution. He can give them all the materials which need to be considered in the making of a decision about it. Now I am not saying that this is not an essential part of teaching. Surely it is. The pupil must know, and know sympathetically, what has been thought and said on his problem. He must learn the ways of scholarly inquiry, must take advantage of the work which other minds have done and are doing. And yet such scholarly inquiry is only preparatory to his main task. He must, in a society of free discussion, make up his own mind, form his own judgment, take his own stand. And the primary task of the teacher is to help him in developing the power to do that. How shall the teacher give that help? By refusing to make up his own mind? By coming to no conclusions of his own? To say that is to say that the drama of teaching must be played without a Hamlet. Real teaching is guidance in the technic of judgment-making. And that guidance can be given only as teacher and pupil play the game together, only by contagion, only by companionship in an activity which both are carrying on. In a classroom in which young people are being prepared to use their minds for the doing of the world's work, the open-mindedness which refuses to commit itself to plans of action is indistinguishable in its effect from feeble-mindedness. It prepares the pupil for deciding—nothing.

There are so many ways of misunderstanding the argument which I have offered that it seems hopeless to try to guard against them one by one. Freedom is not a simple matter—as is violence. And teaching is far more complicated than is propaganda. That is why what we call "common sense" is never adequate for the purposes of a democracy. That is why we must have in America an education, such as we have not now, which will

train minds to deal with dilemmas and paradoxes and seeming contradictions. People cannot have a democracy unless they are willing and able to puzzle about it.

There is one charge, however, which I must try to meet. I have said that the teacher should be an advocate, that some teachers, at least, should be, in the schools, advocates of Communism. And sad experience tells me that I shall, therefore, be accused of saying that the teacher should be a salesman, a propagandist, of Communism. Since nothing in the world is to me more hateful than salesmanship or propaganda, nothing more alien and hostile to the spirit of teaching in America, I wish to try to answer that charge.

Should teachers in the American schools be allowed to "sell" Communism to their pupils, to propagandize on the "Left"? Certainly not! Any teacher who does that is unfit for his post. But the same statement holds true if a teacher is "selling" Capitalism, if he is "putting over" the doctrines of the "Right." Such a teacher should in either case be dismissed. And the reason for his dismissal is not that he is "left" or "right" but that he is not teaching. He is not doing the work for which our schools are maintained. The primary intention of the schools of a democracy is the development of the power, the capacity, of the student to judge upon such matters as Capitalism and Communism. And the fundamental sin of the propagandist is that he weakens the mind of his victim rather than strengthens it. He merely wants to use the pupil for the furthering of a cause. The teacher-advocate of whom I have been speaking is trying to get the student to use his own mind for the making of his own decisions. The propagandist is trying, by cajolery or trick or pressure, to get the student to accept opinions which the pupil has no adequate basis for believing. The teacher-advocate wants thinking done as the only proper way of arriving at conclusions. The propagandist wants believing done, no matter what the road by which the belief is reached. In the one case there is respect for human nature, regard for the integrity of the reasoning process. In the other case there is contempt for human nature, the subordination of intelligence to all the forces of passion and self-interest which can be used to confuse and becloud its vision.

The difference between these two methods can be seen in the practical work of any good classroom. When a teacher advocates a theory he does so because it is a good, an effective, teaching method. The teacher's primary reason for offering his own view is that it serves as an example to the student, stimulates him to the forming of his own view. And the characteristic quality of this method can be seen, in two ways, whenever it is put into action. In the first place, it is an unfailing mark of good teaching-advocacy that a very large part of the student response to it takes the form of opposition to the conclusions of the teacher. His advocacy in a field where opinions are known to differ is a challenge to his pupils to refute him, to establish other conclusions of their own. Teacher and pupils alike recognize that the generous clash of opinion is the normal state of mind of a democratic society. The teacher is saying to his students, "This is the way it looks to me; this is the platform on which at present I propose to live and act. How does it look to you? What do you propose to decide and do about it?" And so together they formulate problems, compile evidence, weigh opinions, reach, so far as they can, their own tentative and changing conclusions. They use the method of free discussion in the carrying on of education.

A second mark of good teacher-advocacy, as against propaganda, is that in any well-conducted classroom it quickly becomes apparent that the conclusions reached by the teacher are not of very great importance. We ordinary teachers are not the leaders of the world's thought. There are not many Platos or Kants or Newtons or Darwins among us. And, further, we differ among ourselves. It is largely a matter of accident that in this particular classroom the pupil has hit

upon a Capitalist or a Communist. In some other classroom he will find the opposing view presented with equal advocacy. Why, then, should the words of the teacher be accepted as if they were words of authority? That is not their function nor does it express the teacher's intention. Anyone who really teaches prizes disagreement from his pupils at least as highly as he prizes agreement. But deeper than either of them is the fact that the teacher is leading, inspiring his students to engage in the activity of judgment-making, to fit themselves for membership in a free society. To that end, the teacher must advocate. He must show what he wishes to be done by doing it.

V

I have argued in this paper that the health and effectiveness of our national education depend upon our keeping it in active touch with the fundamental controversies of our society. No one who studies our situation can fail to see that, in many different forms, the issue between Individualism and Social Control is now rushing toward its crisis in America. Within the lifetime of the young people now in our schools and colleges that issue must, in all probability, be decided. Very soon America will make a choice. She will turn "left" or "right." I do not mean that such a turning will be final or complete. But I do think it will be decisive as fixing the course of our national life. And the burden of making that decision will fall upon the pupils whom we are now teaching. In the face of that future and that responsibility, to forbid our teachers to lead their students into the consideration of controversial questions is madness.

But the question has still wider implications. It goes straight to the heart of our national institutions and our national integrity. Here, as always, the policies which we adopt for our children reveal the motives which we are following for ourselves. We, too, are facing our crucial issue. More urgent even than the question, "Shall we turn 'left' or 'right'?" is the question, "In what way shall it be decided whether we go 'left' or 'right'?" Will that choice be made by methods of violence or by those of free discussion—in our own way or in ways alien to us, subversive of our national spirit? And the danger which chiefly threatens both us and our successors in America is that, without realizing it, we shall desert our principles of freedom. Can our institutions stand the strain of the work we have to do? There is real ground for the fear that, under the stress of conflicts now beginning to rage, we shall substitute methods of suppression and evasion and violence for those to which, in spite of many failures, we still give allegiance. If that happens it will not be because of our deliberate choice. On the contrary, the very denial and destruction of our freedom will invoke the spirit of freedom as its sanction. We shall not choose to abandon American institutions. Rather we shall drift into slavery. And the first, fatal, slip into such a drift is to be seen in the enslaving of our education. If at that point our nerve fails; if in our schools and colleges we do not demand of our teachers that they be free; then, whether we know it or not, we have chosen the way of violence. If we forbid our teachers to form their own ideas and to express them; if we try in this way to keep our young people innocently unaware of the problems which lie before them, then we have determined our own future. In the days to come, our crucial questions will be decided. But, if our teachers are shackled, they will be decided in blood and carnage rather than in the ways indicated by the Constitution of the United States. The questions will then be answered by persons who are intellectually unprepared for dealing with them. They will be answered, therefore, in terms of passion and prejudice and misunderstanding, rather than in terms of free, democratic discussion.

Our teachers must discuss controversial questions. There is no other program by which the education of a free people can be carried on.

BED IN HELL

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THE woods beyond my study window are very still to-day. Through their bare branches I can see the hills across the valley, brushed with the tender sunlight peculiar to late autumn. A little brook slips between them and me. Intent on its unpausing journey, it yet reflects all the subdued colors of its environment. This is a magical time of year, hushed and aware. November, the "month of the dead."

Out of those woods all last summer, groups of gentle creatures drifted across our meadow. Most of them were does and fawns, but now and then a buck lifted his horns in the gathering dusk. They were not in the least afraid. Sometimes, hearing a sound from our house, they would stop short and turn their heads toward us. But even when they saw us on the terrace or at the window they did not hurry away. Flicking their tails, tossing their heads, they resumed their sedate progress toward—well, yes, toward our neighbor's vegetable garden where a large bed of broccoli had, for all they knew, been planted exclusively for them. They were beautiful and expressed perfectly the spirit of the dusky woods and valley.

Of course I ought to have gone away when the deer-hunting season approached. But I did not.

Early one morning I was suddenly wakened by a shot just beyond my open window. Knowing at once what had happened, yet helpless to govern my own reactions, I sprang out of bed and stumbled to the window. A second shot. That meant that the first one had not been effective. Unless indeed it had taken effect in the worst possible manner by wounding its victim and letting him go to suffer a slow agonizing death. What could I do about it? I all but leaped from the window and into the woods then and there. A ridiculous impulse of course, morbid, insane, suicidal. But I am not sorry I had it. For in its blinding light I looked straight into hell; and that is a salutary experience for everyone.

While I was still gazing a man and a boy came out of the woods. There was something peevish about the way they carried themselves which solaced me. Surely, if they had injured the deer they would have pursued him. Surely, only a total failure could account for the dogged silence in which they climbed the bank. Drawing a long breath and suddenly beginning to shiver in the cold dawn, I turned away from the window and got back into bed.

Whereupon I discovered that it was now a bed in the very hell which I had just surveyed.

It is not easy to put the searing experience into rational words. For of course I reminded myself at the time that the effect was out of all proportion to the cause. As a matter of fact, those deer hunters had every right in the world, perhaps every necessity, to try to secure a Thanksgiving dinner for their family. Moreover, the deer in Vermont have become so numerous that if it were not for a brief open season their natural food supply would soon be exhausted—to say

nothing of apple orchards and gardens. Yet again a strong feeling lays one open to the charge of sentimentality unless one is consistent about it, and the recent sight of our neighbor's slaughtered pig had not deterred me from eating bacon.

What was it then which, reasoning thus in the severe cold light of the November dawn, I found so appalling that when my forgotten alarm clock rang I had no least shred of any desire to get up and resume the activities of another day?

I think it was the lamentable fact of human cruelty.

When one comes to consider the matter candidly one realizes that in the wide teeming earth of living creatures only human beings are deliberately cruel. The beasts of the wilderness prey on one another, since that is their nature, since only thus can they live; but they kill just what they need at the time, then wait until they are hungry again. Unheard of with them is the jubilant practice of bagging a score or two of game birds in a day; of "playing" a desperate deep sea fish and, having killed him, throwing him back into the waves; of setting steel traps. The law of the jungle may be "red in tooth and claw" but it is straight and swift.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the first use man made of his distinctive gift of reason should be along the line of craft and cunning. Defenseless in his puny body, unsteady on his newly adapted feet, he had no choice but somehow or other to outwit his enemies, to take by guile the food which he could not secure by force. If he had not resorted to all the ruthless devices he could invent he would not have survived at all.

But would that have mattered greatly? Thus my relentless bed of hell in the austere November dawn interrogated me. "Man is the crown of creation. Who says so? Man." The terse paragraph, remembered from some otherwise forgotten book of my youth, seized the opportunity to spring out at me.

The world must have been very happy in pre-Adamic days. There were earthquakes and tempests of course, floods and violent cataclysms; but all of a cosmic order, accepted as part of a natural destiny. Death came sooner or later to every creature, but that was natural also. No intolerable element of factitious surprise shattered the harmony of the cycle. Life flowed through death from form to form as rhythmically as the seasons flowed into the years. Beauty was everywhere.

Of course no one knew it was beauty, and that is a point in man's favor: that he has the faculty of recognizing splendor when he sees it. But, all too often, the use he makes of this faculty is so perverted that he destroys the very thing he admires. Our cities are ugly compared with the plains or hillsides which they have usurped, our rivers are polluted by our traffic on and with them, our open country is defaced by rigid roads along which the swift Juggernauts of "pleasure cars" strew an appalling wreckage, oil wells rob our seacoasts of their majesty, even our noble bays and canyons are bridged. Surely, thus far in his career man has ruined far more beauty than he has enhanced or even appreciated.

And the worst of the damage is its irremediableness. Havoc wrought by earthquake and cyclone can be amended by nature; destruction of rivers and forests is permanent. Drought is atoned for at last by rain; but what can restore the violated soil of prairies or efface from the hillside the scar of a concrete road? If the entire race of mankind were to vanish to-morrow the earth could never forget him. Nor could scores of other living creatures ever creep back into the blessed room his disappearance would leave, for he has already seen to it that they have become extinct. In fact, if things go on much longer as they are going now, man will soon be the only living tenant of the world. And what an *Über alles* triumph that will be!

The November dawn was shearing the rays of the morning star hanging above the crest of the hill beyond my bedroom window, but I did not respond to its summons. For my bed in hell had not yet finished with me. On the contrary, by

the deft introduction of the foreign phrase so bitterly familiar to all contemporary nations, the inexorable dismay of my meditation deepened. *Über alles!* Man's latent cruelty is not slaked by his destructive treatment of the life of the wilderness but proceeds in fuller, firmer measure toward the collective dominance of his fellow-man. In the name of the state, in the name of religion, in the name of brotherhood itself, he is more and more freely giving rein to sadistic impulses which seem to belie the belief that he was, even originally and remotely, made in the image of God.

What cynical fairy tales we have all told ourselves! There was the Christian religion, with its doctrine of pity and forbearance, meekness and love. On it we have built a ruthless civilization of greed and selfishness. There was the League of Nations, springing full-fledged from the unscrupulous Treaty of Versailles. There was the Soviet Union. That was a superb stroke of genius, enabling its members to be just as cruel as they liked in the name of ultimate kindness. The bitter truth seems to be that when a whole race of creatures has, for unknown ages, lived by guile it becomes adept in the art of fooling itself. We have lately disposed of the concept of God as old-fashioned and unscientific, but we shall perhaps presently find ourselves constrained to re-invent him in order to have someone to laugh at us.

We used to want him to save us, but we can hardly any longer expect him to care to do that. Like all other brave and patient workmen, he proceeds by the method of trial and error and has already scrapped many experiments. Doubtless he now considers us the worst mistake he ever made—worse than the pterodactyls and dinosaurs. For he took a bigger chance with us than he took with them, giving us wit to know better, awareness of beauty and value, skill, even wisdom and eloquence, even the capacity for love. Alas! when we think what we might have become, what we might become even now if only we had not all set our national faces so resolutely in the other direction, we marvel that our destruction has been so long delayed.

Unless indeed—thus I pondered on my bed of hell in the November morning—unless indeed we have been reserved for another vast deposit of oil such as was made by the extinct monsters of prehistoric time. In that case, and in that case only, we are to-day gloriously fulfilling our destiny by laying down cannon fodder.

This idea was the first one which gave me any comfort at all, and I proceeded to develop it. Perhaps it is soberly true that the quicker we human beings kill ourselves and one another the better we shall accomplish our destiny. Perhaps, in our blindly tormented hearts, we really know this, and that is why no power on earth seems able to stop the murderous and suicidal wars raging everywhere.

There is the stuff of a tremendous tragedy here, an epic of the ages which, written or sung or painted, might express the noblest ideas we have ever glimpsed. (And after all we have had, from time to time, some glorious visions and some high thoughts.) A whole race of creatures destroying itself because of its failure and thus turning the failure into a kind of last-minute success. A sudden impetuous universal impulse to give our bodies to be broken into the bread of far future harvests or melted into the fuel needed by a better race. That would redeem us, would it not? That would make our earthly sojourn not altogether a calamity.

An echo of something in this last reflection on my part set me searching my memory as the first rays of the rising sun searched the November sky. "This is my body, broken": thus ran some old ritual, neglected, all but forgotten now in these un-narcotic days. What did it mean? Anything at all beside legend and superstition? Could it possibly be that in the poignantly beautiful myth of the Christian religion the epic I mentioned has already been written, that there is a cosmic significance here which the entire creation fulfils—yes, even mammoths and di-

nosaurs, even rebellious man? Does earthly destiny proceed from failure to failure, each failure abandoned and buried to rise in some unimaginable transformation on some remote resurrection day? Losing their lives now, will the baffled generations find them again, purified and transmuted by destruction?

In these words of my meditation there was another echo of some ancient wisdom; and, as I turned on my bed in hell to look out of the window and watch the early sunlight slip down the mountain, my resonant memory gave forth yet one more chime: "Behold, thou art there."

Who? It does not matter what we call him or how we think of him; whether we call him anything or think of him at all. For our lives are rooted and grounded in him, and we can no more escape him than he can neglect us. "I am that I am" is the best definition ever given of him. So long as he is, we are.

It could hardly be said of me that I took the wings of the morning when I rose from my bed in hell that November day. My heart was heavy and I went about the affairs of my life very soberly. But I have never been sorry that I had the experience. To suffer pain is better than to be cruel. And everyone is cruel who, failing to defeat the evil all about him, does not at least suffer with and for the victims of this evil.

In the last resort, a bed in hell seems the sole nobility left to most of us.

PEARS FROM THE BOUGHS HUNG GOLDEN

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

PEARS from the boughs hung golden,
The street lay still and cool,
Children with books and satchels
Came sauntering home from school;
The dusk fled softly inward
Across each darkening sill,
The whole sweet autumn slumbered,
The street lay cool and still.

The children moved through twilight,
The village steeple gleamed,
Pears from their boughs hung trembling
And suddenly it seemed,
Shaken with such a wildness
Of terror and desire,
My heart burst into music
And my body into fire.

CAPITALISM WITHOUT CAPITAL

BY GEORGE SOULE

Look into the old-fashioned textbooks of economics and you will find that the principal advantage of capitalism over socialism is that the former favors the accumulation of capital while the latter does not. Individual enterprise and private property hold out the bait of profits and encourage saving. More and more factories are built to produce more and more things; the standard of living rises; everybody benefits in the end. Socialism may be more just; it may be more kindly and considerate of the unfortunate; but, alas, it doesn't make provision to enlarge the total production on which we all depend. What good does it do to divide the national income more equitably if there is not enough income to divide?

The curious fact is that ever since 1929 capitalism in the United States has lacked its principal reason for being. In spite of any other advantages that may be claimed for it, it has not been accumulating much capital. Quite the contrary; during many of these years it has been using up more capital than it has created. At the same time, contrary to theory, the one completely socialized nation in the world—the Soviet Union—has accumulated enormous amounts of capital, saving a larger proportion of its national income and increasing its production at a more rapid rate than any capitalist nation ever did for a comparable length of time. Soviet socialism is criticized, and often justly criticized, on many other grounds—it is dictatorial, it restricts liberty, it suffers wide inequalities of income and power. But critics admit that the one thing it has surely accomplished is to increase with great speed its industrial plant and its production of capital goods.

A recent study by Simon Kuznets of the National Bureau of Economic Research estimates what happened to our accumulation of capital goods year by year between 1919 and 1935. It totals the production of new durable goods by business, by government, and for residence purposes. From this it subtracts the amount used up every year—in depreciation, depletion, fire losses, and the like. Another item is the net change in our claims against foreign countries. In good years like 1925 and 1928 the net addition to capital in this country exceeded $8,000,000,000. The amount did not, before the great depression, fall below $3,500,000,000 even in bad years like 1921. But in 1931 we added only $1,097,000,000. Then we began to use up more than we created—$1,966,000,000 more in 1932; $1,858,000,000 in 1933; $331,000,000 in 1934. In 1935 revival brought us back to the plus side, but our net capital additions were only $781,000,000, or less than one-quarter as much as even in previous depressions. The figures of this study do not include the past two years, but judging from the record of security issues, new investment has been far below normal, even during the height of the recent revival, and is now dropping again. New corporate securities, excluding those used for refunding purposes, had rarely amounted to less than $5,000,000,000 during previous years of prosperity. In

1936 and 1937, by contrast, they were only $1,192,000,000.

Bear in mind that the Bureau's study covers not only business capital but expenditures of government on public works as well. If we eliminate what government spending has done to fill up the gap in private construction the figures are even worse. They show that we were still on the deficit side even in 1935. In that year public agencies added $4,172,000,000 to capital, while business subtracted $593,000,000. Residential construction showed a deficit of $930,000,000 more.

These figures can be presented in a number of variations. They can be modified to include changes in business inventories. Or they can be reduced to terms of the prices prevailing in a single year—1929. But broadly the result is the same. During three or four years of depression we were not accumulating capital but using it up, and in the subsequent revival we failed to accumulate as much as in the very worst years before 1929.

In spite of this strange divergence of practice from theory, the books were undoubtedly right in their major premise. No matter what other advantages or disadvantages may flow from a given economic order, the one basic essential, in an age of mechanical power, of machine production, and of extreme division of labor is that it should build its means of production and thus keep up a steady and increasing flow of goods and employment. Certainly capitalism at least cannot long survive without accumulating capital. It cannot stand still; it must either advance or disintegrate.

Take a look about you and see why this is so. Scattered over the country are mines, quarries, and forests, with the labor forces to work at them, prepared to furnish the materials for our durable possessions. The immediate purchasers of these materials constitute an even larger part of the industrial structure—steel mills, cement plants, construction contractors, people prepared to build bridges, to lay steel rails, to erect houses, apartments, and skyscrapers, to manufacture machinery, to string wires, to grade and surface highways. All this equipment and labor has been brought together in sufficient volume to expand our total stock of durable goods at a fairly rapid rate. Suddenly, for whatever reason, we stop expanding. Driblets of orders still go out to the capital-goods industries to maintain existing equipment and perhaps even to replace it when it wears out, but this is far from enough to keep busy the men and plants ready for the expansion process. It is far from enough to pay dividends and interest on the securities which constitute the paper titles to these plants.

There are of course many other industries and occupations, making goods that people use up day by day or month by month. These industries serve our current needs rather than create durable things. Why could not the people who are cast off from the durable-goods industries find jobs in those making non-durable goods? They might do so if the non-durable industries were expanding. But if they were expanding they would be ordering more buildings and machinery, and the original difficulty would not have arisen. When they cease to grow, the industries making plant and machinery have fewer orders and so must lay off men. Thus unless industries making common necessities *keep on expanding*, and at a fairly even rate, industries making capital goods will *contract*.

This contraction in turn affects the consumers' goods industries, because the men thrown out of work have less money with which to buy. When the steel mills lay off fifty thousand men, fewer shirts and shoes and automobiles are sold. Thus the consumers' goods industries start shrinking too. Industrially, we must either keep on growing or we get smaller.

The same process injures the farmers as well. Even if no new soil is broken by the plow, efficiency of production makes it possible constantly to raise more food per man and per acre. And farm families have a lot of children. But food consumption does not increase rapidly.

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What is the surplus rural population to do? Formerly it moved to the cities and found jobs in industry. But if industry does not expand we have rural as well as urban unemployment. The problem of agricultural surplus might be solved more easily if there were growing numbers in the cities to be fed, if the wage-earners could afford to buy more nourishing food like fresh vegetables, milk, poultry, and fruit, and if those now in the country who could not be kept busy supplying this demand could earn their livings in mills and garages. But as it is, we must not only restrict crops but grant the farmers larger and larger subsidies, to be paid out of a smaller volume of production in both farm and factory. There is a limit to this sort of thing.

II

What has happened to retard the investment of capital? We need not look for any explanation during the great depression, but why was not new investment resumed in larger volume after 1933, when revival began? In almost all other recoveries of which we have record the first thing that happened was a greatly enlarged total of new investment. In this one not only did consumers' spending lead the way, but investment in capital goods never caught up.

The less a person knows about the situation the more ready he is likely to be with a simple answer. He may say, for instance, that it is high taxes, or government competition with business, or an unbalanced budget, or just Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. But a little study reveals complications.

Let us investigate first, for instance, the theory that high taxes have prevented investment. Taxes might accomplish this result in one or both of two ways—first, by taking away so much money from individuals and businesses that there is nothing left to invest; second, by restricting profits so drastically that there is no incentive to invest. Is there a lack of money to be invested? Banks are overflowing—demand deposits in member banks of the Federal Reserve system are nearly $5,000,000,000 larger than at the end of 1929, and time-deposits are only $1,500,000,000 less. Insurance companies have ample funds. Idle money is so plentiful that government issues have been selling at abnormally low yields. So large have been the excess reserves of the banks that for a time the authorities were worried lest they lead to such an expansion of borrowing as to stimulate unhealthy inflation. If people wanted to invest there would be no lack of funds for them to use. We are saving plenty of money; the trouble is that it is being hoarded instead of ventured.

Our income tax rates are far lower than those in Great Britain, except in the highest brackets, and England has been having an old-fashioned boom. It may be argued that the very richest men have to pay so much to the government that they cannot afford to risk the remainder in speculative enterprises; but investment by this class of income normally accounts for a small proportion of the total. The tax on capital gains, which is so often blamed for discouraging business, has been a part of our income-tax system ever since 1913; it was on the books all through the palmy days of Coolidge and Mellon. The tax on undistributed surplus was a New Deal innovation, but, whatever its effects, it can scarcely be responsible for so marked a lack of new investment as has existed. If the surplus profits are kept, the progressive rates are not so high as those that partnerships and individuals must pay in surtaxes. If they are distributed, why should not the recipients of the dividends use them to buy more securities? One would think that this tax, if it led corporations to invest less money directly, and rather to enlarge their dividends, would send a stream of money into the security markets. As a matter of fact it did so when it was first imposed.

Industrial profits rose rapidly between 1933 and 1938—even with the slump beginning in midsummer last year, the profit record for 1937 is the best since the great depression. The rise of labor costs

that came with the Wagner Labor Act and the CIO campaign did cut into profits somewhat, but it did not actually diminish them; they merely were leveled off. Whatever happened in individual instances, it cannot be said that the profit incentive disappeared.

Government competes with business less in the United States than in any other capitalist country in the world—much less, for instance, than in Sweden and Great Britain, in both of which countries the accumulation of capital has gone merrily on since 1933. The same is true of governmental regulation. In England the government has just bought out the owners of the coal lands as a preliminary to regulating the industry. Public ownership of electric power is a commonplace in both nations. The telephone and telegraph are public property in Great Britain. The consumers' co-operative movement also offers extensive competition with private enterprise, both in distribution and production, in these and other countries.

It is difficult too to understand why business investment should be hampered by the growth of government debt and an unbalanced budget. The earlier fears associated with this policy were directed against the dangers of inflation that was expected to flow from it. But inflation, if it came, would be manifested in rapidly rising prices, and it is just when prices rise most rapidly that business makes most money. Inflation does injure wage-earners, whose pay increases less rapidly than the cost of living, and owners of bonds and mortgages, whose fixed return can buy less as prices rise. But it enriches, at least temporarily, the owners of business property—or of common shares. Investment of money in productive property or durable goods is not only the safest course; it is almost made compulsory by a prospect of inflation. Yet money has avoided this outlet and has flowed rather into government bonds, which drastic inflation would render worthless.

Even the danger of inflation has been much overplayed, in view of the fact that our governmental debt is smaller in relation to national income than the public debts of England, France, Japan, or almost any other capitalist country. What is still more to the point, the public spending that the accumulation of the deficit made possible—both for new construction and for relief—helped on revival and made possible industrial profits in 1935 and 1936. But when, in 1937, public spending was reduced and the government, by the addition of social-security taxes, began to take in as much money as it was spending, production began to decline. Rationally it would seem that the policy of borrowing and spending by the federal government ought to have stimulated investment rather than the reverse.

Did regulation of the stock market make investment difficult? That it should have done so is a little hard to believe in view of the fact that the regulatory measures were undertaken to safeguard investors. Companies issuing securities were compelled to make a full disclosure of facts. Various devices which had been used for artificial rigging of the market were forbidden. Borrowing for margin trading was limited, and eventually restrictions were placed on short-selling. When we remember the large sums of money that innocent investors had previously lost through ignorance of the facts concerning the companies they invested in, and through the practices of inside traders and speculators, it would seem that the new regulations ought to have done something to restore the confidence of the investors in Wall Street, a confidence that otherwise would have been lacking as long as memories of previous losses persisted.

Another innovation of which many business men complain bitterly is the encouragement that has been given to trade-unionism through the Wagner Labor Relations Act, the National Labor Relations Board, and the organizing campaign of the CIO. It would seem that the industrial community expects to be ruined by strikes and fears that the country has

no future because organized labor at last is to be tolerated on a wide scale. Yet the self-same unions which carried on the campaign have long dealt successfully with employers in the clothing industry, the printing trades, in newspapers, coal mining, and other occupations. Many of their leaders are noted for constructive industrial statesmanship. Great corporations like General Electric and United States Steel recognized the unions, dealt with them amicably and continued to make profits. The existence of a much more widespread trade-union organization in other countries has not prevented the industrial order from working. It would be an innovation in economic theory indeed if it were asserted that the necessity to engage in collective bargaining with labor were incompatible with the successful operation of the capitalist system.

One could run through the list of other New Deal measures with a similar analysis and find few indeed that, on a basis of cold reason, ought to have inhibited investment. On the contrary, they seem to have been devised for the most part with the obvious intention of buttressing capitalism and renewing confidence in it. Yet this analysis will sound strange to those who have been listening to what business men and investors have been saying. Undoubtedly they have been bitterly hostile to the Roosevelt Administration and have been badly frightened by it. Lack of confidence is an undoubted fact—an intangible fact, to be sure, but still one of great importance. Probably it has prevented a good deal of new enterprise and investment. Again and again you will hear if you listen in the right places that business men do not dare make commitments for the future because they do not know what is going to happen and are afraid of what the President will do next. To prove that the fear is irrational does not abolish it. Indeed, the more irrational a fear is the more trouble it is likely to create. In order to explain the fear we must look a little deeper than the objective facts.

III

The fear that recently has seemed to dominate the business and investing classes may possibly be attributed to what the President has said much more than to what he has done. He and his lieutenants have spoken volubly about fundamental changes in the economic order, and he has used bad names to describe those of his enemies who have a lot of money and power in industry. It is possible that if Mr. Roosevelt had done even more and said less there would be more confidence than there is.

Still more unsettling is the fact that he has seemed to blow hot and cold by turns. A consistent parent, even though he is stern, will not upset a nervous child half so much as one who is alternately kindly and severe. First it is announced that business will be given a "breathing spell," and then some new legislative project is announced or some new speech is made that frightens the wits out of the "economic royalists." The damage is increased by the fact that there is a considerable company of business agitators, politicians, and newspaper writers who are always ready to interpret comparatively innocuous measures as if they were horrible incursions of communism or fascism. Agricultural relief, a quarrel within the TVA, a plan for more efficient reorganization of government—any such pedestrian subject is dressed up with horns and a tail, breathing fire to scare the tender imaginations of those who have the power to decide whether industry shall expand or contract.

All these are, however, surface manifestations of a fear that runs deeper than whatever may be happening in the present. The real question is what made the child so nervous that injudicious guidance can give him the jitters. It requires only a little scratching of the memory to recall that there was a year called 1929, and after that other and worse years, 1930, 1931, and 1932. During that period there was no Franklin D. Roosevelt and no New Deal. Yet it seemed as if the

foundations of civilization were crumbling. Business men and bankers had a very bad fright indeed, caused by a collapse arising from mysterious forces that they did not understand. One does not like to remember these unpleasant feelings. We were only too quick to assume that everything was about to be all right again. Yet such a traumatic experience does not disappear from the mind just because it seems to be forgotten. The bogeyman still lurks in the darkness. If we knew what really had caused the disaster and were busy dealing with the causes we should feel better. But since most of us never identified the enemy and prefer just to pretend that he does not exist any more, we have a lot of fear floating about loose that we are ready to attach to new bogeys. Irrational fear is always like that. Not explained but merely repressed, it breaks out in new places. We are certain to be afraid of something, whether there is anything that ought reasonably to be terrifying or not.

Finally, a sufficiently rude psychologist might, by digging deeper, offer an argument *ad hominem*. Grown men who exhibit irrational fears, he would say, have probably been frightened all their lives without knowing it. It may be that they were frightened by severe fathers or over-solicitous mothers when they were mere infants. They may have feared bodily injury or the loss of something important. They were too young to know how baseless a fear of this kind would appear to a sensible adult, but rather, in their terror, suppressed the fear, and the possibility of rational explanation along with it. One of the common ways of dealing with such a hidden fear is to over-compensate for it. The victim pretends vigorously that nothing scares him. He develops ability to climb to heights where nobody can order him about, and accumulates wealth because of his need for a feeling of security. He is, we should say, the last man in the world to be afraid. Such a man is likely to become prominent in business or finance. When something happens which he imagines threatens the power or the wealth on which he has relied for security, his terror springs forth and he becomes just as unreasonably afraid of the person or persons to whom he attributes hostility as he was of the cause of his original fright. Not until the new conditions settle down and become familiar again will he be capable of anything that seems like normal and rational response.

IV

There may be of course rational causes for failure to invest as well as irrational fears. Although less is said about them, it does not take long to identify them when we look at the past behavior of the chief channels for investment. Three outlets for savings were during our recent periods of prosperity incomparably greater than any others. These were the construction of new dwellings and commercial buildings, the railroads, and the public utilities. It is in these fields that the recent lag of investment has been most marked.

Construction, which had nearly stopped during the War, began vigorously to revive in 1921. It throve on the shortage of buildings, which had driven rents up, and the low prices of materials, brought down by the great post-war deflation. Building continued steadily upward, in spite of minor dips in business activity, until it reached a speculative peak in 1928. Easy money kept encouraging it. It climbed on pyramids of debt—first mortgages, second mortgages, third mortgages. Speculation in real estate is an old American habit—it figured prominently in the economic history of colonial days, and was one of the factors in both the Revolutionary and the Civil Wars. We like to blow up bubbles of land values and speculative building. In the Coolidge New Era we not only had a Florida boom but a nation-wide real estate boom. Heavy investment in real estate was one of the chief causes of the weakness of the banks after 1929.

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When the crash came tremendous amounts of money were lost in this area. But the liquidation was slow and painful. Distressed properties, with all indebtedness and equities above first mortgages wiped out, and often the first mortgage reduced as well, could be bought for far less than it would cost to put up a new structure of the same rental value. Banks and other financial institutions carrying such properties were not eager to lend money for new building that might compete with them. Add to this the fact that prices of many building materials and of construction remained high, and it is easy to see why the profit motive did not entice new money into building. The failure of private construction to revive after 1933 was not a political or a psychological phenomenon primarily; it was the sad aftermath of an economic spree. Other nations have more sober habits in dealing with building and real estate, and did not have nearly the hangover in this respect that the United States has suffered. It was large construction of housing, for instance, that contributed most of all to Great Britain's relatively mild experience in the depression and her subsequent recovery.

Railroads have long been one of the greatest sources of new securities for sale to investors. But the railroads, in view of the new competition from motor cars, trucks, and busses, found themselves during and after the depression not only unable to expand but so heavily overcapitalized that they could hardly raise money to maintain and improve their existing equipment. The railroads too had been subject to speculative abuses as a result of which the investing public had lost large sums of money. Finally, the policy of keeping rates high, or even increasing them, was scarcely calculated to encourage rail traffic in the face of the new competition. And of course without an increase in traffic new investment was hardly possible.

Public utilities likewise had speculator trouble. This is not the place to repeat the often-told story of the public utility holding companies and their pyramiding of values, layer upon layer, on top of the underlying securities of operating companies. But the misfortunes which befell them as a result is reason enough for difficulty in issuing and selling new bonds for a while. It will take some time and a good deal of reassurance before eager citizens are going to form lines in front of the savings banks in order to withdraw their money to invest in public utility holding companies. The struggle which the utilities have carried on, first against regulatory legislation, then against complying with the legislation and against competition by publicly owned systems, has served to keep the matter fresh in the public mind and to make potential investors wary of the whole industry. The impression has been assiduously spread that whatever perils had been originally created by the issuers of the securities and the depression were now redoubled by the very efforts of the government to avoid the repetition of such perils in the future.

Another circumstance has reinforced the reluctance to invest in these and other fields. That is the continued high price of steel and other materials used for fabrication of houses, industrial buildings, rails, and machinery. Prices of steel and building materials were maintained by the NRA and have since risen even above the 1929 level, being distinctly out of line with wholesale prices in general.

It is noteworthy that failure to proceed in the largest fields of possible private investment is not due to any lack of need for the products and services of the industries in question. The slump of building since 1929 has left a large shortage of housing and other structures as well. The railroads, in spite of their restricted traffic, do require many replacements and improvements. Better equipment and more efficient services would strengthen their competitive position. There is an enormous potential demand for electric current, as yet unsatisfied, that could be stimulated by sufficiently low rates.

What is necessary in order to bring about the satisfaction of these demands? In the case of housing we may, if we choose, wait until the groundwork is cleared for another speculative boom, by the liquidation of old debts and the possible drop of building prices through the pressures of depression. We may wait until the railroads are compelled to go through receivership and reorganization, and then begin the old process all over again. And we may, if we wish, repeal the new legislation to unscramble the security holding companies, cease trying to develop new sources of power with government funds, and stop all efforts at public distribution, trusting to luck that in time investors will forget their unhappy experiences and begin again to furnish the dollars for extension of electric service. Such a course would seem to follow the prescription urged by those who fear most what has been happening.

But other things are in the wind; private investment cannot execute so long and so spectacular a failure without suggesting to many the urgency of governmental intervention or support. We already have a federal agency to subsidize low-cost housing of good quality on a non-speculative basis. Such activity abroad has supplied an example to the private building industry. If, furthermore, as has been so often suggested, mass-production methods and steady employment can be introduced into building, costs can be reduced and it can perhaps be made less a gambling institution and more an instrument of public service. The railroads are much more likely soon to be in a position to order new equipment if the government takes a hand in reorganization and encourages consolidation, with more efficient practices, whether under private or public ownership. And it is not quite conceivable that the security holding companies can now escape governmental regulation or competition; the sooner they submit to it with good grace the sooner they can attract new money.

The conclusion seems to be that the condition of large new investment in the near future is not less governmental activity but more. If when private investment breaks down it continues indefinitely to remain inert because of fear of the governmental activity which that breakdown calls forth there really is little hope for private capitalism. Any public-relations counsel who was engaged to hasten the growth of socialism would be well advised to stimulate the fear of investors. For if the breakdown lasts long enough the pressure of unemployment and unsatisfied wants will force government to take over more and more of the functions that private investment is neglecting. The chances are that public action will this time save private enterprise in spite of itself. But in the long run, if irrational fear of government in business persists it will, as in so many other cases, bring to pass the outcome that is most dreaded.

ADVENTURES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY C. E. M. JOAD

Let me begin by stating my credentials. I have had at different times a certain amount of firsthand experience of what I will non-committally call abnormal phenomena. This experience has been due largely to the facilities afforded in London by the National Laboratory of Psychical Research which subsequently became the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, a body which consists of persons who, subscribing to no definite beliefs or disbeliefs as to the causation of the phenomena they study, endeavor by experimental investigation to learn more of their nature. The Laboratory, in other words, consists neither of believers nor of unbelievers, but of those who wish to find out. The members of the Council are all on the staff of the University of London and include a psychologist, a physiologist, a theologian, a physicist, and a doctor. There are two professional illusionists attached in a semi-official capacity, who may be called upon from time to time to assist in the detection of trickery.

The precautions against trickery are elaborate in the extreme, and a description of one or two of them may be of interest. Phenomena, the fact is well known, albeit totally unexplained, occur most frequently in the dark. Now in the dark you cannot see them. Some light, it is obvious, is necessary, and, again for no comprehensible reason, it must be a dim red light. In this light persons attending the séance sit in a circle, hold hands, and wait for something to happen. In such circumstances the possibilities of trickery are, it is obvious, very great. After a time one gets so bored sitting there in the dim light that one longs for anything to happen, longs even to be deceived, and is prepared to accept even the most natural occurrence as a phenomenon.

To guard against trickery in these circumstances the following electrical control was devised. A circle of metal studs is driven into the floor; the sitter places each of his feet upon a stud, sharing one stud with the foot of the person upon his right and another with the foot of the person upon his left. He also wears a pair of thin metal gloves joined with a wire. Directly any hand is unclasped or any foot is moved from its stud, an electrical contact is broken and the red light goes out. These precautions apply also to the medium. So long, therefore, as the light is maintained there is a reasonable presumption that every foot is in place and every hand clasped. Another device has been employed to test the genuineness of mediums purporting to produce so-called "spirit voices". The official account of the "spirit voices" is, I suppose, more or less as follows. The discarnate spirit of a person who would normally be called dead animates the body of a medium and makes use of his limbs and his vocal cords. When a voice is heard we must presume that the usual machinery of larynx and vocal cords is involved in its production, and it is the machinery of the body of the medium which, we must presume, the spirit operates to produce the voice. Now one cannot both blow through the lips and speak at the same

time—anybody who thinks that he can is advised to try the experiment. A wooden box containing an electric-light bulb was accordingly devised, having for one of its sides a glass window. From the box a tube protruded. If one blew through the tube, maintaining a perceptible, though by no means heavy pressure of breath, an electrical contact was set going as a result of which the bulb in the box was seen to glow with light. Directly the pressure was relaxed the light went out. Mediums were asked to put the end of the tube in their mouth and blow sufficiently to maintain a light in the box. If they could do this and at the same time produce a spirit voice there was a reasonable presumption that the breath involved in the voice production was not theirs, but a spirit's. No medium has, to my knowledge, ever succeeded in passing this test.

For the rest, we have undressed mediums, sewn them up in silk sacks from which only their heads have emerged, and dressed them in suits of armor. We have put boxing gloves upon their hands and sacks over their heads; "Now," we have said to them in effect, "now do your stuff." It is remarkable how few phenomena are produced under these conditions.

By the courtesy of the Director of the Laboratory, Mr. Harry Price, who subsequently became the secretary of the University of London Council, I have had the advantage of sitting with a number of well-known mediums and have witnessed at different times a considerable number of varied phenomena.

II

Before I proceed to a description of some of the phenomena I have witnessed I had better state my beliefs in order that the reader may be in a position to discount my bias. The world of psychical research is an ambiguous one in which quacks are accustomed happily and lucratively to hunt dupes. In this twilit realm of quackery and dupery it is important that the reader should know precisely where the writer stands. I have come, then, provisionally to three conclusions; these are negative and unsatisfactory in character, but I may as well give them here for what they are worth. First, it is not possible to ascribe all the manifestations which occur to quackery and trickery on the part of mediums, assisted by dupery and credulity on the part of those who sit with them. The manifestations are, I think, too widespread to admit of this explanation, and there is a small but growing number of cases in which careful attention to and rigid control of the conditions in which phenomena have occurred have fairly conclusively ruled out the cheating hypothesis.

In this connection it may be pointed out that most of the happenings in the séance room are of an exceedingly trivial and apparently non-significant character. Tambourines rattle, waste-paper baskets fly through the air, handkerchiefs tie themselves into knots, bells ring, cold breezes blow. It is this triviality that, to my mind, constitutes one of the strongest reasons for regarding some of the phenomena as genuine. It seems to me in the highest degree unlikely that a clever conjuror could not devise something more spectacular than such occurrences, or that an unscrupulous medium, designing to make money out of the anxiety of bereaved relatives to have news of those who have "passed over," could not invent more detailed and convincing messages than those which actually pass muster in the séance room as communications from the departed.

Secondly, I do not think that the phenomena can be wholly ascribed to manifestations of the unconscious self or selves of the medium or of the sitters, or of a collective unconscious brought temporarily into being by a fusion of the individual unconsciouses of sitters and medium or by emergence upon such fusion.

Thirdly, I do not think that the spiritualist hypothesis, the hypothesis, namely, that the phenomena are the result of the interventions in human affairs of discar-

nate entities who are the surviving spirits of persons who, once alive, would now commonly be called dead, has been established. On the contrary, I think that it is most probably false. It is of course the case that I don't *wish* to think it true. This disinclination is partly due to the low intellectual quality of spirit messages, so low that I have often been forced to the conclusion that, if ghosts have souls, they certainly have no brains. The view that those of us who survive undergo a softening of our cerebral tissues seems to me a gloomy one.

In general my view is that no satisfactory theory which covers *all* the phenomena has yet been advanced; nor, in view of their great variety, do I think it likely that a *single* satisfactory theory ever will. It is probable, I think, that different types of phenomena are caused in different ways; but, although we may be able to guess with some measure of confidence at the mode of causation of some of them, others remain at present totally inexplicable.

III

I will begin with physical occurrences, not because I do not think so-called psychical phenomena—telepathy, mind-reading, spirit messages, and the rest—important, but because they are so much harder to substantiate. You can never feel quite certain that a case of telepathy has occurred, but when the temperature of a room in which half a dozen people have been sitting for three hours drops six or seven degrees according to the record of a sealed thermometer, it is difficult not to conclude that something very odd has happened. Physical occurrences are divided into two classes: those said to be produced by ectoplasm and poltergeist phenomena. Ectoplasm is supposed to be the stuff of the medium's body which is temporarily broken down into a kind of amorphous, pulpy mass capable of being molded into different forms. The spiritualist theory is that discarnate spirits enter into the body of the medium, break down the stuff of which it is composed into ectoplasm, and then rebuild the ectoplasm into the material instruments by means of which they carry out their purposes. If something lifts a handkerchief into the air, raps a table, or throws a wastepaper basket across the room, the something must presumably, if the laws of physics are not to be utterly repudiated, be a material something. If a voice is heard vocal cords must presumably vibrate, and some organ like the human larynx be involved in its production. Now on the ectoplasm theory it is bars and levers of ectoplasm formed out of the stuff of the medium's body that lift the handkerchiefs and throw the baskets, knuckles of ectoplasm that rap the tables, and, on some views, specially manufactured ectoplastic larynxes that speak.

I have myself seen what purported to be ectoplasm issuing as a shapeless, fluid substance of the color and consistency of congealed porridge apparently from the medium's nose and ears and protruding itself into the room. I say "what purported to be ectoplasm" because on the two occasions on which I have witnessed it the medium was not subject to the rigorous control which has obtained when simple simpler phenomena, such as the flying wastepaper baskets and the rest, were produced. The first occasion was afforded by a visit to one of the séances which M. Geley, Director of the International Metapsychical Institute in Paris, conducted with the medium Eva C. I could see a luminous stuff pouring out of Eva's mouth, ears, and nostrils —sensational photographs of the occurrences are published at the end of M. Geley's book *From the Unconscious to the Conscious*—and watched it form itself into what appeared to be heads and faces. I touched one of these heads and what I touched certainly *felt* like hair. I was tremendously excited at the time, but subsequent reflection has impressed upon me the fact that I was a young and inexperienced observer, that the light in the room was very dim, that the conditions of control were not strict, and that considerable doubt has been thrown upon the

Geley séances by subsequent writers. The obvious thing to do when one sees ectoplasm is of course to turn on the light, but this is the very thing which, according to the official theory, one must not do. For the theory warns you that serious injury might be done to the medium if the delicate stuff of his body were exposed to ordinary light in its disintegrated ectoplasmic state. Even if you believe the theory to be nonsense and ectoplasm a fraud, there is always the risk that the theory may be true and ectoplasm real, and I, for one, have never taken the risk by turning on the light. If the theory were indeed true and real injury were done to the medium's body, one would, it is obvious, never forgive oneself.

The question, Should one turn up the light? was prominently raised by the investigations into the ectoplastic Mrs. Duncan. Mrs. Duncan was investigated for some time at the National Laboratory of Psychical Research. She was reported to make a considerable income by giving séances which were attended by earnest believers in spiritualism, and she certainly produced very spectacular results. An enormous woman, weighing nearly two hundred and fifty-two pounds, she would go behind a black curtain and presently emerge with long trails of ectoplasm pouring from her mouth and forming itself into a train which swathed itself round her limbs and feet as she walked about the room. One could put out one's hand and touch the stuff, which felt like the white of a hard-boiled egg and was faintly luminous. The whole performance was extraordinarily impressive, and for a time a number of us were inclined to "believe." I cannot here detail the steps by means of which Mrs. Duncan's fraudulency was detected. The secret of her performance lay in the possession of a secondary stomach which is, I believe, vouchsafed to a few favored individuals. In the afternoon preceding a séance she would swallow a little bundle of cheesecloth, which had previously been chemically treated, and consign it to her secondary stomach. Ensconced behind the curtain, she would bring up the cheesecloth from stomach to mouth, as ruminant animals bring up the cud they chew, and by some means getting her hands free from the silken sack in which she was encased, would unroll it and spread it in swathes about her person. It was an X-ray photograph which put us on the track of this deception. One day we photographed Mrs. Duncan. This of course was done with her consent, but—a fact to which she did not consent because she did not know of it—one of the photographs was an X-ray photograph, and this showed a small safety-pin, cosily nestling in the middle of Mrs. Duncan's inside. This safety-pin was used for the purpose of securing the cheesecloth into tight little rolls. On no other occasion have I seen ectoplasm.

I have already remarked, however, that ectoplasm is commonly presumed to be the cause of the phenomena which occur in séance rooms. The most remarkable of these phenomena which I have seen were connected with the Austrian medium Rudi Schneider. Rudi would go into a deep trance in which he breathed with enormous rapidity and colossal violence, so that the whole room shook with the vigor of his respirations. To sit near him was like sitting near a very old motor car, whose whole frame vibrated to the pulsations of its engine. In séances lasting over two separate years Rudi produced, under strictly controlled conditions, remarkable phenomena. Of these perhaps the most outstanding seen by me was the raising of a handkerchief without visible agency into the air where it tied itself into a knot. Nothing could be *seen* to touch the handkerchief; but, on the view suggested above, that which made contact with it must, presumably, have been something material. Accordingly X-ray photographs were taken with a view to detecting what, if anything, was in contact with the handkerchief. An ingenious device was rigged up whereby certain objects placed upon the séance table were made the center of a field of electrical force. Any interference with this field

as, for example, such as would be effected by a substance which touched the objects, established an electrical circuit, as a result of which a flashlight bomb exploded and an X-ray photograph was taken by a camera trained upon the objects in question. As the result of a number of experiments photographs were obtained showing some dark substance making contact with the objects, a substance which, invisible to the human eye, was apparently visible to the X-ray. Upon the nature of this dark something the photographs threw no light.

One of these photographs also showed Rudi Schneider with a free arm in circumstances in which the arm ought to have been rigidly controlled. The fact occasioned bitter controversy as to whether Rudi Schneider was cheating. The controversy has never been settled; my own view, for what it is worth, is that in the earlier experiments Schneider's *bona fides* was beyond dispute, but that in the later years of his mediumship he found that his powers were beginning to fail. He then, having learned the "tricks of the trade," endeavored to reproduce by trickery the phenomena which had previously occurred naturally, or, if the phrase be preferred, supernaturally. This process from genuineness to trickery has been noted in a number of mediums, and has been invoked, as I think wrongly, to discredit the whole of their mediumship. In fact the process is very natural. The medium acquires money, notoriety, and an appetite for excitement. When his powers fail he will be no more anxious to relinquish the scenes of his glory than the prima donna or the great actress; and it seems to me very natural that, having become accustomed to kingship in the séance room, he should endeavor to protract his reign by equivocal methods.

IV

Poltergeist phenomena are those traditionally attributed to the agency of "earth spirits" or "elementals." They consist of the movements of small objects without visible cause. The typical phenomena of the haunted house are often attributed to poltergeists. When knocks and raps are heard, lumps of coal thrown through the air, heavy weights dragged along floors, jugs of water overturned, drawers opened, children's hair pulled, bells rung, and so on, it is, so the theory runs, poltergeists who are responsible. What a poltergeist really is neither I nor, I imagine, anybody else has the faintest idea. Like the modern atom, the poltergeist is known not in itself, but by virtue of its alleged effects.

Poltergeist manifestations often seem to be associated with a particular person, usually a person of less than normal intelligence, a half-wit, a child, or even a half-witted child. Sometimes they appear to be connected with the oncoming of puberty. When the person in question is removed, or the onset of puberty is finished, the manifestations stop.

Owing to the fact that poltergeist manifestations, which often take place in remote country districts, have a way of drying up when investigated by persons of competent scientific qualifications, we have usually to rely for our accounts of them upon uneducated persons who are both untrained observers and inaccurate narrators. Some years ago, however, an opportunity occurred of witnessing poltergeist phenomena under controlled conditions, in connection with a Roumanian peasant girl, Eleanore Zugun, who was brought to London by her patron, the Countess Wassilko, and referred to the National Laboratory of Psychical Research for investigation. The phenomena associated with Eleanore were of two kinds: weals or teeth marks would suddenly appear on her arms, legs, or face without visible cause (Eleanore herself would attribute them to the agency of the devil) and small objects in her neighborhood would be displaced without visible agency. Eleanore, who, although fourteen years old at the time, had the mentality of a child of eight or nine, would sit in normal surroundings and in full daylight playing with her toys in the presence of observers, when the following

phenomena were witnessed. Metal letters and coins placed on a ledge running round the walls of the room an inch or so below the ceiling would come tumbling to the floor; marked coins, which had been placed in drawers, would turn up in people's pockets; metal letters would invisibly transfer themselves from one part of the room to another. On the arms of Eleanore herself marks such as might have been made by teeth would suddenly appear, and she would cry out with pain as she proclaimed a new attack by the devil.

A curious incident happened to myself. On the last day of Eleanore's visit to the Laboratory I, together with a number of those who had "sat with" her during the preceding fortnight, went to say good-by. There was, I think, some sort of tea-party and a fair-sized crowd of people had assembled. Owing to the press of people, I did not actually speak to Eleanore, but waved my hand to her across the room and left after a short visit. I was going to the country, and in the train took a book out of my bag to read; it was a new book and some of the pages were uncut. I felt in my pocket for my penknife; the feel of it was certainly unusual and, pulling it out, I found that a crescent-shaped piece of metal—in point of fact, the metal letter C—encircled the knife in such a way that so long as the letter was there it could not be opened. So tightly was the knife wedged into the encircling piece of metal that a mallet and chisel were required to remove it.

What the explanation of these occurrences may be, I cannot say. They are sufficiently well attested, but I am not absolutely certain, in regard to those which I personally observed, that the hypothesis of trickery could be ruled out, although I personally do not feel inclined to accept it. Reports were in fact received later that Eleanore had been caught cheating, that is to say causing phenomena to happen by normal although surreptitious means; but the devices she employed were so childish and so easily detected that they could at no time have deceived the skilled observers who saw her in London, and it seems probable that the cheating could be ascribed to a very natural attempt on Eleanore's part to continue to attract a waning attention by faking phenomena which no longer occurred spontaneously.

More recently a curious outbreak of poltergeist phenomena has come to my notice at a rectory in Suffolk. The rectory is a typical haunted house. Surrounded with evergreens, it stands somber and gloomy in a large neglected garden. Like many English rectories, it was far too large for the stipend of the rector or the needs of the parish, which contains, if I remember correctly, only one hundred and twenty souls. The cost of the upkeep of the place must have been considerable—there were, I think, seven or eight bedrooms; there was a large stable and a huddle of outhouses—and the parson's stipend was as small as the place was large. The house had a long troubled history, which went back to some conventional story of a nun found guilty of unchastity, and being walled up somewhere in the basement to die of starvation. Whatever may be the truth of this story, accounts of poltergeist phenomena at the rectory had been reaching us at the Laboratory for a number of years. Bells were pulled, pieces of crockery flew unexpectedly through the air, dogs whined, servants refused to stay, and so on. A number of visits had intrigued without satisfying the curiosity of investigators. On one occasion the visitors had been fairly convinced that a genuine phenomenon had occurred; on another, their view was that the young wife of an elderly rector, bored with life in so dull and remote a place, had decided to exploit the house's ghostly history by staging a few phenomena on her own account, thus providing amusement for herself, discomfort for her husband, and bewilderment for investigators. Within the space of a few years three rectors came and went, alleging, in each case, as their reason for departure the disconcerting happenings in the house. Finally the bishop decided to

leave the rectory empty and to amalgamate the parish with the next one, letting the incumbent of the neighboring parish attend to the needs of both. The house, being empty, was leased for a number of months to the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation; observers were asked for, and a number of people volunteered.

The only phenomenon of note that had been observed was the appearance of miscellaneous pencil marks upon the inside walls of the house. A few of these were in the form of messages, but the majority were meaningless squiggles. The walls were whitewashed, so that it was comparatively easy to distinguish the marks, and in order that there might be no doubt which and where they were, each mark had been ringed by a circle drawn in thick blue pencil.

On the evening on which I visited the house one observer had been staying there for some little time, sleeping on a camp bed, and cooking his meals on an oil stove in one of the empty rooms. We were alone in the house, and after carefully examining the garden, we had assured ourselves that there was nobody there. We came in, made a tour of all the pencil marks visible on the whitewashed walls, and carefully noted their date and position. It was my first visit and I was considerably intrigued by the mysterious marks. At seven o'clock we retired to the room with the camp bed and the oil stove, securely locking all the doors and windows before we did so, cooked some sausages and made some tea. We were together in this room for the whole of the ensuing hour, and I am positive that neither of us left it. I am also positive that if anybody had entered the house we should have heard him or her moving about; for the house, being empty, acted as a kind of sounding board, and every noise echoed and re-echoed all over it. About eight o'clock we went out again, and on the wall in the passage immediately outside the room in which we had been eating there was another pencil squiggle. I feel reasonably certain that that squiggle had not been there before; it was, indeed, inconceivable that we should have missed it. I am also reasonably certain that it was not made by the other observer, who was in my company during the whole of the period within which the mark must have been made. I am sure that I did not make it myself and, as I have already said, I do not see how anybody could have entered the house without being heard.

On the other hand, the hypothesis that poltergeists materialize lead pencils and fingers to use them seems to me to be totally incredible; and the question of "why" seems to be hardly less difficult to answer than the question of "how." As so frequently occurs when one is investigating so-called abnormal phenomena, one finds it equally impossible to withhold credence from the facts or to credit any possible explanation of the facts. Either the facts did not occur or, if they did, the universe must in some important respects be totally other than what one is accustomed to suppose. In this particular case my inclination is to doubt the facts; and yet, having reflected long and carefully upon that squiggle, I did not and do not see how it could have been made by normal means.

This article sounds inconclusive. I have, however, certain tentative and not very satisfactory explanations to offer for some at least of the phenomena I have described. These explanations I hope to give in a succeeding article, together with some of the more interesting psychical phenomena that have come within my purview.

(A second article by Mr. Joad will appear in the July issue.—The Editors)

FICTION AND THE EVERLASTING IF

NOTES ON THE CONTEMPORARY HISTORICAL NOVEL

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE past few years have seen the recurrence of a phenomenon very familiar to American literature, a sudden widespread interest in historical fiction. Normally a conventional and romantic *genre*, however, the historical novel has lately followed the preference of the times for realistic writing, psychological inquiry, and social judgment in fiction. The result is a kind of novel very different from that which our grandfathers and even our fathers admired, not a new form but an adaptation of considerable novelty. Foremost in the causes that have produced the new cycle is our increased national self-consciousness. That so many of us can be entertained by stories about the nation's past, stories which are not only realistic but frequently unorthodox and revisionist as well, shows an appetite for history that is extremely interesting —to, among others, the historian.

His interest is double-edged. A famous sociologist recently declared, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, that the publication of *Gone With the Wind* has had a greater importance for the South than any other event since President Hayes withdrew the army of occupation. Such an assertion shocks the historian, yet his discomfort is hard to explain and, at first glance, seems to exist rather in literature than in history. He admits that when Miss Mitchell deals directly with history she is irreproachable, for she composes her background from the diaries, letters, newspapers, and similar material which he himself has already certified and sifted. She transfers them to her page with only slight modifications, and when she sometimes modifies them more than slightly the historian is not disposed to object. After all, she has a story to tell, and if she transposes minor events or rearranges small parts of the historical sequence in order to enhance that story her practice seems unobjectionable. Freely granting this, the historian nevertheless remains uneasy.

He is made even more uncomfortable by some ten or a dozen other Confederate novels that have appeared in the past few years. So far as their material is concerned, they are even less open to question than *Gone With the Wind;* for their authors—Caroline Gordon, Andrew Lytle, Clifford Dowdey, for instance—are quite as careful students as Miss Mitchell and much more skeptical. But the historian is apt to resent them vigorously. Why?

First, however, let us see what a historian finds in them to praise. The average American's ideas about the Civil War are fragmentary and fantastic. Our sociologist's valuation of Miss Mitchell's book was based on the fact that so many non-Southern people have read it and presumably, seeing the Southern side of the War and Reconstruction sympathetically dramatized, have had their prejudices and inherited ideas somewhat reduced. At least three million people must have read either *Gone With the Wind* or one of the other recent Con-

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federate novels. That is a larger audience—ten or twenty or thirty times larger—than the most popular historian can hope for. Probably less than a hundred thousand Americans have read an adult history of the Civil War and Reconstruction, but three million have had some of its data and forces visualized for them by fiction. They have been shown something of the past, of the historical process at work. The historian's entire endeavor is based on the assumption that this is a desirable thing to happen to people.

For two full generations our historians have been trying to root out of the popular mind what may be called the Parson Weems picture of the American Revolution—the idea that it was a unanimous national uprising against unbearable tyranny, that it generated in all American breasts high-voltage charges of the purest self-sacrifice and patriotism, that it was conducted by one-hundred per cent heroes, and that the heroic colonist triumphed over the cowardly Hessian by means of his own manliness and Washington's inspired vision. The historian has done his utmost to destroy such myths but they live on even in some of our school histories, and in the popular mind they have hardly been touched.

Some portion of the myth withers, however, every time someone reads Mr. Kenneth Roberts's *Arundel* or *Rabble in Arms* or Mr. Walter Edmonds's *Drums Along the Mohawk*. Such books portray the Revolution as episodic, far from unanimous, mottled with unlovely motives, regarded with apathy by many people and as a prime chance to make money or pay off personal grudges by many others, abandoned, sold out, betrayed—full of pettiness and stupidity and mistakes and folly, full of panic and despair also, crisscrossed by the frailties and insufficiencies of mankind and by all the aberrations of social and economic disorder. They make the reader see the Revolution, that is, very much as the historians have failed to make him see it. When a novelist does what a historian has tried and failed to do the historian is constrained to approve.

But he must also feel a pang which may amount to a shudder of alarm at some of the other results that Mr. Roberts and Mr. Edmonds achieve. Mr. Roberts in particular is a deliberate revisionist. Benedict Arnold, in his pages, glows with a light that fiction has usually reserved for General Washington or for messengers from on high. Robert Rogers is given an importance to the developing American nation that history as written by historians has failed to sanction. Sir William Johnson becomes a figure of malice, graft, and revenge that is not supported by the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

Moreover, the recent Confederate novels, though realistic, carefully documented, and obedient to all the surface findings of history, express a basic and general idea which the historian usually rejects. Implicit in most of them is an image of the Old South as the nation's last bulwark of the settled way of life against the disruptive forces of developing industrialism, and to the historian this image is a literary idea, a romantic legend, not a finding of fact. He, therefore, looks at the three million people who have learned about the Civil War from fiction with mingled satisfaction and alarm. It is certainly gratifying that so many people should find out so much about our nation's past. It is deplorable that they should find out so much that isn't so.

Thus stated, the recurrent dilemma of historical fiction is sharp and not to be resolved. But the answer to any historian who might try to stand on it is obvious: wherever absolutes properly belong, they don't belong in literature. The demands which history may legitimately make of fiction are humbler and more relative. Appearing recently in a public forum, I had occasion to protest when another critic declared that he was fed up with Civil War novels and willing to invoke the police arm against the appearance of any more. I replied that it is never safe to bar the door against the unforeseen and suggested that my col-

league's attitude might already have denied him some excellent reading. I named Mr. Clifford Dowdey's *Bugles Blow No More*, one of the neo-Confederate novels mentioned above. Some days later I received a letter from a woman who had been in the audience passionately denouncing me for having praised what she described as a dangerous and subversive book which was not, she said, a historical novel at all but malevolent propaganda. She was tired, she said, of the cowardly acquiescence of Northern novelists, who had not challenged the Southern picture of the Civil War. What literature needed was some real historical novels about the Civil War—novels which would tell the truth about the Southerners, their treason, their cruelty, their boastfulness, and especially the evil of their cause and the righteousness of its defeat. And the plain duty of critics was to destroy the Confederate novelists. (Some weeks later I was accused of trying to do just that. When I published some purely literary criticisms of *Gone With the Wind* I was deluged with letters from the South damning me as a born Abolitionist made doubly vile by years of association with nigger-lovers on the Harvard faculty.)

But it is difficult to see how one can write propaganda seventy-five years after the event. No one is going to refuse to enlist in McClellan's army or to buy one of Secretary Chase's bonds as a result of reading *Bugles Blow No More*. As for the Southern passions portrayed in the novels that annoyed my correspondent, the hatred and bellicosity and jingoism, we are only paying tribute to the novelist's skill when we perceive that they are vehement. His job is to make them convincing—nothing more. There is no party line in literature, and we do not demand that novelists shall write of certain subjects only and write of them in only certain ways. The innocents who practice criticism in the liberal weeklies try to act as if the line were established and its violators must be purged; but they are merely intellectuals talking privately to one another. In the world outside their fantastic publications, and in the world of literature, a writer is still free to write about any subject that interests him from any point of view he cares to take. The adult critic asks of him only that he be good at his chosen job, and has learned not to ask that much very hopefully.

Furthermore, to be surprised by the rise and popularity of our neo-Confederate fiction is to misconceive the nature of historical fiction. Of course the historical novel has championed the Lost Cause myth. The historical novel is the traditional home of lost causes. It is Royalist, Bourbon, Jacobite, Dauphinist; it is the King's Men in fiction. It is the place where the dream that the fact betrayed finds release, where history is reshaped in the light of a great Perhaps. It originated in the romantic tradition, in the nostalgia of it-might-have-been and of the everlasting If. That nostalgia shrinks from Queen Anne, who is known to have been a fat and stupid woman suffering from ailments which no literary skill can make engaging. So the great Perhaps dedicates itself to a wholly different order of being, and Henry Esmond serves a glamour which fact cannot coarsely tarnish, and puts his sword at the disposal of the young Pretender, whose cause was promising and sad, and who—notice the If—could have been King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Dominions overseas, except that he found a certain note in the *Eikon Basiliké* and went galloping to a tryst with Beatrix.

Probably a candid eye can find but inconsiderable differences between George VI and Edward VIII, but we hardly need ask what difference there will be when the Maurice Hewlett of 1975 comes to write a novel which leads up to a soliloquy beginning, "Now at long last . . ." It is worth turning over with becoming solemnity in our minds that the historical novel which will eventually deal with the stirring days of 1936 in this country is likely to find romantic glamour in Alfred M. Landon. Thus the Confederate novelists of the past few years are true to the

larger tradition of this literature in that they are King's Men and Jacobites, the Dauphinists of our day, and are re-writing history in the service of a nostalgic If. Criticism should have few certainties, but we may be sure that *Gone With the Wind* would have sold something less than a million and a half copies if Scarlett O'Hara had suffered her million and a half agonies defending a New Bedford cotton mill which was spinning uniforms for Grant's army, and if her sequence of heroic desperations had been crowned at last with marriage to a financier who, after three months in the Home Guard, had made ten million dollars on the rise of gold.

Literary facts are social facts, and the social fact is the answer to our historian's objection. The after-dinner conversation of cultivated Northerners will touch on the Civil War only by chance and only once in many months. How long does any conversation among cultivated Southerners linger apart from the topic? It is something of a convention of good breeding in the North not to allude to the war in the presence of Southerners. The convention is not binding on Southerners. When Northerners do allude to the war they are likely to be offhand about it, deprecatory, even apologetic; Southerners are not likely to be. Masefield tells us that the meaning shows in the defeated thing. That is poetic language, but the lost cause, the frustrated dream, the emotion building its own compensation shows in the phantasies of the defeated. Victors can be realists. The fact accepted, they can go their way. But defeat begets necessities of dream and reparation even to the fourth generation. The necessities of dream are a proper concern of literature.

II

Literature, therefore, returns the historian's challenge. The novelist has no obligation to instruct anyone in anything, and certainly he has no obligation to instruct anyone in history. His obligation is to portray the lives of men and women, which are frequently surrendered to illusion. It may be the historian's job to denounce illusion but it is certainly not the novelist's. Historical fiction is not history: it is fiction.

The criticism that history may legitimately make has a far more modest base. In so far as the novelist deals with the facts of history, rather than its retrospective dreams, we may require him to observe them. That is not to say that he must be rigorously exact to the last detail of the archives and repositories. We may certainly permit him to alter a topography or rearrange some dates to suit the needs of his novel so long as they are not important in history and he does not falsify the true bearing of events. He may certainly be granted a limited freedom of simplification and rearrangement that could not be granted to a biographer. But such freedom is limited, on the one hand by his obligation to be faithful to the established movement of history, and on the other hand by the necessity of using even unimportant facts with common sense.

To take the second first, anachronisms are as absurd in historical fiction as anywhere else. A novelist who had the Burr-Hamilton duel fought with automatic pistols would be preposterous, and so would a proletarian genius from *The New Masses* who had the embattled farmers of Shays's Rebellion harangued by leaders who bade them unite as workers of the world, since they had nothing to lose but their chains. There were no such pistols, leaders, and chains. Fact, deed, or motive projected out of its proper historical setting is a flaw which the historian is right to denounce. The fact and the deed are simple enough: a novelist need be only a conscientious antiquarian to get them right. But the motive is not so simple. The principal effort of the best historical fiction, which is to restore the past so that we may see how people actually felt and acted in relation to historical events, is all but impossible. In all but the very best we are likely to get not an eighteenth-century

boy from Kittery who has somehow got involved in the Continental army, but a Kittery of painted canvas and a twentieth-century boy in a uniform hired from the costumer's. Even the best fiction will not give us the eighteenth century but only a subtler and more intelligent illusion, one richer in disciplined imagination, more harmoniously rendered. But we do not get life from even the most searching psychological fiction, but only an illusion similarly intelligent, disciplined, and harmonious.

The greater limitation which history exerts on the novelist is that set by the established course and true bearing of events. The fact must be his final arbiter whenever it is important—either in history or in his story. The conventionality of most historical fiction is in part a result of the collision between romantic formulas and established facts. In every such collision common sense requires that the fact must triumph. The lesser novelist escapes from it into conventionality.

The superior novelist tends to get out of the area of established fact into the area of unsettled or still debatable fact. The If and the Perhaps are most legitimate where evidence is lacking or where there is conflicting evidence. The greater the conflict in the evidence the more reasonable it is for fiction to deal with a lost cause, or with any cause, otherwise than history has dealt with it. Thus it would be preposterous to write a novel of the Revolution in which Washington was presented as a secret employee of the North Ministry. But it is not preposterous to draw Benedict Arnold as Mr. Roberts draws him, for, though he takes the romantic side, nevertheless history acknowledges a conflict of evidence.

But let us take a case where there is little evidence and where history is not much interested. The very name of Benjamin Louis Eulalie de Bonneville ought to commend him to romantic fiction. Bonneville is the subject of one of Washington Irving's best books but it is not a novel. Irving presents him as a good deal of a hero; other historians, notably General Chittenden, have presented him as a good deal of a fool. The facts are so few that fiction could invent others without coming into conflict with them, and with the historians divided it is free to offer other interpretations.

After a long military service on the frontier which had made him an expert plainsman, Captain Bonneville, in 1832, obtained two years' leave from the army and led an expedition into the Rocky Mountain wilderness to make his fortune trapping and trading for furs. He was granted a leave of two years but he stayed three. As a result he was cashiered from the army, but when he returned President Jackson restored his rank, to the outrage of other officers. He made no fortune from furs. Chittenden, the historian of the fur trade, makes cruel fun of him because his activity was sometimes extremely foolish. The hardboiled trappers who were masters of the wilderness craft made even more fun of him at the time.

He sent expeditions to places where the trappers knew there were no furs, one of them across the furless salt and sand desert to California. He built a trading post at a place where there were neither furs to trap nor Indains to trade with; the mountain men promptly called it Fort Nonsense and it has come down in history under that name. He had a military man's habit of making maps, and it seemed to the mountain men that he would rather indulge that habit than trap fur. So for three years he traveled the interior wilderness, but seldom took furs. At last he came back to the States, one of those pretentious fools that become the butts of history. Irving is right, the historians tell us, in saying that he was a skillful leader of brigade, for he never lost a man and handled the Indians very well; but like that other so-called Pathfinder, Fremont, he added little to our knowledge of the West and he was ridiculously unsuccessful as a trapper and trader.

Thus history. But fiction, in the person, say, of Mr. Roberts, might easily deal otherwise with Bonneville. His expedi-

tion for furs was, to begin with, a very odd undertaking for an army officer—and look at the time when it occurred. The American empire was beginning to expand toward its ultimate boundary. In the jointly occupied Oregon it would touch the British empire, which was also in an expansionist mood. It would cross upper Mexico, and you did not have to be a jingo to understand that all that territory would some day be American, nor an alarmist to suspect England of coveting it. Reaching California, whither Bonneville sent an expedition, it might have to contend with England again, nor was it certain that Russia had given up her aspirations for the golden shore. So the country which Bonneville studied minutely for three years witnessed the last act of the ancient intrigue by which European nations tried to limit the growth of the United States, and was the last and most obvious gap in our territorial occupation. And in the White House was Andrew Jackson, a frank expansionist, who had met both the British and the Spanish in battle, loved neither, suspected the worst of both, and had seized land by major force before this.

Mr. Roberts would look at the map and observe that, though Bonneville's three years brought him little fur, they did take him to all points that might be objects of military attack or defense and along all the ways where roads would have to develop. The map shows also that, however preposterous the site may have been for a trading post, Fort Nonsense was built at the exact place which would best command the trail to Oregon by which invasion must come. It was the military key to the intermountain West. Mr. Roberts raises his eyebrows: Bonneville looks less stupid now, and the jeer of the mountain men that he would rather draw maps than trap furs acquires a new significance. A military reconnoissance in the Rocky Mountains would have produced uproar in at least three foreign chancelleries, but an officer on leave could trap furs without offending diplomacy. And, fiction says, it was probably not called Fort Nonsense in the reports that the known British agents in the West sent to their home office. And so, when he got back and found himself cashiered, the President, to the scandal of correct West Pointers, restored his rank. Oh, my dear Watson!

Clearly, if fiction cared to make Bonneville the secret agent of Andrew Jackson meeting espionage with counter-espionage, preparing maps, data, observations, and test marches—if fiction wanted to fill the nearly empty stage with intrigue, and high adventure, and the destiny of nations—history could hardly forbid it to. Such areas of history, where facts are few or unsettled or uninterpreted, are the most obvious escape from the tyranny of historical events.

III

But there is another avenue of escape which the best novelists of recent years have increasingly chosen. Established fact supports the talent of an incomplete or but weakly creative novelist. He does not have to invent Washington's character nor the events of Valley Forge—they are already created for him. But better, more creative novelists rebel against such a limitation and resent having to subordinate the impulse and habit that make them what they are. They dislike what is done for them in advance. Thus Mr. James Boyd puts into his novel of the Revolution, *Drums,* only one historical character. In his *Marching On,* a Civil War novel, there is only Andrew Jackson, who appears for less than a page, and in *Long Hunt,* a novel of the Tennessee frontier, there is no one at all from history. When a novelist avoids the great names and the spotlights of history his mind is free to move as it will and to be as creative as in any other kind of fiction.

When he avoids the spotlight the novelist gets into the area of the common man, of humble people whose lives were just as thoroughly enmeshed in the historical process as Washington's or Lincoln's but whose names never made the headlines. It is all but impossible to

make romantic heroes out of such people; and if you forgo the support of romantic glamour you are left to make them interesting to the reader solely by the instruments of realistic and psychological fiction. Thus, in our time, two forces have supported each other. The better talents, which have nearly always been those of realistic fiction, must avoid the tableaus and the glamour of history in order to be freely creative; and in avoiding them, have had to work in areas where only realistic fiction can succeed. That is the principal modification of the historical novel we have made. One need only glance back to the turn of the century to see how far we have come and by what a different road. *When Knighthood Was in Flower, To Have and To Hold, Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith, Alice of Old Vincennes*—such books belong to a literature which, graceful, deftly done, and pulse-lifting as it frequently is, is clearly inferior to the literature I have been discussing.

What has happened is the application to historical fiction of the technics developed in other varieties of the novel, the rejection of many romantic conventions and effects, the democratization of the form till it no longer deals exclusively with the well born and the well advertised, and the development of historical fiction as a department of realistic and psychological fiction. The last is the most important step. In other kinds of fiction we have come to require of the novelist that he show us, first of all, in precedence of all his other objectives, people acting in ways we can understand from motives that are natural in their circumstances. We have come to require that of the historical novelist also, in precedence of whatever else he tries to do.

The fact that the historical novel dramatizes the effect on individual lives of historical forces, which is to say of social forces, is another reason for its contemporary popularity. There is a common distrust of the novel of social forces which is open at the end where the historical novel is closed—the future. It is easy enough for a novelist working in the pseudo-form that criticism has curiously called the proletarian novel to bring the curtain down at the end on a group of noble workers haloed by an amber spot, fused together at the end of a victorious strike, their fists uplifted, chanting, "On to conquer the world." But the future is not closed and the reader is likely to think, yes, but did they go on to conquer the world or did they go to the movies? The social findings of a novelist working in contemporary life have no necessity, whereas in the historical novel they must be controlled by the thing that actually happened. That, in fact, is the greatest virtue a historical novel can have: the ability to persuade us that things actually happened in this way, and that individual lives must necessarily thus have been affected by events. It is a virtue, however, that involves a curious duality, which is the final condition of historical fiction.

Thus, so far as the individual life is involved with other lives, psychological values are enhanced. The individual is the more himself because of the immediate experience he has of other people. But so far as the individual life is involved with social movements, historical forces, tendencies, trends, and the like, it is involved with abstractions and the psychological values are impaired. The abstraction of the class struggle is what is chiefly wrong with most of the fiction that our left-wing critics praise as masterpieces of the new day, and the abstraction of a historical force weakens self-conscious historical fiction—as theories of agrarianism have weakened some of the Confederate novels. This generation has thus forced the historical novelist to achieve a unique and very precarious equilibrium. He must show us character in relation to events greater than individuals, and yet he must show us character first of all as itself alone. That is the master generalization of historical fiction in our time.

Here, however, the very nature of literature, as well as history, sets limits and conditions. The past is not recoverable.

We are chained and pinioned in our own moment. Shakespeare populates Rome, Athens, and legendary Denmark with Elizabethan Englishmen, and the novelist has to obey the same condition. Henry Esmond is a middle-Victorian, Mark Twain's Joan of Arc is a late American Victorian, and Mr. Dowdey's Jefferson Davis is an idealogue from the post-war twentieth century. What we recover from the past is an image of ourselves, and very likely our search is made for nothing else. The justification of even the most conventionally romantic fiction is that every generation must shape its dreams of Cæsar, Socrates, Henry VIII, Washington, and Lincoln in satisfaction of its own deep needs. And the most realistic historical novel is at bottom only an effort to understand and justify ourselves by projecting into the past the most comforting reasons why we should have turned out to be what we are. Our guilt will rest less heavily on us in the dark if we could not have become other than what we are, if we have done as well with our dust as the components of the dust allowed. Here we stand, but look backward and you will see that only by a great If and a Perhaps unsatisfied could we have been otherwise, that what we are was determined long before our time. Fiction makes a fine show of objective imagination about the past, but behind it is a secret wish and an urgent need. The historical novel is a pure form of social myth.

In our time it has abandoned the purely romantic themes of valiant deeds and great names and has become primarily realistic and psychological, serving also this generation's demand for social awareness. But the very fact that it is involved with history and issues from a tradition implies a residuum of romantic formula which, so far, has proved permanent. It has become a finer art than it ever was before in American literature. The cycle is by no means complete: the forces which have produced a stronger and more self-conscious nationalism in America show no sign of abating, and the interest in historical fiction which is one manifestation of them seems likely to continue. There are plenty of unoccupied fields, unused subjects and themes. Two developments in particular seem likely: fiction ought soon to occupy the high plains and the Western mountains, which it has used only trivially up to now, and Southern novelists will some day move backward from the Civil War to the society that it destroyed.

Beyond that, only one prediction may be made confidently. When a really distinguished novel about the class struggle appears we shall never think of it as proletarian but only as human experience. So, if our generation produces a masterpiece of historical fiction, we shall feel it as life, not as history. We shall realize with something of shock that, like *Huckleberry Finn*, it is a historical novel after all, for like *Huckleberry Finn*, it deals with an earlier time. And the shock will be due to the fact that, like *Huckleberry Finn*, the time and place will be much less important than the life it contains. For, whatever the special limitations of the historical novel are, its finest virtue is that of any novel. It is the virtue of fiction that has nothing to do with history, the miracle of giving imagined experience the momentary illusion of human life.

NEILSON OF SMITH

BY HUBERT HERRING

THERE is a story, cherished on the campus of Smith College, which tells of a bounding freshman of seventeen off for Christmas vacation who deposited a bowl of goldfish on the steps of the President's house, with a scrawled note: "Dear Mr. Neilson, please take care of my fish until I return."

Mr. Neilson did.

A college president who knows what to do with visiting goldfish presents peculiar problems to intending biographers. I wrote five hundred Smith alumnæ and received five hundred answers describing a man half-Aristotle, half-Puck. I journeyed to Northampton and talked with undergraduates who bubbled like a soda fountain out of control. I talked with professors and instructors and gained a vivid impression of a faculty in which confidence prevails. Neilson of Smith must have boarded many goldfish during the past twenty-one years.

William Allan Neilson, who retires from Smith next year at the age of seventy, has been teaching most of the time since he was thirteen. The death of his father, the schoolmaster in the Scotch village of Doune in Perthshire, left the frail, shy, small boy to make his own way. He became a "monitor," a pupil-teacher at a stipend of ten pounds for the year, free to acquire his own Latin and Greek before nine o'clock and after four. We catch a glimpse of a solemn little boy to whom tears came quickly, set against the dour background of the rigid Calvinism of his home and village. We see him, later, trudging to the preparatory school at Montrose, reading as he walked, acquiring the stoop which he has carried through life, restlessly searching that truth which is beauty, that beauty which is truth. And then a fleeting picture of the adolescent at the University of Edinburgh, catching life as he could, taking honors as he went, restive under the barren classicism of the time, rebellious against the Scotch religionists who ruled education. But he broke through, thanks in part to an uncle who was termed a freethinker and who introduced the boy to Matthew Arnold, thanks also to the ferment of the first Fabians. It was a somber lad of twenty-two who graduated from Edinburgh with honors in philosophy in 1891, and set out for a new world, to teach English in Upper Canada College in Toronto. The old world had conferred learning, the new was to yield him a house of freedom, in which abided fear neither of the gods nor of the Greeks.

His four years in Canada were followed by three years in Harvard, where he received his doctorate in 1898, then two years of teaching in Bryn Mawr, four years as an instructor in Harvard, two in Columbia. Then in 1906 he returned to a Harvard professorship in English which he held until 1917. These were years of fulfillment, happy for him, happy for his students, as he made Shakespeare live and Burns sing. He had found release in a balanced sense of life's verities, illuminated by a sure perception of the humor which life holds. A faculty comrade of those days tells of the hours after work

was done, of "Neilson perched on the windowseat" in his room, reading Burns and old ballads or arguing about the world's affairs. "When we left his room after an hour or two, with Scotch wit ringing in our ears and a bit of Scotch on our palates, thoughts of the next day's lectures had vanished and we went to bed in perfect peace of mind. . . . It was not merely the merry fellowship . . . it was the extraordinary insight and wisdom . . . which was so stimulating. . . . It was also the immense human sympathy and interest which he brought to every question."

At Harvard Neilson became a close friend of Charles W. Eliot. When Eliot made a speech half in jest announcing that all the needs of an educated man could be met by a "five-foot shelf" and a publisher had invited Eliot to prepare such a shelf, Eliot turned to Neilson and asked his aid in choosing and editing the "Harvard Classics." They worked together for eighteen months, months in which Neilson could learn the secrets of one of the great university presidents of our time. From Eliot he had the definition of the prime requisite for a college president: "Some people say courage, I say patience."

In 1917, Sidney B. Fay, who had taught with Neilson in Harvard and had gone to Smith, decided to bring Neilson and the Smith trustees together. He persuaded Neilson to visit Northampton, showed him the college and the campus, introduced him to the trustees. Shortly after Mr. Lamont invited Mr. Neilson to take the presidency of Smith College. Two obstacles intervened. Mrs. Neilson must have a house adequate for the entertaining which she must inevitably do. Mr. Neilson, fearful of the ecclesiastical precedents at Smith, did not propose to conduct formal religious services and would not lead in extemporaneous prayer. Lively memories of Scotch churches stuck. Mr. Lamont laid both fears. Mrs. Neilson would have a house. Mr. Neilson could define prayer as he pleased. Mr. Neilson was appointed.

II

There are as many varieties of college president as of tulips, and each reveals his peculiar markings in due season. There is the president who is rated like a share of common stock—by his yield. He delivers endowments, buildings, and art collections, and his trustees pronounce him a great educator, raise his salary and send him to Europe. There is the president who is a born manager, and his trustees admiringly say, he might have been president of the First National Bank. There is the president who is a natural advertiser, with that divine gift of making the worse appear the better cause, and his admirers affirm that had he turned his gift to publicity he might have been as great as Bruce Barton. There is the president whose impressive front serves the same function as the heavy columns of the buildings which line Constitution Avenue, supporting nothing but reassuring the taxpayers. And then of course there is the president who has ideas on educating. He belongs to one of the rarer species.

In the fall of 1917 the students and faculty of Smith asked themselves what manner of president had been sent them. An alumna of that time describes Mr. Neilson's first appearance on the campus. "He seemed a mild and genial scholar," she writes, "of whom there was little to fear . . . but I was Scotch by inheritance . . . and there was a glint in the President's eye which gave me pause. . . . Within a month the college was on its toes and walking lightly."

"Have you a daughter?" desperately put a frantic father whose daughter would not quite behave. "Yes," said Neilson, "two thousand of them." A visit to Smith Chapel confirms this statement. When he is to speak, and it is known, the room is filled. He reads a bit of Scripture or of poetry, he reads the Lord's Prayer, and he talks. His talk ranges all the way from the troubled international situation to the personal habits of the girls. He never talks down, he takes the girls' intelligence for granted, but it is the talk

of a wise and witty father with his daughters.

"You slump," he tells them one day. "Sitting on your shoulder blades to read" will lead to lumbago and sciatica. Another day he gives swift comment on the moving events in Spain. Then, again, he will describe the way in which students march down the streets of Northampton, four abreast, "jostling feeble members of the faculty, like myself, and honorable citizens into the gutter." Another day there will be simple words on the meaning of human liberty, and then he will describe the train from New York on which they returned from vacation, and his "impression that the train was owned by Smith College—yet you certainly had not paid for all of it." When some students frame a petition for more entertainment on the campus, he reminds them of "the spoiled brats of Park Avenue bored by nurses who are trying to entertain them. . . . If you don't know how to entertain yourselves, cut out all entertainment until you have acquired a fresh appetite. This all seems to me a clear symptom of overfeeding. If you really have so much more time than you know what to do with, I shall advise the faculty to give you more work."

His straight talk is sometimes barbed. When the library reports that books disappear he uses the word "thieves." Again, facing the student body freshly returned from Christmas vacation, "I wish you all a very good New Year and a much healthier one than I am really hopeful about with all the coughing in this hall. The college now sets about trying to repair the damage done to you by your parents and the vacation. We shall fill up the infirmary and try to take care of the rest of you in the houses. The advice I gave you before you went away about moderation in your pleasures and plenty of sleep has apparently been ignored." When the Boston papers told of scandalized Northamptonites being forced to watch Smith girls roaming about in shorts, he told them to quit their roaming.

He wins the students because he can meet them in every mood. His infectious gaiety sets into higher relief his utmost solemnity. They know that they can count on him. "Never once did he let us down," writes an alumna.

He makes the students' cause his own. When Northampton neighbors complained that girls did not lower their shades when undressing, he suggested to the townspeople, "Pull down your own shades." When a ribald student paper of a neighboring college announced in loud headlines that Smith girls were easily kissed, angry Smith students eagerly discussed what form revenge should take. But they had no need to plan. Smith's president did the revenging, in just one sentence in chapel. "My advice to a daughter would be, kiss only gentlemen, for gentlemen don't tell."

But when tragedy comes he has other tones. When there was a ghastly automobile accident in which several Smith girls and Amherst boys were killed and injured he faced a full chapel with words which were not taken down, but which every student of that time remembers. "He told us," writes one of these, "that we were cowards, that we did not have the moral courage to refuse to go with men who had been drinking. . . . The campus was hushed all that day."

But his contact with the students does not end with chapel. They tell me that girls go out of their way to pass the president so that he will speak to them. And his is more than a formal greeting, as witness a breathless freshman who reported to her roommate "a funny old man with a pointed beard tried to pick me up on the campus." Another very young freshman confided her hope for just one thing before she left college—that she would faint before the Neilson home so that Mr. Neilson would carry her in. And an alumna remembers the day she was stopped by the president, who remarked that her shoes should be fixed—the heels were worn down. Another writes of the time she planted radishes in the flower bed below the president's office window, and of his twinkling gravity as he accepted the handsome bunches which she tendered as rent.

Still another remembers his exuberance when he participated in a parody on *Alice in Wonderland,* "fairly dancing down the aisle in a yellow wig, a plumed hat, a blue jerkin, yellow satin knickers, silk hose and slippers"—obviously admiring himself, and admired. And an alumna from the War days reports on his handling of those solemn questions which rock colleges from bow to stern. It was the commencement season of 1918, and some students felt that simplicity and economy were in order. They prepared a memorial to the faculty asking that simple dresses be ruled for commencement. The students were received by a faculty committee, with the president presiding. The proposal called for "little white organdy dresses," and provoked heated discussion. Feeling ran high. Suddenly Mr. Neilson leaned across the table and whispered to a most formidable and highly starched woman faculty member, in a stage whisper, "Does this mean, Miss X, that *you* . . . and *I* . . . must appear in little white organdy dresses?"

A college president must always be something of a disciplinarian. Neilson has not shirked discipline, although he knows full well that "it is through freedom and not through compulsion that the human spirit gains in power and reach."

"You are here," he told the college on assembling one fall, "to grow into women. We do not believe you can do so without having a large measure of freedom to control your own time and your own actions —a large possibility of going wrong. And the strength of mind that is demanded of the administration of a college like this is to stand by while the risk of your going wrong is operating and to keep hands off. The art of governing here as elsewhere is in knowing at what point a student ought to be temporarily saved from herself by compulsion. I say temporarily, because compulsion can never save her from herself permanently. She alone can do that, but from time to time one has to intervene to prevent irreparable damage."

As a disciplinarian, he must deal with venial and mortal sinning. He had come to a college in which "Christian influences" had long prevailed, and that usually means a fantastic multiplication of sins. Smith had not yet shaken free of those endless rules by which student conduct is regulated. Smith students, for example, might not smoke. As president, Neilson had to uphold the rule so long as it was on the books. He did it in his own way. "Smoking," he told the students, "is a dirty, expensive, and unhygienic habit—to which I am devoted." When an ashtray filled with cigarette butts was found in a dormitory the culprit told the President, "Each butt is the souvenir of a perfect evening." She won. When the smoking rule was finally lifted, Neilson's advice was explicit, "Smoke if you must—but smoke like gentlemen."

He can inject gaiety into discipline. When two girls, in an excess of hospitality, took their two Yale visitors for a swim in the Northampton reservoir, he had to dismiss one of them, for she was a senior and should have known better; but the other, being a freshman, was allowed to remain. He disposed of the whole matter in one chapel sentence: "I prefer my drinking water unflavored by either Smith or Yale."

And, like the wisest disciplinarian, he knows how to close his eyes. There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, of the girl who returned after closing hours, and was struggling to pull herself up on to the fire escape without making much progress. Suddenly she felt herself effectively boosted from below. Safe on the fire escape, she turned round to find that her rescuer was the President.

But college discipline is not all the enforcing of rules on smoking and late hours. There is plenty of room for major as well as minor wickedness in a college of two thousand. The Judicial Board, the students' self-government court, handles the cases which come before it; but a member of that board in other years reports that Mr. Neilson repeatedly "tamed down our judgments . . . we might recommend expelling a girl . . . he would give her a second chance." Another alumna

reports on such an experience. A classmate had been caught—in sin. The sin was definite and proved. The Student Council was obdurate; the Dean firmly refused to intercede; but the President persuaded the Council and the Dean, and the girl stayed.

Mr. Neilson as a disciplinarian has picked the difficult middle path between the college where every turn of the hand is controlled and the college whose chief pride is its entire absence of all restraint. Through it all one feels his distaste for rules, and the sense that they are ignoble things at best. For, after all, students "who wish to waste their time and opportunities must be allowed to cheat themselves until such time as we find it necessary to separate them from the college." He is possessed by a sense of noblesse oblige, he knows what sacrifices are behind the girls in college, and he can urge them "retain your self-respect in not being wasters in a world of hardship."

III

It is whispered among some educators that, while Neilson is wise and witty, he is no great educator. One expects such reactions in every craft. His misfortune as an educator is that he has no bag of tricks. One gathers that he suspects bags of tricks. While one youthful president discovers that education will be saved by a return to Plato, while another invents the thesis that education will be revived by the holding of conferences on grassy lawns, and still another, impatient with older disciplines, throws off all the fetters, Neilson has gone his way without any visible breaking of tradition.

Mr. Neilson's method is the old one. He seems, in effect, to say: First, let us collect students susceptible to ideas. Second, let us collect teachers with ideas, and capable of imparting them. Third, let us provide a setting which will encourage the contagion of ideas. It is difficult to make such a course appear revolutionary. Mr. Neilson has made no effort to make it appear revolutionary.

He proceeds upon the assumption that women can be educated, an assumption which still needs proving to those who give money with which to endow colleges. Neilson sees no reason for tempering the educational winds to the hitherto shorn woman's mind, for "we have to provide for all degrees of masculinity in female minds and all degrees of femininity in male minds, as for all the other varieties of human nature." But, while arguing the just claims of woman upon education, he cannot resist giving the women a special scolding for their "docility." He avers that it is a "tendency of women to be satisfied with half-knowledge. You don't think of education as a continuous stream, but as little parcels of knowledge, to be forgotten after examinations are over. You're concerned only with getting by . . . but the teachers are to blame too. So many of us have been dull and dry, unable to arouse the interest of our students. Although I blame the teachers mostly, some of the blame is on you for putting up with us. It is your fault for putting up with the 'stuffed owls in the Assembly Hall.' "

Neilson's chief device in education is the creation of an atmosphere in which curiosity, excitement, discussion, dissent tumble over one another. Smith's atmosphere is a ferment, with Neilson as the continuous catalytic agent. His own tumultuousness pervades the campus, and a sense of life is transmitted to all who come under his eye.

The atmosphere which he creates is the clear air in which growing things thrive. He has deep distaste for the esoteric vocabulary of self-conscious scholarship. "Unnecessary hocus-pocus" he calls it. The medical men have their lingo, and now "the sociologists are building up a terrible jargon, though I have yet to find in their books an idea which is not capable of being explained in standard English."

It is an aura in which the bearing of all learning to life becomes clear. "The ranks of scholarship," he says, "are still crowded with fearful souls who are min-

ing facts in dark galleries, and lack courage and imagination to seek their significance." He drives home this emphasis to his students, stressing "the close bond between the intellectual life and the moral life," the virtue of "straight and honest thinking," the corrosion of "wishful thinking." He seeks a synthesis of the scientific and the classical, arguing that the quarrel between the scientific group and the classical "persists partly because each has at times been untrue to itself, partly because each has misrepresented the other. . . . The scientist sometimes forgets the honor of his calling and dogmatizes . . . he sometimes degenerates into the mere collector." But, he continues, "the classical party . . . have come nearer wrecking their own cause than the scientists . . . the foundation of the revolt against the classics is a widespread indignation at being cheated. Hundreds of thousands of students have spent the major part of their studying time for years upon two languages with the implicit understanding that they would finally have access to two great civilizations through reading the records in the original tongues. They paid the price in time and energy and at the end they did not get what they paid for." He assures the exponents of classical education that "the deadly enemy of the classics is not science or mathematics or modern literature or vocational utilitarianism; it is linguistic fanaticism, the insistence that no one shall enter these fair domains save through the one door of language. . . . It will take several academic generations before we can equip our schools and colleges with teachers who will make classical studies again deserve the name of the humanities."

He is instant in warning against the "too exclusive cultivation of the receptive attitude," remarks that the non-academic occupations of students are described as "student activities . . . as if the classrooms were merely the scene of student passivities." He finds in that tendency roots for the "criticism that the American scholar of to-day is more distinguished for what he knows than what he thinks." "In a woman's college especially," adds Neilson, "it is necessary to guard against excessive docility . . . from the earliest stages of education, the effort should be made to call forth active curiosity as to the meaning and relation of every fact that is taught."

The development of the Smith curriculum under his hand springs from these convictions. There has been a steady movement away from the older classical ideal. Entrance requirements have been simplified, greater latitude of preparation has been accepted, and the older requirement of four years of Latin withdrawn. With this shifting of the formal demands for entrance there has gone a steady lifting of standards. "It is a betrayal of our trust," said Mr. Neilson in his inaugural address in 1918, "and a cheating of those who have a right to be here to allow our classrooms to be cluttered by the unfit, to tolerate in the academic community those whose presence lowers the moral tone or reduces the intellectual life to mediocrity."

Smith, under Neilson's hand, is planned for cultural rather than vocational training. He recognizes that professional preparation and broadening of culture may go hand in hand, but Neilson's chief interest is in "developing personality and in providing the background and the intellectual aptitude rather than the technical equipment of the expert."

Under his influence, the teaching and the practice of the arts have been given an enlarging place in the Smith curriculum. The arts offer opportunity for expression. The skills acquired in handling a brush or a chisel, in the training of the voice or of the fingers upon the keyboard serve to release creative energy and hence belong in a college course. The handling of words so that sentences and paragraphs convey meaning and beauty falls under the heading of the arts.

Neilson was one of the first college presidents to adopt the "honors" system, under which the gifted student is freed from

much required routine during her last two years and is encouraged to develop in those areas in which she reveals individual excellence.

Another of Neilson's enthusiasms is the "Junior year abroad." Under the workings of this plan small groups of qualified students spend a year in France, Italy, Spain, or Mexico, thereby gaining practice in the languages of those countries and appreciation of the cultural gifts of their several peoples. His international sympathy reveals itself also in his numerous choices for the faculty of scholars from overseas. He likes to have men and women who bring the cultural gifts and the spiritual understanding of other nations, and many of his most inspiring teachers have come from France, Germany, Italy, and other countries. He believes that thereby the intellectual and spiritual life of the college is enlarged. These international appointments elicit mixed reactions from the other faculty members. Some have been known to murmur, Yes, Mr. Neilson thinks any foreigner better than any American. And another, without rancor, remarks, "I haven't heard so much broken English since Weber and Fields."

Neilson's enthusiasm for scholarship is revealed in every page of the Smith record. He has succeeded in rare degree in transmitting to his faculty and to his students his own passion for the gathering and assessing of ideas. He is a scholar in his own right. He does not, as so many college presidents must, take out his scholarship in his faculty's name. The quality of his research on Shakespeare is recognized, his writing on poetry is respected, and he is awaiting retirement to finish his work on Medieval Allegory. In making additions to the faculty he has a record of bringing productive scholars to his campus. But he is fully as assiduous in searching out those who can teach. "The great teacher," he says, "is almost as rare as the great scholar, and for the undergraduate student is of even greater immediate importance . . . good teachers can usually be found by searching; great teachers are the gift of heaven. All we can do is to cherish those we have and hope for more."

IV

A college is known by the faculty it keeps. There are divers sorts of faculties. There is the "housebroken" variety in which the several members know what exact corners they belong in, when to sit up and beg, when to play dead. Fear rules such faculties, and there are many of them. Then there is the insurgent faculty, in which men and women of intellectual flavor are in tumult against an autocratic and small-minded president. And then there is the faculty in which teachers of fire and resourcefulness achieve unity through strong leadership. That last is Smith's.

It is possible to detect a certain quizzicalness in Neilson's attitude toward his faculty. He knows that they are good—he picked them. He also knows how ignorant an intelligent professor can be, how ludicrous an art teacher can appear when he essays opinions on economics, and how oblivious an economist can be of the finer shadings of the subjunctive. He knows the riotous pigheadedness of the protagonists of each particular cause of education in a faculty, and how each set would gladly close up all the rest of the school and devote the entire endowment to experimentation with white mice or to the teaching of Chaucer.

But he has respect for ability, no matter what strange shapes it assumes. When an art professor made requests which seemed altogether unreasonable to some members of the faculty, and they urged blunt refusal, Neilson replied, "No, no, never put anything in the way of genius."

Neilson's way with his faculty resembles his way with his students—it is distinctly on the paternal side. In a lesser man the attitude would stir resentment. With Neilson there is little resentment. Controversies in college faculties are inevitable, especially in a good faculty; for such will always have its quota of prima donnas. Neilson has his prescription for

such: "Put him on a committee." Neilson can cut the most stubborn knot with a swift thrust of humor. Invariably delivered in kindness, his humor sometimes wounds. There was a case which came before the faculty of a girl who had failed and could not graduate. A deficiency examination must be made up, and the time fixed for such examinations was September. The girl wanted to be married in August. It was an impasse and the rules were explicit. But Neilson urged the faculty that the rules should be waived, that an earlier examination should be arranged, so that the girl might be married as she wished. One member of the faculty—of long service and unmarried—argued, "I see no reason why the rules should be changed to permit a girl to marry!" Neilson countered, "You wouldn't." The rules were waived.

Neilson's conduct of faculty meetings is characteristic. He has a mind which flashes and races. He sees the end of the argument when the issue is stated. He does not hold back his own judgment until others have talked themselves out, nor does he hold decision until others are persuaded. There are some of his faculty who suggest that his course can be and sometimes is on the dictatorial side. But there are few, if any, who carry over any resentment.

It takes a man of unusual stature to carry off the parental role as Neilson does with his faculty at Smith. It exacts its peculiar toll of the man who assumes that role. The parent may spank and praise, but he must remain to counsel. And Neilson does. His office is a consulting room—and a confessional. His secretary, try as she will, cannot protect him. His counsel is sought on such questions as the relative merits of galvanized iron and copper boilers, and where—and how—to send sons to college. And, upon occasion, his office becomes an informal court of domestic relations. So it is that, no matter how some professors may differ with him on problems of education, no matter what criticism they may have of his genial father-knows-best autocracy, there remains little, if any, resentment toward the man.

There has never been any question as to Neilson's stand on academic freedom. "Our tradition," he wrote in 1927, "is in favor of complete freedom, and our experience seems to show that such freedom produces loyalty to the college and consideration for its interests. With the writing and speaking of the faculty outside, the College has not concerned itself at all. The question as it has arisen during the present administration has always seemed to me to be not, 'Are the views of Professor X as proclaimed in his lectures or his books in all respects correct?' but 'Assuming that Professor X's views may be in part erroneous and to some people offensive, can the College afford to suppress him or his views at the cost of creating an atmosphere of censorship and hampering free thought and free discussion by fear of dismissal?' The history of attempts to limit academic freedom leaves no doubt as to the answer. The greatest universities have been the most tolerant."

Neilson has been faithful to academic freedom. For it has been variously damned by alumnæ and outsiders. Any college with Smith's conservative background would have alumnæ quick to scent out heresy and treason.

The conspicuous test of Neilson's faith on this score was the case of Harry Elmer Barnes. Barnes was no wild radical, but he was a master of the picturesque phrase. As such, he caught the delighted ear of young women from the sober ranges of the United States. They loved to be shocked, and he shocked them deliciously. And worse, he shocked their parents. His firing range was wide. In 1926 he published a book on the World War and let Germany off with less blame than was considered orthodox in those unhappy days. Indignant letters poured in upon the president and the trustees. He was accused of pro-Germanism. He was charged with "ignorance of real historical facts," and of inspiring "disgust among our best classes of citizens," and it was suggested that Mr. Barnes had received

"payment from Germany." Barnes' facile pen and ready tongue yielded a stream of quotable—and misquoted—sentences upon every subject from the Virgin Birth to the length of skirts. Many of the things reported had never been said, but enough was said and graphically said to keep Barnes forever in the headlines, and Barnes' enemies forever in the President's office. But Neilson did not budge. He did not ask Barnes for confirmation or denial. He took his stand that Barnes was a member of the faculty, and that as such he could think what he pleased and say what he pleased—as Barnes did. When in 1929 Barnes was offered a journalistic post with the Scripps-Howard papers, Neilson put no pressure on him. If Neilson breathed a sigh of anticipatory relief when Barnes left, he never voiced it publicly. And Harry Barnes retired gracefully, and perhaps gratefully, saying, "If President Neilson would like a little peace of mind during the remainder of his presidency, I would be the last person in the world to challenge his right to it."

There have been other cases when teachers have been under fire and Neilson has stood by. There was Frank Hankins, professor of sociology, in one of whose senior classes a questionnaire relating to marriage and pre-marital relations was prepared by a student, and used by the members of the class. One scared girl showed it to her mother, and the mother shared it with the press. The questionnaire, launched as an honest effort to help a class of serious girls think through an important sociological question, made the headlines. One newspaper announced that Smith professors favored the "nationalization of women." Neilson dismissed the matter with his board in one sentence, "This is a question of confidence in the administration and does not need to be discussed."

There have been other instances when the real or fancied radicalism of a faculty member has caused passing disturbance, but Smith's record is clean. No one has been fired for his opinions. There are today on the faculty a full quota of those adjudged radical by one or another of the quaint tests which super-patriots provide, and these "radicals" are the first to assert that never has a hand been raised to limit their freedom of expression.

Of course the genuine red-baiter includes Mr. Neilson himself in the list of the undesirables. He has full mention in the redoubtable Mrs. Dilling's "Red Network," from which one learns that Neilson has trifled with Russia, blessed sundry organizations standing for civil liberties, and indulged in sundry other "communistic" deeds. Referring to the volume, Mr. Neilson said, "I feel proud to have been honored with a place."

A college president is known by the honorary degrees which he grants—and does not grant. Smith's honorary degrees over a period of twenty years are few in number and chiefly reserved to women. Not one name on the list can be checked, with the mental note added—Degree given in hope or in payment deferred. If there are a few names which recall memories of family fortune they are names of those who are persons in their own right, their claim not related to inherited wealth. Rather, the list is of women who from the bench, from the stage, from the concert platform, in the laboratory, in the field of social exploration, with the pen, have made themselves felt in American and world life. An examination of the list gives one an eloquent sense of what Neilson asks of life.

He has a way all his own with alumnæ. Alumnæ, like alumni, belong on the profit and loss ledger—a little of each. "Alumni," says Mr. Neilson, "exist for two purposes—to give money and to raise trouble when football matches are lost—fortunately a phenomenon unknown to the college for women—we never lost a football match." But, on the other hand, alumnæ present problems peculiarly their own. They tend to mother their college, and mothering sometimes takes the form of smothering. With these mothering alumnæ Mr. Neilson takes much the same course that he takes with the daughters.

He scolds them. He tells them that after making sacrifices to send the girls to college they then encourage the same girls to get away from college just as much as possible. He reminds them that "college is not a place to rest up between weekends." At a dinner in New York, in December, 1937, attended by nine hundred alumnæ and their husbands, he turned from his discussion of Smith's problems for an aside on mother love. He assured them that he had no troubles with the students, with the faculty, with the trustees, but that he had no end of trouble with parents. "Mother love," said Neilson, "I used to regard as one of the beautiful things in the world, but now I am tempted to say, I do not believe in mother love. I think in nine cases out of ten, mother love is self love. Mothers do not want their daughters to fail because it reflects on mother and is socially awkward." The press gave the story a big spread. This was news. Indignant editorials sprouted. Letters piled in. His friends explained that of course he was joking. He was just having his Scotch fun. But he was scolding too. And, with inevitable exceptions, the alumnæ liked it.

There must be alumnæ who do not share in the general adulation. I sought long and found just one. Her testimony must be recorded. She cites three incidents to explain her distaste for Mr. Neilson. First, he criticized the girls in her house because "there was no visible number on the front door." Second, "He remarked that our library table held only such magazines as *Redbook* and *Cosmopolitan,* whereas we should read HARPER'S and *The Atlantic Monthly.*" And third, "At my fifth reunion, Dr. Neilson . . . made a jolly little speech about making out wills which would leave money to Smith College."

V

When William Allan Neilson went to Smith it was with the understanding that he would have nothing to do with the finances of the college, and especially that he would not raise money.

Mr. Neilson, one suspects, had observed the ways of college presidents. He had watched their melancholy course as they sniffed out well-filled purses and their divers ways of insinuating themselves into the good graces of bewildered widows. He did not relish that sort of salesman's job. He had always met the world with candor and did not propose henceforth to walk abroad with the blueprint of a dormitory in his eye.

Neilson has kept his word. He has not raised money. He likes to report that only once in twenty-one years has he asked for money. That one time, under pressure, he signed a hundred letters. When signing them he noted one name of a brother college president, and he added a postscript, "This doesn't apply to you. Don't pay any attention to it." He gleefully reports that the only gift which resulted was from the man whom he had thus warned. That is Neilson's money-raising record.

So Neilson can welcome an alumna to the Smith campus without wondering whether her husband is making money. He can invite people to dinner without consulting Dun and Bradstreet. But Neilson wanted money for Smith. He wanted dormitories for his girls, a room for every girl. He wanted better buildings. He wanted a more adequate endowment, so that teachers might have better salaries, enough to afford peace of mind, books, travel. He wanted money for scholarships, so that the daughter of poor parents might have a chance in Smith.

Neilson early decided that the financial problem of the college had two sides. First, there was the job of getting more money. Second, there was the job of making the money on hand go as far as possible. The first he turned over to the alumnæ. The second he assigned to himself.

The alumnæ have raised money. During the past twenty-one years the endowment has been increased from less than two million to something over six million, and almost five millions

have been invested in buildings and grounds. But compared with other colleges of equal standing, Smith has received relatively little money. The substantial gifts which go to men's colleges are denied the women's colleges. Neilson finds the explanation for this niggardly treatment of women's colleges in the fact that "men do not like women to stand up to them and measure them as they are; they prefer to be on a pedestal; they prefer to be the possessors of a great deal of wonderful esoteric information. They don't have much of course; we know it is mainly bluff—but it won't work any more, and they don't like it. So the thing to do of course is to be grudging to the women's colleges." And they have continued to be grudging. Smith, for all its gains in endowment, makes a modest exhibit beside other colleges of equal standing. There is an excellent men's college near-by which has more than twice Smith's endowment—and less than half the students. Neilson did not go after money—and he didn't get it.

But Neilson took on the other side of financial management with avidity. He has seen to it that Smith gets at least two dollars' worth of value for every dollar spent. Not for nothing had he been born in Perthshire, the son of a poor schoolmaster. And he exhibits an almost hilarious glee that he, a mere teacher of English, has known how to balance a budget. Not only that, but in the twenty years 1917–37 the College has had recurring surpluses totaling one and a quarter millions, which have gone into buildings.

As a manager Neilson knows each doorknob and bathtub. He hates waste like a Highland farmer. The sight of lights burning in dormitories during dinner hour elicits some of his finer chapel chastisements. Each building down to every hinge reflects his planning. He knows what will wear and what will return the greatest comfort and usefulness. He knows each flower bed, grass plot, and flagstone walk. Every carpenter, mason, and gardener respects this knowledge. When a bricklayer on the grounds once fell sick he would not stop working. "Why," he argued, "no one else could do this job, except perhaps the President."

He is as proud of the Treasurer's report as he is of the honor rolls. When the depression came gifts dropped off, endowment income sank; he continued to balance the college budget. He did not reduce faculty salaries—or the wages of scrub women, gardeners, and janitors. All through the depression years Smith paid its bills, made steady improvements, and balanced its books. And Neilson, the Shakespeare specialist, likes to remember that during the dog days of 1930–35 when returns on endowments were dropping like pricked balloons, the return on Smith's endowment dropped not more than 21 per cent. He gives the credit to the excellent financiers who serve on his board of trustees. The trustees aver that more than nine-tenths of the credit for the investment policy of the college belongs to their Scotch president.

VI

"Never," remarked Neilson as he returned from an alumnæ dinner given in his honor, "never have I heard so many obituaries." One suspects that he is forever chuckling to himself at the extravagant regard which is showered upon him, and that he knows that he is but the recipient of praise for work done by three remarkable deans, by a sensitive faculty, and by a devoted body of alumnæ.

Akin to Neilson's modesty is his utter candor. It is obvious that it has never occurred to him that he should impress anyone. He meets each situation and each individual with the directness of a man who has not composed his lines before a glass. "Dr. Neilson," wrote an alumna, "is candid about everything. His disregard of formal discretion, so flattering to his confidante, stimulates further among the girls that protective feeling already engendered in their hearts by his small stature, his none too robust state of health, and a certain whimsical wistfulness."

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Neilson's modesty, his candor, and his light touch stem from a vigorous rooting in certain basic attitudes toward life. He is first and last a liberal. In his educational course he has exemplified the disciplines of liberty. He has been a stalwart liberal in his outreach into national and international affairs. Born a British citizen, he is the most stalwart of Americans; but his sympathies are wide. He was among the first to plead for recognition of Soviet Russia, and has been a persuasive spokesman for the imperiled rights of minorities everywhere. When Massachusetts was pushing Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair he was one of the active pleaders in their behalf. When the State required a teachers' loyalty oath he was quick in protest. He has long been an ardent protagonist of civil liberties and an enemy of those measures of coercion and bigotry which are inimical to the American ideal.

Neilson's democracy is ardent and obstinate. When he came to Smith he found more than half the students living off the campus. There were favored houses which lent distinction to those who lived in them, constituting a "gold coast" of social superiority. He set himself to end this situation. He would have no "artificial barrier around some corner, residence in which will bestow on one a glamour which does not belong to one as a person." He knew that a college should offer the fairest chance for democracy, that in college students "can meet and see each other for four years unhampered by the artificialities of organized society. . . . Friendship has a free course in that way." Such an ideal was negated by the system which he found. He did not blame the girls as seriously as he blamed their elder sisters, the alumnæ, and their mothers. He would end the situation by providing dormitories, in which all students paid much the same rates, enjoyed the same privileges, and in which it would be more difficult to create favored cliques. By 1933 every girl lived on the campus. It was his practical victory for democracy.

Neilson has a superb restlessness. Master in his own field, then a proved administrator, he has also had time to read widely, to travel, and to participate in educational social and international movements. And for good measure he served as editor-in-chief of the *New International Dictionary*.

The story of William Allan Neilson cannot be written apart from the story of Elisabeth Muser Neilson. German-born, still retaining a trace of the accent of Baden, Mrs. Neilson is one of those ample personalities which flow generously over all those whose lives they touch. Her husband's match in wit, sharing his æsthetic and intellectual enthusiasms, she shares with him the devotion of the many thousands who have trod the Smith campus during the past twenty-one years.

Much is written on the failures of education, of the shabby, shoddy things done in education's name, of the way in which college presidents are picked and behave, of the quirks of college athletics, fraternities, and other strange trivia of the campus scene.

Perhaps it will be forgiven if we picture the college as it might be: as a warm-blooded living organism in which the life currents flow at the pumping of a strong and eager heart, reaching the last capillary in the last extremity. Such a college will have unity which does not crush individuality, teamwork without servility, mutual regard without obsequiousness, forbearance without denial of candor. In such a college jealousies will be overtopped by the excitements of learning and teaching, and personal piques will be devoured by the enthusiasms of common tasks.

Such a college is mirrored only on the retina of hope. But it is for the creation of such a college that presidents must be born. They cannot be made. But the tracing of the lines of William Allan Neilson on the story of Smith College gives substance to the faith that education can yet become a regenerative force for democracy in our own times.

WHAT IS MONOPOLY?

BY SAUL NELSON

THE curtain at Washington is slowly rising on the third showing of a perennial drama. It was first presented some fifty years ago amid much fanfare, when Congress fashioned the Sherman Act and with it slew the dread dragon of monopoly. In 1914 the drama was repeated with the same intrepid Congressional Galahad destroying once more the same vicious monster to the same salvo of public applause. The only difference lay in the substitution of the Clayton Act for the Sherman Act as the lethal weapon. Presumably the old sword had lost some of its magic. Once again, after about the same interval of time, the play will soon be re-enacted. A performance was actually announced for this spring. Events caused its postponement, but it is unlikely that the delay will be long. The actors are ready and well versed in their roles; only the new weapon remains to be forged and tempered.

As in all proper plays, the resuscitation of the villain has awaited only the fall of the curtain. In each case, as soon as Congress had completed its labors and gone home, business men paused briefly to examine what the legislators had contrived. They read the new statutes carefully and conferred with their lawyers, and then promptly proceeded to justify the observation which Adam Smith made so many years ago:

> People of the same trade seldom meet together even for merriment or diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public or in some contrivance to raise prices.

The immunity with which monopoly has survived these periodic assaults has been attributed to a variety of causes. Legislators have been accused of loose lawmaking and administrative officials of lax enforcement. Business men have been condemned for deliberately evading the law and the courts have been criticized for interpreting it too liberally. Each of these allegations has an element of truth. Yet they all overlook the fundamental difficulty that practically none of the enemies of monopoly has ever bothered to define what it was he was attacking.

For monopoly in the strict sense of the term is far too rare a factor in the American industrial scene to warrant much concern. Public utilities of course are accepted as "naturally" monopolistic and are regulated accordingly. Aside from them, there are no more than a handful of industries in which control is so completely vested in a single company that a true monopoly can be said to exist. One or two legalized monopolies conferred through patent control and a few metallurgical industries such as aluminum virtually complete the roster.

However, certain evils associated with monopoly, notably the concentration of economic power and the stifling of competition, occur far more frequently. They may be observed, either singly or together, in many industries from which true monopoly is remote. Since the public has always been more concerned with effects than with causes, the term "monopoly" has itself gradually become in-

vested with a meaning far wider than that accorded it by the dictionary. It has been loosely applied to these two manifestations—concentration of control and restraint of trade—whether or not any trace of true monopoly was present. It is these manifestations, moreover, and not the isolated instances of true monopoly, which have formed the targets of the attacks on monopoly.

Consequently it is apparent that the evil called monopoly really comprises these two problems which, though related, are in no sense one. Moreover, the two movements present society with two distinct sets of issues. Concentration of economic power and restraint of trade must be controlled—if they are to be controlled—by totally different kinds of measures. Yet government has almost completely failed to recognize this essential duality of the problem and, as a result, has never clearly formulated its own objectives. When it attacked "monopoly" it never considered whether it objected to corporate bigness as such, or to price manipulation wherever encountered, or only to both when found together. The over-facile use of the term "monopoly" to comprehend two distinct forces and two diverse sets of implications made it impossible to cope with either successfully.

II

Historically, the combination of independent companies into giant corporations has run its course quite independently of the development of schemes for manipulating markets. Concentration of economic control can be achieved far more readily to-day than when the combination movement first started in the 1870's. At that time corporation law was still in its early stages and State statutes interposed many obstacles in the way of corporate growth and merger.

Two of these obstacles were of major importance. Corporation charters commonly restricted companies to the conduct of a single line of business. Even closely related lines of activity were prohibited. Thus an oil producer could not, in general, operate his own refinery; and it would have been virtually inconceivable in those days for an automobile manufacturer to produce refrigerators. Moreover, corporations were prohibited from purchasing or holding the stock of others and thus combining many companies under a single control.

It took a stroke of legal genius to circumvent these obstacles. Any person who wished to avoid the burden of managing his own property could lawfully transfer it in trust to another. The trustee was subject to practically no restrictions and could take almost any action which did not impair the interests of the person for whom he was acting. He was not required to pay any taxes on the profits of his enterprise. Accordingly, the stockholders of competing oil companies turned their shares over in trust to a Board of Trustees. This board was thus invested with complete control of all the enterprises whose stock it held and the Standard Oil Trust was born. This masterful solution, which permitted combinations not only of competing companies but of companies engaged in diverse lines of business, was soon paid the tribute of imitation. The next few years witnessed the formation of the Sugar Refining Trust, the Lead Trust, the Distillers' Trust, the Cordage Trust, the Linseed Oil Trust, and a host of others.

To those on the inside, a trust possessed great advantages. It made possible combinations large enough to dominate the market completely. The Standard Oil Trust, for example, could not only fix the price of refined kerosene to its liking, but was also able to dictate the price it paid for crude petroleum. By offering its traffic first to one road and then to another, it was able to coerce the railroads into granting it huge freight rebates. It could deprive any competitor of his customers by the simple process of systematically undercutting his price quotations. Those independents who declined to join, or were not invited to do so, were quickly forced to the wall. Nor was Standard

Oil a particularly outstanding example of these tactics; the other trusts followed much the same course. Almost immune from any form of legal restriction, they used their power with a ruthlessness and disregard of the public interest which has not since been paralleled. In many lines they succeeded in eliminating competition entirely and exercised complete and irresponsible control over prices and production. As a result the very term "trust" became—and has remained—synonymous with monopoly.

The only flaw in this scheme was that it was too successful. Public opinion, led by small business men who felt their interests threatened, suddenly became vocal. Strong pressure was brought upon government agencies to arrest the progress of the "trusts." Sentiment crystallized so rapidly that the latter were caught off their guard. In State after State forgotten statutes were invoked to force the trusts to dissolve. In the national arena the Sherman Act was passed, forbidding combinations in restraint of trade in vague and general language.

At just this moment, however, an event occurred which altered the entire course of the combination movement. In 1889 —one year before the Sherman Act was passed—New Jersey amended its corporation laws to permit one company to purchase the stock of another and to exercise control through such stock ownership. Thus, for the first time, the combination of many subsidiaries under a single corporate holding company was legalized.

In a few brief years the New Jersey statute changed the entire structure of American industry. The trusts, instead of being forced to dissolve, achieved impeccable legality by incorporating under the New Jersey statute. Moreover, financiers soon became aware that enormous profits could be made with swiftness and a total absence of risk by promoting mergers. For a period, promotion became our most lucrative and spectacular industry. Corporation fees rolled into the coffers of New Jersey at so rapid a rate that other States soon amended their statutes to provide similar inducements. By the turn of the century almost every day brought news of some new huge consolidation; the climax came with the birth of the United States Steel Corporation in 1901. Of course the Sherman Act, which prohibited combinations in restraint of trade, was still on the books; but the force of the earlier crusade against monopoly had abated and virtually no steps were taken to restrain the trend.

It was not till after the merger movement had practically run its course that government began to intervene, more or less reluctantly, and to attack a few of the largest combinations. In 1911 the Act achieved its most spectacular victory. The Standard Oil Corporation was ordered dissolved. But this victory was also its costliest. The Supreme Court, in condemning Standard Oil, laid down its famous "rule of reason." It announced that the Sherman Act, when it undertook to prevent restraint of trade, didn't really mean what it said. After all, said the judges, there could be no objection to restraint of trade so long as it was "reasonable": only "unreasonable" restraints could be held illegal. Not many years later the court found that the United States Steel Corporation, which then controlled half the steel business of the country, did not trespass the bounds of reason in its restraint of trade. Other decisions of like tenor soon convinced most observers that the Sherman Act could no longer impede the growth of combinations. It failed completely to combat "monopoly" at its inception; at best it merely inhibited some of the manifestations of monopoly after it had become entrenched.

The ineffectiveness of the Sherman Act led at last to an effort to clarify and supplement it. In 1914 the Clayton Act was passed in an attempt to substitute specific and detailed restrictions for the vague and general principles of the Sherman Act. Thus, in order to curb the growing concentration of corporate control, it forbade any company to purchase the stock of a competitor where the effect of such purchase would be to "substantially les-

sen competition between the corporation whose stock is so acquired and the corporation making the acquisition." At the same time, holding companies were prohibited from purchasing the stock of two competing companies and thereby subjecting them to a single control.

Corporation lawyers were not long in devising schemes for surmounting the barriers this section sought to establish. For some obscure reason, although a corporation was forbidden to buy control of its competitor on the stock market, there was nothing to prevent it from purchasing its plant or goodwill outright.

Sometimes of course there were difficulties in the way of arranging for the purchase of assets without first securing control of management. However, this problem proved easy to resolve. All that was needful was speed. Buy control first, then immediately utilize such control to merge assets, and the law is powerless. In several leading cases in 1926 the Supreme Court ruled that the Federal Trade Commission had no authority to order a corporation to dissolve a merger which had been arranged through stock control illegally acquired. If—but only if—the Federal Trade Commission had moved with sufficient speed to intervene between the purchase of stock control and the actual acquisition of the plant itself, the combination could have been blocked. According to these rules, illegal tactics in the scrimmage are not penalized unless the runner is tackled before he scores a touchdown. If he crosses the goal line safely the tally stands.

Other judicial rulings swiftly put an end to any remaining possibility of invoking the Clayton Act to prevent combinations. The courts have imposed such rigid requirements on efforts by the Federal Trade Commission to show that the formation of any specific combination actually "lessened competition," and lessened it "unreasonably," that that body has virtually thrown up its hands. The recent annual reports of the Commission have repeatedly expressed complete despair of any prospects of success in curbing the combination movement. Moreover, the anti-trust laws are concerned only with the merger of companies manufacturing similar products and actively competing in the same markets. They interpose no barrier at all to the formation of huge combinations of concerns engaged in closely related or in different lines of business. One automobile manufacturer may be prohibited (theoretically at least) from purchasing control of another automobile manufacturer, but there is nothing in the law to prevent him from acquiring control of a steel mill, a railroad, a finance company, a refrigerator factory, and a few other assorted businesses, and thus extending his domination over an ever-increasing sphere of the nation's economy.

Nor are physical merger and the direct acquisition of assets the only avenues through which company policies can be brought into harmony with one another. The same names appear on the boards of directors of many of our leading concerns. Other companies are closely linked through directors having a common interest or representing the same financial clique. The Clayton Act made a futile gesture toward curbing this practice by prohibiting the same person from acting as a director of two competing companies, but this has had no effect in preventing the closest of alliances through "interlocking directorates." As a result of this failure of the anti-trust laws to check the progressive concentration of industrial control, an ever-increasing share of the nation's business is falling into the hands of enormous corporations. According to a recent estimate, two hundred companies control more than half the total corporate wealth of the United States (excluding the fields of banking and finance).

III

Yet, despite the enormous economic power wielded by each of these two hundred corporations, few of them exert such unchallenged domination over their respective industries that they can properly

be classed as monopolies. In most industries, in fact, the tendency has been in the other direction. The steel industry, in which the United States Steel Corporation is being forced to content itself with an ever-smaller fraction of the total steel business, typifies this trend. Decidedly, size and monopoly are not synonymous.

Nor do these huge combinations necessarily restrain trade in any obvious or accepted sense. It is true that, where competition has simmered down to a few well-matched rivals, each company may have a high degree of respect for its competitors' ability to prosecute an economic war. Consequently the tendency in such industries is usually toward fairly amicable relations, with each concern carefully avoiding any steps which might precipitate a price-cutting contest. Each seemingly is willing to content itself with a reasonable share of the total available business. The Anaconda Copper Company, for example, shows no apparent desire to eliminate or absorb the Kennecott Corporation and regularly charges exactly the same price for copper as its rivals. Similarly, the Sheffield Milk Company makes no effort to wean Borden's customers away by cutting the price of milk. But even though most large corporations prefer to live together peacefully, this again scarcely constitutes monopoly.

Yet government has always confounded the problem of size with these concepts of monopoly and restraint of trade. In the process it has completely overlooked the salient point that the case against huge combinations must rest principally upon social rather than upon economic grounds. After all, the economies of mass production are unattainable under small enterprise and, even though many companies have grown far larger than the requirements of maximum efficiency can justify, the combination movement as a whole has contributed materially to our industrial progress. On the other hand, the maintenance of freedom of individual opportunity and the encouragement of small independent business are essentially social values. The danger of entrusting too large a command over our economic life to too small a group is a basic social problem. And these values are related merely to the size of a combination as such, and not to the manner in which it happens to conduct its business.

Yet Congress has never really directed its legislation directly to this problem of bigness. By prohibiting only those combinations which destroyed or lessened competition, it necessarily implied its belief that combinations which did not affect competition were quite proper. When the courts distinguished between "reasonable" and "unreasonable" restraints of trade they merely carried to its logical conclusion the equally tenuous distinction drawn by Congress between combinations which did and those which did not restrain trade at all.

Obviously this entire attempt to distinguish between "good" and "bad" trusts ignores the fact that the objection to the trust must rest upon its size rather than upon its deportment. The monster is a menace not because of the way he acts but simply because he is too large. Consequently, if government decides to draw a line between that degree of bigness which is socially acceptable and that which is excessive and dangerous, it will be necessary to adopt some less futile and irrelevant measure than the extent to which a combination happens to restrain trade. The precise steps decided upon will of course depend upon the scope of the objectives. Thus it would be theoretically possible to break up all our present business giants by imposing a sharply graduated tax upon corporation income. However, this would involve so vital a disruption of existing relationships, so serious a danger to labor, and so severe a loss to small security holders, that it is scarcely within the realm of immediate possibility. It is more likely that government will be content with preventing further growth of large units by retaining something of the principle of the undistributed profits tax. A system of federal licensing for corporations engaged in interstate commerce would permit the issuance of regu-

lations prohibiting any company from controlling another through stock ownership. Other regulations might be established to curb interlocking directorates. The simple directness of this procedure would contrast pleasantly with the interminable futility of a trust-busting suit.

IV

The dual nature of the problem of monopoly is emphasized by the fact that complex and elaborate devices for manipulating prices and production were far more characteristic of the era before the combination movement really got under way than they are of the present day. These were developed in profusion as soon as it became apparent that gentlemen's agreements to maintain some mutually satisfactory price level lasted only so long as all parties remained gentlemen.

As a result, the 80's and 90's witnessed the birth of many elaborately ingenious devices for maintaining peace within an industry and insuring profits to all. Salt producers established a mutual sales agency which disposed of all their output and thus completely eliminated price competition. Cordage manufacturers and steamship operators divided all the available business among themselves in accordance with a predetermined ratio. Pipe manufacturers referred all customers' requests for bids to a central association which fixed the price to be charged; the individual companies then bid among themselves for the privilege of filling the order at that price; the successful bidder paid a premium which was divided among his "competitors." Turpentine producers simply turned over all their profits at the end of each year to a dummy corporation and then redistributed them to give a fair share to each.

However, the very complexity of these schemes and the cumbersome machinery they required eventually proved to be fatal handicaps. The high profits which they assured tended to attract new companies into the industry. These had either to be driven out of business or taken into the fold. The former alternative usually meant a costly price war; the latter involved complex and controversial rearrangements of the status of each existing company. Moreover, the elaborate character of these schemes precluded the possibility of secrecy and left so broad a trail that ultimate prosecution under the anti-trust laws was inevitable, even under the friendliest of Administrations.

In contrast to the complexity of such outmoded arrangements, price-fixing schemes to-day follow a far simpler pattern. In large part this pattern owes its origin and success to the members of a relatively new profession. The past twenty years have witnessed the rapid multiplication of trade associations—voluntary groups comprising all or most of the members of an industry—in virtually every line of business. The paid managers employed by these associations have become experts in the art of price manipulation. The application of this art to the problems of different industries has been facilitated by another development—the appearance of firms of industrial engineers who specialize in trade-association management. The same central office often deals with the problems of many different industries and is able to bring to each the experience gained in connection with the others.

The first efforts of these trade-association managers were devoted to eliminating the opprobrium which had attended earlier price-fixing efforts. Before turning to perfect new devices for manipulation they sought to win public acceptance for a new code of business ethics. This code proclaimed that price competition was somehow sordid and should be eliminated. A new competition, based on quality and service, was heralded to take its place. An entirely new vocabulary was introduced. Price-fixing came to be called price "stabilization." Price-maintenance was endowed with some sort of moral sanction, and price-cutting was generally frowned upon as "cutthroat." The price-cutter was ignominiously branded a "chiseler." Collusion became "co-op-

eration." Competition was not being restrained but merely made more decorous and placed on a higher plane.

Naturally, the exact steps taken to introduce this "new competition" have varied to fit the individual needs of each industry, but in general they follow a similar pattern. The first step is the interchange of price information among competitors. Usually each company publishes a price list informing both its customers and its rivals of the prices it is currently charging. This establishment of an "open price system," by itself, can go far toward eliminating price competition. If each company knows exactly what its competitors are charging, prices necessarily tend toward uniformity, because no producer can, for more than a brief period, quote a price significantly higher or lower than his rivals. If it is higher he will lose business. If it is lower his competitors will be forced to come down to his level unless they can "persuade" him to come up to theirs.

Many refinements have been introduced to permit these "open price systems" to operate smoothly in complex markets. Most industries produce a wide variety of goods and sell on a nation-wide basis. If price competition is to be avoided it is necessary to maintain proper relationships between the prices of different products. Thus if any concern should offer a superior article for just a few cents more than a standard product, the demand for the latter would drop off and the whole price structure would be impaired. Some industries have met this difficulty by adopting uniform schedules of "extras" and "deductions," that is by fixing the differentials between each grade of product. Often these relationships have become so fixed by custom that they become accepted as unalterable by the trade. Companies no longer find it necessary to quote prices on all their products. They merely specify a "base price" for the standard article; the extras and deductions take care of the rest. This simplifies the system. Peace is assured as long as everyone quotes the same base price.

In the case of heavy commodities such as steel, freight differences offer a similar problem. It is not enough for a mill located in Chicago to charge the same F.O.B. plant price as a mill in Pittsburgh. If no freight allowances are made, the Chicago mill could regularly undersell its Pittsburgh competitor in Illinois and would as regularly be undersold in Pennsylvania. Under such circumstances, price competition would shortly rear its ugly head. To avert this calamity, the steel industry observed the basing point system, notorious in its annals as "Pittsburgh plus." Every company in the industry computed freight rates as though it were located in Pittsburgh. If a plant in Chicago sold to a customer in Chicago it would charge him the standard price per ton plus full freight from Pittsburgh to Chicago. The Pittsburgh customers of the Chicago plant would actually pay less for steel than a Chicago buyer.

This scheme operated so smoothly that it has been adopted by many other heavy industries as an ideal method for insuring complete price uniformity.

It is apparent then that open pricing and its refinements can go far toward insuring that everyone charges the same price at the same time. However, this still leaves open the question: how high shall the level of prices be? Most industries seek a greater degree of protection against price change than price publicity alone can offer. In practice, open pricing offers an extremely tempting basis for manipulation and, as a result, the mere compilation and dissemination of price information can merge insensibly into the most rigid of price-fixing schemes.

In its crudest form, price-fixing can be achieved by outright agreement among competitors to adhere to their published prices and to refrain from changing them without consultation and agreement. This course would, however, probably be construed as so open and flagrant a violation of the anti-trust laws that eventual prosecution would become inevitable. In fact a similar scheme, though in somewhat less obvious form, was held illegal

in 1923. Twelve manufacturers of linseed oil agreed to interchange full information as to prices and terms and to give notice of any departure from them. They also agreed to report all orders received. The information which they compiled was withheld from prospective buyers. Fines were to be paid in case of violation. A unanimous Supreme Court held that:

> With intimate knowledge of affairs of other producers and obligated as stated, but proclaiming themselves competitors, the subscribers went forth to deal with widely separated and unorganized customers necessarily ignorant of true conditions. Obviously they were not bona-fide competitors; their claim in that regard is at war with common experience and hardly compatible with fair dealing. . . . Their manifest purpose was to defeat the Sherman Act without subjecting themselves to its penalties.

The typical price-fixing scheme to-day is no less effective, but it is subtler. This is the technic known as "price leadership." Instead of making any agreement as to the price level or even discussing it, some company in the industry, usually but not necessarily the largest, initiates all changes in price. Its competitors regularly revise their own quotations to conform with those of the leader, sometimes immediately, sometimes after allowing a decent interval to elapse. It is somewhat difficult to trace the events leading to the adoption of this "follow the leader" practice in any specific industry. In some cases, presumably, it may have resulted from an informal agreement or understanding among all the important members of the industry. More frequently, however, it merely reflects the crystallization of a custom which experience has shown to be mutually advantageous. It depends for its observance upon essentially intangible factors. Presumably the concern acting as leader has demonstrated, through a period of time, its ability to chart the industry's course wisely. Consequently, in part at least, its competitors emulate its course because of a respect for the soundness of its decisions.

But suppose that some other company in the industry should lack such respect and be unwilling to follow the leader voluntarily? In this case it may be forced to fall in line. The force exerted upon it may range from moral suasion to the strongest kind of duress. Nothing more may happen than that the trade association manager, as one expressed it, "stays up all night with the price-cutter" to persuade him of his error. (In the accepted vocabulary, price-cutting means always a price reduction initiated by someone other than the leader; when the leader cuts prices some more euphonious term such as "price adjustment" is used.) At the other extreme is the ultimate weapon—the price war. The quotations of the price-cutter will be not only met but bettered and the process will be continued until everyone is selling at figures far below cost. At the climax of such a war suits will be cleaned at two for nineteen cents, or cigarettes sold for less than the Federal tax. In a contest of this sort the individual price-cutter can rarely match the united resources of the rest of the industry; he is forced to promise future conformity as the alternative to bankruptcy.

But since the price war is a costly and a double-edged weapon, its use is often reserved while other forms of pressure are being brought to bear. The price-cutter is branded as a "chiseler" and ostracized at meetings of his fellows. He may find his banker advising him that price-cutting is unprofitable in the long run and possibly hinting that the continuance of such a policy will impair his credit standing. Sometimes labor joins the fray, apparently in the belief that high prices mean high wages. Very recently, for example, a strike was called against some New York milk distributors who had announced a price reduction. When the reduction was canceled the men went back to work. Sometimes manufacturers and distributors have united in boycotts and deprived price-cutters of their markets or sources of supply. Manufacturers have often refused to deal with price-cutting wholesalers. In some industries patent pools have been formed

and individual producers have been licensed to use these patents only on the express or implied condition that they refrain from cutting prices. Sometimes, as an alternative to a general price war, the job of punishing the price-cutter is entrusted to a single company. This company systematically seeks to deprive the price-cutter of his customers by offering them exceptionally attractive prices or terms. When the recalcitrant has been brought to terms the losses incurred by this "fighting" company are shared by the members of industry.

Thus in one city a dry-cleaner insisted on charging lower prices than his "ethical" competitors thought proper. Their efforts to persuade him of the error of his ways were unavailing. One day he learned that his delivery trucks were being followed from block to block by the trucks of a newly organized cleaning company. As soon as his driver-salesman left a customer the salesman of the new company entered and offered to better his prices by a substantial amount. The same "whip" company opened retail outlets next door to each of his and advertised lower prices than he had posted. In a short time he was forced to sue for peace. He pledged himself to stop cutting prices. The whip company folded up and it is an open secret that the "ethical" cleaners of the city all chipped in to defray the losses which it had incurred in its brief existence. This technic, in various forms, has been adopted from time to time in many industries.

In general, however, the threat of these forms of duress is adequate; they do not have to be applied. The success of price leadership depends far less upon compulsion than upon a general conviction that its acceptance is mutually profitable. Under a system of price leadership it becomes entirely unnecessary for any concern but the leader to bother about determining the industry's price policy. There is no need for members to confer about price problems periodically. Usually no law is violated, since each member acts independently and without apparent collusion. It may even be impossible to frame a law to curb the practice effectively. The agricultural implement industry furnishes an outstanding example of price leadership, yet of it the Supreme Court observed:

> The fact that competitors may see fit in the exercise of their own judgment to follow the prices of another manufacturer does not establish any suppression of competition or show any sinister domination.

V

The very simplicity of these modern schemes for manipulating prices and production has proved a major asset. Their dependence upon the moral force of a new set of ethical principles, only occasionally supplemented by a little judicious coercion, has given them a resiliency which the cumbersome formal agreements of an earlier era sorely lacked. Almost every price agreement must break down at intervals because some individual refuses to "play ball" or because a prolonged depression causes a mad scramble for business. In the old days such breakdowns necessitated the painstaking rebuilding of a complete structure. Today instead, the moment the immediate source of difficulty is removed, the price-fixing machinery is ready to resume functioning automatically. Moreover, the entry of a new company into the field is no longer a cause for concern. There is no need for securing the assent of the newcomer to an elaborate pact. It is necessary merely to acquaint him with the customs of the group and possibly to hint at the consequences which might follow his incurring its collective resentment.

Thus should a new producer display an unruly tendency to cut prices he would probably receive a telephone call from the ever-efficient trade association secretary. In the course of general conversation the secretary might allude to a rumor that the Jones company was reluctantly contemplating a twenty per cent price cut because of "unsatisfactory market conditions." This, he might con-

tinue, would be deplorable because *everyone* in the industry *always* followed Jones' lead. He would probably touch on the possibility of averting the general price cut if "market conditions" improved within the next few days. Otherwise he could hold out no hope. In all probability the conversation would end on a note of mutual understanding; the modern business man seems far more adept at interpreting such "hints" than his nineteenth-century forbear.

At the same time the propaganda for the new competition has been conducted so subtly and effectively that price-fixing has become invested with an aura of respectability. When for example, government agencies complain that the bids of supposed competitors on public works are identical to the last penny, only a few tradition-bound souls attempt to find specious excuses. Bolder spirits frankly admit and acclaim the passing of price competition. They hail the renewed evidence that price-cutting has fallen into disrepute and that newer ethical principles are being scrupulously observed.

It is a curious paradox that the stoutest defenders of the competitive system in theory show the least willingness to trust its working in practice. The same business man will declaim loudly against government efforts to raise agricultural prices as intolerable interferences with the "law of supply and demand" and simultaneously bend every effort to keep this "law" from affecting the price of what he has to sell. He will condemn the slaughter of the little pigs as both folly and villainy while he urges his competitors to curtail production in order to avoid spoiling the market. He will denounce as damnable heresy any suggestion that society owes every man a living but reveal in every action his belief that industry owes every business a profit. He will laud as a rugged individualist the worker who is willing to accept less than union wages and condemn as a chiseler the business man who charges a lower price than his fellows. He will forget completely that the capitalistic system itself can be justified only as a competitive system, in which business rivalry keeps prices and profits down to the minimum required to maintain production. The new philosophy has gone to great lengths to develop and exalt the concept of fairness to one's competitors. In the minds of many business men "fair competition" and the avoidance of price-cutting have become synonymous. Unfortunately no similar attention has been devoted to the principle of fairness to the consuming public—to serve whom is supposedly the sole purpose of the whole business structure. Under the influence of the new ethics "gypping" the consumer is regarded as no more than a minor peccadillo; price competition with one's competitors is the unforgivable sin.

Nevertheless, not only business men but also large sections of the general public have fallen under the spell of this philosophy. Even government itself has become half convinced of its soundness. There is little doubt that it has restrained any tendency toward over-zealous enforcement of the anti-trust laws. Thus a leading trade association executive, in a moment of frankness, said:

> As a matter of fact we did not actually operate under the system of unrestricted competition in the period from 1922 to 1929, notwithstanding the fact that the Sherman and Clayton Acts were on our statute books and that, theoretically, we were supposed to do so. Practically, under the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations industry enjoyed, to all intents and purposes, a moratorium from the Sherman Act and through the more or less effective trade associations which were developed in our industries, competition was, to a very considerable extent, controlled. The Department of Justice acted with great restraint and intelligence and only enforced the Sherman Act against those industries which violated the laws in a flagrant and unreasonable manner.

In its confusion, government has at times ignored, at times attacked, and at times fostered manipulation. Under NRA many codes attacked as "chiselers" those who still believed that price-cutting was a legitimate means of competition, and the Administration found itself enlisted as an active partner in the efforts of

business to manipulate prices and markets while it avowed its abhorrence of "monopoly" and its championship of free competition. Last autumn again, Washington proclaimed a crusade against monopoly and simultaneously proposed a scheme of industrial planning. Precisely how an industry can plan production without allocating a definite quota to each member and without fixing prices is scarcely clear; but this is only a minor obscurity within the major obscurity.

VI

To-day the situation has not yet clarified. The crusade has been postponed temporarily. Partly this reflects the combined effect of the business recession and of political uncertainty. Primarily, however, it is due to the fact that no rounded program seems yet to have been formulated for presentation to Congress. The only legislation actually proposed is the Borah-O'Mahoney Bill which attempts to accomplish a vast number of not too clearly related things by requiring all corporations engaged in interstate commerce to secure federal licenses. Under a single head the bill regulates holding companies and proxy voting, wages and hours, corporate accounting, the disposition of undistributed profits, profit-sharing between employer and employee, and one or two other matters. In all probability some scheme for Federal licensing will form the nucleus of future legislation, but its precise scope is impossible to foresee. At the same time there is a strong and growing movement to authorize a comprehensive survey of the whole problem and to predicate action on the results of such a survey.

If such a survey is undertaken, a few of its findings can be safely predicted. There is little question that it will show the streamlined "new competition," with its emphasis on quality and service, to be far inferior in terms of economic efficiency to the old-fashioned price competition which it is supposed to replace. Instead of cutting prices to win the favor of the consumer, manufacturers devote huge sums to ambitious promotional schemes whose net effect is simply to add to the total cost of manufacture. Each producer vies with the others in increasing the amounts devoted to pushing his product before the public eye and sales costs mount at an ever-increasing rate. Products are equipped with endless and unnecessary gadgets and eye-catching features which add far more to cost than to utility. Cosmetics for example are regularly packed in fancy containers which cost far more than their ingredients. Fertilizer producers have invented a thousand different grades in order to avoid cutting the prices of the twenty standard grades which are ample for all legitimate requirements. If but a small fraction of these economically useless expenditures were translated into price reductions the gain in public purchasing power would be enormous. Undoubtedly the emphasis on non-price competition has somewhat accelerated the improvement of quality, both in technical perfection and æsthetic appeal, but this advantage has been bought at an exorbitant price.

That price-fixing raises prices and thereby lowers the standard of living needs no extended demonstration. Neither can it be denied that it protects the inefficient and thereby hampers industrial progress. These facts, and the danger of entrusting the operation of the price mechanism to private control, no matter how well-intentioned, would alone constitute adequate grounds for government intervention. But primary attention has recently been concentrated upon a far more complex series of consequences—the problem of inflexible prices. During the depression, while the prices of such products as wheat or cotton were dropping by more than fifty per cent, artificially controlled prices for such diverse products as iron ore, corn flakes, and sulfuric acid failed to change at all. The prices of many other commodities which were subject to manipulation dropped but slightly. More generally, the prices of manufactured products as a group de-

clined far less than those of agricultural products. As a result the farmer was unable to pay the high prices—often artificially high—of the fabricated goods he needed, and the industrial worker who would have produced them lost his job. It is significant that the first signs of recovery were noted when farm prices began to catch up with industrial prices. In the current "recession" the same phenomenon is noted.

There is no doubt that manipulation—in the form of price leadership or outright collusion—contributed materially to these disparities. However, it did not cause them. They have always existed and no conceivable legislation can eliminate them entirely. It is entirely unrealistic to expect the price of automobiles to fluctuate as freely or as widely as the price of corn. Some degree of price stability is inevitable under modern industrial enterprise. Moreover, it has been emphasized that much of the price uniformity existing in many industries reflects no collusive agreement, but is merely due to the reluctance of business men to cut prices when they see no conceivable advantage in so doing. Here Congress is powerless; it is beyond its competence to require by law that each industry initiate a price war at stated intervals.

Of course the fact that collusion is responsible for only part of the high level and rigidity of industrial prices renders it no less an evil. It is still incumbent upon Congress to find a way to proceed against it. But the approach must be divested of any emotional attitude toward monopoly and related directly to things as they are.

The first step is relatively clear. Many illegal arrangements have continued to flourish because our government agencies have lacked the power to investigate them adequately. Much of the groping and sporadic character of remedial action would be eliminated by simply broadening the investigatory powers of the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice. This would almost automatically lead to more adequate enforcement of existing law and to the enactment of needed amendments.

It will prove far more difficult to cope with those price leadership arrangements which base their force on moral sanctions or on subtle forms of pressure virtually impossible to detect. Some of these schemes may be weakened indirectly by attacking some of their incidental features, such as the basing-point system. A degree of success may conceivably attend efforts by government to counteract the propaganda for the new competition with counter-propaganda extolling the virtues of old-fashioned price competition. This may be accompanied with efforts to shield the price-cutter against the reprisals of his competitors. It might be well, moreover, to exercise close scrutiny over the activities of those trade associations which form the focus and guiding spirit of the movement for price stabilization. All these efforts, however, must be undertaken with full awareness of their inherent limitations and with no hope of achieving a drastic change in the behavior of the great bulk of our industrial prices. These will remain, as always, far more stable than agricultural prices.

It is apparent then that Congress cannot hope to legislate effectively until it has formulated a consistent policy. This must itself start from a complete reorientation of thinking. It would be well if the very word "monopoly" were forgotten. Only by abandoning its emotional associations will it be possible to devote dispassionate consideration to the two problems of bigness and manipulation.

Congress may then proceed to attack size directly, after carefully weighing the social objectives against the probable economic sacrifices involved. It may also endeavor, through a totally distinct series of measures, to relieve competition of some of the ingenious restraints under which it has labored. But it must do all this without being motivated by any crusading desire to destroy a menace which has never been defined and without any hope of restoring a flexibility of prices which has never existed.

THE HAPPIEST MAN ON EARTH

A STORY

BY ALBERT MALTZ

Jesse felt ready to weep. He had been sitting in the shanty waiting for Tom to appear, grateful for the chance to rest his injured foot, quietly, joyously anticipating the moment when Tom would say, "Why of course, Jesse, you can start whenever you're ready!"

For two weeks he had been pushing himself, from Kansas City, Missouri, to Tulsa, Oklahoma, through nights of rain and a week of scorching sun, without sleep or a decent meal, sustained by the vision of that one moment. And then Tom had come into the office. He had come in quickly, holding a sheaf of papers in his hand; he had glanced at Jesse only casually, it was true—but long enough. He had not known him. He had turned away. . . . And Tom Brackett was his brother-in-law.

Was it his clothes? Jesse knew he looked terrible. He had tried to spruce up at a drinking fountain in the park, but even that had gone badly; in his excitement he had cut himself shaving, an ugly gash down the side of his cheek. And nothing could get the red gumbo dust out of his suit even though he had slapped himself till both arms were worn out. . . . Or was it just that he *had* changed so much?

True, they hadn't seen each other for five years; but Tom looked five years older, that was all. He was still Tom. God! was *he* so different?

Brackett finished his telephone call. He leaned back in his swivel chair and glanced over at Jesse with small, clear blue eyes that were suspicious and unfriendly. He was a heavy, paunchy man of forty-five, auburn-haired, rather dour looking; his face was meaty, his features pronounced and forceful, his nose somewhat bulbous and reddish-hued at the tip. He looked like a solid, decent, capable business man who was commander of his local branch of the American Legion—which he was. He surveyed Jesse with cold indifference, manifestly unwilling to spend time on him. Even the way he chewed his toothpick seemed contemptuous to Jesse.

"Yes?" Brackett said suddenly. "What do you want?"

His voice was decent enough, Jesse admitted. He had expected it to be worse. He moved up to the wooden counter that partitioned the shanty. He thrust a hand nervously through his tangled hair.

"I guess you don't recognize me, Tom," he said falteringly, "I'm Jesse Fulton."

"Huh?" Brackett said. That was all.

"Yes, I am, and Ella sends you her love."

Brackett rose and walked over to the counter until they were face to face. He surveyed Fulton incredulously, trying to measure the resemblance to his brother-in-law as he remembered him. This man was tall, about thirty. That fitted! He had straight good features and a lank erect body. That was right too. But the face was too gaunt, the body too spiny under the baggy clothes for him to be

sure. His brother-in-law had been a solid, strong young man with muscle and beef to him. It was like looking at a faded, badly taken photograph and trying to recognize the subject: the resemblance was there but the difference was tremendous. He searched the eyes. They at least seemed definitely familiar, gray, with a curiously shy but decent look in them. He had liked that about Fulton.

Jesse stood quiet. Inside he was seething. Brackett was like a man examining a piece of broken-down horse flesh; there was a look of pure pity in his eyes. It made Jesse furious. He knew he wasn't as far gone as all that.

"Yes, I believe you are," Brackett said finally, "but you sure have changed."

"By God, it's five years, ain't it?" Jesse said resentfully. "You only saw me a couple of times anyway." Then, to himself, with his lips locked together, in mingled vehemence and shame, What if I have changed? Don't everybody? I ain't no corpse.

"You was solid looking," Brackett continued softly, in the same tone of incredulous wonder. "You lost weight, I guess?"

Jesse kept silent. He needed Brackett too much to risk antagonizing him. But it was only by deliberate effort that he could keep from boiling over. The pause lengthened, became painful. Brackett flushed. "Jiminy Christmas, excuse me," he burst out in apology. He jerked the counter up. "Come in. Take a seat. Good God, boy"—he grasped Jesse's hand and shook it—"I *am* glad to see you; don't think anything else! You just looked so peaked."

"It's all right," Jesse murmured. He sat down, thrusting his hand through his curly, tangled hair.

"Why are you limping?"

"I stepped on a stone; it jagged a hole through my shoe." Jesse pulled his feet back under the chair. He was ashamed of his shoes. They had come from the Relief originally, and two weeks on the road had about finished them. All morning, with a kind of delicious, foolish solemnity, he had been vowing to himself that before anything else, before even a suit of clothes, he was going to buy himself a brand new strong pair of shoes.

Brackett kept his eyes off Jesse's feet. He knew what was bothering the boy and it filled his heart with pity. The whole thing was appalling. He had never seen anyone who looked more down and out. His sister had been writing to him every week, but she hadn't told him they were as badly off as this.

"Well now, listen," Brackett began, "tell me things. How's Ella?"

"Oh, she's pretty good," Jesse replied absently. He had a soft, pleasing, rather shy voice that went with his soft gray eyes. He was worrying over how to get started.

"And the kids?"

"Oh, they're fine. . . . Well, you know," Jesse added, becoming more attentive, "the young one has to wear a brace. He can't run around, you know. But he's smart. He draws pictures and he does things, you know."

"Yes," Brackett said. "That's good." He hesitated. There was a moment's silence. Jesse fidgeted in his chair. Now that the time had arrived, he felt awkward. Brackett leaned forward and put his hand on Jesse's knee. "Ella didn't tell me things were so bad for you, Jesse. I might have helped."

"Well, goodness," Jesse returned softly, "you been having your own troubles, ain't you?"

"Yes." Brackett leaned back. His ruddy face became mournful and darkly bitter. "'You know I lost my hardware shop?"

"Well sure, of course," Jesse answered, surprised. "You wrote us. That's what I mean."

"I forgot," Brackett said. "I keep on being surprised over it myself. Not that it was worth much," he added bitterly. "It was running down hill for three years. I guess I just wanted it because it was mine." He laughed pointlessly, without mirth. "Well tell me about yourself," he asked. "'What happened to the job you had?"

Jesse burst out abruptly, with agitation, "Let it wait, Tom, I got something on my mind."

"It ain't you and Ella?" Brackett interrupted anxiously.

"Why no!" Jesse sat back. "Why however did you come to think that? Why Ella and me—" he stopped, laughing. "Why, Tom, I'm just crazy about Ella. Why she's just wonderful. She's just my whole life, Tom."

"Excuse me. Forget it." Brackett chuckled uncomfortably, turned away. The naked intensity of the youth's burst of love had upset him. It made him wish savagely that he could do something for them. They were both too decent to have had it so hard. Ella was like this boy too, shy and a little soft.

"Tom, listen," Jesse said, "I come here on purpose." He thrust his hand through his hair. "I want you to help me."

"Damn it, boy," Brackett groaned. He had been expecting this. "I can't much. I only get thirty-five a week and I'm damn grateful for it."

"Sure, I know," Jesse emphasized excitedly. He was feeling once again the wild, delicious agitation that had possessed him in the early hours of the morning. "I know you can't help us with money! But we met a man who works for you! He was in our city! He said you could give me a job!"

"Who said?"

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" Jesse burst out reproachfully. "Why as soon as I heard it I started out. For two weeks now I been pushing ahead like crazy."

Brackett groaned aloud. "You come walking from Kansas City in two weeks so I could give you a job?"

"Sure, Tom, of course. What else could I do?"

"God Almighty, there ain't no jobs, Jesse! It's a slack season. And you don't know this oil business. It's special. I got my Legion friends here but they couldn't do nothing now. Don't you think I'd ask for you as soon as there was a chance?"

Jesse felt stunned. The hope of the last two weeks seemed rolling up into a ball of agony in his stomach. Then, frantically, he cried, "But listen, this man said *you* could hire! He *told* me! He drives trucks for you! He said you *always* need men!"

"Oh! . . . You mean *my* department?" Brackett said in a low voice.

"*Yes,* Tom. That's it!"

"Oh, no, you don't want to work in my department," Brackett told him in the same low voice. "You don't know what it is."

"Yes, I do," Jesse insisted. "He told me all about it, Tom. You're a dispatcher, ain't you? You send the dynamite trucks out?"

"Who was the man, Jesse?"

"Everett, Everett, I think."

"Egbert? Man about my size?" Brackett asked slowly.

"Yes, Egbert. He wasn't a phony, was he?"

Brackett laughed. For the second time his laughter was curiously without mirth. "No, he wasn't a phony." Then, in a changed voice: "Jiminy, boy, you should have asked me before you trekked all the way down here."

"Oh, I didn't want to," Jesse explained with naïve cunning. "I knew you'd say 'no.' He told me it was risky work, Tom. But I don't care."

Brackett locked his fingers together. His solid, meaty face became very hard. "I'm going to say 'no' anyway, Jesse."

Jesse cried out. It had not occurred to him that Brackett would not agree. It had seemed as though reaching Tulsa were the only problem he had to face. "Oh, no," he begged, "you can't. Ain't there any jobs, Tom?"

"Sure, there's jobs. There's even Egbert's job if you want it."

"He's quit?"

"He's dead!"

"Oh!"

"On the job, Jesse. Last night if you want to know."

"Oh!" . . . Then, "I don't care!"

"Now you listen to me," Brackett said.

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"I'll tell you a few things that you should have asked before you started out. It ain't dynamite you drive. They don't use anything as safe as dynamite in drilling oil wells. They wish they could, but they can't. It's nitroglycerin! Soup!"

"But I know," Jesse told him reassuringly. "He advised me, Tom. You don't have to think I don't know."

"Shut up a minute," Brackett ordered angrily. "Listen! You just have to *look* at this soup, see? You just *cough* loud and it blows! You know how they transport it? In a can that's shaped like this, see, like a fan? That's to give room for compartments, because each compartment has to be lined with rubber. That's the only way you can even *think* of handling it."

"Listen, Tom—"

"Now wait a minute, Jesse. For God's sake just put your mind to this. I know you had your heart set on a job, but you've got to understand. This stuff goes only in special trucks! At night! They got to follow a special route! They can't go through any city! If they lay over, it's got to be in a special garage! Don't you see what that means? Don't that tell you how dangerous it is?"

"I'll drive careful," Jesse said. "I know how to handle a truck. I'll drive slow."

Brackett groaned. "Do you think Egbert didn't drive careful or know how to handle a truck?"

"Tom," Jesse said earnestly, "you can't scare me. I got my mind fixed on only one thing: Egbert said he was getting a dollar a mile. He was making five to six hundred dollars a month for half a month's work, he said. Can I get the same?"

"Sure, you can get the same," Brackett told him savagely. "A dollar a mile. It's easy. But why do you think the company has to pay so much? It's easy—until you run over a stone that your headlights didn't pick out, like Egbert did. Or get a blowout! Or get something in your eye, so the wheel twists and you jar the truck! Or any other God damn thing that nobody ever knows! We can't ask Egbert what happened to him. There's no truck to give any evidence. There's no corpse. There's nothing! Maybe tomorrow somebody'll find a piece of twisted steel way off in a cornfield. But we never find the driver. Not even a finger nail. All we know is that he don't come in on schedule. Then we wait for the police to call us. You know what happened last night? Something went wrong on a bridge. Maybe Egbert was nervous. Maybe he brushed the side with his fender. Only there's no bridge any more. No truck. No Egbert. Do you understand now? That's what you get for your God damn dollar a mile!"

There was a moment of silence. Jesse sat twisting his long thin hands. His mouth was sagging open, his face was agonized. Then he shut his eyes and spoke softly. "I don't care about that, Tom. You told me. Now you got to be good to me and give me the job."

Brackett slapped the palm of his hand down on his desk. "No!"

"Listen, Tom," Jesse said softly, "you just don't understand." He opened his eyes. They were filled with tears. They made Brackett turn away. "Just look at me, Tom. Don't that tell you enough? What did you think of me when you first saw me? You thought: 'Why don't that bum go away and stop panhandling?' Didn't you, Tom? Tom, I just can't live like this any more. I got to be able to walk down the street with my head up."

"You're crazy," Brackett muttered. "Every year there's one out of five drivers gets killed. That's the average. What's worth that?"

"Is my life worth anything now? We're just starving at home, Tom. They ain't put us back on relief yet."

"Then you should have told me," Brackett exclaimed harshly. "It's your own damn fault. A man has no right to have false pride when his family ain't eating. I'll borrow some money and we'll telegraph it to Ella. Then you go home and get back on relief."

"And then what?"

"And then wait, God damn it! You're no old man. You got no right to throw your life away. Sometime you'll get a job."

"No!" Jesse jumped up. "No. I believed that too. But I don't now," he cried passionately. "I ain't getting a job no more than you're getting your hardware store back. I lost my skill, Tom. Linotyping is skilled work. I'm rusty now. I've been six years on relief. The only work I've had is pick and shovel. When I got that job this spring I was supposed to be an A-1 man. But I wasn't. And they got new machines now. As soon as the slack started they let me out."

"So what?" Brackett said harshly. "Ain't there other jobs?"

"How do I know?" Jesse replied. "There ain't been one for six years. I'd even be afraid to take one now. It's been too hard waiting so many weeks to get back on relief."

"Well you got to have some courage," Brackett shouted. "You've got to keep up hope."

"I got all the courage you want," Jesse retorted vehemently, "but no, I ain't got no hope. The hope has dried up in me in six years' waiting. You're the only hope I got."

"You're crazy," Brackett muttered. "I won't do it. For God's sake think of Ella for a minute."

"Don't you *know* I'm thinking about her?" Jesse asked softly. He plucked at Brackett's sleeve. "That's what decided me, Tom." His voice became muted into a hushed, pained whisper. "The night Egbert was at our house I looked at Ella like I'd seen her for the first time. *She ain't pretty any more, Tom!*" Brackett jerked his head and moved away. Jesse followed him, taking a deep, sobbing breath. "Don't that tell you, Tom? Ella was like a little doll or something, you remember. I couldn't walk down the street without somebody turning to look at her. She ain't twenty-nine yet, Tom, and she ain't pretty no more."

Brackett sat down with his shoulders hunched up wearily. He gripped his hands together and sat leaning forward, staring at the floor.

Jesse stood over him, his gaunt face flushed with emotion, almost unpleasant in its look of pleading and bitter humility. "I ain't done right for Ella, Tom. Ella deserved better. This is the only chance I see in my whole life to do something for her. I've just been a failure."

"Don't talk nonsense," Brackett commented, without rancor. "You ain't a failure. No more than me. There's millions of men in the identical situation. It's just the depression, or the recession, or the God damn New Deal, or . . . !" He swore and lapsed into silence.

"Oh, no," Jesse corrected him, in a knowing, sorrowful tone, "those things maybe excuse other men. But not me. It was up to me to do better. This is my own fault!"

"Oh, beans!" Brackett said. "It's more sun spots than it's you!"

Jesse's face turned an unhealthy mottled red. It looked swollen. "Well, I don't care," he cried wildly. "I don't care! You got to give me this! I got to lift my head up. I went through one stretch of hell but I can't go through another. You want me to keep looking at my little boy's legs and tell myself if I had a job he wouldn't be like that? Every time he walks he says to me, 'I got soft bones from the rickets and you give it to me because you didn't feed me right.' Jesus Christ, Tom, you think I'm going to sit there and watch him like that another six years?"

Brackett leaped to his feet. "So what if you do?" he shouted. "You say you're thinking about Ella. How's she going to like it when you get killed?"

"Maybe I won't," Jesse pleaded. "I've got to have some luck sometime."

"That's what they all think," Brackett replied scornfully. "When you take this job your luck is a question mark. The only thing certain is that sooner or later you get killed."

"Okay then," Jesse shouted back. "Then I do! But meanwhile I got something, don't I? I can buy a pair of shoes.

Look at me! I can buy a suit that don't say 'Relief' by the way it fits. I can smoke cigarettes. I can buy some candy for the kids. I can eat some myself. Yes, by God, I want to eat some candy. I want a glass of beer once a day. I want Ella dressed up. I want her to eat meat three times a week, four times maybe. I want to take my family to the movies."

Brackett sat down. "Oh, shut up," he said wearily.

"No," Jesse told him softly, passionately, "you can't get rid of me. Listen, Tom," he pleaded, "I got it all figured out. On six hundred a month look how much I can save! If I last only three months, look how much it is—a thousand dollars—more! And maybe I'll last longer. Maybe a couple years. I can fix Ella up for life!"

"You said it," Brackett interposed. "I suppose you think she'll enjoy living when you're on a job like that?"

"I got it all figured out," Jesse answered excitedly. "She don't know, see? I tell her I make only forty. You put the rest in a bank account for her, Tom."

"Oh, shut up," Brackett said. "You think you'll be happy? Every minute, waking and sleeping, you'll be wondering if to-morrow you'll be dead. And the worst days will be your days off, when you're not driving. They have to give you every other day free to get your nerve back. And you lay around the house eating your heart out. That's how happy you'll be."

Jesse laughed. "I'll be happy! Don't you worry, I'll be so happy, I'll be singing. Lord God, Tom, I'm going to feel *proud* of myself for the first time in seven years!"

"Oh, shut up, shut up," Brackett said.

The little shanty became silent. After a moment Jesse whispered: "You got to, Tom. You got to. You got to."

Again there was silence. Brackett raised both hands to his head, pressing the palms against his temples.

"Tom, Tom—" Jesse said.

Brackett sighed. "Oh God damn it," he said finally, "all right, I'll take you on, God help me." His voice was low, hoarse, infinitely weary. "If you're ready to drive to-night, you can drive to-night."

Jesse didn't answer. He couldn't. Brackett looked up. The tears were running down Jesse's face. He was swallowing and trying to speak, but only making an absurd, gasping noise.

"I'll send a wire to Ella," Brackett said in the same hoarse, weary voice. "I'll tell her you got a job, and you'll send her fare in a couple of days. You'll have some money then—that is, if you last the week out, you jackass!"

Jesse only nodded. His heart felt so close to bursting that he pressed both hands against it, as though to hold it locked within his breast.

"Come back here at six o'clock," Brackett said. "Here's some money. Eat a good meal."

"Thanks," Jesse whispered.

"Wait a minute," Brackett said. "Here's my address." He wrote it on a piece of paper. "Take any car going that way. Ask the conductor where to get off. Take a bath and get some sleep."

"Thanks," Jesse said. "Thanks, Tom."

"Oh, get out of here," Brackett said.

"Tom."

"What?"

"I just—" Jesse stopped. Brackett saw his face. The eyes were still glistening with tears, but the gaunt face was shining now, with a kind of fierce radiance.

Brackett turned away. "I'm busy," he said.

Jesse went out. The wet film blinded him but the whole world seemed to have turned golden. He limped slowly, with the blood pounding his temples and a wild, incommunicable joy in his heart. "I'm the happiest man in the world," he whispered to himself. "I'm the happiest man on the whole earth."

Brackett sat watching till finally Jesse turned the corner of the alley and disappeared. Then he hunched himself over, with his head in his hands. His heart was beating painfully, like something old and clogged. He listened to it as it beat. He sat in desperate tranquillity, gripping his head in his hands.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF ADVERTISING ART

BY PAUL PARKER

THE men and women who illustrate advertisements have to convey to us a clear and immediate effect. There must be no undue complexity in the pattern of their pictures, no perplexing "atmospheric" effects; and they must run no risk of confusing us by portraying individual men and women when clearly recognizable types will convey an instant meaning to us. Everything must help us to classify at once what we see.

Hence the sexes are carefully distinguished in advertising art. The males can be reduced to the blocking-in method of figure construction with angular heads, wide shoulders, triangular torsos narrowing to the hips. Women, on the other hand, can be reduced to ovals. Everything is expressed in curves—the head, the breasts, the hips, the abdomen, the legs, the buttocks. Hence too there are clear-cut distinctions among various types within each sex. Men fall quite easily into economic and occupational groups —the laborer, the salesman, the merchant, the scientist, the man-about-town, and so on. Each has his own special attributes, just as inevitably as do the figures in Christian or pagan religious art. They lend themselves to study as iconographic types: as the images which people the advertisers' ideal world—a best possible world of material things.

Consider the Scientist. He is grave, efficient, deliberate, unlikely to be swayed by carnal passions. He is shown at his work desk looking through a microscope or inspecting a test tube or some curious mechanism. All about him is a medley of retorts, bunsen burners, and carboys of magical ingredients—in fact, all the attributes of the scientific passion. He may be shown alone, or with disciples of only slightly less probity. This subject is so common that one is tempted to believe it would lack any appeal. But it is common because it personifies Faith, and Faith is, apparently, a universal necessity. This modern savior, the embodiment of the shibboleth of Science, is the court of appeal of the advertiser. Proof, in advertising, only too often consists of the significant words: "Modern Science tells us . . ." The Scientist is one of the few characters in the advertising pantheon who never smiles. He is felt to be even above humor. In this modern day He is the Man Who Knows. He is the magician who makes the ideal world created by advertising possible.

Sometimes the disciples of the Modern Scientist are to be seen in their tasks of carrying out His mission. They are common in automobile advertising. They may carry the voice of authority, or again the humblest workman may bring forth His ideals to the world. Whether high or low, the disciples still do not smile. They too are deadly serious, their faces lined with care.

Since most people have more acquaintance with the medical than the engineering profession, it is necessary to humanize the doctor. His is rather the role of the Saviour at the Feast of Cana. He is still remote, but he speaks directly to us. He is often shown as talking, and if he

smiles it is with the proper reserve and dignity. The Vienna doctors of certain advertising campaigns wore beards, but there seemed to be something faintly ridiculous about giving a beard to an American doctor, so now he is mustached. He is of course middle-aged. And just as the Scientist, by an anthropomorphizing process, becomes also Science, so the doctor is also Medicine.

The dentist is of a lowlier station than the M.D. The latter can talk learnedly on all things from vitamins to cigarettes; his domain properly includes teeth as well. But the dentist talks only for his own profession. As one who is not quite so omniscient, he is shown as much younger and more handsome, a sort of Philip among the faithful. He is calculated to impress women with his soul as well as his tact. His face is entirely hairless. His attributes are his white jacket and his mirror.

To descend from Olympus, we may consider two common types—the salesman and the business man, or buyer. The buyer may or may not have a mustache, but the salesman (like the dentist) never does—sales manuals warn against the mustache because it distracts attention from the message. The salesman stands (Talk on your Feet!) and leans forward (Project your Personality, Look your Man in the Eye!). The buyer is interested but not too eager, attentive but not ingenuous. He personifies the solidity of big business, just as the salesman, a kind of Hermes, portrays the romance and adventure. But as though this were not enough to distinguish between the two types (and from an advertising standpoint it is not), attributes are present to clear up any possible doubt; or rather, to make identification immediate as well as complete. The salesman has a brief case or demonstration portfolio, and the business man has a telephone and desk. Thus the mobility of the one and the stability of the other are suggested.

It may seem like splitting hairs to draw a distinction between attributes and environment, but the distinction is fundamental and necessary. If the commercial artist were interested in verism he could sketch a background of a saloon with two gentlemen sitting at the bar engaged in imbibing tall drinks; or the setting could be a golf course or a night club or any other place where business is transacted. In any other than the office setting, however, the environment would be a distraction. The setting is ordinarily of no importance except in the broad sense that it is an office and offers a proof that business is taking place.

(If, however, the advertiser were selling office equipment and wished to prove how important it is that the business man's possessions should impress the casual visitor, the figures would be shoved back somewhat in the composition so that they would not have such heroic proportions, and every detail in the room would be polished.)

As for industrial types, note that while a workman may be shaved and wear clean overalls, he is shown with his attributes —a pick and shovel, a machine beside him, or some special uniform. He is never identified, that is to say, by purely artistic means—he is one particular kind of laborer, the kind you would have confidence in, and not a conception of the laboring man in general. A most common type of workman is the filling-station attendant, identifiable by his cap or badge. He is always young, but his inexperience is more than balanced by an intelligent servility. He looks like a college man from one of the better fraternities. He is an anthropomorphic conception of the oil business in general and of Service in particular. Since most gasolines are about equal in magical properties, it is some gain if gasoline is sold by the promise of better windshield-wiping and rest-room facilities in an ideal world of fast travel.

An apparent exception to male iconographic types is the man-about-town, who often proves himself to be such precisely because there is no definite series of attributes associated with him, but rather luxury objects in general. Or

more subtly, no attributes are shown at all. There is nothing quite as swanky as the *Esquire*-like portrait of a man doing nothing. He is independent of occupational and social obligations. His is the most conspicuous consumption, time. One feels sure that the salesman would be lost without his brief case, that it accompanies him everywhere, that it is associated with all his social as well as his business activity. But when a man of dignified unemployment, of the conspicuous leisure class, is shown with, let us say, a dog and a gun, we realize that this temporary flurry of activity will be superseded on the morrow by sailing, fishing, or drinking in his club, or—best of all—by doing nothing.

II

Women in advertising art are not divided into as many types as the men because of the onerous task of the artist to make women young and beautiful. I recall an art director's instructions to a friend of mine regarding a dry brush drawing. The scene was to be a kitchen, with the housewife taking a roast from a hot oven, and the husband just coming through the door. The only difficulty was the housewife. "Make her a sort of rural type," said the art director. "This is for a Kansas City paper, some power company. But put a little class in her dress. Make her look tired, but young and with some sex appeal. Don't make her an ingénue, but maybe a young mother with two or three kids. Not matronly, though. Say about twenty-five. No, that's too old. Say about twenty-four."

As in English fiction, where the hero is thirty-five and the heroine a maximum of twenty-four, we find that the women of advertising art are twenty-four or younger until they are fifty.

As a tribute to her emancipation, a woman is almost never portrayed in a laboring or menial occupation. Domestic servants are butlers or negroes; if a maid is shown she is very superior and French, not American. Men in offices or stores may be thought of as white-collar workers; but the girls working in stores, offices, or beauty parlors are "in the business profession." The stenographer, by the definition of the copywriter, is a secretary; the alchemy of the commercial artist makes the cognomen seem almost reasonable. A "professional woman" such as these represents the lowest possible economic level of the fair sex as the advertisers view it. She looks as though she made at least sixty dollars a week. Her presence in advertising is determined by the exigencies of the advertiser, who may wish to bring pressure to bear on a purchasing agent by appealing to his employees, just as the breakfast-food manufacturers appeal to the children. The professional girl is well turned out and is an example of the peculiar ability of artists, whether in advertising or Hollywood, to combine in one person such binary pairs as femininity and efficiency, affection and independence, virginity and sophistication. She goes into ecstasy, however, only over the latest gadgets on a typewriter or the magical ingredients of a bond paper which will in turn perform magic for the company purchasing it. One is made to understand that she is not in business to make money as much as to be, somewhat vaguely, in a profession—thus is the stigma of money-grubbing erased in the ideal world created by advertising.

A unique variation of the professional-girl type is to be seen in the nurse. She is more the Neysa McMein than the McClelland Barclay pretty girl, with a wide face, high cheekbones, and dark hair. She is young but competent, and being toward the buxom rather than the petite side, is felt to be "of good stock." Although her lips are curved in a slow smile, the smile is never pronounced enough to show the teeth; it expresses a knowledge of tragedy and suffering which could have been so easily avoided had the patient only tried the right medicament.

Inasmuch as the nurse can represent the hospitalization phase of the medical profession, and because her cap makes a

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quickly identifiable attribute, she often appears only as a symbol. It is not necessary to illustrate her in an action pose or demonstrating some gadget or cure—a head-and-shoulders portrait may be sufficient to imply the magical virtues of the product. She is of course by way of being an acolyte to the medical profession, and in some cases to the Modern Scientist. But she has sufficient potency in her own right to appear occasionally as the votaress of sanitary preparations, proprietaries, and contraceptives.

Of the same age is the débutante type, so useful for cigarettes and cosmetics. She always smiles except in those rare instances when she has to "wonder." She may be with or without attributes for, like the man-about-town, she toils not. She varies from the demure, high-school-heartbreak type of *True Story* all the way to the brittle sophistication of *Vogue*. The *Vogue* débutantes have a way of denying their wiles; in a masterly fashion the wiles are advertised by conscious omission. But the composite picture of the débutante is the familiar pretty girl; if she wonders it is never for long.

The only older woman (except the *Vogue* wife, who can be called thirty and can defend her seemingly untenable position by a recourse to displaying her material possessions) is the woman occasionally called on to play character bits on the advertising stage.

But among the women of the advertising pages the most important of all is the housewife. She is twenty-four, married, has two children, is suburban, gadget-conscious. Her antecedents are doubtful —she could have graduated either from the "professional" or the débutante class. She has the "married look." As the buyer of the nation's food, household equipment, and clothing, she has been placed on a pedestal. She lives in a passionless *Ladies' Home Journal* world; in the women's mass magazines one feels that her Joseph works at the office all day while she gracefully retires from the strife she renounced upon leaving the business profession or the fluffiness of her débutante years. She never perspires, she never has a Victorian dew on her upper lip. The cure for all physical torments comes to her in bottles and packages; her tranquillity is a result of the conquest of toil by the Modern Scientist. In fact, she is the patron saint of advertising.

Sometimes she strikingly suggests the madonna of religious art—as in certain insurance advertisements in which mother and child look wistfully off into space; the child, like a Christ-child of Mantegna, has the prescience of an uncertain future. Considerable attention is paid to the slender hands, the long type of head, the smooth brunette hair, the sober restraint.

Children in advertising offer the advertiser the surest sort of approach to the emotions of his audience. There may be an inhibition against showing too close a parallel between mother-and-child pictures and religious prototypes, but the innocent babe can be portrayed in the Christ-child role with no fear of offending. In a recent tire advertisement, with a large photograph of a seated baby, the halo is not limited merely to the head; on the contrary, the entire body appears to give off an ectoplasmic emanation. He is gifted with a truly remarkable cognition: his upraised hand, in a gesture of blessing, indicates his understanding of the relationship between *his* safeguarding and that of his parents—with good automobile tires. A little child shall lead them.

When children grow older they are presented in somewhat more earthly activities—playing games, eating food, and the like. Yet they are capable nowadays of planning their life's course; of advising mother as to the proper breakfast food or even toilet paper. Children receive these revelations not only from intuition or a divine status, but from reading advertising and hearing it over the radio. Thus their choices have an intellectual validity denied the children of a former generation.

The family group scene of parents and children is presented in a quasi genre fashion, as in a Rubens Holy Family. The

touch is usually quite folksy. Father is reading the paper or amusing the children, mother is knitting, the children are romping on the floor. The props of the background prove the family to be average middle-class. It may be worth noting that the layout and typography with this kind of illustration tend to be symmetrical and conservative, thus expressing the traditional conservatism of the home-owning group.

III

There is a great deal more than an analogy between the iconography of religious art and that of advertising art. Advertising art is, in fact, itself a religious art. It uses clichés, set subjects, and types, some of them innovations, some borrowed from other art forms—just as in Early Christian art Orpheus and the Good Shepherd are taken from pagan art, and remolded to take their part in the church dogma. The new religion is of course the American Standard of Living.

Advertising has done its job so well that it is difficult for the average person to believe that a materialistic ideal world has not always been the goal of people everywhere, in all classes, in all ages. But the most casual survey of cultural history will disclose that the pursuit of conspicuous consumption as an evidence of status—to borrow Veblen's terminology—has in the past been confined quite rigidly to the classes who could indulge the expenses incident to the pursuit, and that an ideal of bodily cleanliness to the point of fetishism is new and uniquely American. In our superiority we cannot imagine how people could have walked casually from one place to another instead of speeding at a homicidal sixty miles an hour, or how people could have endured the body odors and dirty underwear of their husbands, wives, and friends. We are apt to forget that the possession of foibles would hardly seem essential to a society which in the large was not only unacquainted with foibles as objects of adoration but also with foibles as a means of advancement up the ladder.

The part that advertising has played in spreading an emulative culture is difficult to overestimate. It has codified and written the gospel and painted the didactic pictures for the religion of the American Standard of Living. Just as we look at Gothic cathedrals, miniatures, and altarpieces to understand the medieval mind, so must we examine advertising art to come to any understanding of the materialistic phase, at least, of the modern American milieu.

COMMUNISM TWENTY YEARS AFTER

BY LILLIAN SYMES

SOMETIME in last September a political organization in Los Angeles received the following comunication:

Dear Friends:

You are invited to participate in a meeting to celebrate the 150th Anniversary of the American Constitution to be held this Sunday evening at Music Arts Hall. We feel that it is particularly fitting that such a meeting be held at this time when the Liberty Leaguers and Wall Street Tories of 1937 are openly violating the Spirit of '76 and betraying the principles on which our country is founded.

We appeal to your group, as upholders of the Constitution and defenders of Democracy to join with us in this celebration. Members of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the Veterans of Foreign Wars will also participate.

This communication did not bear the letter-head of the William Jennings Bryan Post of the American Legion or even of the Democratic Party. It came from the Communist Party. Similar invitations went out from Communist Party offices throughout the country.

During the same week the liberal press reported that the known political executions in the then current Russian purges were nearing the two-thousand mark.

It was not of course the contradiction between the Spirit of '76, emanating from East 13th Street, New York City, and the recent events in the Communist Fatherland which prevented an official United Front between the Communist Party and the D.A.R. on this occasion. The ladies of the D.A.R., like some of the more naïve sections of the Legion, the ProAmericans, and even of the Communist Party itself, still labor under the delusion that the Communist Party is a revolutionary organization. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The next world war will undoubtedly find the representatives of all these organizations selling Liberty Bonds from the same platform—unless the enemy happens to be Russia. More than this—on the assurance of Mr. Browder himself—it will find American Communism ready to expose and stamp out any "extremist" elements which may actively oppose the next war to save the world for democracy. In short, the cohorts of Mr. Browder have been pledged in advance to act as the "finger men" for that virtual fascism which must descend upon any country engaged in a large-scale war to-day and of which we had a foretaste between 1917 and 1920. No radical who knows the Communist Party's almost incredible ramifications and its access to the technic and experience of the Russian secret police, the OGPU, can doubt its ability to give the more inflamed patriots cards and spades at this particular job.

Since these United Front gestures of last September, both the Communist Party and its sympathizers—known in Leftist circles as "fellow-travelers"—have moved on from fervent nationalism to active jingoism so rapidly that the desultory reader of the *Daily Worker* can scarcely keep up with their progress. After the *Panay* incident the headlines of the Communist press, official and unofficial, were reminiscent of "Remember the Maine!" with occasional wishful overtones such as "Roosevelt Takes Over in War Crisis!" By the beginning of Feb-

ruary, in a debate with Charles A. Beard in the *New Republic,* Mr. Browder stepped directly into the discarded shoes of Mr. Hearst. After assuring his readers that it was our United States, not the powerful Soviet Union, that was threatened by Japan, Mr. Browder conjured up a picture of Japan smashing through the Manila-Nome-Honolulu line and seizing "the rich and beautiful lands of California." More recently still, fearful no doubt that the Japanese menace had failed to provoke the proper degree of hysteria, spokesmen for the Party, both members and fellow-travelers, have been projecting pictures of fascist invasion from South America via Mexico in the best manner of a brigadier-general.

Can this Communist Party which calls itself the People's Champion of Peace and Democracy be the same organization which once called upon the workers of the world to unite against all imperialisms and which is even now the most violent defender of a totalitarian dictatorship? The answer is "Yes." But through all the screaming inconsistencies of its successive zigzags in policy the observer will find an underlying continuity in the official Communism of 1919, 1930, and 1938. At all times and in all policies, whether super-"revolutionary" or super-"democratic," American Communism has functioned as a foreign legion of the Russian Central Committee or the Foreign Office of the Soviet Union. There is, in fact, no such thing as "American" Communism, or French, English, or Dutch Communism. So far as the official Communist movement is concerned there is only *Russian* Communism. The "Party Line," that is the Party's official policy on both general and specific issues, comes from Moscow and is operative throughout the world. A resolution passed by the French Communists is as illustrative of the policy of American Communists, as a resolution passed by the Party in New York City. Theoretically, the international Communist "Line" is determined by the Comintern or Third International. Actually, the Comintern, which has met only once since 1928, is nothing but a sounding-board for the decisions of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party, which, in the past few years, means the decisions of Joseph Stalin. It is in the Foreign Office of the Soviet Union and not in the moribund Comintern that the policies of international Communism are evolved, to-day, under Stalin's direction. If references to the activities of certain foreign Communist Parties seem irrelevant to a review of Communism in the United States the reader is asked to keep this fact in mind. Communist Parties throughout the world are merely divisions of an international army whose headquarters are in Moscow. It is one of the ironies of history that the exigencies of Russian foreign policy in the past two years have demanded that Russian Communism's affiliates and friends whoop it up for democracy abroad.

II

The courtship of democracy by official Communism constitutes the most significant though not the prettiest political romance of our time. The Communist Party, in the United States as elsewhere, exists to rally support behind the *realpolitik* of the Russian regime. If the interests of that regime can best be served by throwing Karl Marx overboard, cultivating the accents of Ed Howe, involving the United States in a war with one of Russia's probable enemies, and reviving the passions, prejudices, and slogans of the World War, it will go about the job with the utmost sincerity.

As this article is being written a new ukase from Stalin in the form of a letter published in *Pravda* has set the commuo-democratic dovecotes aflutter with the possibility of still another zigzag in the international line—this time to the left; and, as has happened so often before, many of the comrades have almost bitten off their tongues in the middle of a sentence while extolling the complete "triumph" of Socialism in the Revolutionary Fatherland. In a letter widely

quoted in the world press, Stalin not only reversed himself on this subject but summoned the workers of the world to defend the Soviet Union against the "bourgeois nations"—without making that distinction between "democratic" and "fascist" nations which has been the leitmotif of Communist propaganda for the past three years. This letter has aroused widespread speculation as to whether or not Stalin is preparing for still another turn in Communist policy–from the extreme right to the extreme left. The background of Stalin's ukase lies in the international situation—in England's coldness to Soviet blandishments for a "democratic" alliance against the fascist powers, the collapse of Litvinov's foreign policy, and the need for rationalizing its failure at home and abroad. It is not likely that the Communists will discontinue their efforts to win the bourgeois world and its foreign offices to a united front against their enemies; but in case their efforts fail they will attempt to retain an ace in the hole in the form of international proletarian support. This will require a certain larding of "left" phraseology among the democratic slogans. Stalin's letter was also, unquestionably, an effort to reassure some of those more conscientious Communists at home and abroad who have begun to gag on the recent Party Line.

Among the non-Communist radicals of various persuasions, the Party's beating of the war drums along the international front (known as its "peace policy"), like its wooing of capitalist democracy, is regarded as the rankest opportunism and a betrayal of the mildest form of Marxism. Among the more sympathetic or naïve liberals it is taken as an indication that international Communism, under the threat of Fascist aggression, has seen the error of its ways and has become a convert to the democratic method. They prefer to ignore the recent history not only of Russia, but of Spain, where as a price of Russian aid to the Loyalists, the Communists have set up an unofficial OGPU which operates against political dissenters in the anti-fascist Left with all the ruthlessness of its Moscow big brother. These dissenters, practically none of whom are Trotskyists (the Party's all-inclusive designation for radicals who disagree with them) and practically all of whom have fought bravely against Franco, have been kidnapped, killed, or imprisoned. Among those murdered in prison were young Bob Smilie, of the British Independent Labor Party, and Italian and German exiles who went to Spain to fight fascism. The Communist campaign of calumny against these political dissenters has been broadcast to the outside world by Communist fellow-travelers disguised as "liberal" journalists and by roving correspondents better equipped to report a bullfight than a highly complicated socio-political situation. It will be interesting to note whether or not Mr. Hemingway's projected drama on the "Fifth Column" in Spain contains some of those naïve political reflections which have characterized his dispatches.

The attitude of Communism's liberal periphery in such matters involves one of the most interesting psychological phenomena of our time and will be dealt with more fully later on. It can be posited meanwhile by a question: How is it possible for outstanding civil libertarians who wax livid over Mayor Hague, labor spies, criminal syndicalism laws, book burnings, Reichstag fire trials, concentration camps, and blood purges in certain parts of the world, to wax apologetic or even enthusiastic over Joseph Stalin, the OGPU, book burnings, concentration camps, demonstration trials, blood purges, and the recent elections in Russia? So well-conditioned are the reflexes of that vast periphery through which American Communism operates that the mere asking of this question is sufficient to label one in such circles as a Trotskyist, an agent of Hitler's Gestapo, or a "red-baiter" in the employ of Mr. Hearst—this in spite of the fact that not even the most persistent baiter could find a hint of red in the Communist Party to-day.

Outside of these leftward circles, the reaction is more likely to be "What of it?" The American Communist Party was organized in 1919 with 35,000 members and it claims between sixty and seventy thousand to-day. It has never polled over a hundred thousand votes. In such countries as France, where the Left parties are mass parties supported by the entire labor movement, their policies are matters of national and international significance. But of what significance is the Communist Party in the United States?

The question is one to which all radicals and many liberals know the answer. No organization of sixty-odd thousand, the name of which is still widely believed to be synonymous with revolution, could by itself constitute one of the most powerful pressure groups in the United States. Politically, the Party has practically ceased to function as an independent factor wherever it has been possible to permeate some "broader" movement, and it is doubtful if many of its followers will ever have an opportunity to vote for a Communist-labeled candidate again.

But the Party's power cannot be measured by its membership or its vote. It lies in the strategic nature of its influence and the support it receives in those fields where vanguard opinion and popular sentiment are created. During the past four or five years it has cultivated those fields with amazing success, and thanks in part to the activities of Adolf Hitler, it has opened up a new and dazzling frontier—the field of anti-nazi sentiment and organization which at the present moment it is exploiting to the limit.

Through an elaborate system of interlocking peripheral groups, the Communist Party has organized behind the Party Line by far the largest and most articulate section of middle-class liberalism. By quiet penetration of the organized youth movement, the Young Communist League has been able to write the Party's "peace policy" into the program of that movement. The organized labor movement in general is still a battleground with the Party pushing on for control; but in most of the highly articulate white-collar and professional sections of that movement the Party's fellow-travelers have the situation well in hand. It is through a veritable army of individual fellow-travelers—writers, artists, actors, editors, commentators, prominent persons generally—on the cultural and intellectual "fronts" that the Party exerts its most far-reaching influence. In addition, by methods which I will explain later, it probably takes more money out of Hollywood than any agency except the Internal Revenue Department.

Does this mean that all of the individuals involved in the Party's periphery are converts to Communism? Not at all—though many of them are convinced that it means this and are titillated accordingly. Some of them do not know that they belong to the Party's periphery. The Party's success among the liberals and pacifists in particular is due largely to the fact that its position is now indistinguishable from the most confused form of liberalism—minus its tolerance. It has capitalized upon the emotional reactions of people who are opposed to war and fascism but who do not, as a rule, recognize the economic bases of either and who do not understand that, while fascism is a driving force toward war, modern war is a primary driving force toward fascism. Most of these people—like all of the Party's direct recruits in the past two years—are no more "Communist" than is the present Party Line. They are merely cogs in a machine which the Party manipulates. Before examining that machine, it may be well to examine briefly the development of the Party Line.

III

When the new Communist policy was handed down by Stalin, months before it was officially approved by the 1935 Congress of the Comintern, it seemed at first to mark a turn in the direction of revolutionary realism. Formally, at least, it put an end to what is known in Leftist circles as the Party's ultra-left Third Pe-

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riod during which official Communism had devoted the bulk of its attention to the splitting and wrecking of all working class groups not under the hegemony of the Comintern and its Red Trade Union International. This new turn to the right was not the result of any moral reaction to Fascism. Fascism had existed in Italy since 1922. In the weeks following the murder of Matteotti in 1924, while most of the foreign embassies were conducting a social boycott against Il Duce, Mussolini dined at the Soviet embassy and was photographed under a picture of Lenin. In 1931 German Communists supported the Nazis against the Republicans and Social Democrats in the Prussian elections. While the first batches of Communist prisoners were being beaten in concentration camps in 1933, Russian envoys were concluding diplomatic agreements with the new Nazi rulers. The new international policy or "Line" of 1935 was a reflection of Russia's military situation after Hitler had begun to cast an appraising eye at the Ukraine and of the attempts of the Russian Foreign Office to woo Great Britain and France (up to then the most "dangerous" villains of the whole imperialist set-up) into a defensive alliance. (It should be noted that in the more recent Demonstration Trials, staged after England's rapprochement with Germany and Italy, the defendants' "confessions" have involved England as well as Germany and Japan in plots to overthrow the Soviets.) After the conclusion of the Franco-Soviet Pact, French Communists became converted to bigger armaments for *La Patrie.*

But not even its best friends or most caustic critics guessed how far the new turn was going to take the Communist parties of the world. By 1938 American Communists had become "progressives"—with totalitarian loyalties. While the Party wooed the liberals, the pacifists, the Townsendites, Father Divine, Park Avenue, and the Roman Catholic Church, members of the Young Pioneers and Young Communist League were ordered into the Sunday schools, the Christian Endeavor Societies and the Y's; their mothers and aunts into the various women's clubs. Dozens of new groups appeared for the purpose of organizing any stray ideologies. Young Communists in California became "Young Forty-Niners." In the *New Masses* Michael Gold discovered that "Daniel Boone belongs to us!" The Hammer and Sickle were removed from the mast-heads of the Party press and these organs became the People's Champions of Liberty, Peace, Prosperity, and Progress—as who isn't? The idea of a Labor Party, which had been sheer counter-revolution, became the burden of insistent demand wherever a Communist could get the floor—including lectures on the New Theater; but by 1937 this slogan was considered too radical and was supplanted by the call for a People's Front, to include everyone except the very essential bugaboo of Hearst-and-the-Liberty-League. In the meanwhile Roosevelt's candidacy had narrowly escaped an official endorsement in 1936. (The development of Communist slogans abroad points to an even more "inclusive" program here. In France a call was sounded for a national front or *Front Français,* to which even French fascists were invited for a defense of the Franco-Soviet Pact. In the same spirit at least, Italian fascists were offered a united front "on the basis of the 1919 fascist program"—that masterpiece of radical-national demagogy from which Huey Long may have learned a few lessons.) In the process of achieving a *Front Américain* in preparation for a Far Eastern conflict the DuPonts and fifty-nine other families will be embraced in due time. The *Daily Worker,* like Messrs. Landon, Knox, and Stimson, has called for national unity in our national emergency.

As the liquidation of Communism throughout the world accompanied the consolidation of Stalin's personal dictatorship, many observers expected signs of internal revolt in the American Party and among its numerous fellow-travelers who had come to Communism in the early Left Migration of 1932. They failed to

reckon with the fact that Russia, rather than Communism, has long since become the religious faith of the international Communist movement and its conscious periphery. The psychological climate of both is a reflection of that cult of the Beloved Leader which so revolted André Gide on his journey through the U.S.S.R. This cult has its national manifestations as the glory that is Stalin's overflows upon his regents abroad. Thus, Mr. Browder, who was once merely the Party secretary, has become the Beloved Leader in the U.S.A.

A good many members have dropped out in resentment or bewilderment. A few minor spokesmen have publicly renounced their membership and, like the few fellow-travelers who have questioned the Russian purges, have thereby subjected themselves to that species of organized calumny which makes a voluntary and open break with the Party an act of supreme moral courage. (This species of terrorism was developed but not invented by Stalin. It is one of Bolshevism's unique contributions to Marxism.) But the numerical loss in both cases has been more than compensated for by a flood of dentists, doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers, college instructors, social workers, and divinity students who have moved in from the League Against War and Fascism (now the League for Peace and Democracy) and other peripheral groups. The old-time discipline and compulsory activity have been relaxed for these recruits and training in "fundamentals" has given way to absorption of the new slogans. For every creative and critical spirit lost to the "cultural front" there have been added hundreds of young literary men and women on-the-make who, appraising correctly the Party's influence from Manhattan to Hollywood, are ready to flavor their creations with the required *soupçon* of "social consciousness" and make a bow in the direction of the Party Line.

In the Party's intellectual periphery of 1932 there were a number of recruits who actually "came to Communism" and who undertook a more or less serious study of its philosophy. (Most of these have long since broken with the Party.) In those days too the Party's "cultural line" involved certain intellectual difficulties. "Proletarian Culture," as interpreted by the cultural high priests of the Kremlin, was dominated by the theory of dialectical materialism, and the writers, painters, dancers, and musicians who attempted to create "dialectically" courted neurasthenia. To-day no such intellectual difficulties are involved, and most of the "proletcult" groups organized at that time have been liquidated in favor of an all-inclusive set-up more in harmony with the Party's new political Line—such as Leagues of American Writers and Artists. All that is necessary for enrollment is to come out boldly in favor of progress without asking where or how. Hardly this, in fact. One Writers' Congress—the yearly conventions of the Writers and Artists Leagues—extended invitations to "pulp" writers and heart-throb novelists who have never committed themselves on this burning issue. Such tolerance does not apply, however, to radical or liberal dissidents—no matter how brilliant their reputations—who have publicly expressed a criticism of the Party Line. Even the long-faithful Waldo Frank, so long a star in the Party's cultural firmament, was excluded from the last All-American Writers' Congress because he had asked a few embarrassing questions about the Moscow trials. He was replaced by a galaxy of high-priced script writers from Hollywood whose brief sociological education has been more carefully supervised.

IV

But, the reader may ask, how can the Communist Party control a collection of amorphous groups on the cultural, political, and other "fronts," many of whose members are not sympathetic to Communism; and of what use are they to the Party? An explanation of the technic involved requires a definition of certain terms common to the general Leftist

vocabulary. I have already explained that the term "fellow-traveler" implies a Communist sympathizer who accepts the Party Line but who for various reasons does not actually join the Party. His status as a "fellow-traveler" may be avowed or secret. When he functions consciously in behalf of the Party aims, as an individual or a member of some organization, he is known to other radicals as a Party "stooge." The Party's peripheral organizations are made up for the most part of "innocents"—usually liberal innocents—and are run by a combination of Party members and stooges. The real innocent—as opposed to the stooge—has no idea that he is being manipulated in the Party's behalf or that the Party controls the organization of which he is a member. The heart of the peripheral organizations (which used to be called "Innocents' Clubs") is the Party "fraction." A fraction is that tightly organized, highly disciplined group of Party members, secret or otherwise, in any organization, including the trade unions, which takes its orders directly from the Party and which puts over the Party Line on the general membership. This is the four-inch tail which wags the ninety-six-inch dog. Anyone who has watched a Party fraction in operation in a trade union or convention will understand how a small disciplined group can out-maneuver an unorganized and even antagonistic majority many times its own size. (In organizations containing a certain percentage of non-Communist radicals who know how to organize a counter-fraction, the Party has harder sledding.)

The issue to-day, however, is not one of lining up organizations in behalf of *Communism*, but of securing the broadest possible backing, moral and financial, for certain specific policies and ends, of cultivating the friendship and influencing the opinions of strategically important groups and individuals. The old knock-down and drag-out struggles for control have given way, wherever possible, to quiet and persistent permeation and the courtship of the right people. In other respects the technic has not changed. One may join one of the numerous "innocents' clubs" in order to defend certain political prisoners and thereupon find oneself defending the Russian purges—just as one may join an organization for the praiseworthy purpose of befriending China and find oneself involved in interventionist propaganda.

Occasionally an experienced observer will feel that he has perhaps grown cynical and will decide to take one more chance. When I was invited to join the Sponsoring Committee of one of the Writers' Congresses—at the insistence of certain "innocents"—I accepted and attended just one Committee meeting at which the program was arranged. The Party fraction present, which included a visiting editor of *The New Masses,* nominated for the keynote speakers of this literary event Mayor Dore of Seattle (now called a fascist in Party circles) and the secretary of a local bakery union. The two men were then being groomed for the Party's political endorsement. The nominations carried. It was after both Leon Blum and Herbert Hoover had been suggested as honorary members that my nerves gave way and I nominated Colette and Leon Trotsky. The fellow-travelers have never recovered from the shock.

The Party's success in permeating liberal organizations and organs and the extension of its far-flung periphery have been dependent upon the existence of those prominent "stooges" who are unofficially committed to the Party Line but who indignantly deny it on all occasions. If they did not deny it their usefulness would be limited. The sponsorship of the Party's organizational projects by these well-known names (a process known as window-dressing) reassures and wins the support of a larger group of famous or respected "innocents"; and the combination of all these names on the peripheral letterheads is sufficient to guarantee the enrollment of a large non-Party rank and file. (For years Mr. Browder's name also appeared on the letterhead of

the League Against War and Fascism, which claims to represent four million members, but the Party has now found it possible to withdraw from the League officially and let the fellow-travelers carry on.)

This system of mass organizations—Leagues, Committees, Friends of This and That—controlled or influenced by an interlocking directorate of Party members and sympathizers and augmented by the thousands of unorganized individuals under the influence of the Party's official or semi-official press, constitutes a powerful pressure group on almost every front. It can and has affected congressmen and newspaper publishers. A direct mail campaign, judiciously organized, can keep the editors of a liberal journal on the jump. (Even a book review uncomplimentary to Stalin can serve as the impetus for such a campaign where the fellow-travelers are sufficiently charming or persuasive.) On the passive side it provides enormous audiences for the lectures of celebrated fellow-travelers, domestic and European, who undeviatingly present these audiences with the Party Line on their particular specialty, and a still wider reading public for the books recommended by the Party's numerous critical and journalistic friends. On the negative side it enables the Party to establish boycotts and blast the reputations of critical labor leaders, speakers, writers, over a wide area. As Eugene Lyons has pointed out in his *Assignment in Utopia*, in such efforts no tales are too fantastic to be circulated.

There is nothing new in all this. Other groups, civil and religious, have organized similar kinds of pressure. Where the Party excels them all is in the influence it exerts upon *vanguard* opinion through its various professional and literary friends. When Mr. Broun, for example, beats the drum for Mr. Browder in his column and pours scorn upon all critics of the Party Line he converts no one to Communism, but he does help to create certain prejudices and attitudes. A strategic section of popular opinion on controversial subjects, both national and international, has been molded by fellow-traveling contributors to the liberal journals—free-lance journalists, labor reporters, foreign correspondents, book reviewers. Since the new Turn has attracted the most politically illiterate of writers, the Party Line has been carried even into the very slickest journals. Several months ago, a sketch involving the Spanish civil war which appeared in a sophisticated weekly was so cleverly contrived as to make the initials POUM (Workers Party of Marxist Unity) seem synonymous with "Fascist." The leader of this particular group was taken from prison and murdered by followers of the Party Line in Madrid.

It is difficult to separate the influence which the American Communist Party wields directly from the power and prestige which flows from Russia and which has always shed a beneficent glow upon the American organization. The Party in the United States is the American wing of an organization which controls the resources of the Russian nation, and in general, the various agencies and individuals engaged in cultivating American good will toward the Soviets have contributed to breaking down the social barriers between the Party here and its most fertile fields of influence. This would be inevitable even if it were not intentional. When the Russian-American Institute sponsors the lectures of Anna Louise Strong, Miss Strong delivers the Party Line on peace and other subjects. It is often at the cocktail parties and receptions of the semi-official hosts and hostesses that the cultural and intellectual spokesmen of the Party Line make their first contacts with celebrities, politicians, publicists, and wealthy patrons.

The growth of social consciousness in Hollywood was described some months ago in the *New Republic* by the widow of the late Lincoln Steffens, though the treatment of the subject was anything but full. It is an awakening which, on the labor front at least, deserves to be hailed by every liberal, leftist, or simple humani-

tarian. The manner in which that awakening has been circumscribed, directed, and milked on other fronts is another matter. With the mass migration of the leftward playwrights and novelists to Hollywood and the establishment of a Party fraction in the film colony (with its own special "whips" sent out from New York to hand down the cultural line) every member of the cinema colony with the faintest glimmer of social interest or anti-fascist sentiment in his make-up was completely surrounded by Party members and fellow-travelers in order that his expanding rebelliousness, liberalism, or humanitarianism—and most of all his generosity—should be canalized into the proper channels. All of this had nothing whatever to do with Communism *per se*. A select few in that fabulous world may have imagined that they were flirting with Communism and were titillated at the notion of entertaining longshoremen in their fabulous drawing-rooms. Most of them had no notion of what it was all about and were content to let the fellow-travelers do their political thinking for them.

In the beginning of the Hollywood conquest the main point of contact lay in the *New Theatre Magazine*. It later expanded into another field and here its developments have been colossal. The enormous and perfectly natural growth of anti-Nazi sentiment, even in the highest administrative circles of the film colony, has provided a thoroughly respectable field of contact with every part of the movie as well as of the general liberal world. To the extent that this contact has been directed toward creating sympathy with and raising funds for the Spanish anti-fascists it is certainly all to the good. Every dollar taken from a movie salary to feed Spanish babies should be greeted by loud huzzas. But the Party's permeation in Hollywood has also been accompanied by the promulgation of the Party Line on the Spanish and practically every other situation, and the creation of official Party attitudes in well-meaning, politically uneducated, but, nevertheless, influential circles. Practically all that Hollywood knows about international affairs it has learned from the fellow-travelers and it is ready to hiss, applaud, or contribute at their direction. For example, when the issue of an open hearing of the charges against Leon Trotsky was being agitated the fellow-travelers in the film colony were able to secure the signatures of some of the leading writers, directors, and gag men in Hollywood to an appeal calling upon the "liberal" intellectuals of the United States to refuse to have anything to do with this project. Practically every one of these high-priced artists was a member of the Anti-Nazi League, ostensibly dedicated to the fight against political and racial persecution. Possibly a few of the famous liberals in other fields who also signed this appeal had carefully studied all the evidence then available and the ideological background of the case and had honestly reached the conclusion on this evidence that Trotsky was guilty. I would stake my life on the proposition that no such study was undertaken by the Hollywood "artists."

Just as reactionaries once augmented the prestige of official Communism by denouncing every liberal as a "Communist," so have the official Communists augmented the prestige of the Trotskyists by denouncing all critics as Trotskyist. Before the Moscow trials had elevated the Stalin-Trotsky controversy into a burning issue, the American Trotskyists had constituted a small sect torn by internal dissension. They had just entered the Socialist Party—from which they have since been ousted for reasons which have nothing to do with the Stalin-Trotsky controversy. The persecution of Trotskyists at the hands of the Stalinists naturally lined up in their behalf thousands of people who have no sympathy whatever with Trotsky's theories and who in former years have defended all types of Communists.

The Trotskyists as an organized group have been able to capitalize to a very limited extent upon the general revulsion against the Moscow purges and the re-

cent Communist Line, especially on war. That they have not been able to capitalize to a far greater extent is due to the fact that these developments have set in motion among the more thoughtful radicals and their friends a re-examination and revaluation of the whole Bolshevik system and experience—Leninist, Trotskyist, Stalinist. The emotional glow which has surrounded this system ever since the 1917 Revolution is beginning to fade; and instead of accepting it as the last word in revolutionary ideology and strategy, many of the revolutionary intellectuals are beginning to sift its values. They find it possible to acknowledge the political genius of Lenin, the ability and brilliance of Trotsky, while recognizing fully that the system they founded carried within itself all the seeds of what has since come to be known as "Stalinism." This of course is rank heresy to the Trotskyists, who seem determined to learn nothing from history—even their own. Their most vital concern is to prove that they are better Leninists than the Stalinists. This is no trick at all; but to an increasing number of radicals the answer is: "So what?"

There is an increasing suspicion founded upon sound Marxist theory that the dictatorship of a Party over the proletariat—a thoroughly Leninist creation—must inevitably result in the dictatorship of the most ruthless individual in that Party—especially when it is accompanied by a thoroughly machiavellian concept of political strategy. The Bolshevik state is not "withering away." It is consolidating its power. Some of these radicals cannot forget that the massacre of the Kronstadt sailors ("the flower of the Revolution") took place in 1921, when they demanded return of power from the Party Central Committee to the Soviets in whose name it had been seized. Both Stalinists and Trotskyists are still defending that particular purge. The latest Moscow trials are directed not only against the Trotskyist, or Left Opposition, but mainly against the Bukharin or Right Opposition. Persecution in Russia has transcended all ideological grounds and is directed toward the maintenance of bureaucratic power, not the triumph of a theory. In the face of this situation the involved arguments about "what Lenin said" seem a little irrelevant.

This attempt at revaluation, this intellectual effort to sift the seed from the chaff, like that which followed the defeat of traditional Social Democracy in Germany and Austria, is bearing fruit throughout the ranks of the Socialist movement to-day. That movement is in a state of flux and its progress depends upon its realism at this particular juncture in history. So far the best elements in it have failed to follow the Stalinist stampede to the Right or the Trotskyist retreat into chemically pure isolation on the Left. Their effort to think through the problems posed by history and by the present Russian situation is the healthiest development in the international labor movement.

PARTITION IN PALESTINE?

BY JOHN GUNTHER

EIGHT years ago I wrote an article for HARPER'S MAGAZINE about Palestine in which I blundered in judgment several times but which contained, it now turns out, one accurate prophecy. I said that Zionism in Palestine rested for survival on British bayonets. It still does.

But what a change since 1930! In those days there was a fairly widespread belief among the British that the Arabs, even though they had risen against the Jews savagely in 1929, were by and large the injured party. *Vide* the report of the Shaw Commission in 1930 that measures must be taken to protect the non-Jewish inhabitants of Palestine, to say nothing of the Passfield White Paper in which Zionism almost evaporated. Nowadays there would be few Englishmen who would accept these views. The Arabs, intractable and intransigeant, have twice risen since 1929, and on both occasions they fought, not just the Jews, but the government of Palestine, *viz.* Great Britain. The report of the new Royal Commission, headed by Lord Peel, in July, 1937, does not waste much ink on the feelings of the Arabs. The report, a masterly document, a classic of professional and irreproachably neutral inquiry, gives succor to the Jewish case and, by and large, favors the Jewish side.

The Peel report, as everyone knows, finds the Palestine mandate unworkable in its present form and proposes the drastic surgical remedy of Partition. This word has unpleasant connotations; it has been little used in political language since the death of Poland. (But the French partitioned Syria a few years ago, without much outcry.) No one in this day of exacerbated nationalism, of the fragmentation of Europe that occurred after the War, can lightly envisage the creation of new states, new railway systems, new tariff barriers, new telegraph administrations, new frontiers. And in Palestine, a country as small as Wales or New Jersey! The Peel committee could have come to its surgical conclusion only after profound and disturbing searchings. It did reach this conclusion. The Partition phase in Palestine history has begun.

Let us explore. Why is Partition, if not a solution, the best amelioration in sight? What reaction did it inspire in Jews and Arabs? How, if it works, will it work?

II

The basic facts of the Palestine deadlock are known to almost everyone. Very briefly we may recapitulate them.

During the War the Allied Powers, especially Great Britain, were anxious to gain favor with Arabs and Jews alike, largely for military reasons. Britain wanted to strike at Turkey from behind, and it was essential to have a neutral or friendly Arab hinterland. Jewish opinion, especially in the United States, was of great importance to the successful prosecution of the War. Not just the United States. When the Balfour Declaration was issued, thousands of copies were smuggled into enemy countries, so that Jewish populations in Germany and Eastern Europe might see the Allies as

their savior. As a result Britain played a seemingly double policy: it gave promises to the Jews and also promises to the Arabs, which turned out to be mutually contradictory.

The "pledge" to the Arabs is, however, not very substantial. It rests on a correspondence between Sir Henry MacMahon, the High Commissioner in Cairo, and the Sherif of Mecca, who later became King Hussein. The Arabs consider that British promises to recognize an independent Arab state in the regions of the old Turkish empire did include Palestine; the British say that they did not. This was in 1915, in the unpredictable period of the War, when almost anybody was apt to make almost any kind of "promise" in order to advance military or imperialist ambitions. Almost anybody's territory was chopped up—on paper.

The pledge to the Jews is of course the Balfour Declaration, issued by the British government to the Zionist organization in 1917. It reads: "His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish People, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

This statement fathered modern political Zionism. For twenty-one years it has been interpreted one way or other by various British governments. In 1922 Mr. Winston Churchill attempted to boil it down to more concrete phraseology in a White Paper which stated that Jews were to live in Palestine as of right, and not on sufferance, but that there should be no attempt to create an entirely Jewish state in Palestine. In other words, the National Home for the Jewish People was to be a sort of island in a largely Arab-populated state. Great Britain as the mandatory power was in charge of administration, empowered to inflict legislation on Jews and Arabs alike. So the experiment began.

Jewish brains, Jewish capital, Jewish immigrants—and finally Jewish blood—began to irrigate the arid little country. But the Jews insist that they did not remove any rights from the Arabs, nor were they "taking" any land. They bought the land they settled on, at good prices, and even through the disturbances the Arabs were willing enough to sell. They did not dispossess any but an infinitesimal number of Arabs; at the beginning at least they scrupulously respected Arab religious and racial customs, and they did not "take" nearly as much of Palestine as is generally assumed. At present the Jews own about 300,000 acres of cultivable land, out of a total cultivable area estimated at 2,750,000 acres.

But the Arabs were alarmed. Riots occurred as early as 1920 and 1921. What alarmed them most was *realization of their own economic, political, and cultural inferiority.* Backward, nomadic, with no experience of Western administration (they had been governed for centuries by Turks), largely illiterate, they were no match for the educated and hustling Jews. Jewish immigration advanced copiously. The Jews built a great university near the Mount of Olives. They created the only exclusively Jewish municipality in the world at Tel Aviv. They built hospitals, welfare stations, laboratories for scientific research into agriculture. They brought, in fact, the modern world to Palestine.

Immigration figures tell the story of rising Jewish strength and consequent Arab alarm:

Year	*Recorded Immigration of Jews*
1920	5,514
1921	9,149
1922	7,844
1923	7,421
1924	12,856
1925	33,801
1926	13,081
1927	2,713
1928	2,178
1929	5,249

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1930	4,944
1931	4,075
1932	9,553
1933	30,327
1934	42,359
1935	61,854
1936	29,727

(Figures from Report of Palestine Royal Commission, July 1937, Cmd. 5479.)

In 1922 the total population of Palestine was about 750,000; it included 589,177 Moslems, 71,464 Christians, and 83,790 Jews. (Many Jews had settled in Palestine long before the War and the Balfour Declaration.) Many of the Christians are of course Arab by race. Lumping Moslems and Christians together, we find that in 1922 the Jews were roughly 11 per cent of the total population. In 1936 the population of Palestine was 1,336,518, of whom 848,342 were Moslems, 106,474 Christians, and 370,483 Jews. The Moslems, one sees, increase very rapidly too. But the proportion of Jews to the total population in 1936 rose to roughly 28 per cent.

The Arabs began to organize. A youthful leader, Haj Amin El Husseini, who had once been sentenced for incitement against British rule, combined in his person the posts of president of the Supreme Moslem Council (an organization founded by the British in 1921 to give the Arabs focus for organization) and Mufti of Jerusalem. He is usually called the "Grand" Mufti, but pedantically speaking, there is no such title. Both jobs Haj Amin held for life. He became the spearhead of the Arab nationalist movement. There were riots in 1928 and a serious outbreak in 1929; disturbances came again in 1933 and restlessness continued in 1935; in April, 1936 the whole angry situation exploded into civil war.

It was a real civil war, though one of the oddest of modern times. Disorder began when a Jewish party was ambushed near Nablus and a Jewish immigrant killed. There were riots at his funeral, and agitation spread. The Arab parties coalesced under the Mufti to form a Higher Arab Committee, which declared a general strike; for six months this turned the country upside down. Imported guerrilla chieftains from Transjordan and Iraq did most of the Arab fighting. In the end the British had to pour almost thirty thousand troops into the country. Through it all, however, the Mufti himself, living in Jerusalem, was not arrested because the British High Commissioner still believed that a policy of "appeasement" and reconciliation would win the day.

The fighting was mopped up late in 1936; the general strike fizzled out; and the Royal Commission came to Palestine.

III

The attitude of the Jews to its main conclusion, that the mandate was unworkable and that Palestine should be partitioned, was, at first, bitter. "Barbarous vivisection," said the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire. "An end of the great dream of a Jewish nation," complained Mr. Ussishkin of the Jewish National Fund. "A Palestine state without Jerusalem is a mockery," cried the *Palestine Post,* organ of the responsible Zionists. People said that a "new Jewish pale" was created actually in the national home. It was "Zionism without Zion."

Then leading Jews began to come round to sympathy with the idea when they explored its ramifications and discovered—a most important point—that the Arabs opposed it more vehemently than they did. Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the President of the World Zionist organization, and beyond dispute, the most important Jew in the political sphere in the world to-day, lent his formidable prestige and influence to support of the project. A stormy meeting of the Jewish Agency in Zurich, while reserving final judgment, opened the way to negotiation.

Few Jews, it may be said, liked Partition for its own sake, but they preferred it to intolerable unsettlement and tension.

Jewish grievances from 1919 to 1936 may be summarized as follows, to para-

phrase the words of the Royal Commission:

1. Obstruction in the establishment of the National Home owing to dilatory action by officials.

2. "Pro-Arab" proclivities by officials and their failure to carry out the Mandate.

3. Great delay in the decision of civil suits and inefficiency of criminal procedure. (For instance, 80 Jews were murdered in 1936 but no capital sentence against an Arab was carried out.)

4. Toleration by the Government (for a long time) of subversive activities, especially those of the Mufti of Jerusalem.

5. Failure to introduce a land system appropriate to the needs of the country.

6. Reluctance to facilitate immigration, and uncontrolled illegal Arab immigration.

7. Restriction of progress of Jewish municipalities by government regulations.

8. Failure of the British to ensure public security.

Now, only brief reflection is necessary to see that in an independent or quasi-independent Jewish state most of these grievances would tend to be ameliorated. If the state should work successfully they would tend actually to disappear. Thus the body of moderate Jewish opinion came to favor Partition.

The Jewish "case" in Palestine, strongly underlined by the Royal Commission, is in essence simple. The Jews, a people without a homeland, have an inescapable moral, historical, and political right to one, and Palestine is the only one possible. They have as much "right" to Palestine as the Arabs; they mean no harm to Arabs, who have millions of square miles to live in if they find proximity to Jews uncomfortable. No Arabs have been asked to leave Palestine. Jewish "occupation" of Palestine has indeed greatly benefited the Arab community. The standard of living of the Arabs has been raised, the Arabs have better schools and better markets; the country is being westernized, modernized, by Jewish brains and labor, and the Arabs stand to gain from progress as well as the Jews.

But the Arabs refused co-operation. In the words of the Royal Commission, "Not once since 1919 has any Arab leader said that co-operation with the Jews was even possible." (On the other hand, let it be repeated that all through the disturbances Arab landowners made money by freely selling Jews their land.) A modicum of hate, however, accompanied these transactions; money counts, but blood counts too. "*The* underlying cause (of the unrest)," a Jewish witness told the Commission, "is that we exist."

Refusal of co-operation became mutiny and insurrection. In June, 1936, while the Arab strike was going on, a memorandum signed actually by 137 Arab officials in the Palestine government, some of them senior members of the administration, pleaded with the High Commissioner to stop Jewish immigration. It stated that the Arab population had been driven to a state "bordering on despair" and that this was caused by the extent to which the British government has given way to "Zionist pressure." This memorandum was a serious thing because it indicated to the Jews that even senior members of government could not be counted on to be neutral.

Two questions put to the Mufti by the Royal Commission (the Arabs boycotted the Commission till the last possible moment and then gave evidence briefly) are of interest:

Q. Does Your Eminence think that this country can assimilate and digest the 400,000 Jews now in the country?

A. No.

Q. Some of them would have to be removed by a process kindly or painful as the case may be?

A. We must leave all this to the future.

Here was a new note of menace; not content with opposition to Jewish immigration, the Mufti was, in a guarded manner, indicating that Jews might in the "future" be expelled from the country if his party had its way.

Non-co-operation, riots reaching civil war, threat of sabotage by the govern-

ment and implacable opposition by the Arabs into the nethermost future—plus the concrete advantages of Partition as explained above—these items have led the great majority of Jews in Palestine to accept Partition at least in principle.

There are of course Jews who oppose Partition. They range from the Brown-Shirted "Revisionist" extremists of Mr. Jabotinsky, who is exiled from Palestine and who wants to drive all the Arabs into the sea or something worse, to intellectuals like Dr. Judah Megnes, the Chancellor of the Hebrew University, who thinks that a policy of "patience, persuasion, and conciliation" may still win the Arabs over, so that the Mufti and Dr. Weizmann may sit down as the lion and the lamb in a "bi-national state." Other opponents of Partition favor the interesting intermediate scheme of "cantonization," of which more may be heard in future.

But the great bulk of the Zionists in Palestine, for better or worse, have become Partitionists. The "irresistible lure of sovereignty" has won them. They want their own state no matter how small.

IV

Whereas the basic grievances of the Jews were in a sense mollified by the partition scheme, those of the Arabs were made more intense. This, in a nutshell, is the reason for renewed Arab clamor.

The main Arab grievances, as outlined by the Royal Commission, are as follows:

1. Failure to develop self-governing institutions (*i.e.* Palestine has no parliament, prime minister, or the other paraphernalia of democracy, partly because the Jews fear what would be Arab numerical superiority in the legislature).
2. Acquisition of land by Jews. (But the Arabs sold it to them.)
3. Jewish immigration.
4. The use of Hebrew and English as official languages.
5. Employment of British and Jewish officers, and exclusion of Arabs from the higher posts.
6. Creation of a large class of landless Arabs, and the refusal of Jews to employ Arab laborers. (No wonder! Arab laborers haven't proved exactly trustworthy.)
7. Inadequate funds for Arab education.

The Report says, "Whilst we believe that these grievances are sincerely felt, we are of the opinion that most of them cannot be regarded as legitimate under the terms of the mandate and we are therefore not called upon to make recommendations upon them."

Above and beyond the specific grievances is the major tenet of the Arabs, that Palestine is *their* country, and that the Jews are "taking it away." In the words of the Royal Commission:

> The underlying causes of the disturbances, or (as we regard it) the rebellion of 1936 are, first, the desire of the Arabs for national independence; secondly, their antagonism to the establishment of the Jewish National Home in Palestine, quickened by their fear of Jewish immigration. Among contributory causes were the effect on Arab opinion of the attainment of national independence by Iraq, Transjordan, Egypt, Syria, and the Lebanon; the rush of Jewish immigrants escaping from Central Europe . . . ; the intensive character and the "modernism" of Jewish nationalism; and lastly the general uncertainty, accentuated by the ambiguity of certain phrases in the Mandate, as to the ultimate intentions of the Mandatory Power.

As to the Arab assertion that Palestine is exclusively their country, the Jews reply that they have the "right of prior occupation and historical connection." The Jews conquered Palestine in about 1200 B.C., and held it for thirteen centuries. Some Jews have been uninterruptedly in Nablus from 722 B.C. until to-day. The Arabs held the country from 637 A.D., when the Omayyad Caliphs began to rule in Damascus, until it was seized by the Ottoman Turks in 1516 A.D., who, with their descendants (and Turks are not Arabs, either linguistically or racially), held it till the Great War.

Palestine means more than race or language to the Arabs; it means religion.

Jerusalem is not less holy to Christians and Jews than to Moslem Arabs. For in Jerusalem is the sacred group of edifices known as the Haram-esh-Sharif, which contains the Dome of the Rock and the Mosque of Aqsa. Here the winged horse of Mohammed was tethered before the flight to heaven; it is, after Mecca and Medina, the holiest shrine in Islam. But part of this area is sacred to Jews too, for it contains the Wailing Wall, which marks the site of Solomon's Temple. (Effort by youthful Jews to extend their rights of worship at the Wailing Wall was a contributing factor of the 1929 disturbances.)

During 1937 the Arab attitude hardened. The Arabs said that they must have complete independence and that they refused to recognize, not only the Balfour Declaration, but the Mandate itself; *i.e.* they became not only anti-Jew, but anti-British. Tension crackled. Sporadic disorder began again, and for a time the authorities feared another civil war. On July 17th, their patience worn, the British set out to arrest the Mufti. He escaped into the Temple Area. On September 26th one of the ablest British officers in the country, L. Y. Andrews, was shot by Arab terrorists in Galilee. The Arab Higher Committee was declared unlawful, and four of its members were arrested and deported to the Seychelles. On October 1st the Mufti was deprived of his office of president of the Supreme Moslem Council. Terrorism spread all over the country.

On October 16th the Mufti fled. It is a curious little story. So long as he hid in the Temple Area he was safe because the British did not care to send troops into so holy a Moslem sanctuary. But inside the Temple, a priest in a cage, he was helpless; he could do no work; he could not direct activity. In disguise he slipped out of the Temple and fled to Syria. Ever since he has been an exile there. Arab opinion was, in general, outraged that the Arab hero should so ignominiously flee. Perhaps it was a sensible thing to do, but he has been so isolated in Syria that cynics have not been wanting to allege that the British, calculating that exile would hurt him, winked at his escape.

Not all the Arab community obeys the Mufti. In June the moderate Arab party, the followers of the former mayor of Jerusalem, Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, seceded from the Arab Higher Committee. They still hated the Zionists, but they did not wish to associate themselves with a policy of terrorism. Many moderate Arabs resented the terrorist campaign. They knew it was impoverishing the Arab community, and in the long run, hurting their cause.

Not many Arabs can be found to say a good word for Partition, even if they resent the Mufti. This is perhaps shortsighted of them. For, surely, just as Partition furthers the establishment of an autonomous Jewish state, it makes a viable Arab state possible too. Under present circumstances the Arabs can hardly hope for complete rule over Palestine. Their national ambitions are unavoidably thwarted so long as they share Palestine with the Jews. But a new state, even if smaller, would be exclusively Arab; it could take proper place in the exclusively Arab community of nations; it could, like Iraq, reach nationhood of its own.

V

Partition, as envisaged, means the setting up of three separate autonomous or "national" regimes in Palestine, because, in the words of the Report, the British "cannot—in Palestine as it is now—both concede the Arab claim to self-government and secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home." The plan must fulfill three objects: (1) It must be practicable, (2) it must conform to British obligations and protect British interests, (3) it must do justice to both Jews and Arabs.

The Jewish state under the Partition plan takes in the whole north of Palestine, from the sea to the Syrian and Transjordan borders, thus including Safad,

Tiberias, and Nazareth; it follows the coast in a narrow strip to a point about fifteen miles south of Jaffa. The whole area is roughly one-fifth of Palestine. It includes most of the existing old-Jewish and Zionist colonies. The population will be roughly 700,000, including practically all the Jews in the country except the 75,000 in Jerusalem, some 325,000 Arabs, and a scattering of others. Thus the Jews will number about 325,000 in the new Jewish state, approximately the same number as the Arabs.

The Arab state includes all the rest of the country except the British enclave or corridor. The Jordan will bound it below Beisan on the east, and the sea below a point fifteen miles south of Jaffa. In addition, Jaffa will be an Arab port. The population of the Arab state will be roughly 475,000, of which number fewer than 1,000 will be Jews.

The British state is a wedge of territory running from the sea at Jaffa to include the airports at Lydda and Ramleh and ending just beyond the Jerusalem-Bethlehem area. It includes Jerusalem with its 75,000 Jews. It includes also some 100,000 Arabs. The British intend likewise to keep some sort of control of Haifa, the port in the north, at least temporarily (Haifa, be it remembered, is the port where the oil pipe line from Iraq reaches the sea), and at Aqaba, the port on the Red Sea near the domains of Ibn Saud of Arabia.

As to criticisms in detail. The Jews above all say that they want new Jerusalem, which they have largely built since 1919; they would also like their coastal strip extended to Gaza. Jerusalem, they insist, could be a "detached" part of their state, as Jaffa is to be of the Arab state. They also, but perhaps not quite seriously, lay claim to the region known as the Negev, the region below Beersheba largely populated by Bedouins. Jewish colonies in the Jordan area, just above the Dead Sea, are included in the Arab state; the Jews want provision for their repatriation. No line of course could possibly have been drawn which does not leave some Arabs on the Jewish side, or vice versa. And lastly, the Jews object to paying the annual subvention suggested by the Report from the Jewish state to the Arab state, especially as the Report recommends that the British treasury start the Arab state off with a grant of £2,000,000.

Some Jews are also worried about security. They point out that the Jewish and Arab populations in the new Jewish state will be almost precisely equal. Other Jews profess not to have this anxiety, because (a) their own defense force, numbering perhaps 40,000 young men, is strong, (b) their number will rise by immigration, (c) the British will, during a provisional interlude at any rate, be responsible for the security of all three states. There is no place in Palestine, so small is the country, that an R.A.F. plane cannot reach from Ramleh in twenty minutes.

Arab criticisms in detail are as follows: (1) The Jewish state includes almost all the most fertile land. (2) Exchange of populations envisaged by the Report is not practicable; it would result in an "unthinkable uprooting"; 325,000 Arabs are left in perpetuity to the "mercy" of the Jews. (3) Jaffa, the only Arab port of consequence, is too near Tel Aviv to be safe. (4) The Negev is impossible as a region for resettlement or cultivation. (5) The report suggests that Jewish immigration, during a transition period, should be limited to 12,000 Jews per year; this is too many; rather should immigration be completely stopped.

The Jews, with cautious alacrity, the Arabs with disappointed and surly reluctance, are beginning to talk of the problems Partition will present, problems of internal organization that is to say, quite aside from the problem of inter-state relations or putative conflict.

The Jews, it seems, have settled on the blue-and-white Zionist flag as their flag, on Tel Aviv as their capital, and on Dr. Chaim Weizmann as their first president. Such forecasts are, it goes without saying, premature; it may be years before the new

state functions. It will be called, all the Jews say, *Eretz Israel,* Land of Israel. One thing is certain—when the new state comes into being it will be very powerfully a labor state. The labor party in Palestine, backed by the powerful *Histadruth,* a sort of super trade union, dominates local politics almost without question.

A general supposition is that the Arab state will eventually be united with Transjordan, with which it has a common frontier from top to bottom. Transjordan, originally part of the British mandate for Palestine, has been separately administered for over a decade; it is ruled theoretically by the Emir Abdullah, son of Old King Hussein, with the assistance of a British adviser and an embryo parliament. Transjordan has always been the most tranquil of Arab countries. Joined to the Arab part of Palestine, it may serve to dilute Arab intransigeance. Though he might have been expected to lend support to the Palestinian Arabs, Abdullah has been quiet as a mouse; the inference is that he won't mind the extension of his territory envisaged by Partition if Partition becomes a fact. Presumably he will be king of a new nation; a name suggested for the kingdom is "Jordania."

"Palestine" is to remain the name of the British corridor in Palestine. The British insist on that. The ostensible reason for the British corridor is of course protection of the Holy Places; the real reason is that British interests must be maintained in this highly strategic area, which dominates the Suez Canal, the air route to Bagdad and India, and the Mosul pipe line. One odd point emerges. A "mandate," by definition, is of necessity temporary; it is a scheme for training undeveloped peoples for the responsibilities of government during an elastic period. But the British intend to hold on to their part of Palestine in perpetuity. Thus the old mandate will have to be scrapped and new treaties drawn.

Early in 1938 the Colonial Office in London issued a statement which, at first glance, seems to water down the Partition scheme considerably. It stated that the British Government is not committed to approval of the Royal Commission's report. But no Royal Commission ever binds a government; it acts quite independently, and makes proposals only. At the same time the Colonial Office went on to announce that a technical commission would go to Palestine with full liberty "to suggest modifications" of the Partition boundaries first suggested, and to examine and report on the economic and financial questions involved in Partition; in other words, the technical commission is to investigate railways, currency, postal and telegraph services, ports and customs, and so on, to see how they may be split up. So, while refusing to commit itself to Partition finally, the Colonial Office is exploring technical problems implicit in the Partition scheme. The announcement contains an interesting hint that Partition may take the form of separate mandates.

VI

The rebellion of 1936 produced the Royal Commission; the Report of the Royal Commission helped to produce the terrorism of 1937. The events of 1937 and early 1938 are not insurrection or civil war; they are something more subtle and in a way more difficult to handle—mass terrorism. An army may be met in the field and defeated; terrorism requires different weapons.

The essence of terrorism is that it aims to disorganize the forces of authority by secret and subterranean means. A revolver shot at a lonely policeman, and then the assailant disappearing in a swarm of anonymous Arabs; the ambush of a convoy, and then quick retreat into the dark hills; bombs tossed from windows or doorways in crowded villages, impossible to search. Terrorism produces anger and fraying of nerves; it leads to retaliation; in the long run, it usually defeats itself.

By and large terrorism may be successful so long as the bulk of the people are

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with the terrorists. Therefore the prime problem of government is either to win the people over or to make them more terrified of the authorities than of the terrorists themselves. The terrorists are doomed when they can no longer disappear after an act of terrorism, *i.e.* hide among their own people who will not give them away.

The British have fought terrorism in Palestine with three weapons. First, ordinary police power, plus a form of modified martial law; Arabs caught with weapons are subject to death sentence, and several have been hanged. Second, money. The prime weapon of the authorities is money. The countryside may turn the terrorists out, finally, when the reward is high enough. And the British pay high prices. Once they gave £10,000 to an Egyptian terrorist who turned state's evidence; the reward now outstanding for the capture of the terrorists who shot Andrews is no less than £10,000.

The technic is to get inside the organization. Let some operative meet someone who knows something; then it is a question of time, money, using pressure, and—above all—luck. Sooner or later someone talks.

Third, the British are using dogs. These extraordinary animals are from South Africa, not bloodhounds but a small kind of terrier; they were first used in police work in Kenya and then imported into Palestine. They have to be addressed in a South African dialect; the first ones came to Palestine with South African keepers; now Palestine officers have been sent to South Africa to learn enough of the language to give the dogs commands. There are about a dozen of the dogs in Palestine now, protected by barbed wire and living in bombproof shelters; they are valued at about £1,000 each. Each dog will obey only one man. After a terrorist outrage they are led to the scene, held on thirty-foot leashes; they sniff the footprints and follow the trail.

The terrorists are so well organized that suspicion has been rife that they are in foreign pay. People in Jerusalem told me in December that the terrorists got £5 per month wages, while the police got only £6. Many of the terrorists appear to be *fedais,* or professional murderers formerly hired for blood feuds, who will kill almost anyone anywhere for money; many seem to be, not Palestinian, but Syrian or Iraqui in origin. Italy is the country which has eagerest eyes on Palestine, and which has most to gain if Palestine remains turbulent, and allegations are frequent that the terrorist movement has been organized from Syria with Italian support.

From the international point of view Palestine is, it goes without saying, of the greatest interest. So long as Palestine is upset temptation exists for fishing in the troubled streams. Palestine is not only the focus of British power in the Near and Middle East; it is coming to be the focus of Italian aspirations in the region. The British want a stable Palestine. Therefore they proposed Partition. The Italians want an unstable Palestine. Therefore their radio broadcasts, their propagandists and agitators, whether or not they have anything to do with actual terrorism, tend to oppose Partition, to keep the Arabs boiling.

One thing the events of 1936 and 1937 seem to have proved beyond a doubt. The future of civilization in Palestine rests with the Jews.

The Lion's Mouth

MUST

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

"A book that simply must be read." "Put this on your must list." "You must see this truly splendid film." Hardly a day goes by when I don't read something like that or hear the words over the radio. In this current-day world it seems there are endless things that I simply must read, attend, listen to, and do if I am not to become a cultural sluggard, a traitor to democracy, and a physical wash-out. Of course my reason tells me that there simply isn't enough time for any human being to accomplish all the things that he allegedly *must* these days, but somehow or other reason isn't enough. "Must" is an emphatic little word, and try as I do, I can't help feeling a little guilty about the innumerable things that the press of time forces me to leave undone. And I imagine that there are plenty of other people who feel the same way.

I am not talking merely about advertisements. By now we are all used to being commanded to be careful about our tires, our teeth, our life insurance, our clothes, our personal cleanliness, and all the rest of it. These commands are issued by people who have something to sell; everybody realizes this and acts accordingly. I can take scare-ads or leave them alone.

What I'm concerned with are the musts that are issued by people who presumably—and very often actually—are acting from purely altruistic motives, wishing to keep us well-informed, politically alert, cultured, and healthy in body and mind.

First of all, let us consider books. There are a great many books printed these days, and you will be surprised—or maybe you aren't any longer—at the amazing number of them that simply *must* be put on your must list. Books by the dozen, the hundred, the thousand. Novels, poetry, biography, history, economics, philosophy, not to speak of miscellaneous. Many of them, they tell me, I can't afford to ignore. And it's not only the contemporary books. There are the classics too, from Homer to Joyce. I have done a fair amount of reading in my time, but if all the must books that I have neglected were put in one gigantic pile even Hitler would be hard put to it to burn them. The world has produced too many important writers—or else too many critics who can't resist the word "must."

If I were to read twenty-four hours a day I might be reasonably well up on the printed word, but I'd still be hopelessly uncultivated. I shouldn't have had time to see the innumerable plays that I simply must see if I'm not to become a virtual backwoodsman. Many of these plays are produced in New York and never go on the road. No matter. Even if I live in Omaha and can't afford to get to New York, I've got to see those plays and the famous actors and actresses who perform them. No two ways about it.

But if I did this, how could I see all the movies that I must see? The movies, some of them, come definitely under the head of culture nowadays. They have achieved a phenomenal intellectual improvement. Who am I to let them down, to miss the messages they have for humanity?

But I can't neglect the arts—painting, sculpture, and architecture. I should see the old masterpieces—which of course means a few tours through European and

American galleries. As for the moderns, there are any number of artists to-day who are turning out thoughtful, first-rate work. Am I to pass them by? Have I seen Chartres Cathedral, the Nebraska State Capitol, the Pyramids, the modern apartments in Stuttgart, the Taj Mahal, and Radio City? No. Only some of them.

And then there is music. I am always encountering various operas and symphony concerts on must lists. I should be familiar with the major works of Handel, Debussy, Gershwin, Beethoven, and a few more—say two or three hundred masterpieces. And they tell me that I've been derelict in my duty if I haven't heard Jepson, Iturbi, the Boston Symphony, and Benny Goodman. (Nowadays to have a broad intelligent perspective on music you must be familiar with jazz too.) Yes, they say *must*. They constantly say must. If they just hinted that it would be fun I shouldn't worry so much.

In the past decade the radio has come into our lives. Sandwiched in between a great deal of junk on the air waves are some really splendid programs. When I sit down in my living room and read the latest indispensable novel I am simply throwing away valuable time if I don't also tune in a symphony concert or a violin recital.

So much—and I've been pretty brief at that—for the purely cultural side. But can a citizen of this great land of ours afford to stop there? He'd be a traitor to his country. This is a democracy—government by the people. Another thing we must do—every last one of us—is to quote take an intelligent interest in government and politics unquote.

And so, in addition to being on the lookout for every new literary, artistic, and musical masterpiece that looms on the horizon (besides brushing up on the old ones) we must keep a weather eye peeled on the Administration, Congress, monopolistic corporations, subversive labor leaders, the Federal budget, foreign affairs, and threats of Fascism, Communism, Anarchism, Socialism, Nudism, and any other isms which threaten to get out of hand. If we don't we are shiftless, lazy, good-for-nothing citizens, utterly unqualified to cast our vote in an enlightened country.

To be reasonably well-informed politically a voter ought also to be familiar with such classics as Aristotle's *Politics,* Rousseau's *Social Contract,* Hobbes' *Leviathan, The Federalist Papers,* Marx's *Das Kapital,* and the latest books on the inside goings-on in Washington. It would be just as well if he read the foreign ones in their original languages, because of course a really well-educated person must be up on his linguistics.

And of course merely knowing things isn't enough. A citizen in a democracy must also act. When the local power company threatens to pull a fast one it is up to him to write his congressman and register a protest. He should attend town meetings and see what they are going to do about the roads and sewers and the Junior High curriculum. If he doesn't, some hairy-fisted dictator is likely to descend on the poor citizen and say: "You'll eat spinach every Thursday and like it!"

Can we stop there? Culture and good citizenship aren't enough. More and more we are going back to the Greek ideal, and believing that a human being should be well-rounded, that his physical development is just as important as his mental. We don't want puny bespectacled weaklings who spend all their time nurturing their brains. Our bodies must be healthy and beautiful. We must take regular exercise. We ought to walk, swim, ski, and play tennis and golf.

Yes, and we must watch our diet too, and have a sound knowledge of the correct ratio of starches and fats and vitamins. We've got to have plenty of sleep too. If you keep a dog awake long enough he'll die. And so reading "must" books twenty-four hours a day turns out to be one of the things we must *not* do. Of course we must see our dentist twice a year, and our doctor at least once. Moreover, we have to die eventually, and

we really ought to figure out where we want to be buried and what sort of a tombstone we want. Only a slacker leaves that to his survivors.

It all adds up to the fact that I find myself alternately discouraged at my failure to do all that I ought to do and impatient with the increasing number of pundits who gaily plaster the word "must" on everything that takes their fancy. What the must-layers-down are doing is to map us out a five-hundred-hour day program in a twenty-four-hour day world. And if God made our days longer it wouldn't do any good. It would just goad them on to invent more musts. As for me, I think I shall spend the rest of the year doing nothing but play solitaire. It's something I feel I simply must do.

WIVES-IN-LAW

ANONYMOUS

In the public discussion of divorce and its aftermath one item, which has been the source of acute unpleasantness, has been ignored. That is the wife-in-law problem. By this I mean the new and strange relationship in which thousands of American women find themselves bound by the bonds of alimony to other women, whom they frequently despise.

I am a wife-in-law and I offer my own case as Exhibit A. My path has never crossed that of my predecessor. I have never seen her or spoken to her or communicated with her in any way, but her problems are more peculiarly my problems than those of my nearest relatives or dearest friends. The Court gave her no alimony, but my husband agreed to a monthly allowance for her support, as well as the support of their one dependent child. In making out our family budget that allowance must be counted before anything else, and promptly on the first of each month that check must be mailed before any of our bills are paid. It must be mailed even if we have to borrow the money at the bank, as has happened. When our income is curtailed we can and do cut our own expenditures, but on the few occasions when it was absolutely necessary to reduce the allowance temporarily, peremptory demands arrived for the full amount.

Few months have passed since our marriage without demands for extras, usually transmitted via the child. It is difficult for a father to refuse such pleas on the logical grounds that everything was supposed to be covered by the allowance. Sometimes these demands come in the form of frantic telegrams which explain nothing except that an emergency has arisen and fairly large sums must be forthcoming at once. This has an uncanny way of happening just when we have set aside the precise amount requested for something that we need or want very much. It is easy to say that the extras should be refused, but this is hard to do with visions of an emergency operation or eviction impending. The money is sent and we are left to pick up the scattered pieces of our budget as best we may. And while I make sacrifices to meet these demands, I am inevitably reminded that I am making them for a woman who, without seeing or knowing me, has reviled me to mutual friends, has employed subtle methods of embarrassing and annoying me, has caused infinite damage and pain by prejudicing their child against his father, and does not allow this child to visit his father in our home.

I was working when we were married and I have continued to work. It is quite true that I have a career in which I am interested, but it is equally true that it would have been impossible for us to marry when we did, if at all, had it been necessary for my husband to assume my full support in addition to the support of his first wife plus their child. Ironically enough, my income just about meets the amount which must be sent to the first wife. If she realizes this, and is pleased, can there be any other explanation than a desire to injure? If she realizes it, and finds the situation distasteful, should she accept the allowance? She worked be-

fore she was married and is just as capable of earning a living as I am, but she prefers to rest upon the theory that a few years of marriage entitle a woman to support for life. Even before I was a wife-in-law this contention left me unconvinced. I have been married twice and I do not feel that my earning capacity has been impaired in any way; I still view with repugnance the idea of putting a price and a penalty on marital relations. Those of us who have been widowed by death and have been faced with the necessity of supporting ourselves have usually managed to do so. This happened to me during the first year of the depression; I had never supported myself before, but I landed in no breadlines.

Those who are unfamiliar with the wife-in-law problem may think that I am placing too much emphasis on its financial aspects, but that is exactly where I believe it should be placed. Aside from my personal experience, wide observation and countless confidences from bitter and miserable women have led me to the conclusion that alimony is a curse to the woman who receives it as well as to the ex-husband and his second wife who are forced to pay it out of their family funds. All agree that the one chance of happiness for the divorcee is to break completely away from her ex-husband and make a new life for herself; but it is a rare woman who can achieve emotional emancipation from the man who is still supporting her. Legally she is divorced, but financially and psychologically she is not. As long as she is being fed and clothed and housed by her ex-husband she still feels that he belongs to her, and, in a very practical fashion, he does; she is resentful of his new wife and is glad to cause her as much trouble as possible. And just as money is the bond which keeps her from breaking away, so is it her favorite weapon with which to attack and torment. The more money she can get from her ex-husband the less there will be left for his second wife. It becomes a game of wits, with no tactics barred.

I have known women whom I considered honorable on other counts who told me, with evident pride, of practices which would make a female blackmailer open her eyes with envy. There is one who will go to a department store and charge a complete season's outfit on the second wife's account, knowing that her husband will pay the full bill to avoid the embarrassment of unscrambling the various items in the adjustment office of the store and that the second wife will have to cut down sharply on her own clothes for the season. The woman who does this receives ample alimony. I know another who has, from time to time, gone to her ex-husband's friends and told them that he was in financial difficulties and had failed to send her monthly alimony and that she and her children were in dire distress. Eventually the ex-husband would be informed of these loans, made in good faith, and would be forced to repay them, regardless of what real financial difficulties this brought about.

The first wife who is busy concocting such schemes to annoy her successor could, by no stretch of the imagination, be considered happy; certainly she is not breaking away and making a life of her own. She is receiving her support for nothing and repaying it with willful malice, a psychologically unhealthy state of affairs. I know of one who has received alimony for twenty-five years from a man to whom she was married for three; for a long time she has used her ex-husband's money to contribute to the support of an impecunious lover. I know of another who has received alimony for sixteen years from a man to whom she was married for two. His second wife works; they have never had any children because, with a life sentence to a large alimony payment, they felt that they couldn't afford a family of their own.

Few men can support two wives in separate establishments without severe financial strain. There seems no sense or justice in the fact that a man and the woman with whom he may subsequently fall in love should be deprived of marriage

or children because he has had the misfortune to marry the wrong woman first. On the other hand, it seems remarkable that the ex-wife, who demands alimony and continues to accept it in preference to possible financial sacrifice which may come with re-marriage, doesn't realize that while she penalizes her ex-husband and his second wife, in so doing she penalizes herself to a shocking degree.

No war can be carried on indefinitely without combatants, regardless of who the aggressor may be. This war between the wives-in-law, like most modern wars, has never been officially declared, but the second wives have most emphatically *not* taken attack lying down. Those who have told me of their persecution at the hands of their predecessors have done so with blood in their eyes and their voices choking with a desire for revenge. This revenge sometimes takes the form of an insidious campaign to prejudice the father against his children by a former marriage; at other times it may be confined to interminable gossip and social sniping. Some cling to the old principle that a strong offensive is the best defense; they are out to beat their tormentors to the draw. If the ex-wife refuses to keep within the bounds of her alimony, the current wife will set out to spend so much that there will be nothing left for anyone else. In any or all of these situations the husband gets caught in the line of fire and home life becomes far from pleasant. On the occasions when I have been impelled to ask, however mildly, why the second wife, who "has got her man," doesn't leave the first wife alone to poison herself with her self-generated adrenalin, I have invariably encountered flaming hostility.

"How can I leave her alone?" the second wife will scream. "She won't leave *me* alone. After the things she's done to me and said about me, why shouldn't I hate her? There are times when I think she will drive me crazy."

She may, at that. She may go farther and drive her into the divorce court. After this pyrrhic victory they can both take up hating and annoying the third wife. But it would be well for the second or third, or whatever the current wife happens to be, to remember that she can be driven away from her husband by her predecessors only if she allows herself to become as preoccupied in hating them as they are in hating her.

It would be absurd to contend that if there were no financial involvements the wives-in-law problem would be solved automatically. Some emotional difficulties would undoubtedly remain. In the more sophisticated circles we hear a great deal about, and occasionally observe, "friendly divorces," in which the ex-wives and ex-husbands and their new mates carry on cordial social relations; but even where most of the talking about "friendly divorce" is done, I have run across a lamentable amount of backbiting and bitterness. All of us have known cases in which there was plenty of hatred without any alimony complications. But at least it is not so inevitable without alimony troubles as with them.

It may take more years of anguish, bitterness, and frustration before women realize that self-preservation lies in eschewing alimony or allowances from ex-husbands rather than in accepting them. There will always have to be provision for dependent children, but there are already statutes covering this need in States which have no alimony laws. Possibly there will have to be provision for divorcees who are incompetent to support themselves, but proof of such incompetency should be required and the financial aid kept to a minimum.

I honestly believe that if every woman who was contemplating divorce did so with the full realization that she was severing all bonds, including financial, and that when the divorce was granted she would have to get out and make her own living and her own life, exactly as if her erstwhile husband were truly dead, there might, first of all, be fewer divorces, but, beyond that, the divorcee, as well as her possible successor, would stand a much better chance for happiness.

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The Easy Chair



THE FALLACY OF EXCESS INTERPRETATION

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

SOME time ago a syndicated comic strip transferred the adventures of its characters from the other side of the moon to the world of labor disputes. It showed a noble factory owner ruined, some high-souled non-union workers deprived of employment, and the national safety imperiled by the action of some villainous union men who were incited to revolution by miscreants in the pay of an unnamed but not disguised organization. The public objected, as it is likely to when its amusements are adulterated with moral fervor, and the comic strip abruptly went back to the moon again.

At that time an indignation ran through liberal circles, which asserted that this was flagrant propaganda, part of an overt conspiracy between newspapers and our financial masters. The Easy Chair was skeptical. Not promising to believe in the existence of that conspiracy, it thought that the conspirators, if they did exist, would probably be more intelligent than the allegation credited them with being. If this was indeed propaganda, then it probably flowed spontaneously from the crusading sentiments of the man who drew the comic strip, not from the plans of some Secret Seven meeting at midnight in a bank vault. But was it propaganda? It looked more like a bad guess. Since the first necessity of a comic strip is to reflect the sentiments of its readers, this crude parable was probably based on the estimate, promptly proved wrong, that the public was in a mood to have the labor unions denounced. If it assumed agreement in advance, then clearly it was not propaganda. But such speculations were hazardous, for comic strips exist in the field of popular art, and that field is complex beyond the assumptions of the unwary. All interpretations of it are precarious, and all solemn ones are wrong.

Exactly the same charge is frequently made about the movies, and people who have liberal ideas in matched sets commonly believe that such gentlemen as Sam Goldwyn are in more or less open conspiracy with our masters to lull the people asleep. According to this view, the movies have become the opium of the masses and are constantly used as an instrument of propaganda for the established order. And in its March release the Institute for Propaganda Analysis undertook to investigate the charge. It was a promising venture, thoroughly in the public interest, but the Easy Chair is constrained to report that the results of this first essay are not impressive. The Institute's literary ideas are badly scrambled, its test for propaganda is itself a carrier of propaganda, and it ignores what should have been its first consideration, the nature of popular art.

It would be interesting to examine the Institute's remarks on the newsreels of the *Panay* sinking, which end by demonstrating (though the Institute seems unaware that they do) that propaganda for war may be an effective deterrent to war

—an exceedingly interesting finding. But there is space only to consider the nub of the matter, the ordinary feature movie. The Institute sternly reminds us that "the greatest literature . . . enlightens while it also entertains." That is more or less true but painfully irrelevant as well, and introduces an element of wild unreality as well as a moral consideration which impedes the finding of facts. And one's suspicion that the Institute's critical judgments need renovation is confirmed when it praises the "delightful fantasy or humor" of "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," but goes on to condemn other pictures as "vehicles for pseudo-realities, incorrect generalizations, and misleading stereotypes." Those two pictures were certainly delightful but their alleged realities would not bear much strain, their generalizations have holes in them here and there, and one may not comfortably stand on them shouting "stereotype" at their competitors. This part of the Institute's analysis could have used an experienced literary critic.

It is a graver defect that the analysis of propaganda is itself a form of propaganda. The Institute has a conception of what the movies ought to be, and that conception dictates its description of what they are. It asks whether the movies shall "provide social illumination, contribute something to people's understanding of themselves and of the world in which they live." Without defining those terms, it obviously believes that they ought, and on the basis of that theorem it asserts flatly that "the industry seems to lag behind, and even to hold back the development of the public taste." It dodges another flat assertion but makes it by implication when it directs us to "ask whether the praise that has been given to the motion picture . . . on the grounds that it allayed social discontent, was not perhaps a factor in the situation." In short, the Institute believes that the movies are the opium of the masses and that our masters use them to seduce the public into accepting its own betrayal.

It lists five categories of propaganda. The clinch ending rarely shows us that young lovers are going to live on in a world of insecurity and unemployment. Movies of crime seldom point out that poverty is the cause of crime. War is made to seem thrilling and heroic. The movies jingoistically portray other races and nationalities and minority groups as inferior to native white Americans. And finally, in the movies, "the good life is the acquisitive life with its emphasis on luxury, fine homes and automobiles, evening dress, swank, and suavity." That is the weightiest accusation, and in support of it the Institute says, "when we note the heavy emphasis in selection of leading male characters from the commercial and professional groups, with almost no representation from the ranks of labor, we get some explanation of the lopsided notion of the world of workaday living held by many young people."

That last is a non-sequitur of national-championship class, but it throws a highlight on the essential unreality of the whole set of assertions. The clinch ending, for instance—can we really treat it as designed to influence "other individuals or groups with reference to predetermined ends"? Does the emphasis on the "acquisitive life" serve the function that the Institute thinks it does? The instruments of analysis seem almost romantically irrelevant to the job at hand.

So, at least, the Easy Chair thought; and it determined to apply the Institute's eleven tests to an actual movie and see what happened. The nearest one was "Bringing Up Baby," featuring Miss Katharine Hepburn and Mr. Cary Grant, and since Miss Hepburn is the only movie actress who ever made the Easy Chair bawl (that was in "Little Women"), there was no temptation to go farther from home.

In "Bringing Up Baby" Mr. Grant plays Dr. Huxley, a paleontologist who is reconstructing a dinosaur skeleton and has completed it except for one bone. Here is a hero dedicated to the austere pursuit of scientific truth: this movie is squarely

on the side of the good life. To be sure there is a love interest, but, since Miss Hepburn ultimately takes Mr. Grant away from a far less personable woman, it makes for enlightenment in eugenics. Miss Hepburn is the niece of a woman who may give a million dollars to Dr. Huxley's museum and who is sent a pet leopard. Miss Hepburn marks Dr. Huxley for her own the first time she sees him, though he can't stand her; great literature has also used that theme (see Shaw and Shakespeare). Theirs is a romance singularly full of incident. Miss Hepburn rips Dr. Huxley's coat off; he rips her skirt off. The aunt's dog runs away with the last dinosaur bone and buries it, and the lovers feverishly serve science by following him about and trying to cajole him into digging it up. The leopard escapes and so does another leopard, a wild one, from a circus. The tame leopard is fond of being sung to, so the lovers wander through the night singing "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" to lure it back. They fall over a great variety of objects, climb over many others, get dragged through a pond, and land in jail, together with the aunt. In the end Miss Hepburn breaks jail and lassoes the wild leopard, recovers the lost bone, brings it to the museum, climbs up the scaffold that supports the dinosaur, slips and falls on the skeleton, and utterly ruins it. So she and Dr. Huxley get married.

Omitting psychological subtleties, that is an outline of the story. *What,* says the Institute's first test, *what are the assumptions about life and human nature on which this film rests?* That pretty and vivacious girls are attractive, that what begins as anger may end as love (pure Freud), and that life and human nature have comic aspects. *What values or goals do the characters in the play consider important?* Above all else, the endowment of scientific research. *Do we think they are?* Unquestionably, but some of us would hesitate to lasso a leopard even for science. *Is this film a defense of things as they are?* It argues that things as they are should not be tolerated for a moment. *Is it an argument for change?* It asserts that we must shatter the sorry scheme of things entire and then remold it nearer to the heart's desire. *Were the problems of the characters remote from contemporary conditions or were they closely related to the realities of to-day?* The Easy Chair has never driven down a country road at night without seeing cars parked in the shadows. *Were the relationships between the characters on the screen traditional?* As traditional as those in "Hamlet." *Would they be acceptable to intelligent people to-day?* The man who wouldn't accept that relationship with Miss Hepburn if he had a chance to isn't intelligent. *Who wants us to think this way?* Did you say "think"? *What are his interests?* Hours of patient analysis reveal no interest that is being served except the box office. *Do they coincide with the interests of ourselves, of most Americans?* Unhappily, with this question, the experimenter muttered "Oh, hell!" and gave up. It is like asking whether a pound of butter is in the key of B-flat or C-major. Why should "Bringing Up Baby," or any movie, be an argument for change? Why should it be an argument? And is it only foggy writing when the Institute fails to distinguish between a traditional relationship and a traditional treatment of a relationship, or is this a theorem that traditional relationships are evil and the movies should attack them? What other theorems and assumptions are implicit in these questions? And what bearing have any of the questions got on the audience's satisfaction in watching the delightful Miss Hepburn get her man?

The tests for propaganda, in short, are unreal and approach the movies on a level of phantasy. They are ineffective, irrelevant, the wrong tests. They imply a propaganda of the Institute's own, "conscious or unconscious," but they completely fail to examine the nature of popular entertainment.

The Institute has a conception of the

role which the movies might play in American life. They might be a source of education, enlightenment, and liberalization. They might be a source of beneficent propaganda—for only your propaganda is evil, mine never is. They might be, specifically, an instrument of social enlightenment. So the Institute's analysis moves on a simple fulcrum: if the movies are not educative and liberalizing and socially enlightening then they are propaganda. That is the fallacy of excess interpretation. But the analysis is not only fallacious: it is a form of propaganda. The Institute does not try to find facts except in its own service—it tries to influence us to a predetermined end, an end predetermined by what it thinks the movies ought to be.

We may observe that movie heroes are mostly young men in course of becoming millionaires, but to conclude that propaganda for the acquisitive life is responsible is to ignore the realities. Why are heroes millionaires? Well, why are all the heroines beautiful? More simply, what propaganda produces a strip-tease act in a burlesque show? Neither utility companies nor the armament manufacturers profit when Miss Corio takes off her clothes and, except for Miss Corio, the status quo is not affected. Perhaps it is wrong of the audience to like to watch her stripping, but it does like to. You must get rid of that liking, and you must get rid of the prince in "Cinderella," before you can get the young millionaire out of the program movie. He is not propaganda for the acquisitive life, he is just a durable part of popular entertainment. The prince, the millionaire, the beautiful heroine, and the lady showing her build have been fixtures in popular literature throughout history. They are not propaganda, they are just symbols and projections.

Nor is there any gain for righteousness in labeling this literature wish-fulfilment and lambasting it with words like "stereotype" and "sentimentality." It may be regrettable that popular literature is sentimental and that only stereotypes succeed in it, but regret is irrelevant, and if it is wish-fulfilment for audiences to look at millionaires on the screen, the movies cannot be accused of propagandizing for the established order until such time as that wish may be extirpated. Furthermore, the Institute would be wise to determine whether, in the movies it praises, it was social enlightenment that the audience enjoyed or just excitement. If "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" is "notable" to the Institute because it seems to carry a social message, it also appalled certain other seekers, who found that it dangerously pandered to the public's taste for cruelty. Something seems to be wrong here, and possibly the first objective of such analyses should be the determination of facts. Just which was it and just why did the audience like it? Story or message, cruelty or the good life?

Chautauqua found that a time came when the popular audience wasn't finding as much entertainment in sermons as it used to and Chautauqua promptly displaced its preachers with royal marimba bands. Was it propagandizing for righteousness when it sent out preachers, was it propagandizing for the lusts of the flesh when it sent out bands? Or was it, each time, just following the box office? Is there a vicious conspiracy in Hollywood to lull our people asleep, or are there some more or less sagacious men doing their damnedest to produce movies that people will pay money to see? Wouldn't it be sensible to inquire whether the movies must necessarily follow the folk before asserting that they lead them on? Does the public know anything about art or does it just know what it likes?

Finally, has "King Lear" or "Prometheus Bound," or even *Das Kapital,* anything to do with "Bringing Up Baby"? And should not the name of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis require it to keep a tight grip on its own wishfulness till after it has established its facts?

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

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Harpers Magazine

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

THE GLORY IS DEPARTED—PART I

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

"Where the Almighty placed the signal station at the entrance of a garden seven hundred miles in length . . ."—*George Francis Train, 1863.*

"We are a small city in the agricultural district."—*Counsel for the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway, 1934.*

On the edge of the great plains, on the west bank of the Missouri River, is a city where, on December 2, 1863, a group of men began one of the first great undertakings of the industrial era in America. The men represented a corporation capitalized at one hundred million dollars, larger than any ever known in the United States. A civil war, which was to set free the slave, was raging; it had already set free the iron master, the merchant, and the banker. The political supremacy of agriculture had been broken at last and the industrialists were on their way to power. The place where this ceremony occurred was Omaha; the occasion was the groundbreaking for the Union Pacific Railway.

It was the peculiar fortune of this town to serve as the headquarters for the lieutenants of a distant industry; at the same time the town was dependent upon agriculture which industry had vanquished. The strength of industry in that day was in the railroads, and Omaha shared in the strength for a generation. In the succeeding generation, during the few years of farmer wealth, Omaha shared in that wealth also. The day of the railroad power passed, the years of farm prosperity faded. The city had served its purpose in the evolution of an economy traditional to the American mind. What its future would be in a different pattern no one could foresee.

If there are misgivings about the future they are not apparent to-night as the annual coronation ball of King Ak-Sar-Ben gets under way. Ak-Sar-Ben—Nebraska spelled backward—is an association of business men and public-spirited citizens who labor to increase business and promote "good will and a spirit of friendliness between the people of Omaha and

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residents of the surrounding territory."

Out in the Coliseum, on the outskirts of town, the decorators have contrived an Italian garden scene, in the center of which is the throne, "inspired by a classic niche" with "throne drapes of yellow satin." Upon this throne will presently sit some business man of the town whose name has been concealed. While an orchestra plays, the guests assemble in the evergreen-edged boxes. Over there is the Governor of Nebraska and his lady, come up to Omaha for the ceremony. Not far away is the Governor of Iowa with his wife also. The Cathedral Choir of Lincoln, transported thither through the courtesy of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, sings sweetly.

Now the ceremonies are about to begin. Announced by loud trumpet blasts, there appear through a doorway surmounted by "a huge golden urn festooned by golden drapes," various characters in the pageant and officials of the organization, got up in costumes foreign to men who spend their business hours near Farnam and 16th Streets and lunch at the Henshaw Cafeteria and the Fontenelle Hotel Grill. Most of them are well-known citizens. Among them is Mr. Ben Danbaum, head of Danbaum Inc., formerly the Midwest Adjustment Agency, one of the best-known detective agencies west of the Mississippi. Mr. Danbaum's armed guards rendered great aid in the Omaha street-car strike. During the strike one of the members of the City Council was moved to say that Mr. Danbaum ran the city's police department.

The Board of Governors are called for and they appear, even more influential as citizens than the first comers. Before a simulated travertine wall, in front of a row of cypress trees against a blue sky, these dignitaries group themselves. Among them is Mr. George Brandeis, the leading merchant of the town, a director of the Omaha National Bank, the Union Stockyards, and the street railway. Near him are Mr. Joseph Barker, the insurance agent, and Mr. Schellberg, the President of the Stockyards Company, and Mr. De Emmett Bradshaw, President of the Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Association, which has its headquarters in Omaha. Mr. Bradshaw's "financial genius and his great fraternal heart have made the Woodmen of the World the nation's strongest fraternal life insurance association." Mr. Barker, Mr. Schellberg and Mr. Bradshaw are all directors of the Nebraska Power Company. The gentleman with the bald head and glasses is Mr. James E. Davidson, the President of the Power Company. He is a director in various corporations and formerly was Chairman of the Board of Regents of the Municipal University of Omaha. He has for years been active in the affairs of the town and might be called the leading citizen of Omaha. He, like Mr. Brandeis, was once a king of Ak-Sar-Ben himself, an honor "based on unselfish service to the community." As President of the Power Company he is also the resident representative of an absentee landlord, the Electric Bond and Share Company which controls American Power and Light which controls Nebraska Power.

With the full business strength of Omaha present, the name of the new king, a dry goods merchant, is announced at last. His majesty, dressed in satin knee breeches and wearing a fine robe, is invested with his regalia; "princesses" and "countesses," girls from the town and places nearby, are introduced and finally with shouts and cheers, the queen, a banker's daughter, is presented. The ceremonies are over, the orchestra strikes up, and in a moment governors and counsellors and all that beauty, all that wealth of Omaha e'er gave are dancing to "Can I Forget You."

The night wears on, the lights in the city go out; downtown the Brandeis department store with its Belgian opera house façade looms up like a mausoleum. Even more mausoleum-like is the great pale-pink marble Joslyn Memorial, built with money made from a patent venereal-disease remedy and boiler-plate insides for small-town newspapers. Away over in the south part of town a single light is

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burning up in the Stockyards Building. The rest of the place is dark and still. The office of the brand inspector of Wyoming is shut, the staff of the *Daily Journal-Stockman* are gone, but below, here and there, are yellow spots of light, the dusty dimly burning bulbs that mark the broad unpainted board ramps that run back and forth across the yards and above the livestock pens. The odor of a great barnyard, mixed up with fertilizer smells, covers everything. The place is almost empty to-night. There's a handful of cattle in the John Clay pens; eighteen red-and-white heifers are pressed up against the gate of the Billy Woods Commission Company pen. One of them can be heard gulping noisily at the concrete trough. The sheep pen with its corrugated iron roof is still. Toward the south are big sprawling dark shapes—the packing plants. Nearest is Cudahy, then Armour, and Swift.

From the railroad yards near the concrete and iron viaduct comes the puff of a switch engine. It stops. A man leans out of the window in the signal tower and knocks his pipe on the sill. Off, down the tracks, a brakeman's lantern can be seen swinging; there follow a clank and smash as the couplers of two cattle cars come together. There are not many cars in the yards. Years ago when great train loads were coming in from Ogallala and down from Wyoming and Montana the yard was pandemonium. No longer. More than half the livestock comes by truck now. To-night only one train inspector is in sight, his winking flashlight bobbing up and down over the journal boxes as he hurries down the track. The tall withered grass on the yard embankment slope rustles in the wind; two or three crickets left from summer are chirping. In the Swift offices a late working bookkeeper turns out his light and gets ready to go home. He does not hear the orchestra in the Coliseum; it is playing "Just An Old Cow Hand."

The Ak-Sar-Ben ball is on a Friday; packing town is not invited. Saturday night is the social night in South Omaha. The cars come in by scores from Iowa farms across the Missouri River and from Nebraska towns roundabout. The saloons fill up early and on this particular evening, early as it is, unconscious drunks are slumped over in the alleys and darkened doorways. A pimpled lady is coming out of Mike's Buffet at 24th and N, a white stone pitcher in her hand. Mike has a colored jazz band—piano, sax, and traps—perched on a tiny brass-railed platform at the back of the barroom. The sax, who wears octagonal rimless glasses, is getting hot and the customers in the varnished yellow pine booths are getting hot too. A huge Polish girl with stringy bobbed black hair and a boiled pink face is simultaneously swabbing a booth table with a damp rag, weeping into her beer, and talking to a befuddled trucker. "He put me out on the street without a dime," she says, while the sax pumps the heat into "The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down." Near the door is a table set with rickety twisted-wire soda-fountain chairs. A toothless white-haired old man sits there, reading a dirty, rumpled *Journal-Stockman* and listening to the weeping girl at the same time.

Outside, up and down, and all along 24th Street, the cars are backed against the curb. A young Cass County farmer with a big gold tooth is standing beside a rusty Chevrolet, his arms full of packages, waiting for his wife to quit nursing the baby and open the door. Two soldiers from Fort Crook, their khaki bleached white from much washing, argue in a doorway with a girl in a black rayon dress. A discussion is going on inside Alex's Bargain Center; there's a close out of men's suits at $8.75 and a customer appears to be annoyed about something. At the corner a group of men are gathered about a wizened Negro; they are arguing about the packing-house union just now organizing. A man in corduroys and a chewed-up Stetson glances at them sharply as he climbs into his car. The car has a little plate marked *Fremont*, just above the license. He is bound home, north along 24th Street, up

through the main part of Omaha and so west, where the road stretches out straightaway. On either side the fields, covered with corn stubble, stretch on and on, endless billows of a stubble ocean. The straggling lights of Omaha are left behind and only the good surface provided by the Highway Department and the poles of the Nebraska Power Company are there to remind him that there is no place where the Federal Government and Wall Street do not penetrate.

II

On the afternoon of August 13, 1859, two months before John Brown made his raid at Harper's Ferry, an Illinois politician and railroad lawyer stood on the Iowa bluff above the Missouri River and looked across to a little village on the opposite bank. Some town lots in Council Bluffs had been offered him as security for a loan of three thousand dollars; he had come to inspect the lots himself. Presently he left the bluff and went back to the tavern where he fell into conversation with an engineer who explained why Council Bluffs was the point where the much discussed trans-continental railway ought to begin. The lawyer listened and, the next day, departed. He made the loan. Less than a year later, supported by railroad promoters, abolitionists, manufacturers, and free soilers, he was elected President of the United States.

The lawyer was Abraham Lincoln. The little village that he saw from the bluff was Omaha, the jumping-off place of the plains, that Omaha which for more than a generation after meant to various persons the gateway to the West—the West, that mystic country where a man could try again, have another chance, become an empire builder, grow up with the country, speculate in land, lend money gathered up in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, get a start in the world, escape the tyrannies of Europe, breathe once more, be a free man, get a homestead for nothing, worship as he chose, and, incidentally, help to pay the interest on the foreign capital invested in American enterprises.

For many years there had been agitation over the question of a railway across the plains. Already, in the fifties, railroads had reached the Mississippi from Chicago and were being pushed across Iowa. Among the promoters was Thomas Durant, a prairie physician turned Wall Street promoter, a gentleman fond of the ladies and a dispenser of shawls, diamonds, and yachts. He was not only interested in the Rock Island Railroad but also in another called the Mississippi & Missouri, partly built across Iowa, which Durant thought might be carried through to the Pacific. To further this plan he sent ahead his young engineer, Grenville Dodge, to make surveys and gather information.

The panic of '57 stopped railroad construction and stranded Dodge in Council Bluffs as a general storekeeper and small-time banker. There he dabbled in politics, sent letters to Durant's Wall Street office, and watched the wagon trains setting out for the West. Some speculators who had staked out town lots in Omaha had rigged up a ferry to raft emigrants across the river. They didn't have much of a town, but they burned with enthusiasm. Dodge had his facts in hand when the Illinois lawyer arrived to look over the town lots.

On the 4th of March, 1861, Lincoln took the oath. The war in which the Federal Government was to make an immediate investment of more than three billion dollars was imminent, and hordes of men determined to be the immediate beneficiaries of this investment jammed the committee rooms and the steaming lobbies of the Willard Hotel in Washington. Every train from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago brought the speculators and the lobbyists, swinging their carpet bags and looking for contracts. Iron men from Pennsylvania, wool and cotton men from Massachusetts and New Hampshire and Rhode Island, bankers from Philadelphia, nail manufacturers, boot and shoe

men, all licking their chops with anticipation of tariffs and subsidies. And railroad men! The railroad committees of the expiring Congress had been swamped with business.

The Pacific Railroad situation was this: A group of California promoters, infected with the railroad fever of Theodore Judah, and headed by Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, and Collis P. Huntington, had a railway started and wanted to build east. This road eventually became the Central Pacific. Various Eastern groups wanted to build west. Durant was the chief of one of these groups; Grenville Dodge of Council Bluffs, famous later not only as a great engineer but as the most accomplished railroad lobbyist in America, was a minor figure in the Durant group. Every one of the railroad promoters knew that if a road was to be built the government would have to put up the money. The great question was: Who was going to get it? Indeed, the diamond-sporting Durant believed the business prospects of such a railroad were mythical and that the real profit could come only from government-subsidized construction. But before any division of spoil could be made, legislation was necessary. With a will the lobbyists went to work upon a Congress that for a dozen different reasons was committed to the proposition from the start.

On July 1, 1862, the Pacific Railroad Act, providing for a hundred-million-dollar corporation—the largest capitalization ever known in the United States—was passed. The bill "to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean and to secure to the Government the use of the same for Postal, Military and other purposes" presented the promoters with

1. A right of way through the public lands, 200 feet on each side, for the entire distance.
2. The free use of building materials from the public lands.
3. The annulment of Indian titles.
4. Every alternate, odd numbered section of public land, to the amount of five sections a mile on each side.
5. A subsidy of $16,000 a mile on the plains, and from $32,000 to $48,000 a mile through the mountains.

Upon the completion of each forty miles, the subsidy, in the form of United States bonds, would be paid over to the railroad company. The bonds and interest were to be redeemed at the end of 30 years and were to constitute a first mortgage.

Anybody in the country could have this subsidy. All you had to do was to build a railroad out to a point on the one hundredth meridian in the middle of the Nebraska plains. Whoever got there first received the subsidy on all that he had already built and the privilege of building the rest of the way. This left an open field for the various Eastern groups. The iron men had seen to it that the use of iron manufactured in America was obligatory.

Now the promoters and the bankers began to mull over the prospects. In the autumn of '62 Durant organized the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the subscription books were opened. The money didn't come in, despite all the fervor and publicity. The truth was that the subsidy wouldn't satisfy. Promoters wanted more. Finally, in the summer of '63, Lincoln sent for Dodge, who by this time was a General in the Union Army. They talked again as they had on that summer day in 1859 on the tavern porch at Council Bluffs. Dodge told him that it would take even better terms to make the promoters act; he advised him in the matter of fixing the eastern terminus of the road—at Council Bluffs, directly across from Omaha! Would Congress loosen up? One could but try. The lobbyists were turned loose in Washington with a half-million-dollar expense account and Durant decided to waste time no further.

On the 3d of December, 1863, Durant's chief of publicity, the eccentric George Francis Train, arrived in Omaha to break ground for the great effort that was to unite East and West, all minds and hearts, into one indissoluble union. The feelings of the people in the village may be imagined. For so long all their specula-

tive hopes, the very existence of their town, had depended on the moves in a Wall Street poker game and the activities of lobbyists upon the Federal Government. But now! "The great Pacific Railroad is commenced," Train told the assembled crowd at Omaha. ". . . The President shows good judgment in locating the road where the Almighty placed the signal station at the entrance of a garden seven hundred miles in length . . . (loud and prolonged cheers) . . . Congress gives something towards building this great national thoroughfare—not much, but something; say a loan of government credit for thirty years, for $16,000 a mile and 20 million acres of land. *But what is that in these times?*"

What, indeed, with a great war raging, with contracts being shoveled out in Washington and profits pouring down like Niagara? Would Congress think again? They would. Oakes and Oliver Ames, the millionaire shovel-makers of Massachusetts, had now entered the corporation. Oakes Ames was a Congressman and in a position to act in concert with the lobbyists and members of the government who were interested. By July 2, 1864, the efforts of the promoters had turned the trick. The railroad act was completely revamped: the land grant was doubled: coal and iron lands previously withheld were now included in the grant; the government loan was reduced to the status of a second mortgage and the subsidy would be paid at the end of every twenty miles. The way was clear now and only one thing more was essential: some means must be found for the promoters to keep their hands on the subsidy. They found it; it was the Credit Mobilier.

In 1859 a corporation charter had been put through the Pennsylvania legislature. It permitted the holder to do almost anything he wanted. This charter the Union Pacific promoters bought and christened the Credit Mobilier of America. Contracts for construction were let by the railroad company to dummies and in turn to the Credit Mobilier. These contracts were paid for out of the government subsidy. It was the aim of the promoters to draw off the cash into their own pockets and at the same time retain control of the railroad company. They succeeded. But they were so absorbed in jockeying back and forth in preliminary deals that construction came to a dead halt. The war ended, Lincoln was dead, yet still there was delay.

The town-site speculators of Omaha may well have chewed their finger nails in desperation. Durant came out from New York "dressed in the style of a frontier dandy. He wore a slouch hat, velvet sack coat and vest, corduroy breeches and top boots, all his clothing being of a costly character." He appeared full of enthusiasm, but still there was no construction. It was plain that promoters and dummies alone would not do; already another road building out of Kansas City was on its way to the one hundredth meridian, which meant the capture of the subsidy. Now and at last the promoters gave to Grenville Dodge the command as chief engineer. In May 1866 he arrived in Omaha to find that all there was to the U.P. was a "rusty and uncertain line that jutted out from the banks of the Missouri River on to the prairies of Nebraska as far as the Elkhorn." He took one look and got down to business.

III

Omaha in 1866 was still a village, but growing. No longer did the postmaster carry letters in his hat. From the ferry landing on the river bank the ground rose abruptly and up the slope, running west, streets were laid out and named after railroad promoters: Farnam and Dodge and Douglas. It was the territorial capital, a huddle of frame buildings run up over night, a few brick structures and a generous number of saloons. The town faced the river and the east—the distant east where the money men were; at its back door was the prairie. The town had no rail connection with anything. It was just there—on the river bank.

By degrees the efforts of General Dodge

gathered speed. Huge quantities of stores were teamed across from Des Moines or brought up the Missouri from St. Joe. Up and down the river, the bottom lands were scoured by gangs, cutting cottonwood to supplement the ties, laid down in Omaha at the prodigious cost of two dollars and fifty cents apiece. In July, two months after Dodge arrived to take charge, the chief track-layer, ex-General Jack Casement, assembled a thousand men and a hundred teams out on the prairie, forty miles northwest of town, at the end of the rusty track. A wilder crowd of roughnecks was never seen, a mixture of "Union and Confederate veterans, Irish immigrants, Mexicans, bushwhackers, muleskinners, and ex-convicts from eastern jails."

Within three months these men were laying three miles of track a day, shoving up the Platte Valley, on their way to the one hundredth meridian. In Omaha, the great jumping-off place, the trade that battened on construction flourished. Locomotives, in pieces, were brought up river or hauled across Iowa and set up in the new brick shops on the river bank. Presently the broad-stacked engines were steaming and coughing out over the prairie. Westward the course of the hundred-million-dollar corporation made its way; the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* purred with contentment.

Late in the fall of '66 Durant brought out a crowd of guests and made up a special train to ride to the end of the line. Fortified with hampers of champagne and provisions, six cooks, a photographer, a barber, a band, and a printing press, the little open-vestibule wooden cars rattled along the Platte Valley, bearing "150 capitalists and prominent citizens" including George Pullman and the Marquis Chambrun. They made enthusiastic reports.

Day by day the lucky and diligent ones in Omaha prospered. Already a little group of men, whose families were to dominate the community for years, had become influential. The dark-haired Edward Creighton, child of an Irish immigrant, was there. He had built the overland telegraph in '61 and when the Pacific Telegraph Company was organized he had bought a tenth of the million-dollar capital stock for eighteen cents on the dollar. One of his wagon trains to Montana had made a profit of sixty thousand dollars on a single trip. He was the president of a bank and presently of a railroad. His younger brother John, who was to end his days as a papal count, was there. William Paxton, whose name seems to have got into more businesses and on to more buildings than any other in Omaha, was freighting. The interest of these men and many others was now fixed upon the Union Pacific. Look at the Millards, Ezra and Joe, who had come in '56. They lent money. When Oliver Ames came out on Union Pacific business he met Joe in the stagecoach on the way from Des Moines and bought five thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Millard bank. The Millards drew an even bigger plum than this: they became the chief dispensing agent in Omaha of the great hundred-million-dollar bonanza.

But they were not the only ones. One might get contracts to supply the military or provide the government with beef. There were Union Pacific contracts of all sorts which, via the Credit Mobilier, showered down either money or promises to pay. Occasionally the little Omaha money-lenders and contractors may have looked anxiously at the incidental obligations which the great Eastern promoters were piling up, but not often. Without the Union Pacific the speculators of Omaha were nothing; with it the world was their oyster.

Big and little, the Omaha men were drawn ever more closely to the railway. They did teaming for it, laid brick for it, published newspapers with its money, ran restaurants and sold clothing to it, equipped faro banks to provide excitement for Union Pacific men and opened whore houses to satisfy Union Pacific appetites. What touched the Union Pacific touched them—to the quick. They were

citizens of the great democracy, truly; they were citizens of Nebraska and citizens of Omaha also, but far and away beyond all this, the fortunate promoters were citizens of the Union Pacific Railway, the fount of every blessing. Indeed, when one of its lobbyists was asked, "How much of its—Nebraska's—greatness do you attribute to the Union Pacific?" he replied "I might say all of it."

So it was not remarkable when, in 1867, Nebraska was admitted as a State, that two men regarded as citizens of the Union Pacific should be elected to represent the Union Pacific State of Nebraska in the United States Senate. In the Herndon House at Farnam and Ninth Streets there had lived together the United States marshal, the territorial governor, the territorial secretary, the adjutant general, and the chaplain of the 1st Nebraska regiment. One after another they went off to the United States Senate, popularly esteemed as Union Pacific Senators. And the Union Pacific leased their common dwelling, the Herndon House, which belonged to a brother-in-law of one of the four, and turned it into the Railway headquarters.

At last the end of the great undertaking was in sight.

On the 1st of May, 1869, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific tracks met at Promontory Point, Utah, and on the 10th "in a flat valley, bare except for the sage brush and a sprinkling of scrub cedars . . . with the uninvited world, save the circling buzzards, shut out," the final ceremonies occurred. It was a close shave for Durant. He and the Union Pacific party had got as far as Green River, Wyoming, when the promoter's train was held up by his own contractors, who wanted their money. Neither they nor their men had been paid for months. For a moment it looked as though the much advertised "marriage" of the two roads was going to blow up in a general strike. Desperate, Dodge wired Ames for the money; it came and was paid over and the ransomed Durant proceeded on his way.

The solemn moment came. With the two engines facing each other and a wild crowd of teamsters, track layers, and laborers surrounding the notables, a tie of California laurel bound with silver was laid down and a golden spike and silver hammer brought to the track. Promoters of the two roads eyed each other, already getting set for the rate wars that were to follow. Then Preacher Todd of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who was to call down the blessings of Almighty God, arose. Every stroke of the silver hammer was to be reported to the country by wire. In Omaha a breathless crowd had assembled. "Hats off," came the message, "prayer is being offered." Every wire from the east was cleared, via Omaha, for Promontory Point. Something snarled in the Omaha office and for a moment there was intense confusion. Then: "We have got done praying; the spike is about to be presented." Then the hammer strokes and finally came the single word: "Done!" The transcontinental railway was completed. Within an hour, over the champagne, Stanford was cursing the Federal Government for not being more generous with its subsidy. In less than six years he and his partners made a profit of more than five hundred per cent on an investment of a million dollars! This incredible work, this gigantic project that had thrilled the world and represented the effort of thousands, was still the possession of promoters.

IV

In the autumn of 1872, on the eve of the great panic, the New York *Sun* turned loose the scandal of the Credit Mobilier. The nub of it was this: In December, 1867, and January, 1868, Congressman Oakes Ames—simultaneously a Representative from Massachusetts, chief promoter of both Union Pacific and Credit Mobilier, and most influential member of the Committee on Pacific Railroad before whom questions of land grant and subsidy must come—had sold Credit Mobilier stock to a number of the most influential members of the House and Senate, poli-

ticians who controlled the course of legislation on the floor and in committee. The stock was sold at par; shortly thereafter dividends were paid. These dividends were so large that they covered the cost of the stock and more. Upon the publication of these facts investigation committees were appointed and panic-stricken legislators ran for cover.

Finally the books of the Credit Mobilier were produced and the profits of the great adventure were revealed. This was the final estimate of the construction company's bookkeepers:

Amount paid by the Union Pacific to the Credit Mobilier	$93,546,287.28
Amount paid to the contractors	50,720,958.94
Profit to the Credit Mobilier	$42,825,328.34

These figures were quarreled with but it was certain that a profit well in excess of twenty millions in cash had gone to the Credit Mobilier group. The hundred million dollar corporation had panned out gloriously.

Then the country was treated to the ironical spectacle of legislators, deep in anxious labors for metal and textile tariffs, sitting in judgment upon hapless members whose cut was so tiny compared with that of the Credit Mobilier crowd that comparison was ludicrous. The legislators of the gilded age were poor bargainers; they got little for the huge bounties that were given away. Congressman Bingham of Ohio, the chief architect of the due process clause, who had a seat next to Ames in the front row of the House, was allotted twenty shares. But the comparison was even more strange in the case of Ames who must play two parts: that of the great industrialist who would have Congress do his bidding and that of a Congressman who gladly carried out the desires of his other self. Ames, before the Committee, testified freely and with great frankness. The Wilson Committee held that the job was tantamount to bribery. Ames could not understand it. Wasn't this the way things were done? He produced his little memorandum book with all the details. Why all this fervor, this outburst? Ten days later he was dead.

What was the reason for these transactions tantamount to bribery? Why should this stock distribution have occurred in December, '67 and January, '68? It was testified that there was no intention of buying favorable legislation; rather it was to ward off unfavorable legislation. One fact deserves particular attention. The fact was this: By the 16th of August, 1867, the Union Pacific tracks were laid within thirty-seven miles of the *western* boundary of Nebraska and trains were running. Nebraska citizens were paying ten cents a mile passenger fares and freight rates were so high that it was cheaper to haul goods by wagon from Omaha to Fremont, forty miles away, than ship by rail! The devil of all devils, *rates,* had appeared and complaints from the prairie States had begun. The complaints reached a Wisconsin congressman who promptly in *December, 1867,* introduced a resolution calling for the *federal regulation* of rates on the Union Pacific. General Dodge, who served simultaneously as Chief Engineer, U.P. lobbyist, and Congressman from Iowa, at once referred the resolution to committee. In January Ames was writing, "I want that 14,000 increase of the C M to sell here. We want more friends in this Congress. . . ." Now another resolution was introduced in the House which provided that a Commission consisting of the Secretary of War, of the Interior, and the Attorney General should on the 1st of July each year fix rates over the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific, and their branches. One may imagine the icy chills that went down the spine of the Massachusetts shovel-maker; one may imagine the icy chills of other corporation representatives. Could one conceive a more ghastly precedent to happen in a gilded age? At all events, Ames moved with quiet expedition. The rate-fixing resolutions were buried in committee. The dreadful threat was averted. The profit to Vice-President Colfax seems to have been about $700.

That of the future President Garfield, according to Ames, was $329. And the star of empire continued on its way.

V

If Omaha was in love with the Union Pacific, a sort of kept woman enjoying the uncertain favors of the hundred-million-dollar sweetheart, where did the rate cries come from? They came from the farmers and merchants in the little towns that mushroomed on the prairie. A division of feeling between Omaha and the State was evident almost at once. In the Sodom on the river—it had a population of 16,000 in 1870 with some plank sidewalks, a frame opera house and still more saloons—dwelt the promoters or agents of the distant ones. There, darting in and out of Millard's or Kountze's bank or over in the U.P. offices or on Farnam Street corners were "the leeches who suck the farmers' blood"—ah, and lived in riot surrounded by mirrored bars, chuck-a-luck games, lush women in sealskin jackets, and all other manner of mouth-watering iniquity. On the plains it was another story.

The first comers to Nebraska—after the straggling Indian traders, squatters, and claim jumpers of the wilderness days—were those who had voted themselves a farm in '62 and who, under the Homestead Act, could file a claim on one hundred and sixty acres and by living on it five years, prove up on the claim and have title. West of Omaha was the Platte River, south was the Blue River valley, a fertile stretch of rolling country, well watered and with clumps of willow along the edges of the stream. On the Kansas border was the meandering Republican River, fringed with cottonwoods, which drained other desirable land. North of Omaha toward Dakota and for a considerable distance west, all was arable. This was loess soil with unbroken sod, the grazing ground of the buffaloes. Beyond, the land rose steadily toward the cattle country, the sand hills and buttes on the edge of Wyoming.

Into the fertile sections the homesteaders came, but they didn't come fast enough. The railroads, built as speculations and largely without plan, now had to have traffic and to get it they settled Nebraska at high pressure. They had their huge land grants to do it with. "Land on easy terms. Household goods brought out free." Europe was flooded with gaudy lithographs and luscious pamphlets advertising a new Eden to people who had never owned an acre and who regarded land as holy. Agents were in Liverpool and in the Baltic cities; they scoured the continent from Bavaria to Russia, they corresponded with French communists. Gaars, Swansons, Obchods, Dvornicheks, Gratzs, Krashetskis, and Branns were hurried to a strange and distant world where there were two towns: New York and Lincoln.

There were three things in Nebraska that a man might do. He could get a job with the railroad; "every virile man in Nebraska wanted to go railroading." The private car was the symbol of ultimate success. Or he could become a merchant in money or goods. "The Burlington," said one of them, "offered my father his choice of three different sites in three different towns for his grain elevator." As a successful merchant you were sympathetic with and attached to the railroads, and railroad men remembered you.

Last of all, if he was neither railroad man nor merchant, a man could farm. He could be an independent producer on the narrowest of margins, with success dependent upon drought, grasshoppers, European crop failures, tight money in New York, stock-market rigging, protective tariffs, and combinations to fix prices. The price of barbed wire stayed put, but the selling price of the cattle fenced in with that wire was something else. Harris Franklin of Deadwood made a cattle shipment to Omaha. He got one single bid. Bull-headed, he wouldn't take it but loaded his cattle back on the cars and went on to Chicago. And there he got the same identical bid! He sold and took the loss and went back to South Dakota

and quit the cattle business. But whatever happened to the farmer or the cattleman, the railroad was there, right before his eyes. He could not escape it; his cattle or grain had to get to market and the *power* was in the railroad man's hands.

The farmers, the first homesteaders knew this. Dwellers on a territorial frontier, they looked for protection not to cooperatives nor to "education," but to a great centralized authority—the Federal government. But the plutocrats had got there first; the Credit Mobilier promoters killed federal rate regulation. So the Nebraska farmers turned to the State, not from any love of States' Rights, but because such a move was the only apparent alternative. When the convention assembled at Lincoln in 1871, four years after statehood, to revise the constitution, the fight had begun. "The legislature shall establish reasonable rates" and pass laws to "prevent discrimination and abuses." The Nebraska City *Chronicle* reported Union Pacific officials declaring that the road "could well afford to spend $200,000 if necessary to defeat the new constitution." It was defeated.

So the farmers wrestled. Here was a colony of Mennonites, there a crowd of Swedes; in between was the native American stock, and all together they undertook to make a living. For great numbers it was a desperate adventure and the sod houses of Nebraska in their time sheltered many a caged animal. "The Bohemians were good farmers, but you never could tell when one of 'em was going to hang himself."

Did they dream that civilization would bloom there? Civilization? The sins of Omaha were the more sinful because they cost money. Must they turn their fervors into local option and prohibition campaigns? What Sundays there were in the hideous drygoods boxes of Campbellite and Lutheran churches where, in the arid stretches of the sermon, the endless mortgage worry was dulled. They knew the winters with the blizzards roaring down out of the Dakotas, and the summers with the blistering heat that took the bloom from the girls and made the gaunt faces, the faces old so long before their time.

Twice a year they could breathe—once during the spring when the rain and mud were gone. Then the cattle men in Dawes County might see the slopes of Crow Butte covered with flowers. Before winter there was the autumn with the Blue River valley turning first yellow and then golden-brown, with the willows like plumes of pale bronze and the twilight sky a deep luminous blue before the full moon rose, pale and cold. For the rest, dig in. Maybe corn will be up a dime next year.

In the late 80's there was a rain shortage—Omaha was at the tail end of a real-estate boom—and a long summer with the prairie burning under a sky like brass. There followed a merciless winter and the desperate homesteaders who once had pinned their faith to the Grange now began to swell the rolls of the Farmers' Alliance. It was so throughout the country, in Dakota, in Kansas, and Texas, and Alabama and Carolina. The farmers listened no more to pious sermons on husbandry in Orange Judd publications; they had papers of their own. "Get this bargain! *The Nebraska Farmers' Alliance* and *Looking Backward* together for $1.25." It was the great awakening, the brief springtime rebirth, the only intellectual period that the plains have ever known.

There were giants rising from the earth, exhorters and educators, country editors piecing the arguments together, the descendants of Jefferson grappling with the Hamiltonians. In Kansas was the lady lawyer, Mrs. Lease, with a high boned collar, urging the farmers to "raise less corn and more hell." A Nebraska editor told his readers: "We send the plutocrats a grim warning. . . . The twin of this oppression is rebellion (and) . . . unless there is a change and a remedy found, this day is as inevitable as that God reigns and it will be soon." So the Farmers' Revolution got under way.

But the Union Pacific was no longer alone in the field; in 1869 its great rival

and coadjutor, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, had arrived. After the Burlington reached Denver in 1882 it had built or bought more than twenty-eight hundred miles of track in Nebraska and covered the southern half of the State like a gridiron. Before the railway days were over ten roads had entered the State, but these two were chief of all. Either as enemies or allies they divided the government of the State between them.

How admirably they were designed for government! These two great systems reached into almost every town in the State; their representatives from station master to local attorney were at work every day of the year. How close were the ties with the leading business men in each town! One of the most powerful weapons was the free pass. Favored country editors traveled on free passes and wrote the right kind of editorials. Preachers rode on passes and asked for them. In 1881 Father Seraphin Lampe writes to his Bishop in Omaha: "Did you, Rt. Rev. Bishop, perhaps see already about that pass on the B & M to David City?" See the country banker at Crete waiting with a friend for the inbound train from Omaha. The banker owns a chain of elevators along the line and on that train are two grain buyers. The party of four will travel down the line and get off at each town. There will be dickering at each elevator; then all four will get on another train and be off to the next elevator. All four are good friends, all four are fond of poker, all four have *annual passes.* Barely has the train left Crete than the game begins. They determine to leave the first elevator until the return trip lest they break up the game. The game becomes more absorbing and one after another, each town and elevator is left behind until the party find themselves at Holdrege, with the game unfinished. But all have passes and here comes the eastbound express, headed for Chicago. All four genial spirits display their passes and get aboard. The game is resumed and continued into Chicago, where they get off and on another train, westbound to Omaha. The game continues; in each pocket is the trusty pass; let the cold wind blow outside. It is sweet to be the railroad's friend.

VI

Could the clumsy machinery of representative government function in opposition to the railroad systems and their friends? What a contrast! Every two years a miscellaneous crowd of legislators assembled at Lincoln for ninety days to do the work of democratic government and ponder on the needs of farmers who had no free passes. There was the Governor. Often he was seen in popular fancy poring over the problems of his commonwealth as he sat in a rocker in the modest executive mansion on a winter night. And of course there were the courts. Could this structure stand against a great railroad? It could not, because the railroads all but owned the structure too. In 1879 it was estimated that passes to the legislative members represented an investment of over $57,000 a year and that the roads couldn't afford it unless "remuneration were guaranteed." "The election of Amasa Cobb as justice of the Supreme Court was considered a victory for the Burlington." His unlucky opponent, Judge Wakeley of Omaha, had been "for years a Union Pacific attorney." The elections to the United States Senate brought political battles to a crisis and on one occasion the General Manager of the Burlington set up his headquarters in the Governor's office and there received the returns from the legislative chamber.

The centers from which these powers were administered were in Omaha in the remodeled Herndon House headquarters of the U.P. and the Burlington offices at 10th and Farnam. The Chairman of the Burlington Board in 1886 had his office in Boston. He was John Murray Forbes, the great banker and promoter of the road. He was closely allied with Baring Brothers and had been their purchasing agent in America, buying grain for Louis Napoleon during the Crimean

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War. The President of the road, Charles E. Perkins, lived part of the time in Burlington, Iowa. A graduate of Harvard College, he had married Forbes's cousin. These men were important enough but the exercise of the power in Nebraska was at Omaha in the office of George Ward Holdrege, General Manager of the Burlington west of the Missouri. Mr. Holdrege was a noticeable figure with his brisk walk, his tufted eyebrows and sharp piercing eyes. A graduate of Harvard also, he had come out to work for the Burlington almost immediately after his commencement in '69. An able railroad builder and manager, he spoke very little and was an expert listener. In politics he was justly regarded as a most dangerous adversary.

In these two offices were the steering wheels of the economy of a great farm region. Thither came the favored country grain dealers and bankers; thence the orders went out for the rate wars; there were made and broken the "gentlemen's agreements" and rate pools, there the wholesalers came to beg for rebates. There the latest exploits of Jay Gould, busily unloading wrecked railroads on the Union Pacific, were discussed and appraised. From the office windows the clerks could look out in the 80's on an Omaha in the throes of a real-estate boom. And all in it and tied to it were the men and the families and the businesses who looked *not to farm prosperity but to the roads* for their wealth and success.

Consider the Millard Hotel with "one of the coziest hotel lobbies in the world . . . the most approved and complete sanitary arrangements in the West. The Millard is a favorite with local societies and political committees and has long been the headquarters of the Republican State Central Committee." It might well be. Its proprietors shared with the Union Pacific the control of eighteen hotels along the line. They paid no freight.

There was the Omaha and Grant Smelting and Refining Company—long afterward absorbed by the Guggenheims—which smelted ores from western mines. Not only were Mr. Millard and Mr. Nash and Mr. Barton, all leading Omaha citizens, in this company but Sidney Dillon, President of the Union Pacific, and Fred Ames, son of Credit Mobilier Oakes, were large stockholders. The smelter got its ores over the U.P. and had a rebate.

There was William Paxton, who had got contracts from the U.P. in the early days and by now, along with the Millards and the Kountzes and others, was a capitalist in his own right. A huge man with a large head, rumpled buffalo-hide hair and a short temper, he was said to have defined an honest legislator as "one who will stay bought." He was in the iron works, was a partner in a wholesale grocery, in a hotel, and a score of enterprises. He had built the Paxton Block, its brick and red-stone garlands identifying it as one of the most splendid structures between Chicago and Denver. Mr. Paxton was a partner in the Omaha Elevator and Grain Company. This company rented the building they used from the Union Elevator Company which was owned jointly by the Union Pacific, the Burlington, and four other roads. Mr. Paxton and his partners had a rebate.

Mr. Paxton was also a rancher and in the cattle business. He had a friend, Alexander Swan, whose cattle ranged from Ft. Steele, Wyoming, to Ogallala, Nebraska. Mr. Swan's cattle company was capitalized at three million dollars and he had raised three-quarters of a million more to buy vast tracts of the U.P. land grant. Mr. Swan urged Mr. Paxton to start a stockyard in Omaha. Mr. Paxton with his friends did so, on land which they got from the Union Pacific. But Mr. Paxton already had a stockyard over the river in Council Bluffs, also on U.P. land, in which Nelson Morris, the packer, was interested. So he had two stockyards and a rival built a third yard on the Omaha side. During a rate war a cattle raiser tried to ship twelve cars to the rival yard. But the Union Pacific

freight agent in Kearney said no; the cattleman could have the rate only if he shipped to Council Bluffs, where the solitary yard of Mr. Paxton, the good friend of the Union Pacific, was located. The rival stockyard did not long survive. "Who in hell wants to go into partnership with a fool," Mr. Paxton was overheard to say on the station platform; "the best way is to freeze out the son-of-a-bitch."

So these men were drawn tighter and tighter to the railroads while the town roared along in its boom, heedless of the growing wrath of the farmers. The gambling joints flourished.

And the gilded age was brought to Omaha. John Creighton bought the mansard house where old Touzalin of the Burlington had lived, and put a "liquoratory" in it. The distillers and brewers came, attracted by the nearby grain supply; the chimneys smoked, real estate soared, and the cornfields on the edge of the town were scored with building lots. In 1887 there were no less than thirty-one million dollars' worth of real estate transfers. Every Western town was booming. Then, without warning, the boom collapsed, but before it did a new and powerful set of landlords arrived. On the 17th of March, 1887, the *Journal Stockman* contained this item: "Mr. G. Swift, the Chicago packer, is in South Omaha today. He has been through the yards and packing houses with the Honorable John A. McShane. The presence of the prince of packers just at this time excites comment on every hand and is thought to have a deeper significance than most people suppose."

VII

When on the 1st of December, 1883—after the shufflings back and forth across the river—Mr. Paxton and Mr. Swan and their friends organized the Union Stockyards Company, it was supposed that the business would consist chiefly of feeding and watering livestock on the way to Chicago. But this did not long suffice. For ten years or more there had been meat packing in Omaha on a small scale and Nelson Morris had been interested in Paxton's yard at Council Bluffs. The promoters now undertook most strenuously to persuade the great packers to come.

In the twenty years since the Civil War a small group of men had risen from obscurity and they already dominated the packing business. Chicago now displaced Cincinnati as a packing center. The leading figures in the business were Gustavus Swift, a Cape Cod butcher; Philip D. Armour, who came to Chicago from Milwaukee with his lieutenant, Michael Cudahy; and Nelson Morris, a German immigrant. The Omaha promoters, through a gift of land and cash and $100,000 worth of stock in the yards, induced Swift to come. A similar subsidy was accepted by Armour who opened a packing house in partnership with his lieutenant, Cudahy. Banks were organized near the yard to handle cattle loans and into these banks the packers went. From now on a cattle-feeder borrowed money from a packer-controlled bank and sold his livestock in a "free market" controlled by packers also.

This new development must have caused many an anxious hour in the railroad offices downtown in Omaha; it meant a division of power. The packers were getting into the railroad boards. John Plankinton of Milwaukee, Armour's old boss, had been a director of the St. Paul as early as 1878. In 1882 the St. Paul reached Omaha, and by 1885 Armour himself was a director. The road managers had originally refused to build refrigerator cars and forced the packers to do it themselves. Now the packers, among the greatest shippers in the country, were able to exact rebates in the form of "mileage," a subsidy on every refrigerator car the roads hauled. By acting in concert they were in a position to crush competition and establish themselves as a trust.

Between the railroads and the packers, the grain growers and cattle raisers of Nebraska and the West found themselves in a vise. Under the pressure they re-

doubled their attacks upon the courts, upon the State House at Lincoln, and on Washington. On the 4th of February, 1887, Congress passed the Interstate Commerce Act. On April 1, 1888, Gustavus Swift began slaughtering beef at South Omaha. Six weeks later, on the 16th of May, Congress ordered an investigation of the packers. It was found that the packers were strongly entrenched, that they were acting in collusion, fixing the retail price of beef in the East and squeezing the cattle raisers in the West.

The tying together of the roads and the packers was a symptom of what was happening throughout the whole American economy as it became more tightly knit. If, perhaps, Mr. Holdrege and Mr. Perkins and Mr. Forbes cursed the packers in private, they could not help themselves. Their hands were full, for the beleaguered farmers were now incessant in their agitation.

Affairs in the Herndon House headquarters of the Union Pacific were in confusion. Every conceivable sort of pillage was turning the road, physically and financially, into "two streaks of rust and a right of way." Every move that Gould made in the affairs of the road damaged it further and in Nebraska towns it was thought that his rapacity was endless. He had told the people of Columbus that if they wouldn't vote the road a $25,000 bond issue he would ruin the town. Yet the wreck still held together, the U.P. still held Wyoming as a pocket borough, and its hold upon Omaha and the State was still strong. When a reporter for an Omaha paper, looking for rate statistics, went down to see the U.P. General Freight Agent, he was cordially received. "Certainly," said the agent heartily, "which side do you want to prove? I can give you figures for either."

The Burlington was in better shape. The road was making money and politically it had the edge on the U.P. Representing Nebraska in the Federal Senate were Mr. Manderson, presently to become General Solicitor of the Burlington, and Mr. Van Wyck. There was some doubt about Mr. Van Wyck. Though he denounced "the interests" he traveled on a pass and was accused of being "the silent pardner of the railroads." It was true that trouble was increasing in the legislature, but the roads redoubled their efforts to keep control of the courts and all seemed secure. Finally in 1888 the great Burlington railway strike had been decisively broken, putting into circulation what became a Nebraska adage: "The Burlington never lost a strike."

The result of these pressures was the forming of the Populist Party—the People's Party—in Kansas in the spring of 1890. Into it went Grangers, the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance, cheap-money men, and silverites. That fall they voted for the first time and the election returns alarmed the railroad men and astounded the East. The rebels, "what a herd of hogs would be in the parlor of a careful housekeeper," had won four United States Senators, forty-nine Congressmen, three Governors, and the control of eight legislatures. In the fall of 1891, with conditions on the farms almost intolerable and the storm warnings of a national panic plainly visible, 18,000 covered wagons crossed the Missouri. They were homesteaders, quitting Nebraska, a country under a curse. It was in this atmosphere in July, 1892, that delegates from all over the West and South journeyed to Omaha for the first national convention of the Populist Party. The day fixed was July 4th. The agrarian declaration of independence was about to be given to the world.

VIII

On the first of July, 1892, a Friday, the delegates began to straggle in. Ten thousand visitors were expected and, though Omaha business men might deride the "Populites" without mercy, the money was acceptable. Every hotel and boarding house was ready and waiting. Delegates in covered wagons—some had come a thousand miles and spent weeks on the way—camped on the edge of town and skirmished for water and firewood.

General Van Wyck, "the silent pardner," was at the Paxton Hotel with his wife and daughter, Miss Happy Van Wyck. Once while the General was campaigning, he made a violent attack on the free pass. When a railroad man in the audience asked him why he traveled on a pass, the General replied: "In a war it is my practice to forage on the enemy." General Weaver, the long-mustached Populist idol of Iowa, was at the Millard. Down the hall, at Room 110, the Silver League had its headquarters.

They are coming, Father Abraham, they are coming. And with banners. "What Is Home Without A Mortgage?" said one. Terence V. Powderly, Grand Master of the nearly defunct Knights of Labor ("gas bag" was the gentlest term applied to Mr. Powderly) was expected on the morrow at 9:20. So were Anna Howard Shaw and Susan Anthony. Young Mr. Hamlin Garland, the literary darling of the Populists, had not yet arrived but was due in over the Northwestern at any minute. He was going to stay with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Peattie, over on Poppleton Avenue.

Despite the presence of Mr. Powderly and railway union representatives and the working women's auxiliary meeting and the general sympathy with labor demands, this swelling crowd could by no means be termed "labor." They were neither urban nor proletarian. Farm owners—with mortgages—predominated. They and the little business men from the small towns wanted "to get on" and they wanted protection in order to get on.

There were farm delegates in stiff Sunday suits and celluloid collars, there were bony-faced women with hair in doorknobs, there were young farmers' wives with children in arms. Country lawyer delegates were there and country preachers in Come-to-Jesus coats. There were country editors—sandy-haired ones with adam's apples, sour-faced old ones, burning young ones. Here was Dan Freeman, the first man in the United States to take out a claim under the Homestead Act—located south of Omaha—and Bill Dech with "a heart as big as his feet and no shoe was ever made too big for him." There were Union veterans in blue, Confederate Populists in uniform, Negro delegates from the South, Single Taxers, Prohibitionists, Knights of Labor, Greenbackers, and Women's Rightsers. Every important Eastern paper had its correspondents in Omaha; they had come prepared to turn out derisive copy and, confronted by the lunatics and radical mountebanks, they could do it. It was a different story when they faced the farmer delegates whose faces showed so plainly the terrible mill they had been through.

Sunday, July 3rd, had been set apart as a solemn memorial service for the dead Populist hero of North Carolina, Colonel Leonidas Polk. While the platform committees sweated over their labors in the hotels, the delegates gathered. See them now, waiting for the exercises to begin. They had been jeered and taunted from one end of the country to the other; they were rurals, hicks, and jays. They were not "respectable" and they yearned to be respectable with a most terrible yearning. There were no words to describe the feelings of the farmer's wife driving into the county seat in a dress made over three times, knowing that all her dresses would be so. The thought of a pale-blue challis, never to be achieved, could wring the heart. Did they and their men feel self-conscious as they went into politics? Their beliefs and hopes were almost identical with those who had got on. This was the "farmers' rising," the defiance of the poor relations of America.

Before this whispering, restless, respectably threadbare throng, young Mr. Garland rose to read a story which he called "Under the Lion's Paw." The horrors of farm debt hung over many in the audience; they *knew*. When the story teller came to his climax, with the desperate farmer turning upon the money lender: "Make out y'r deed an' mor'gage an' git off'n my land an' don't ye ever cross my line agin; if y'do I'll kill ye" it was more than some of them could stand.

And then Mrs. Lease. Some might

identify her as the lady lawyer from Kansas, the wife of a Wichita druggist, but to others she was the heroine of rebellion. Yesterday in the Coliseum, "Our Queen Mary," as General Weaver called her, had driven the delegates frantic with enthusiasm while "the five-minute rule lay a helpless wreck under Mrs. Lease's feet." "It is deplored by sectarians," she had said, "that irreligion prevails in the West. Socialism prevails, strong individuality prevails and these characteristics, widely diffused, are the bulwarks of the nation's freedom. The orthodox church with its hypocrisy and cowardice is driving out its honest and thinking members and strengthening and fortifying the ranks of socialism.

> "The rudiments of empire here
> Are plastic yet and warm,
> The chaos of a mighty world
> Is rounding into form . . ."

She had swept them along until finally, flinging her arms in the air, she cried: "The West is the natural reservoir of liberty!" And from the back of the Coliseum had come a booming voice: "A-a-men! Let the people say A-a-men!"

This was the lady, in a black-and-yellow dress, with "a voice with the depth of a trombone, easily heard in the remotest part of the hall," who was the star of the afternoon. "The prairies of Kansas," she said, "are dotted over with the graves of women who have died of mortgage on the farm." There was weeping. At the last, when Colonel Polk had been extolled, the solemn gathering rose and sang: "We Shall Meet in the Sweet Bye and Bye."

These preliminaries prepared the delegates for the 4th of July when the platform was brought in. The platform got more cheers than the candidates. Government ownership and government aid from a government captured and run by "the little men" was the core of their thought.

The convention, it was plain, was no routine Republican or Democratic rareeshow in which all the hoary old shibboleths were brought out by "railroad cappers" and dusted off. The platform meant something. There wasn't a plank in it that the delegates could not instantly recognize. All this was what they had argued out at home, sitting up at night in farm kitchens. Country editors who, in their smudged weeklies, had urged on the cause, glowed with exultation. Nuckolls and Red Willow Counties were one thing; this was a *national* convention. Few of the delegates dreamed that it was not only the first convention, but practically the last; that four years later they would be seduced by a silver-tongued careerist with a panacea. No. Now the future was bright.

This was, in fact, almost the high point of the agrarian enthusiasm. Never again would they believe and feel this way:

> The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their enemies are identical. . . . Transportation being a means of exchange and a public necessity, the government should own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people . . . a just, equitable and efficient means of (currency) distribution direct to the people, at a tax not to exceed two per cent per annum, to be provided as set forth in the sub-treasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance. . . . The land, including all the natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of the people and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes . . . a graduated income tax . . . government owned telephone and telegraph . . . the Australian ballot . . . the initiative and the referendum . . . eight hour day . . . no subsidy or national aid to any private corporation for any purpose.

Then they proceeded to nominate the Union General Weaver for the first place on the ticket, and the Confederate General Field for the second place. He was the same General Field who had declaimed:

> All hail the power of the People's name,
> Let autocrats prostrate fall;
> Bring forth the royal diadem
> And crown the people sovereign, all.

Almost while they were cheering their candidates, on the night of July 5, 1892, a boatload of Pinkerton detectives moved up the Monongahela River above Pittsburgh and began the attack on the men

barricaded in the Carnegie Steelworks at Homestead. If it was all up with the propertyless steel workers in Pittsburgh, it was all up with the farmers and little business men at Omaha. That fall they voted and polled over a million votes and twenty-two in the Electoral College, but the tide already was turning; they had fallen behind 1890 in many of the States. Though the farmers of Nebraska had successes still to come, though they would elect a governor and send "windy Allen," the "honest judge of Madison," to the Senate, their great effort had failed. The Burlington and the Union Pacific and all the Eastern industrial power which these two names represented in Nebraska, were still in control. Mr. Olney, the Burlington's General Counsel, had been made Attorney General by Mr. Cleveland. He wrote the frightened Mr. Perkins:

> The (Interstate Commerce) Commission, as its functions have now been limited by the courts, is, or can be made, of great use to the railroads. It satisfies the popular clamor for a government supervision of railroads, at the same time that that supervision is almost entirely nominal. *Further, the older such a commission gets to be, the more inclined it will be found to take the business and railroad view of things. It thus becomes a sort of barrier between the railroad corporations and the people and a sort of protection against hasty and crude legislation hostile to railroad interests. . . . The part of wisdom is not to destroy the Commission, but to utilize it.*

No, the farmers were licked. The little man's day was over. Four years later in 1896, when they gave their souls to the boy orator of the Platte, Mark Hanna and the Wall Streeters beat them for good and all.

[*To be concluded next month*]



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RUBY AND CAMELIA

A STORY

BY BILL ADAMS

We first heard of them from our small daughter Dumpling, who met Camelia on the day school opened in the little town of Almond Vale to the neighborhood of which we had lately moved; our new home a short distance outside the city limits.

"What does Camelia's father do?" my wife asked Dumpling.

"She hasn't got one. She's only got a mother," replied Dumpling.

"What does her mother do, dear?" inquired my wife.

"Just takes care of Camelia," Dumpling replied and added, "She's not really her mother. She's her big sister. Camelia just calls her 'mother'."

"That's rather sweet," said my wife. And it did seem a bit touching. We hadn't seen Ruby or Camelia, but could picture them. An elder sister (Dumpling said, "She's about thirty or something") caring for a little sister, the two of them alone in the world.

We saw them when we went to church next Sunday. Camelia, a pale child of fourteen, looked undernourished. Ruby, a plump flaccid-looking woman in her early thirties, with a downtrodden air and mournful eyes, looked like a meek fish.

During the service we found that they were not all alone in the world. While the minister offered a prayer for Bradford Charnwood, her brother in a tax-supported free sanatorium a hundred and seventy miles away in the mountains, Ruby mopped her eyes and sobbed. We felt more than ever touched.

When we reached our car after church Ruby was at its door waiting for us. "I'm real glad to meet you folks," she said, and appeared to mean it. And she added, "Your big girl's the age for my Sunday school class. Maybe you'd like to have her come."

We thought it rather noble of her to be taking a Sunday school class, with a little sister to care for and a brother ill so far away. But my wife and I are very busy people. My wife, a college professor, drives daily seventeen miles to her work. I am at my desk till noon, after which there is a great deal to do on our two-acre place. The cow, chickens, ducks, and pigeons have to be cared for on Sunday just as on other days. We were starting a vegetable garden and hoped to have some flowers also. My wife explained to Ruby that even to get to church took a good deal of planning, since we like to stay a little later in bed on Sunday. To get Dumpling to Sunday school an hour earlier would not be possible unless we drove her in, which, since it would necessitate our making two trips if we were to go to church ourselves, was out of the question. And then she asked Ruby, "Can we drive you home?" We knew from Dumpling that they lived only a little way from us.

As Ruby seated herself I had a sudden intuition that she had planned to be driven home by us. Naturally people

without a car would take it as a matter of course that a neighbor who lived close by and had one should drive them. Yet Ruby's manner seemed to imply that the car was rightly as much hers as ours. But then I have a rather vivid imagination, and I felt somewhat ashamed when we set them down before a shabby little house on all sides of which weeds grew in rank profusion.

My wife caught my eye as Ruby stepped from the car, and, getting the meaning of her upraised brow, I nodded acquiescently. When we moved to Almond Vale we brought a maid with us. After three days the maid took her departure. We had been trying in vain to get another. Maids will not go seventeen miles into the country, even though there is a town with a movie theater close by.

"Do you ever work?" asked my wife of Ruby in her most politely tentative tones.

"Oh, yes! I have to take care of Camelia," came the immediate reply.

"We're looking for help in the house," said my wife. "I pay my maid forty-five dollars a month. She has time off from Saturday noon till Monday noon. I send the laundry out and I make the butter and attend to the milk myself before I leave home to go to my work. The children are away from eight o'clock till three-thirty or four every day except Saturday and Sunday. When they are at home they are not allowed to be nuisances. We seldom have company and when we do have more than two people I either get extra help or pay my maid something additional."

"I'd think you oughtn't to have any trouble at all getting good help," remarked Ruby encouragingly.

"I was wondering if perhaps you would consider the place," said my wife.

"I couldn't. I have to stay home and take care of Camelia," came the instant reply.

"I've had maids who had a child," persisted my wife. "If you'd care to think it over, I'm sure we could arrange for you to have Camelia with you."

"I have to be very careful of sister. I just daren't neglect her at all for a minute. She's not strong, and with my poor brother like he is, she'll be all I have before very long, I'm afraid," replied Ruby, wiping away a tear.

"I'm so sorry for you!" exclaimed my wife, her own troubles put out of mind. "If ever there's anything we can do to help you you must let us know at once."

"I'm real glad to meet you folks. It's a hard world for a poor woman all alone," said Ruby, with a large tear in each meek eye.

"I'm worried about them. Camelia looks as if she doesn't get enough to eat," said my wife as we were driving home.

On Tuesday we were informed by Dumpling that Camelia had not been in school that day. "I bet she's got a cold or something. Her nose was running yesterday. I had to lend her my new handkerchief, the embroidered one I got for my birthday," said Dumpling.

"You shouldn't lend other children your handkerchief," remonstrated my wife. And then she put a dozen of the day's eggs and a two-quart jar of fresh milk and a pint of cream and the pound of butter she had made before starting to work that morning into a basket and asked me if I'd mind taking it over to Ruby.

Ruby appeared so quickly when I rapped that it seemed as though she must have been expecting me. "My wife sent you a few little things for Camelia. I hope you won't mind accepting them," I said. With one hand she pushed open the screen door a little, and with the other reached for the basket. Without a word she shut the door and took the basket into the house—for all the world as though I were the grocer's delivery boy.

"Do you think she was glad to have the things?" asked my wife when I got home. "I do hope she wasn't offended at my sending them."

"It seemed, from her manner, that they belonged to her anyway," said I.

"Poor thing! She was probably terribly embarrassed," said my wife.

On Saturday afternoon the minister

called on us. "You look very tired," said my wife. And he did look very tired.

"Being tired's part of a minister's job," he replied with a cheery smile. "I drove Miss Charnwood up to see her sick brother in the mountains last night and didn't get home till close to three o'clock this morning."

"Where's Camelia?" inquired my wife.

"Camelia's staying with that old couple who live a little way up the road from them," replied the minister. "Miss Charnwood will be back on Monday morning, by train. The church is paying her fare of course."

Dumpling had spoken of the old couple. The Dornbacks kept a cow and a pig and chickens, and worked all their spare time in their vegetable garden. They were both rather deaf and suffered from rheumatism. When the minister was gone my wife said, "It'll be very slow for Camelia with those old people. Suppose you go over and tell them we'll be glad to have her till Ruby gets back."

The Dornbacks told me that they'd promised to keep Camelia, and wouldn't feel right to make other arrangements without Ruby's consent. So I said to Camelia, "When your sister gets home you tell her we'll be glad to have you stay with us any time she wants to go and see your brother."

On the Saturday following, Ruby appeared at our door with Camelia who carried a little brown-paper parcel. "Camelia told me you folks wanted her to come and live with you, so I'm going up to see my brother again," said Ruby.

"You'll be back on Monday morning, I suppose," asked my wife.

"I thought I'd stay a week or maybe two weeks. I do so need a good rest," Ruby replied.

"I'm fearfully sorry," demurred my wife, "but we still have no maid, you see; and I'm afraid it would be too much to ask my husband to take the responsibility of an extra child for so long. He has to get our dinner, you see, and get the breakfast too before seeing our children off to school after I go in the morning. We'd be glad to have Camelia till Monday morning though of course."

"Then I suppose I'll have to be back Monday," sighed Ruby, bestowing upon me a rather cold look.

"Where does she get the money for a round-trip fare? The church surely can't pay it continually," said my wife, when Ruby was gone.

"Better be careful. Camelia will overhear you," I murmured.

"Mother's got plenty of money. We got our relief money yesterday," piped up Camelia, who already had overheard.

"Let me see what you have in the parcel, dear," said my wife. Camelia opened the parcel in which was a soiled nightgown.

"Didn't you bring a hair brush, dear?" asked my wife.

"Mother took the hair brush," replied Camelia.

"And did she take the tooth brush too, dear?" inquired my wife.

"We don't have a tooth brush," answered Camelia.

Save that she ate very slowly, so that all our meals were delayed, and was very finicky about what she ate, Camelia was very little trouble. My wife took pains to make a custard with plenty of fresh eggs and new milk. There were vegetables straight from the garden. She didn't like custard and she didn't like vegetables. "What do you and mother eat, dear?" asked my wife.

"Doughnuts and potato chips and canned-fruit salad and things like that, and we always have candy for dessert. We like chocolate candy best," Camelia promptly answered.

"Don't you ever have any milk, dear?" continued my wife.

"The Dornbacks give us milk if we fetch it, but mother's mostly too tired to go for it and we don't like it anyway," came the reply.

My wife had to wash Camelia's hair before she used Dumpling's hair brush, and put her into a new nightgown just bought for Dumpling, and buy her a tooth brush, which, despite urging, she failed to use.

At half-past ten on Monday night Ruby appeared. I had expected her in the early forenoon. We had put Camelia to bed at nine o'clock.

"I thought you folks wouldn't mind keeping sister just through Monday. It was so nice in the mountains and I did so need the rest," explained Ruby.

"Now that she's in bed, she'd better stay there till morning," said my wife.

"Oh, no! We often sit up and listen to the radio lots later than this," replied Ruby. So my wife woke Camelia, who came from her bedroom in Dumpling's nightgown.

"See the pretty new nightie I've got, mother!" said Camelia.

"It's real nice of you folks to give sister a new nightie," said Ruby. And away they went, with Dumpling's new nightie and Camelia's old nightie washed and ironed; and as they went down the porch steps Ruby called back, "It's real nice to have a place I can always leave sister when I want to go to see my poor brother and get a little rest."

My wife was cleaning out her chicken house next Saturday afternoon. She gets home at noon on Saturday. Dumpling and I were whitewashing the roosts. It was a very hot afternoon at the end of a very hot week. My wife, who is always rather tired by Saturday, does not enjoy cleaning the chicken house; but says that to hire a boy to do it would not be economical. She had on a ragged old dress, and a pair of downtrodden shoes. Pieces of litter and old feathers clung to her skirt. There was dust in her hair.

There was a step on the graveled path outside. The chicken-house door opened and Camelia looked in.

"You don't have any chickens do you, dear? I should think that mother'd keep a few. It's so nice to have fresh eggs," said my wife tiredly.

Shaded by a wide-brimmed cheap straw hat, Ruby's meek face appeared behind Camelia. "The Dornbacks wanted to give me six hens, but I couldn't take them. I never could stand the smell of a chicken house," said Ruby. "You tell them what we came for, sister," she added, backing away with a hand to her sensitive nose and brushing a feather from her sleazy flowered rayon skirt.

"Can Dumpling come to the movies with us?" asked Camelia.

"Do you often go to the movies, dear?" asked my wife, rather surprised. Maybe once a month my wife and I go to a movie. Once a month seems to be about as often as we can afford.

"Not very often," replied Camelia.

"How often's not very often, dear?" inquired my wife.

"Sometimes only once a week," answered Camelia.

"I'm afraid Dumpling can't go. She's spent all her week's allowance," said my wife.

"Oh, that's all right. Mother'll pay," retorted Camelia.

"I'm afraid that would be taking advantage of mother," suggested my wife.

"Mother's got plenty of money. We got our relief money this morning."

"I'm afraid I must keep Dumpling at home to-day, dear," said my wife.

We met Ruby and Camelia after church next day. They were waiting at our car when we reached it. "How was your Sunday school class to-day?" my wife asked Ruby.

"Fine!" replied Ruby, and added all in the same breath, "We saw the best movie yesterday! I wish you'd let your girl come. I wanted to pay you back for keeping sister."

"Oh, that's all right. Maybe there'll be some little thing you can do for us sometime," replied my wife.

We set them down at the shabby little house on every side of which grew tall weeds in rank profusion. "It's wonderfully rich soil. Anything one plants will grow in it. All that's necessary is to drop in the seeds and give them a little water and attention now and then," suggested my wife.

"If I didn't have to take such care of Camelia maybe I'd try to plant a garden, though I'm not very strong," said Ruby mournfully.

During the week my wife unexpectedly had an afternoon with no classes and was home soon after noon. Jackie, our six-year-old, would be out of school at two o'clock. But Dumpling would not be out till three-thirty. If we picked up Jackie we could hurry into the city, get some much-needed shopping done before the stores closed, have something to eat, and be home comfortably, if we were lucky, by very little after her regular bedtime. But we couldn't go off and leave Dumpling to come home to find no one in, and to go without supper till our possibly delayed arrival. We could take her out of school of course; but to do that was against our principles.

"I've got it!" exclaimed my wife, "I'll send Jackie over to Ruby's with a note to ask if she'll keep Dumpling till we come for her. Then we can 'phone the school and get word to Dumpling to go straight to Ruby's as soon as she's out."

We were not able to go into the city for our sorely needed shopping. Jackie brought back word that Ruby had to go into the city herself, on important business. We wondered what the important business might be. Also we wondered about Camelia. There was no train back from the city till after ten o'clock.

"Where's Camelia this afternoon?" asked my wife, when Dumpling came in at four.

"She quit school at noon and went home," replied Dumpling. "They've gone window shopping in the city."

The round-trip fare for one passenger by the little electric railway that runs between Almond Vale and the city is ninety-two cents.

On the following Saturday the minister called on us. I accompanied him to his car when he went. In the back seat was a large box of fancy peaches. "Fine fruit!" said I.

"Yes, isn't it?" he replied. "One of my congregation asked me to leave it at Miss Charnwood's. It's the best variety for canning. Ruby and Camelia will have canned peaches enough for all winter, poor girls."

But, though on the shelves of her screen porch were some dozens of empty Mason jars that from time to time she had received full from various church members, Ruby did not can the peaches. In the rear of her house was a heavily laden old tree of the same variety. Camelia came over one day with a note for my wife.

"I thought maybe you folks'd like to can the peaches off our tree. There'll be enough for all of us all winter. If you'll do the picking I'll be glad to let you have the fruit in return for half of it canned." We did not accept the offer. Together with those delivered by the minister, the peaches rotted.

Again there came a Sunday when the minister prayed for Bradford. This time he asked also that strength be given Ruby to bear her affliction. She mopped her meek eyes and sobbed while the congregation glanced sorrowfully her way. After the service she was surrounded by sympathetic women. The Almighty Himself got scarcely more notice than did Ruby that Sunday. It seemed that the latter part of the minister's prayer was being well answered.

Again Ruby and Camelia were at our car when we reached it. Again we drove them home. Despite ourselves, we felt in a strange way sorry for Ruby. With Bradford gone, there would be no more free trips to the mountains, no more being publicly prayed for.

A little while later Bradford died. We did not go to the funeral. It was on an afternoon when my wife was able to be at home. We were cleaning her chicken house when the slow procession passed. Bradford's body had been sent home by the county, the taxpayers footing its fare. The church was paying for its burial. With Camelia beside her, an embroidered handkerchief at her eyes, Ruby sat very upright mopping her meek cheeks in the back seat of the big shiny car owned and driven by the Sunday school superintendent, its rear windows wide open that all might see.

"How's Ruby?" inquired my wife, when Dumpling came in next day; having

on her way from school stayed to visit Camelia. "Is she very unhappy?"

"She's swell!" exclaimed Dumpling. "She's reading the front page of the *Almond Vale Echo* and of the county newspaper too. She's reading them over and over, out loud to Camelia. There's a piece about their brother's funeral on the front page of both."

My wife and I have never made the local, let alone the county paper. Though our names are in *Who's Who*, not yet have we achieved that distinction.

On the following day, having again visited Camelia, Dumpling arrived in great excitement. "Gee, they've only got six dollars in the whole world!"

"Where did they get the six dollars?" asked my wife.

"The teachers chipped in and raised it for them to-day," replied Dumpling. "Camelia took it home in her handkerchief; the embroidered one I got for my birthday. It's the only one she's got and the six dollars is all the money they've got in the whole world. How long will six dollars last them, mother?"

"I couldn't say. It depends on how they spend it, dear," replied my wife, and added, "It was nice of the teachers. The Almond Vale teachers get very meager salaries, and had another cut just lately."

That night there was showing at the Almond Vale movie house a picture that my wife and I had long wanted to see. We talked over whether we could afford it and decided that we could not. But, since it was said to be the best picture of the year, we at last decided that we would, even though the price of admission was higher than for other pictures. My wife's hens were laying well. The cow had had a calf, and was giving three gallons of rich milk a day. Our vegetable patch was producing very nicely, and we had canned fruit enough for all winter.

We were a little late starting. "No, Dumpling," remonstrated my wife, "we haven't the time to stop for candy, and if we did have we'd not. We can't afford candy whenever you feel like it, dear."

"The loges are all taken. I'm sorry the only seats left are in the back row of the balcony," said the girl in the booth when we bought our tickets.

"That'll be all right, thank you," said I and added, "we never blow ourselves for the loges anyway."

With Dumpling in the lead, we started up the stairs. Suddenly Dumpling stopped.

"Gee, thanks!" exclaimed Dumpling.

With Camelia beside her in the front row of loges, Ruby, in her sleazy flowered rayon, held out to us with one soft hand a box of drug-store chocolates, while with the other she gently fanned her meek face with a new five-and-ten fan.

"We always like candy when we go to a movie," said Ruby, and added sympathetically, "Too bad you folks weren't in time to get nice seats."

THE MYSTERY OF THE MINO TOMB

ALBERT FRANZ COCHRANE

Do you think that you would make a good amateur detective if occasion ever arose? Most of us do. Very well, then, the question is this: Did, or did not, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts pay one hundred thousand dollars for a masterpiece of Italian Renaissance sculpture or for a worthless forgery?

The problem is not just a battle of critics. That stage was passed long ago. As it stands to-day, it is one of cold deductive reasoning of cause and effect, of whys and wherefores.

Moreover, it is not just a question of whether or not the Mino Tomb is beautiful. It is magnificent, and so conceded by an unending list of world-renowned scholars who have come to Boston to see the sculpture, and, seeing it, have stayed to dispute its authenticity while agreeing on its beauty.

For the past ten years the Museum's own staff of experts endeavored by every means at its command to determine whether the Mino Tomb is a costly fake or a medieval masterpiece. If it could be proved to be five centuries old, then it was good—very good. If, however, it had weathered only a score of years, then (from the Museum's point of view) it was bad—very bad.

The results of their investigation are unparalleled in the annals of art: a confessed "forgery" has been "proved" genuine by scientific means. The evidence on either side is amazing and overwhelming. Perhaps you would enjoy trying your hand at solving the mystery.

In the pronouncement of science, which came after four years of most intensive and painstaking research, the Boston Museum believes that it has found the answer that it has sought—the sculpture is genuine Renaissance.

But scarcely had the Museum spoken its mind than a letter arrived from London addressed to the Director, Mr. George Harold Edgell. It was from Sir Eric Robert Dalrymple Maclagan, the distinguished head of the Victoria and Albert. The Englishman congratulated his American colleague on the findings, but also begged leave to remain in the rank of the doubters. Sir Eric was one of many who had denounced the work as a forgery, and he still sees no reason to run up a white flag of critical surrender even though as a matter of scholarly courtesy he may spike his guns.

The cannonading started ten years ago when Alceo Dossena, an obscure Italian sculptor, who was to become the most celebrated forger of his century, hurled a verbal bombshell into a pleasantly tranquil art world. "In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the U.S.A.," he said, "is a marble tomb exhibited as the work of Mino da Fiesole. I made it."

II

Our story, however, begins some years earlier, with a hay-rig rumbling its solitary way northeastward through an Italy still in the throes of postwar reconstruction. Its progress was slow as it crossed into what, only a few years previously, had been enemy territory. The cart seemed

unduly cumbersome for so light a load, and had the soldier at Customs thrust his rifle into the loosely packed hay his bayonet might have found the answer. But, as luck would have it, the soldier did not probe the hay. Thus in so commonplace and orthodox a fashion began our unparalleled tale of reputed smuggling, forgery, and learned disputation that has now reached its anticlimax in Boston.

Let me confess at once, however, that the entire incident of the hay-rig is, and will quite likely forever remain, an unproven and unprovable prologue to our history. It was told me by a gentleman whose first-hand information in the case leads him to accept it as true. In the early nineteen-twenties smuggling art treasures out of Italy was a major and complex industry, accelerated by Mussolini's decree that no work of antiquity should leave the country without governmental authorization.

But we are on the firm ground of documented fact when we place Mr. Charles H. Hawes, then associate director of the Boston Museum, in the office of the Hofmuseum in Vienna in the fall of 1922, enjoying a pleasant chat with the head of that institution, Dr. Gustavo Gluck. Among other things, Doctor Gluck spoke of a new and important accession, a magnificently carved memorial tomb of one Maria Catharina da Savelli, from the hand of the fifteenth-century Florentine sculptor, Mino da Fiesole. It had not yet arrived for installation, but Doctor Gluck graciously showed photographs to his colleague. So beautiful was it that the Bostonian could easily admire it beyond the perfunctory praise expected of well-bred visitors. Little did he imagine, however, that the tomb was destined some day to come to Boston, there to split connoisseurs into openly hostile camps, and to be denounced as a fraud in the most sensational art mystery since the bold theft in 1911 of the Mona Lisa from the closely guarded walls of the Louvre. Fortunately for his peace of mind, the photographs revealed nothing of the decade to come.

In the accession of its new treasure the Vienna museum had understood that it came from the collection of Baron Oppenheim at Presburgo, Czechoslovakia. In Florence Doctor Gluck had signed a contract of purchase, reading in part: "The Hofmuseum buys from Carlo Balboni, the seller, a marble sculpture by Mino da Fiesole at the agreed price of ——— Italian lire. . . . All responsibility whatsoever of the vendor shall cease at the moment of consigning the cases to the person undertaking to accomplish their removal from the place where the object is located." Notice that "the place" was not specified—an interesting detail to remember in what follows.

Months passed, and back in Boston Mr. Hawes, occupied with the manifold duties of his office, ceased to think of the Mino Tomb until, by chance, word came through Miss Alice V. V. Brown, professor of Fine Arts at nearby Wellesley, that the sculpture was again on the market.

Monumental works of the Italian Renaissance are great rarities, and it is no exaggeration to say that the chance to pick up an example in a state of almost perfect preservation might never again present itself. Only one crack ran through the central slab, cutting the marble effigy of the sleeping figure and the sarcophagus on which she rested. And, as so often happens in ancient art, that crack seemed to add the final touch of æsthetic beauty. Age had hall-marked it for its own; the crack whispered softly of passing centuries that had mellowed and stained the Carrara to a rich golden hue. No wonder the Boston Museum, with so rich a prize within grasp, promptly cabled for photographs to a Florentine dealer into whose hands the tomb had now come.

There are several accounts as to why the Mino sculpture was lost to Vienna. The official one is that the museum failed to raise the necessary money. This is plausible enough, for in those years ready cash was scarce among the defeated Central Powers. Another version is that the officials became suspicious after closely examining their purchase. Some years

later, when its forgery was openly asserted, Dr. Leo Planiscig, custodian of the former Imperial Museum in Vienna, who is ranked as a world-scholar of Italian Renaissance sculpture, revealed that he had been taken to a cemetery near Florence and "there offered this monument, the existence of which I had not heard of before. It was claimed that it had been found by a monk in an abbey near Siena destroyed by an earthquake in the 18th Century. I investigated, and compared it with a similar sculpture in Florence, which I knew to be genuine. The difference in the lines of the face was obvious. The classic were strong; those of the fake, sweet, sentimental, modern, and identical with those of a fake wooden Madonna claimed to be a Simone Martini which had been offered me in 1921 by a Venetian dealer. Upon return to Vienna I found the monument at the Hofmuseum, but I managed to have it rejected, whereupon it was returned to Italy and later sold to Boston."

Museum ethics, in which the time-honored principle of *caveat emptor* is neatly balanced against scholarly respect for differing judgments, prevented these details from being known to the Boston Museum when it opened negotiations with Signor Volpi, the noted dealer, who maintained as showrooms the famous old Florentine palace, the Casa Davanzati, furnished at all times with masterpieces of Italian art.

The Mino Tomb was viewed by John Briggs Potter, an adviser to the Museum, and a Bostonian of remarkable and independent discernment. His report enthusiastically backed the opinion of Mr. Hawes, and found reflection round the council table of the trustees. And so the marble came to Boston in the spring of 1924, for the tidy but not exorbitant sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

What route it took on its transatlantic crossing is a matter of interesting speculation. I have been told that it went to Trieste, then detoured to Zagreb (formerly Agram) and then back to Trieste to facilitate its export. Existing correspondence at the museum indicates that it was forwarded from Vienna, which might mean—Doctor Planiscig's supposition to the contrary—that it did not reenter Italy between sales.

But none will disagree with the assertion that art corruption in Italy is a three-cornered and rather friendly game of wits between buyer, seller, and the authorities. Playing it for high stakes is half the fun of connoisseurship. Curators and experts strop their wits in daily contact with sharpsters and hone them on no end of clever forgeries—and succumb to surprisingly few of either. The other half of the fun comes from the discovery of a previously unknown work or master, or the "re-discovery" of a lost or forgotten one. Hunting down obscure records, comparing brush and chisel strokes for clues to authorship, building a theory or tearing another's down—these provide the thrills and rewards of art scholarship. If there be anything that connoisseurs enjoy more than artistic achievement it is the challenge of the chase.

There of course is where the Mino Tomb scores double. It is both magnificent and mysterious. Run your fingers over the delicately chiseled face of the lady in marble and you are amazed at its masterful rendering of planes so subtle as to escape the eye, gradations so finely achieved that only the caressing hand of a blind person or an artist could fully comprehend them. Incidentally, Maria Catharina Savelli contributed no little to the attractiveness of the Tomb by dying while yet a young and pretty Roman matron.

Small wonder, then, that the Boston Museum's European correspondent fell in love with Maria, and in an ecstatic letter to his colleagues at home wrote: "Who our Catharine was I do not know by investigation, though I am informed that she died some fifty years before the erection of her tomb. Where the tomb was located I know only by surmise, but will be told eventually. Although I am a poor archivist, this family, the three fine tombs at Rome, the crest of arms and abundant inscription, this new Catharine

and her superb and mysterious monument, all tempt me to research and the writing of a monograph." All of which, in retrospect, is amusing, for this letter contains the joker of the entire case: "Where the tomb was located I know only by surmise, but will be told eventually."

He was never told!

Apparently the temptation to research either was not strong enough or came too late to solve the problem of the "mysterious tomb" to "this new Catharine." Had the research been made, not only would he have learned about the Savelli, but numerous headaches might have been avoided back in Boston in the years that were to come.

The Savelli were one of the four most powerful families inhabiting the Seven Hills. Two of their number became popes, and the Castle Gandolfo, which often appears in to-day's news as the favorite papal residence outside the Vatican, belonged to them in medieval times. No wonder that Maria Catharina, if indeed it be she who sleeps in unchanging marble, is an aristocratic beauty, for she was one of the culminating products of a long line of Romans. About a century after her death, which occurred nearly two decades before Columbus was born, a whole series of tragic events overtook the Savelli, and the family became extinct. With them went any possible record of the Mino Tomb. Which might explain the lack of any direct evidence bearing on its possible early history.

III

Maria had not rested in Boston a year when ugly rumors began to emanate from Paris. Report had it that somewhere in Italy a great master-forger was turning out classical and Renaissance art with the ease of the masters themselves.

Then in the fall of 1928 the storm broke. One Alceo Dossena, an unknown sculptor, had brought suit against the firm of Fasoli & Palesi for $66,000 allegedly due him in back wages on a contract calling for the payment of $100,000 over a period of ten years. He had been employed, said his complaint, to create authentic works of art in the spirit of the various classical periods, cracks, stains, and all. And then, with surprise and indignation, he had learned that they were being sold as genuine antiquities! Moreover, he had learned that they were fetching the fabulous prices of originals, of which but a fraction was passed on to himself and his workmen. Dossena had for years carried on his activities in a closely guarded studio, unknown to fame. There, in an inaccessible inner "*studio segreto*," were executed the more choice of his re-creations. There also he kept the photographic records of his works, and—it is said by some of those who later visited that now famous atelier—kept also a finger, a toe, or other sculptured member broken from the finished carving to help suggest authentic age and to prove indisputable authorship should occasion ever arise.

Boston's lady has a toe missing!

In November, 1928, the transoceanic cables sizzled with Dossena's revelations. Boston, said the report, had been the first major American victim. The forger also claimed representation in the Metropolitan, Cleveland, and Frick museums. Included also were the museums of Munich and Berlin, together with numerous private collections on both continents. The Metropolitan admitted ownership of a Dossena version of an archaic Greek maid (which it had been dubious about and had not placed on exhibition); and the records of the Frick collection now reveal that back in 1924 Miss Helen C. Frick did exchange a sizable lump of the coke fortune for a pair of Dossena marbles attributed to the famed primitive, Simone Martini, a painter who had never before been known to work in sculpture. Naturally such carvings by the thirteenth-century Sienese master would be counted among the art world's most precious treasures. "Absolutely wonderful . . . unbelievably rare!" Miss Frick's adviser had written upon the discovery of the supposed Martini marbles.

Santayana was perhaps the first philosophical writer to evaluate correctly the subtle influence that rarity and price have on æsthetic judgment. It is always difficult to question an object valued at a king's ransom. The huge prices demanded and received for Dossena's works —prices never before equaled in the forgery racket—and the very audacity with which his re-creations were presented as unique examples of rare masters, carried bold assurance of authenticity. Miss Gisela M. A. Richter, the Metropolitan's curator of classical sculpture, has described the sum demanded of her institution for two more Dossenas offered it as staggering.

But the Metropolitan, despite its hope of adding to its collections two highly important Grecian sculptures, did examine the marbles thoroughly, and then packed them back to the dealer. A few months later the Cleveland Museum picked one of them up at the bargain price of $120,000.

Cleveland, in fact, bought two of Dossena's masterpieces. The first was a comparatively inexpensive wooden Madonna attributed to Giovanni Pisano, costing $18,000. Like the Martini marbles, the Pisano polychrome was "unique." To explain why it was unique is but to read again the legend carved on the pulpit in the Cathedral of Pisa, in which old Giovanni proudly proclaimed himself an equally good artist whether working in ivory, stone, or wood. But wood, as the Cleveland Museum triumphantly pointed out, rots away with the passing centuries, with the result that all of Pisano's previously known works were in the more durable media. Cleveland's piece was of course the happy exception. "Art, like life, has its origins . . . and while no exact attribution can be made, there is at this moment no known artist to whom it could logically be ascribed if not to Giovanni Pisano. It is by the hand of a master, and if not by Giovanni himself, then by someone worthy to be called his equal." Three years later I was privileged to view the Madonna in the director's office just before she was deported. The museum, aided by X-ray, had discovered modern nails immodestly hiding behind the gilt, and thus had learned to its dismay that the "master worthy to be called his equal" was Alceo Dossena.

The downfall of Dossena was inevitable but long delayed. For months before his suit against his employers became public the chain of evidence was slowly closing about his little workshop on the Ripetta. It was being welded, link by link, by the late Mr. John Marshall, the eminent archæologist and European representative of the Metropolitan. It was he who had purchased for that museum the little Greek girl. Shortly afterward he had been offered by the same source the temple fragment later acquired by Cleveland. But this time Marshall was not satisfied and refused to buy. It was then that its sponsors made the blundering and fatal move of sending it directly to the Metropolitan for consideration. Examination having dashed her high hopes of a rare find, Miss Richter, in a letter to Marshall, made mention of the incident. Naturally enough, Marshall then recalled the archaic maiden with the neck and ankle nicely broken in token of antiquity and fell to wondering if she too could be false. True enough, geologists on both sides of the Atlantic had declared her coating of patina to be natural erosion at least twenty-four hundred years old. But, reflected Marshall, such an error is easily made in our age of chemistry.

After notifying the Metropolitan of his suspicions, Marshall went to work on the case with all the care and cunning of a detective. He spent weeks in discreet questioning. Then in Rome another piece turned up. Marshall was promptly on the job. Where had it come from? And where had it been before that? Certain now that he had indisputable evidence of the existence of a great forger, he hastened to Munich in an effort to convince a group of fellow-experts. But they weren't impressed. Marshall returned to Rome, resolved to expose the ring alone. But he never lived to see Dossena.

Sudden death intervened. (If this were fiction, a sinister *motif* would be read into Marshall's demise on the eve of sensational disclosure. But his death was from natural causes.)

The search for Dossena was continued and successfully terminated by Mr. Harold Woodbury Parsons, a Bostonian who acts as European agent for the museums at Cleveland and Kansas City. Cleveland had been twice badly duped, a fact that gave definite point to Mr. Parsons' investigations. Once on the trail, he proved as good a detective as Marshall. Journey's End for the forger came over a café table amply supplied with good wines. Parsons found Dossena at an auspicious moment soon after the artist had heard from a disgruntled Venetian dealer the enormous prices which his creations were fetching, while he himself was having difficulty meeting the payroll of his assistants. Dossena talked.

News of Marshall's investigations had already brought Miss Richter to Rome. It was only after considerable difficulty that she was able to see Dossena. But when she finally gained admission to the studio, he proved to be both pleasant and obliging. He showed photographs of various of his works and others still in the making. He also demonstrated his methods of achieving his remarkable effects of time-staining. Other fortunate visitors to the atelier remember the sculptor as a tall, well-built, but slightly stoop-shouldered man, with graying hair brushed back from a powerful brow. He was keenly interested in archæology and chemistry.

In his preliminary court action against the dealers, Dossena charged that one of the partners had endeavored to do away with him by denouncing him to the authorities as an anti-Fascist plotter. The sculptor produced records to prove that he had indeed been arrested on the charge and sent to prison, but had been able to establish his loyalty. After long delay a date was appointed for hearing evidence in the Dossena suit. The stage was set for a grand show, but the curtain failed to rise. Some say the difference was settled out of court, others that the case was quashed because influential persons were involved.

For some time thereafter Dossena rode a cresting wave of fame, hailed on all sides as a super-genius, a *maestro*, at home in all ages of art. Patrons now flocked to his studio for "re-creations," among them Prince Borghese to commission a portrait of his Princess carved in the manner and dress of the Early Renaissance. Similar orders came from Baron Fassani and the Duke of Aosta, cousin of the King.

And in but slightly lessened numbers came museum officials with disquieting doubts and photographs. Would the *Maestro*, they begged, kindly recollect if he had or had not executed such-and-such an ancient sculpture now in the possession of their institution? In a letter to the editor of an Italian journal Dossena complained of their importunings. These gentlemen, he said, were supposed to be experts. Why must they bother him with questions?

IV

Meanwhile the Boston Museum played a lone and unenviable role, stoutly maintaining that it had not fallen victim to the Italians. No one from the Boston Museum ever asked Dossena to prove what he had said about the Mino Tomb. No one from the Museum even asked him if he had said it. No one from the Museum ever saw Dossena or tried to see him. And no one from the Museum ever will see him—for Alceo Dossena died of a stroke in Rome a few months ago. Scarcely had he been laid to rest when Boston dragged the Mino Tomb from oblivion and put it on exhibition again beneath spotlights as genuine Renaissance.

What a chain of circumstantial evidence! Does it not suggest that, victimized, the Museum tried to save face, first by denying that it had been defrauded and then by assiduously avoiding the sculptor who might prove it wrong?

And had not the Museum discreetly removed its costly mistake to the basement till the clamor and the artist both had died? But there is a weak link in this chain: the fact that Mr. Edward Jackson Holmes, president of the Museum's board of trustees and nephew of the late Justice Holmes, expressed himself several years ago, from the evidence then in hand, as ninety per cent convinced that the Tomb was a forgery. Mr. Holmes was then director of the Museum, and had inherited the Mino mystery along with the office. And further facts to weaken the circumstantial evidence will appear presently. But we must not get ahead of our story.

Even before the Dossena exposé the heavy guns of critical opinion had begun their creeping barrage. First to the attack was Mr. H. Wareham Harding, an authority on old ivories, who came from New York to complain about the meticulous carving of the tomb. Only a forger, he said, afraid to let himself go, would be so careful with the chisel. Then came a venerable and respected dealer from Paris. With a pocket lens he minutely examined the marble, and then pronounced its surface to be doctored with wax. Later examination proved this to be so.

Suspicions continued to multiply, but within the Museum itself was a strongly entrenched determination that the Mino Tomb was to be included as one of the chief glories of the new wing, then nearing completion, and there it would be shown regardless of questioning rumors. The new wing, however, was to be under the jurisdiction of Mr. Edwin J. Hipkiss, curator of decorative arts, and quite naturally he objected to the inclusion of a challenged piece. In a last-minute effort to forestall its display there in the face of gathering storm, the curator interviewed various members of the art committee privately and obtained sufficient votes to have it withdrawn from show several days prior to the formal opening of the new galleries. Within a fortnight thereafter the Dossena revelations broke over an amazed art world.

The Boston Museum's experts examined the tomb's inscription. Mino da Fiesole, its reputed sculptor, was born in 1431. The tomb bore a date of 1430!

Down into the storage vaults went the lovely Mino, and down after it, for a period of years, flocked the experts, each with a theory.

Not all of their opinions are in quotable form, for many experts when examining a work of art known to be suspect prefer the ambiguity of verbal pronouncement to an unequivocal written and recorded statement.

Of one such gentleman, the museum's private files of the case contain a penned footnote, with a touch of that humor which sometimes creeps even into official documents: "In the company of Mr. ——— was Mr. ———, who simply echoed the other's remarks, the more so the longer he was with him!"

But the appraisal of such a world authority as Eric Maclagan had no hedging. Sir Eric said the tomb wasn't genuine—and he hasn't changed his opinion. The type of lettering in the inscription is later than Mino, he said, and both the figure and the tomb itself too small in scale. On the other hand, Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., the noted Princeton scholar, could find nothing wrong in the smallness of the figure, but did object to the double repetition of the family coat of arms and to the wording of the inscription, which he concluded was probably the work of an ignorant person attempting to copy from some other monument. And Mr. Parsons, to whom Dossena confessed making the sculpture, carefully prepared a fourteen-point indictment. The decorative carving he declared too flabby and lifeless, the body too long for the coffin, the figure itself copied from the well-known Beata Tomb by Rossellino, the date of the doubtful lady's death forty years too early, the duplication of the escutcheons unusual and not to be expected, and the surface false and probably artificially aged by soaking in permanganate of potash. What's more, he found one of the hands to be dubious,

and doubted very much if the fingers could have survived the ages without breaking off.

On one muggy but memorable summer's day Mr. Potter, on whose recommendation the tomb had come to Boston, descended into the closely confined and dusty vault, accompanied by a visiting dealer from the Continent. The man stared at the tomb as though he saw emerging from it the ghost of a former acquaintance, promptly complained of the stuffy heat of the place, and expressed an urgent desire to return to the fresh air above, leaving Mr. Potter with the distinct impression that he knew considerably more of the sculpture's history than he cared to tell. But even to this day Mr. Potter does not himself know the provenience of the Mino Tomb, although he had once heard that it was supposed to have been found down in the picturesque little district below Florence to which Machiavelli retired in his old age.

Nevertheless Mr. Potter's faith remained unshaken, even through the trying period when Professor Mather blasted his Boston colleagues in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The Princeton man told how, in those prosperous years before the Wall Street débâcle, American museums vied with one another for costly souvenirs of antiquity. "But for the phantom of the Metropolitan," he wrote, "the staff of the Boston Museum would have found the hour necessary to prove the heraldry of the Mino Tomb preposterously unhistorical. Or, if they lacked the books and the herald, they could at least have written a letter to the accomplished herald of the Metropolitan. A delay of two days and a two-cent stamp would have saved considerable humiliation, not to mention a sum reckoned in six figures." The Professor also thought it high time museum officials learned to distinguish between the erosion of genuine age and erosion artificially achieved by sand-blasting.

It so happened, however, that the museum had consulted Pierre LaRose, the great heraldic authority, before committing itself to the purchase of the sculpture, and he had given the coat of arms a clean bill of health. Double escutcheons were often employed for decorative effect, he reported, and their appearance on the Boston example was especially appropriate, for not only was Maria Catharina born a Savelli, but she had also married a member of that same great Roman family.

And so the Boston Museum hastened to answer Professor Mather: "It would be interesting to know what Professor Mather means by 'preposterously unhistorical.' Before the tomb was purchased the heraldry was compared with that of the Savelli and found to agree. It seems a pity that Professor Mather should not have verified his statements, since a letter with 'a two cent stamp' written to the Boston Museum would have disillusioned him as to these and other misunderstandings. The museum did not proceed in haste, for nearly a year elapsed in negotiations. Nor did the phantom of competition of another museum exist except in the Professor's mind. There was not a hint of competition—in fact no anxiety was felt except for its safe journey."

V

From the vantage point of Harvard across the Charles River, Dr. George Harold Edgell, professor of Fine Arts and dean of the Harvard School of Architecture, watched with keen interest the shifting destinies of the Mino Tomb. Not being a specialist in Renaissance sculpture, he had at first assumed it to be genuine, in conformity with its museum label. Later he accepted Dossena's confession, and the generally held verdict of the experts who now denounced it. And yet he continued to like it immensely, with that rare catholicity of taste which permits admiration where admiration is due. Forgery, or no forgery, the work was, in his opinion, far too beautiful for basement dust.

It was natural, therefore, that when Professor Edgell was called to the directorship of the Boston Museum four years

ago one of his first acts was to request permission of the art committee to return the Mino Tomb to public exhibition. As the museum actually had the sculpture in its possession, he argued, and as everyone knew it had it, why play the ostrich and refuse to face the problem openly?

But the art committee was probably still licking the wounds inflicted in the Dossena explosion and very likely had little relish for more taunting headlines. If Professor Edgell wished to exhibit the Tomb he would have to first make up his mind if it was to be as a work of art or as a fake. He could display it as either one, but this time there must be no "ifs" or "maybes" about the matter. The public, said the committee, had a right to a definite pronouncement. And, it might be added, the committee itself would like to know.

Doctor Edgell decided on the simpler course, the course indicated by nearly every scrap of evidence. If the Mino Tomb were false he would prove it so. Accordingly he sent for Mr. William J. Young, the museum's youthful Oxford-trained technician. He told Mr. Young that he didn't know how much or how little he knew about Renaissance sculpture from either a critical or historical point of view, and that, furthermore, he didn't care. But he did want him to make a thorough examination regardless of time or expense, and then submit a report substantiated by proof.

To carry on the study Mr. Young was provided with all the scientific equipment necessary, and it was amid the test-tubes, retorts, cameras, microscopes, and chemicals of his newly fitted laboratory that he made his astonishing discovery, giving to this fascinating mystery the most remarkable ending in art history. Although he had often heard of the puzzling monument which attracted a steady stream of distinguished visitors to its hiding place in the basement, nobody had ever troubled to show it to him. Presumably it had been considered still a critical and not a technical problem. As a result Mr. Young went on the case cold, and, indeed, it was not until he had turned in his report, after four years of intensive research, that he was permitted to see so much as a single document relative to it. This latter of course was sensible precaution against the prejudice certain to swamp anyone wading through the portfolio of conflicting information.

X-ray, invaluable in the examination of an oil painting or other penetrable object, is worthless in the study of stone. Its rays will not pierce through. The ultra-violet ray, on the other hand, is a surface-finder. Its ghastly purple light plays directly on the object and its findings are immediately visible in the differing degree of violet light that is reflected back to the eye. In studying marble, for example, you will observe that a newly cut block is brilliantly violet, an ancient one more nearly a dull reddish terra-cotta, with mottled splotches of bluish-white. Examination under ultra-violet is quick, and at the present stage of the game between experts and forgers, quite reliable for determining comparative age. But its effects can be simulated by chemicals. Not very well as yet, for this branch of science is yet new to all concerned. But it seems reasonable to assume that the forger will eventually find a way round this added obstacle to his craft. Polarized light, however, is different. Its use in art detection, in conjunction with microscopic photography, is brand new, and is the triumph of the baffling Boston case.

A tiny cross section of marble is taken from the suspected sculpture and ground down to the transparent fineness of a drop of water. When this is placed on a glass slide beneath a powerful lens, its crystal structure becomes as apparent as the geological stratification of a newly cut mountain pass. A cross section of marble thus viewed through a beam of polarized light takes on rainbow hues, and by observing and classifying these colors as they illuminate the stone's strata it is possible to determine the quarry of its origin. Herein it seems probable that forgery will never quite catch up with science, for it would

necessitate changing the actual crystal structure of the stone.

By polarized light Mr. Young established the origin of every component marble in the Renaissance tomb. Thirteen were quarried at Carrara; the fourteenth section came from ancient Greece.

As a final test, various microscopic cuts were taken at surface level and then projected on a four-foot silver screen in the laboratory's dark-room. Here comparative study was made with specimens taken from authenticated antiques and known forgeries. The answer was found in time's breakdown of the surface crystals, and the depth, intensity, and characteristics of the staining. The difference between the old and newly cut marbles was found to be quite similar to that of the pores of a clean face and those of one long unwashed and exposed to embedding soot. You can, if you wish, for purposes of disguise, acquire a dirty face within a few minutes, but it takes a long time really to clog up the pores.

To the delighted surprise of all save its most ardent die-hard critics, Mr. Young established the fact that the Mino Tomb did indeed date from the Middle Ages, although lately restored in several details, and heavily waxed to hide the reconstruction. One of the companion coats of arms and both pilaster caps were found to be newly cut, as was also the funeral inscription. All else showed the surface change of long exposure. The significant thing to remember here is that the question is not merely one of how long the block of marble itself has been quarried, but how long since its surface has undergone change at the point of a chisel. Thus an old block, newly carved, shows no characteristics of age. This all-important distinction seems to clinch the laboratory's case against faking.

The Boston Museum's contention, therefore, is that a genuine old monument, having fallen into disrepair, has been placed in more saleable condition by reconstruction and by newly given identity of both subject and artist. According to this theory, the name of the Savelli family was conveniently suggested by the happy presence of an anciently carved escutcheon panel in the dealer's workshop—the odd, fourteenth piece of Grecian marble. This slab, continues the museum's thesis, was forthwith inserted in the tomb, and a balancing companion one added, together with a mortuary legend to conform with the heraldic device. The whole was then assigned, for want of better authorship, to Mino da Fiesole.

VI

But science, in giving the lie to Dossena's confession of forgery, has overlooked several pertinent considerations. If, for example, the appearance of the identifying Savelli arms is to be ascribed to opportunism, how then explain the highly significant fact that a decorative flying ribbon with distinctive tassel terminal, which is a prominent and integral feature of the heraldry, also is found in similar placement round the inscription panel of the sarcophagus itself? Could mere accident bring about such a remarkable association of ornamental detail? Examination of the chisel strokes, moreover, seems strongly to indicate them to have been cut by the same hand, which means also at the same time. This fact established, the validity of the inscription can hardly be questioned, for it bears out the armorial design. Obviously, these important features were designed and executed as a unit. But when?

If it is a genuine Savelli monument why haven't its European sponsors welcomed the opportunity to prove its authenticity by revealing its history and true provenience? Its very beauty had led Professor Edgell and others to question if Mino da Fiesole, generally ranked among the second-class masters of the Renaissance, could have carved it. Presumably, then, it was by an even greater sculptor. Then why not tell where it came from in order to establish his identity? Its intrinsic value would be increased and the prestige of the dealers enhanced.

If we accept the theory that, despite the

obvious connection between wording, heraldry, and repeating ornament, the tomb is ancient while its legend *"Obiit enim Prefata Maria Catharina de Sabello Anno Christi MCCCCXXX"* is newly added, then we must ask why it was that so beautiful and aristocratic a lady happened to be interred in so magnificent a receptacle without proper identification being added to the blank space provided for that purpose.

The most ready answer of course is that it has happened before. In the history of Italian art can be found a precedent for anything. Even a monumental work can fall into such neglect as to be lost for ages in Italy, even though for centuries German, French, English, Italian, and more recently American archæologists have gone over the little peninsula with a fine-toothed comb. As for the sandal missing from one foot of the reclining lady, that too could easily happen with a sculptor who forgot to fill in the even more important name plate. Dossena, when asked about the missing foot-gear, replied that he made the tomb as a composite from various photographs of authentic ones, and as the print from which he copied that section failed to show the sole of the foot because of the angle from which the view had been snapped, he too overlooked it. But then of course science has said that Dossena didn't even carve the foot itself.

It is typical of Boston's traditional self-sufficiency that the Museum has not troubled to examine in comparative study any of the acknowledged Dossenas. But an outside observer might think it strange that the Boston tomb should now prove to be the one exception in that master's lengthy and excellent repertoire. One's mind might even go back to the evening of March 9, 1933, when at the Hotel Plaza in New York a group of thirty-nine of the *maestro's* "re-creations" went to the auction block and brought less than $10,000. A Simone Martini Annunciation group, not unlike that acquired in 1924 by Miss Frick, sold for $600. A Donatello "Madonna" fetched only $475. Charles Duveen picked up an attractive Rossellino for $350, and an archaic statuette, which may have been intended to companion the Greek maid of the Metropolitan, achieved the sum of $175 because it was supposed to have been cast from old Roman coins containing a reclaimable percentage of silver.

Might not some of these prove genuine to the joy and profit of their new owners? Might not Dossena, granting him to be the "restorer" of the Boston Mino, have followed in them the same convenient course of assembling instead of laborious chiseling? Why work in the sweat of his brow when unattached masterpieces apparently could be had for the asking?

To such questions as these, inevitable under the circumstance, Director Edgell smiles indulgently, even enjoying the many puzzlers that science's unexpected answer has produced. But Boston, which remained coolly aloof from Dossena during his lifetime, not even troubling to look him up while other museums were wearing a path to his studio door, accepts that verdict as final, while still freely granting to others the right to disagree.

If genuine, where did the Boston tomb come from? That, incidentally, is a question to which even Mr. Edgell would like to know the answer. To learn it he journeyed to Italy last summer, not to interview Dossena—whom the laboratory had ruled out of the case—but to question the dealer Volpi and another gentleman involved in the early history of the tomb, who had been quoted as having seen it *in situ*. "No," replied the latter, "that is not true. I never saw it in place. But I wish to God I had!"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Hawes, retired associate director, when I talked with him recently in his Virginia retreat, where he now lives when he is not in England undertaking leisured anthropological studies for the Royal Society, "perhaps someone in Italy will one day leave a record of the whole affair to be opened after death. Who knows?"

NEWS FROM SIBERIA

BY GEORGE B. CRESSEY

EVERY day at seventeen o'clock the crowded Trans-Siberian Express starts eastward from Moscow on the longest railway journey in the world. Two hundred and thirteen weary hours later it arrives at Vladivostok. From the Polish frontier to the Pacific Ocean the Soviet Union is nine and a half days wide, almost as far in time and space as from London to San Francisco.

That simple fact suggests the vastness of the Union of Soviet Socialistic Republics —which covers no less than eight million square miles, an area larger than all of the United States, Alaska, Canada, and Mexico put together.

Two-thirds of this immense territory is the boundless steppe and forest wilderness of Soviet Asia. Only as one pictures the inaccessibility and diversity of Siberia does this huge area take on meaning. The U. S. S. R. is something more than a big splash of color on a map; it is a pioneering land of dynamic change. Express trains and airplanes link the larger cities, but huge areas may be reached only by slow river boats or horse-drawn troikas.

Last summer and fall I spent one hundred days in this incredible country, most of it in Siberia and the Arctic. Although I had previously wandered over much of eastern Asia, I have never traveled in a more bureaucratic, difficult, or perplexing country. At the same time I found this pioneer land extraordinarily fascinating. Economically as well as politically this is the most arresting country on Earth.

For nowhere in the world is man plowing new furrows more widely than in Siberia. This is the last great pioneer zone outside the tropics, and the story of expanding agriculture, new industry, and booming towns is without parallel. More has happened in Soviet Asia during the past two Five Year Plans than at any time since Yermak crossed the Urals in 1581. A few more decades of peace should show tremendous development.

Ten years ago Siberian development was a dream, and returning travelers spoke merely of plans and projects—and emptiness. A decade of socialist planning has now turned many of these visions into realities. I have seen great steel works rising in the midst of the empty steppe, new cities with hundreds of apartment houses built in what was recently a wilderness, and thousands of acres of the richest soils on earth yielding their first harvests.

There can no longer be much question whether the U. S. S. R. can succeed economically. Its resources of soil and minerals are enormous, second only to those of the United States, and their development has only begun. The Union has demonstrated its capacity to set great objectives and achieve them. Whatever one's political theories may be, whatever one may think of socialist ideals, the evidence of material accomplishments is obvious. Much still remains to be done, but the country is on the way.

On the other hand, the limitations are clear. Siberia is no twentieth-century

United States; rather it is an Asiatic Canada. It can never escape its cold and drought and land-locked continentality.

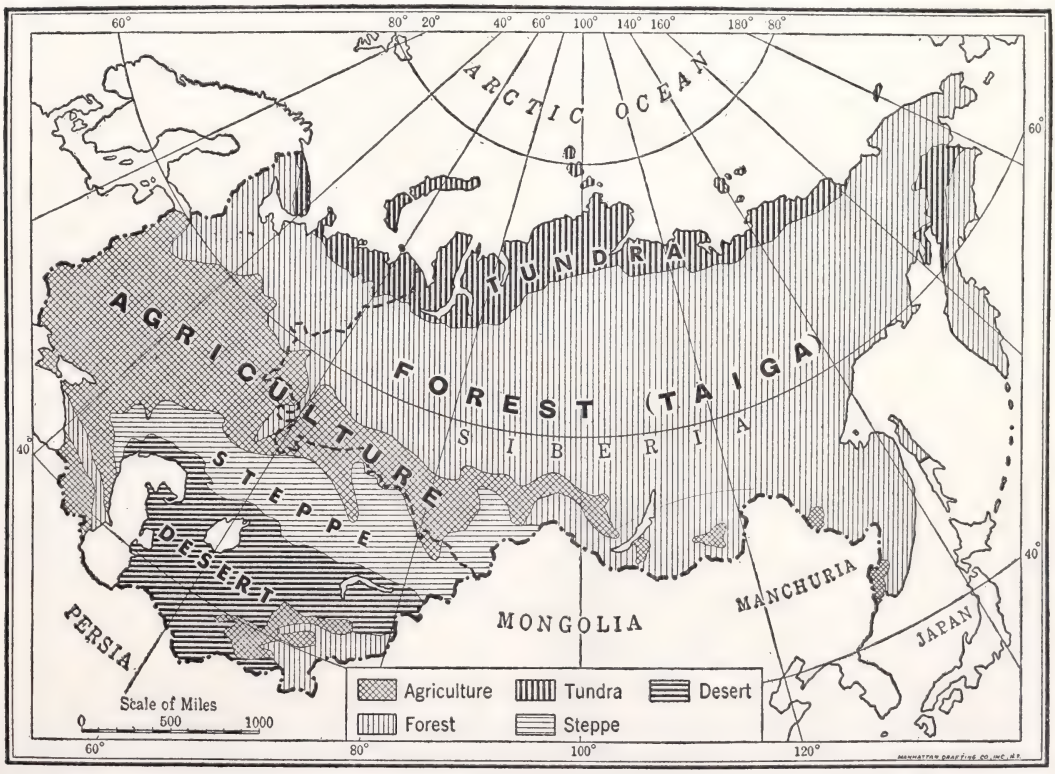
II

The basic fact about the vast territory of Soviet Asia is that most of it is good for little. Too much of the landscape is too cold or too dry or too infertile or too rugged or too remote or too something or other to be of significant use as a home for man. Good cultivable Siberia is a narrow strip of agricultural land astride the main railway; as soon as one moves a few tens of miles away from it aridity or shortened growing seasons make cultivation difficult. Much of the area must be permanently empty.

To a considerable extent this land problem is characteristic of the whole of the U. S. S. R. Along the western frontier in Europe, agriculture extends from Leningrad to the Black Sea; but eastward the crop area narrows rapidly. If one draws lines from these two points to Lake Baikal, within this thin triangle is essential Russia. To the north lies cold, to the south lies drought. The history of Russia may well be described in terms of driving this wedge eastward from the old areas of settlement round Moscow and Kiev across the Urals into Asia. With every eastward thrust of the wedge, the agricultural triangle has elbowed its way northward into the forest and southward into the steppe.

The finest agricultural soils in the world are the black chernozems developed in the grasslands of the Ukraine and southern Siberia, and of the western Mississippi Valley. In these soils have accumulated rich stores of humus; and owing to the limited rainfall the essential plant foods, both organic and mineral, have not been leached out of the earth. Crops yield a marvelous harvest—provided there is rain. Unfortunately precipitation is characteristically low and erratic, in the Russian area as well as in the American one, and the very climatic causes which have made these soils so fertile make them agriculturally precarious.

The southern margin of the Russian



Essential Russia Is a Wedge of Good Agricultural Land Driven Between Forest and Steppe

agricultural triangle is a recurrent famine zone, but during periods of adequate rainfall, the pressure of population sends colonists into these tempting lands. Any material expansion of agriculture south into the steppe will thus be at the peril of drought. The rainfall cycle is now momentarily up, and harvests are alluring, but "Dust Bowl" conditions are to be expected in the future. This is less true in those parts of Siberia where man has not pressed the pioneer fringe so far into the steppe. Through long-range weather forecasts and controlled economy the government hopes to cope with diminished yields in drier years.

From the southern Urals to Lake Baikal, cultivation is invading the steppe. Modern tractors pull gang plows through prairie which has never before been turned. It is an impressive sight to see thousands of acres plowed for the first time in history. For hundreds of miles I motored over trackless rolling hills and plains where newly plowed fields alternated with empty grasslands, treeless to the horizon. There were no covered wagons as once in Kansas or Montana, but the feel of newness was the same. Much of this land was the home of wandering nomadic herdsmen, but the agricultural advance is now as relentless in Asia as it once was in North America. Four centers account for most of the expansion: the middle portions of the Ob and Irtysh in northern Kazakstan, the upper Yenesei around Minusinsk, the Baikal-Lena area, and the Amur valley in the Far East.

Agricultural expansion northward into the forest faces both shortened growing seasons and increasingly acid soils. The podsol soils of the northern forests will produce a harvest, and new varieties of quick maturing grains are making large acreages cultivable, but the yields will never be high. Just as desert margins have eccentric rainfall from season to season, so I found that Siberia's Arctic frontier has a highly erratic frost-free period. When the growing season exceeds four months normal harvests are possible, but too often the period drops to less than three months and failure is inevitable.

Into the good land along the main railway and on either side has poured a great tide of settlers. Between 1914 and 1933 Siberia's population rose from 10,400,000 to 25,636,900. Cultivated land shows an even greater expansion, rising from 32,058 square miles in 1914 to 97,949 square miles in 1935. Thus in roughly two decades the population has increased 146 per cent while the area of cultivated land has gone up 205 per cent.

Whereas Siberia has but 6 per cent of the population of the Union, its cultivated land now amounts to 12 per cent of the total. The average farmer here thus has twice as much acreage as in the European portion of Russia. Just how much expansion may take place in the future depends upon technological developments and economic possibilities, but the former head of the United States Bureau of Soils has estimated Russia's potential wheat land as four times that of America.

The best and most accessible of this land is already occupied, however; and at present the emphasis upon expansion of farm lands is giving way, throughout the Soviet Union, to an emphasis on more intensive production in the present areas. The existing crop land is so large and much of it still so inefficiently tilled that it is easier to increase production through better seed selection, fertilization, mechanization, and improved farm management than by adding new acreage.

Wheat is increasingly the staple grain. Rye is hardier and will stand more cold and moisture, but it is steadily being replaced by wheat. Oats and barley are also raised. Much of Siberia is good grassland and the hay forms the basis of a widespread animal industry. Solid trains of refrigerator cars carry beef and mutton and butter westward.

III

Soviet pioneering is unique, for it is all planned. The rugged individualist of our American frontier is replaced by the

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collectivized farmer who is aided by agricultural research and well supplied with capital. In the Russian socialist state individual initiative has little play and the government is the source of all authority. Whereas Siberia's economic development under the Tzar was limited and haphazard, the present Five Year Programs attempted to give balanced attention to all of the country. Asia is thus catching up with Europe.

In place of the old small farms—of which there were 25,000,000 throughout the U. S. S. R. in 1927—there are now two types of socialized agriculture. First, there are the State farms, in which the land belongs to the government and the farmers are paid wages. These farms are often in new areas just tilled along the pioneer fringe. Second, there are the collectivized farms—243,000 of them—which cover ninety per cent of the cultivated land. In these the land is owned and worked co-operatively by the farmers. A fixed number of credits is given for every task, and after the harvest the proceeds are divided pro rata among the various families according to their accumulated credits. In addition, each farmer owns his own garden plot, cows, and chickens, as well as his home. Government banks provide capital, agricultural experiment stations advise on crops and management, and machine-tractor stations rent mechanical equipment.

Who are these socialized settlers? Some of them are farmers with a pioneering urge who have caught the thrill of Soviet expansion; others are laborers who find that they can make a better livelihood in these new lands than in European Russia; still others, to the number of hundreds of thousands, are exiled Kulaks who resisted the government's programs of collectivization and have been transplanted to these new lands; still others are prisoners sentenced to work out their terms in Siberia.

Last summer's harvests topped all records and the grain yield of the whole country amounted to 4,200,000,000 bushels. The wheat harvest was said to average 16 bushels per acre. Every railroad station across Siberia has its new grain elevators. Long before a train reaches a town one sees these towering warehouses standing out against the sky. At important junctions or where the line crosses navigable rivers these may be huge concrete cylinders; elsewhere they are wooden towers.

Until recent years the only region of surplus production was western Siberia, and parts of the Far East were not self-sufficient. But with the increasing agricultural acreage and better yields per acre, most of Siberia now produces its own grain and large amounts are available for shipment to Soviet Europe. The industrial self-sufficiency of the U. S. S. R. makes it no longer necessary to export grain in order to purchase machinery and accumulating surpluses should go far toward preventing future famine.

The modernization of agriculture is most noticeable in the large merged fields and in the use of machinery. Farm buildings have been little affected by the Soviet regime; they are still made of logs in the north or pounded earth in the south. But tractors and mechanical harvesters are increasingly available. Nearly 6,000 machine tractor stations have at their disposal 367,000 tractors and 104,000 combines. In 1937 two-thirds of the spring plowing and three-quarters of the fall plowing were mechanized. Side by side are eighteenth-century-style houses and twentieth-century tractors. Farmers who until a few years ago knew nothing more complex than a sickle now operate modern harvesting combines.

IV

The transformation of Siberia is taking place across the widest of continents. In terms of the outside world the heart of Asia is remote, but as the U. S. S. R. becomes increasingly self-contained, contacts with foreign markets or sources of supply become less essential. Internal production replaces the need for external contacts. Siberia is approaching an in-



SIBERIA, SHOWING THE EAST-WEST RAILWAY AND THE NORTHWARD-FLOWING RIVERS

dependent agricultural and industrial economy.

Transportation is the key to these changes, and the transportation problem which the country faces is extraordinarily difficult. One must remember that modern Siberia is strung along the slender ribbon of the one transcontinental railway. Should this ribbon be broken, the new industries, modern cities, and expanding agriculture would collapse.

It is the misfortune of northern Asia that her rivers all flow at right angles to the normal direction of commerce. The Ob, Yenesei, and Lena flow northward and empty into the frozen Arctic. Their position is comparable to that of the Mackenzie River in Canada. Even the eastward-flowing Amur turns north before it reaches the Pacific. For centuries the Russian Bear has struggled for an outlet to an ice-free ocean. What geographers could not change, the Soviets have now set out to overcome. By the use of icebreakers and scouting planes, they have succeeded in opening the northeast passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific during two or three summer months, and scores of ships now come to the mouths of the great Siberian rivers.

Up and down these broad streams move an increasing fleet of vessels. On the Yenesei River there are four dozen steamers operating over a navigable length of 2,000 miles. A quarter of these are passenger boats, the others are freighters. Large shipments of timber are exported from the mouth of the Yenesei; but most other cargo, here and elsewhere, moves to or from the railway, not the Arctic Ocean. The river traffic feeds and is fed by the east-west traffic on the Trans-Siberian.

Modern automobile highways are few in Siberia, and old cart roads but a maze of ruts. In winter frozen ground and thick river ice make cart transport easier, but the railroads have to carry the bulk of the freight.

The Trans-Siberian Railway was built during the closing years of the past century, and has since been the life line of northern Asia. Although constructed by

the Tzar for strategic purposes, it fortunately opened up the best resources of the country. Settlers who preceded the railroad had already found where the richest soil lay and had built the more important cities along the rivers where these crossed the chernozem soil zone.

The railroad originally extended from Leningrad on the Baltic by way of Manchuria to Vladivostok on the Pacific. After the war with Japan a new line was built north of Manchuria through Russian territory along the Amur, providing an alternative route to the Pacific. The central portion across Siberia was then double-tracked as far as Omsk, and from there westward separate lines led to Leningrad and to Moscow. By the time of the World War the Trans-Siberian thus had two sets of rails. With the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria to Japan in 1935, the Amur line was double-tracked. The final section into Vladivostok had not been laid last fall, but the roadbed and bridge abutments were in shape.

Over this avenue flows a tremendous volume of freight. Last summer I spent several weeks traveling back and forth on the main line, and frequently counted the freight trains going in the opposite direction. The average was one train every seventeen minutes. On two different dates during intervals of several hours we passed freights every seven minutes. Passenger travel is also heavy: in addition to local passenger trains, there are four through trains daily.

Much of the rolling stock is poor, but the railroads have been vastly improved since I saw them in 1923. Fifteen hundred powerful 2-10-2 freight locomotives have been built, some of them equipped with water-condensers on the tender so that they may make non-stop runs. Several times the express has been pulled from Moscow to Vladivostok and return by new-type engines without overhauling. Four-axle freight cars with automatic couplings are replacing the older types. Hundreds of miles of line are equipped with automatic block signals, and electric locomotives are being used in some areas.

The critical part of the Trans-Siberian route is where it skirts Lake Baikal. This narrow lake extends for 400 miles across the line of east-west travel, and around it are rugged mountains. Car ferries were originally used to carry trains across the lake, but later a roadbed was blasted out along the face of the cliffs which rise precipitously from the water's edge. One accident here might isolate all of Pacific Siberia.

The most ambitious railway project in the Soviet East to-day is a line around the north of Lake Baikal. Such a route would give the U. S. S. R. an alternate road in this strategic area, tap the upper Lena which is now without railway contact, and possibly provide a new Pacific port. Despite the publicity which this proposed line has received in the American press, I was unable to learn anything at all about it in Moscow or elsewhere. Construction is supposedly under way, but the strategic implications have clothed it with silence.

A few branch railways have been built in recent years, but these are only a beginning of what is needed. Now that the potentialities of the country are blocked out, a large increase in mileage is called for. The existing Siberian railroads are as though Canada had only the Canadian Pacific Railway with a few branch lines, and all of the United States were a desert.

V

Beneath Siberia's plains and mountains lie treasures of coal and gold and a score of mineral resources. The Ural Mountains, along the rather meaningless boundary between Europe and Asia, are among the richest ranges on earth. They have long been famous for platinum and gems and gold. Under the intensive developments of the past decade many new deposits have been located and the output enormously increased. This is especially true in the case of iron ore from the region of Magnitogorsk.

Soviet gold production is clothed in offi-

cial secrecy, but both in the Urals and north of Lake Baikal the output is rapidly increasing. The best estimates that I was able to secure last summer indicated a 193 production of 8,500,000 ounces and a 1937 plan of 10,500,000 ounces. This compares with the pre-war yield of around 2,000,000 ounces which was still the output as late as 1932. South Africa leads the world with a 1936 figure of 11,339,000 ounces. Ten million ounces at $35.00 an ounce is worth $350,000,000, which is quite enough to build up an internal reserve or disturb the world's gold market. A certain part of the gold dug out of the ground in Siberia is being buried again in Kentucky!

In the Urals and elsewhere in Siberia I visited mines of all kinds, perhaps two dozen in all, and found them uniformly efficient and well equipped. Underground workings are electrically lighted and in most cases well mechanized. Since many of the developments are new, the Soviets have been able to follow the best foreign methods and to utilize the latest machinery.

I found no convict labor in these mines, although it is used on some new projects. Workers are reasonably well clothed and housed, and modern apartment construction is associated with each industrial project. Housing and cheap clothing are still major problems. Food is abundant. It is meaningless to translate the workers' incomes in roubles into dollars at the official rate of five to one, and there are so many contrasts as to rents, old-age security, and workers' benefits that no unofficial exchange rate can be used for purposes of comparison with American wages. All one can say is that few miners receive less than 300 roubles per month, and a number of Stakhanovites earn well over a thousand; and that these sums appear to be enough to provide a comfortable livelihood.

The development of mining is part of the emphasis on heavy industry. The tempo of new construction is tremendous, probably faster than anywhere else in the world, and occasional errors of judgment are to be expected. Millions of people are learning to do something different to-day from what they did yesterday, and to-morrow they will have still newer tasks. Many of the arrests of the past months are associated with poor management or failure to meet assigned quotas rather than with deliberate wrecking. The development of heavy industry has been the Union's major goal, and the drive has been ruthless and relentless. To-day the Soviet Union claims to be one of the leading industrial nations of the world in terms of steel, oil, coal, tractors, and other basic indices.

The chief metallurgical problem of Siberia is to bring together iron ore and coke. The Urals are rich in iron but have no coking coal. The Kuznetz Basin contains large reserves of coal but only small deposits of iron. Unfortunately these deposits are 1,417 miles apart. Nowhere else in the world does it "pay" in terms of capitalist economy to transport coal or iron ore so far by rail. Under the bewildering socialist economy of the U. S. S. R., the question seems to be merely whether a project is "desirable," and if the answer is yes the necessary support is forthcoming.

The Ural-Kuznetz Combine has given Siberia two new steel centers. Blast furnaces have been built at either end of the long haul, so that trains carry coke westward to Magnitogorsk in the Urals and bring iron ore back to the Kuznetz works on their return. Production in these centers is already more than adequate for Siberia's needs, so that rails, plates, and steel billets are being shipped to the European industrial centers.

But the expense of transportation over those 1,417 miles is a great handicap. Let us take as an illustration the expense of manufacturing the rails for the Moscow subway. Ore was mined in the Urals and shipped eastward to Kuznetz; there the steel was made and rails rolled; these were then shipped westward past the Urals to Moscow. The total rail haul amounted to 4,295 miles before they were laid in the subway!

The rise of the Kuznetz area is the major industrial achievement of Soviet expansion in Siberia. The basin lies south of Novosibirsk, where the railway crosses the Ob River. Until recent years it was an empty steppe, peopled by a few wandering nomads. Novosibirsk has grown into a metropolis of 400,000 people—as big as Kansas City or Seattle—and the city of Kuznetz or Stalinsk is half that size. Before the War, Novosibirsk (then called Novo Nikolayvsk) had only 70,000 people, and Kuznetz did not even exist. Tomsk then contained 112,000 people, and now its population has more than doubled. To-day well over a million people live in the area.

I spent a day in the great steel works at Stalinsk, and found it one of the most modern in the world. The blast furnaces follow the best American practice and the rolling mill uses the latest German machinery. To find this spectacular development in the midst of emptiness is a miracle. Four blast furnaces are producing 4,000 tons of pig iron a day, most of which goes directly to the 33 Martin converters where it is made into steel. Rolling mills turn out sheets, girders, and rails. Although the ultimate steel making capacity of Magnitogorsk is greater, Kuznetz is now second to the Don Basin works in actual output.

VI

Perhaps the most spectacular of all the socialist developments in Siberia is the challenge to the Arctic. The Soviet domain has a longer coastline than any other country in the world, but during most of the year it is ice-bound. For centuries, Russians have sought a northeast passage around the top of Asia to the Pacific, but not until 1933 did a ship make the journey in a single season. If the Arctic can be made navigable, it will be as valuable to the Soviet Union as the Panama Canal is to the United States.

Under the direction of the Northern Sea Route Administration the Russians are endeavoring to navigate the Arctic Ocean and at the same time to develop all of northern Siberia. This vast organization is a modern Hudson Bay Company and British East India Company in one. Its budget last year was 590,000,000 roubles and with these funds it operates ships, planes, mines, lumber mills, research stations, and cultural bases.

In the summer of 1937 no less than twenty ships made the complete journey from Murmansk or Archangel to Vladivostok in one direction or the other. In addition to these, about a hundred vessels made trips to the mouths of the Ob, Yenesei, and Lena Rivers. The navigation period is less than three months in length, and in certain areas it is necessary to use ice-breakers and scouting planes. Arctic weather is erratic and it is not yet certain what conditions may be like in bad years. But apparently navigation is feasible.

Soviet meteorology is beginning to make long-range weather forecasts which are especially useful in planning for Arctic navigation. Such predictions are necessarily hazardous. Last season the weather experts expected a long ice-free period, and plans were made to operate shipping well into October. Unfortunately the ice closed in and a number of ships were caught. One was crushed and sunk and eight hundred people on the others were endangered. One might imagine that the authorities would recognize these accidents as a result of flirting with Arctic uncertainty; but, instead, those responsible for the arrangements are in danger of being accused of wrecking and sabotage.

During the past summer I flew 1,500 miles northward from the Trans-Siberian Railway to see some of the Arctic developments along the lower Yenesei River. Most of this northland is a forest wilderness, untouched by the hand of man. Clearings are limited to a few acres along the river some tens of miles apart. The hydroplanes usually keep in sight of the winding river, for there are no other landing areas; elsewhere one looks down on a sea of conifers and birch. Occasional

river-side clearings flash past like tiny oases, but away from the river the forest monotony is boundless. Fishing and hunting are the occupations of the few settlers. Several dozen planes are flying on the Yenesei, and the new air bases bring a startling touch of modernity.

The great resource of the north is lumber. Most of the trees along the main river are too small for commercial timber, but on the tributaries near Lake Baikal are vast stands of pine. This is floated down stream in huge rafts to the new city of Igarka where it is cut up and loaded on ocean vessels for export.

Igarka is the pride of Russia's Arctic Empire. It is located within the Arctic Circle as far north as Aklavik at the mouth of the Mackenzie in Canada. Eight years ago there were only six people living here; to-day Igarka boasts of 15,000. Although it is over 400 miles from the ocean, this is the port of the Yenesei, for nowhere else near the mouth of the river are there such good harbor facilities.

Sawmills dominate Igarka, for here the rafts of logs are piled on shore and cut during the winter in preparation for export. Last season the timber export, all of it pine, amounted to 89,000,000 board feet. Within five years it is planned to treble this amount. Most of the shipments go to England, but last summer three shiploads went to South Africa, halfway around the world.

The city is built on permanently frozen ground, which only thaws to a depth of a few feet in summer. Below this layer of summer mud, frozen ground continues for more than a hundred feet. It is typical of the audacity with which the Soviets are challenging the north that they are laying water mains in this ice-locked ground. A trench is dug and lined with boards, and then filled with sawdust or moss. To prevent the eight-inch water mains from freezing, a small steam pipe is laid alongside it.

The government is making strenuous efforts to keep this new Arctic population in health. Two hundred acres are under cultivation and crops of potatoes, turnips, cabbage, beets, onions, and cauliflower are raised. Several large greenhouses provide cucumbers, tomatoes, spinach, lettuce, and other green vegetables. Wheat and oats are also grown, but so far do not ripen and are used as fodder crops. Four hundred cows produce an average of 1,800 quarts of milk annually. It is hoped that new varieties of grain and special planting methods may make it possible to ripen wheat and rye even inside the Arctic Circle. There is no expectation that crop lands will replace Siberia's forests for a century, if ever; but it should be possible to feed the local communities.

Every day of my two weeks beyond the Arctic Circle I had fresh vegetables. When I visited the farm at Igarka I was given an entire meal produced in the north, with vegetable soup, beef, potatoes, beets, lettuce and cucumber salad, milk, and strawberries. Strawberry plants set out in June were producing one and one-half inch berries by September.

No development in the U. S. S. R. is more striking than the attention given to children. Here in Igarka 3,200 children of the Arctic are attending 13 ten-year schools. Despite the rigorous winters—during which the temperature sometimes drops to 50 below zero, and there is little daylight—they seemed very healthy and bright. Through summer camps, kindergartens, and medical attention the government is carrying on an outstanding piece of child-welfare work all across the country.

VII

Peter the Great is remembered for his introduction of Western culture, but he had an Eastern policy as well which gave Russia a deep national impulse. This thrust into Asia has now reached the point where Siberia is no longer a mere appendage of Europe, but a self-sufficient agricultural and industrial regime in its own right. The national center of gravity has already been drawn eastward to the Urals.

During the war with Japan in 1904–

1905, Russia was obliged to bring her supplies thousands of miles from the few productive centers in the far west. Should eventualities arise in the future, central Siberia is now able to supply the needed munitions, and both the eastern and western frontiers of the country can care for themselves. The Russian Far East is no longer an empty undeveloped wilderness; new towns are arising close to the Pacific and the foundations have been laid for the Soviet Union's emergence as a Pacific power.

But the most significant thing about the development of Siberia is perhaps not its value in case of war, or the material benefits which it brings, but the fact that it has given the Russian people a pioneering thrill which has turned their thoughts from vague goals to present realities. Here is socialist ideology in application. For two decades the Russians have lived in the hope of a better life; they have had to imagine the fragrance of the flower while it was still a bulb. Two Five Year Plans have now brought enough of more comfortable living to give them a definite and substantial faith in the future.

Whatever may be the final possibilities of Siberia, they are far beyond the current achievements. Vast progress is within grasp. And what is more, world peace is so essential to the continued development of the Union of Soviet Socialistic Republics, and this country has so much to lose even by a successful war, that the development of Siberia has become a major safeguard for world peace.

JUDGMENT

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

NOW let the slow heart break,
Let the blood cease to flow,
For the last ounce is given
And still the scales cry "No!"
Still is the balance heavy,
Still are the deeds too few,
Nor shall your tears enrich them,
Nor shall your anguish sue
For mercy or compassion.
Final, exact, must stand
These calibrations charted
By an inflexile Hand.
Useless the long endeavor,
Useless the hope, the prayer,
Useless the fiery anger,
Useless the proud despair.
Only your brother, musing
Above his own wide grave
Sees all your love's outpouring,
Sees how it cannot save!

DRINKING AND ALCOHOLISM

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

MRS. STEVENS was calling on a friend in whom she sometimes confides. "I don't know what the world is coming to!" she exclaimed. "The Nevinses are frantic over the way Harriet is drinking. John Smith, a business friend of Mr. Stevens', makes a beeline for the bar as soon as he leaves his office every day. By dinnertime he's half-seas over. His wife is on the point of leaving him."

She paused, taking a deep breath, and went on. "And I'm beside myself about my son Tom. He made such a brilliant record in college and his future promised to be so bright. Now it's all shot to pieces and so is he. His father and I have tried everything we can think of to stop him from drinking. We've scolded and pleaded, but nothing does any good.

"What *can* we do about it?"

This instance is authentic except for the names. It is being duplicated to-day throughout America on such a scale that the public-health authorities are greatly concerned.

Bulletins from the Bureau of Census report that during the year 1936 more than eleven per cent of the 101,462 first admissions to all public and private mental hospitals in this country were alcoholic patients. A circular from the National Committee on Mental Hygiene states that between the years 1920 and 1934 first admissions for alcoholics in some metropolitan districts increased as much as seven hundred per cent; and that between 1930 and 1934 they multiplied by a hundred and seventeen per cent. Nor do these latter figures simply bear witness to the revolt against prohibition; the number of first admissions in 1935 topped that of 1934 by two hundred and fifty.

These figures do not include the number of persistent cases kept on from one year to another; nor the incurables who must remain forever within the gates; nor the uncounted men and women in general hospitals and at home who are suffering from organic ailments brought on by heavy drinking; nor that multitude of chronic inebriates who drift out from the slums to spend much of their adult lives in a cell and, so the prison authorities say, make up the greater part of the week-end guest lists of our city and county jails. The records of the municipal courts of New York City reveal that during the past year 7590 men and 796 women were given from their second to their tenth sentences for being drunk and disorderly or for minor crimes committed while they were drunk; and on the same charges, 661 men and 86 women served from their eleventh to their forty-eighth terms behind the bars. At Bellevue Hospital, which is the clearing house for all classes of the city's miscreants in need of medical care, no less than *forty per cent* of the twenty-five thousand admissions for the year 1936 were alcoholics. While New York cannot be made a national measuring rod, the reports of the courts and hospitals in several other large cities and in a number of the middle-sized ones approach the same percentage.

What is more to the point, we have to-day a growing legion of excessive drinkers

in the more prosperous classes, in the towns and smaller cities as well as in the larger ones. For this fact we scarcely need the conclusive evidence of the welfare societies and the doctors. There are few of us who do not know of men like John Smith, or of young people like Tom Stevens and Harriet Nevins, whose parents and friends are asking, in desperation, "What *can* we do about it?"

The question is not new except in its proportions. The reason that we have never found the answer to it is that we have never looked for it in the right place.

"No problem of our national life," says an eminent physician who has made alcoholism his special study, "has been handled with so much useless effort. The whole attempt to cure excessive drinking has been shot through with utter futility owing to the indifference or muddled thinking of the general public and to the bias and ignorance of those who have made it their own private province of reform.

"*Alcoholism,*" he insists, "*is not a vice but a disease. The alcoholic is not a moral weakling. He is tragically ill with a mental malady. If taken in time he can often be cured. The spread of the disease can be stemmed and turned back, but only with the aid of the doctors and the psychologists who have made it their field of research and experiment. To try to do so by sumptuary laws is like trying to cure and prevent tuberculosis with a cough-drop.*"

His opinion is shared by other medical experts. In a paper read at the last International Congress on Mental Hygiene, Dr. Hermann Bouman, Professor of Psychiatry and Neurology at the University of Amsterdam, and Director of that city's mental clinics, said: "Alcoholism is one of the three great diseases, of which the other two are syphilis and tuberculosis. . . . For prevention, treatment, and after care—the three points of attack offered by any disease—we shall have to invoke the assistance of psychology, sociology, and biology. No work can be done in this field without a knowledge of the symptoms in each of these provinces. . . ."

II

What is the nature of this disease?

Generally speaking, alcoholism is a condition by which the afflicted person loses command of himself and, to one degree of another, of his mental faculties. While it is induced by the drinking of alcoholic liquor, the drinking is only a symptom of a deeper-seated malady, the source of which is a maladjustment in the drinker's personality—that is, in the full circle of his physical, mental, emotional makeup. This "imbalance," as the doctors know it, affects him in such a way that he is unable to face the difficulties confronting him in his daily life. In the impulse to avoid what he cannot handle he seeks refuge in alcohol until, caught up by it, he begins to deteriorate.

Since the seed of the disease is the maladjustment, the logical cure must lie in bringing this to the surface in each individual case, explaining it to the patient and helping him to overcome it. With the compulsion out of the way, the desire to drink will disappear of itself.

It would be misleading to claim that all forms of alcoholism may be healed by this or any other method. Some human beings are so naturally unequal to the conflicts of living that, in the light of present knowledge, little can be done for them except to protect them from the disturbing issues which cause them to drink. There are also the extreme cases, the psychotics whom alcohol has removed into the obscure recesses of the abnormal. Their cure is problematical and is the business of the psychiatrist and physician alone. For any layman to attempt to explain such cases would be dangerous; even the most distinguished medical scientists still disagree about them.

By far the greater number of heavy drinkers, however, belong in a class whose ailment can be more easily corrected. They are the men and women—we all

know them—in whom the habit of excess has grown until their health, their business, their home life, and their peace of mind are in jeopardy. They are those whom the psychologist, Charles H. Durfee, who has been successful in healing them, mentions in his book *To Drink or Not to Drink* as "problem drinkers." For them there is more than an even chance of cure in a comparatively new kind of mental therapy now being practiced by trained psychologists who, through study and trial, have brought it to a high degree of efficacy.

If we are to understand this treatment we shall have to begin by examining the source of the disease, the maladjustment and its origins.

Biologists on the whole have now come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a born drunkard. But alcohol, they contend, may impair the germ plasm in such a way that the normal development of children conceived by parents whose blood is saturated with it may be impeded. And if the children escape that handicap their nervous and emotional stability may be affected. The effect may even skip a generation and become active in the grandchildren. In any event heredity may involve the tendency to drink.

There is weight of evidence, however, to show that important as this factor may be, early training and environment are much more important. In a recent study of a hundred alcoholic patients made by Dr. James Hardin Wall of Bloomingdale Hospital in Westchester, New York, he found that seventy-one of them had had one or more excessive drinkers among their close relatives in the two preceding generations. Twenty-seven of them had had alcoholic fathers. "One cannot say definitely," said Dr. Wall, "that the tendency to drink excessively is inherited, but these figures are significant for this particular group." Yet he pointed out another fact which came out in the study: that thirty-seven of the patients had had mothers whose exaggerated emotional attitudes had been manifested in spoiling, pampering, indulging, and overprotecting them.

The late Richard R. Peabody of Boston, who was a pathfinder in this field, placed the heavier burden of blame on the early life of the drinker. He gave it as his experience that "*seldom did a child whose parents maintained an intelligent attitude toward him mature into a drunkard.*" In most cases, he said, "their attitude has been distinctly abnormal." And he added that the inclination to drink depended largely upon whether or not a person, as a child, had been taught to believe in and rely upon himself; or whether he had been frightened, neglected, or spoiled, and had thus grown up out of key with his surroundings and with feelings of inferiority. Psychologists are now of one voice in their opinion that, in one variety or another, and as an outgrowth of maladjustment, this feeling of inferiority is the driving power behind inebriety.

The initial injury may be inflicted upon the personality of the young in uncounted ways. Fears, planted by the telling of scare stories for the sake of obedience; unreasoned punishments; too rigid discipline; scenes of violence or of accident—any of these may break the spirit of a child, robbing him of his faith in himself and others, and thus setting up a habit of evasion. Neglect and loneliness may drive him in upon himself, making him surface shy or even resentful and anti-social. The imaginative child of unimaginative parents, who misunderstand his flights of fancy and punish him for them on the charge that he is lying, may suffer the dulling of talents that would have been his natural outlet of expression. Over-indulgence may inflate the young ego, fostering self-importance and arrogance, and giving a child the habit of depending upon externals for his satisfactions, so that his inner resources remain untapped. At the other end of the scale are the children of the under-privileged who—through generations perhaps—have been underbred, overcrowded, and poorly nourished until

little of the stuff of resistance is to be found in them.

These early conditionings—and there is a long list of them—may so disintegrate the personality of the child that in later life when he is subjected to any sudden or steady pressure he will be overcome by his feeling of inadequacy and will turn to some form of escape or sustenance outside of himself. It may be drugs or sex, or some other medium of excess. If destiny is with him, religion or some deep attachment may save him. Quite often it will be drink that he turns to for his escape.

III

The inferiority complex which puts the tendency to drink into action may take any one of numerous forms. No generalization can cover all of these. The form which the complex will take will depend upon the personality of the individual drinker, his own peculiar circumstances and conflicts.

To the sensitive and lonely—most likely they are introverts—who are touched by the pain of the world or of conditions about them and realize they can do nothing about these, alcohol is an anodyne for reality. With the surface shy, who are friendly by nature but find it difficult to unbend, it acts as a tonic, lifting them out of themselves and making it easier for them to unbend in company. The spoiled and the selfish, stung by the rebuffs they bring upon themselves, drink to restore their deflated egos. Domestic infelicity, business worries, or any circumstance creating self-pity or a sense of persecution, may lead to drink as a happy exit. Sexual discrepancies, such as psychological impotency or abnormal obliquities—often the result of puritanical upbringing or lack of proper sex instruction—are accountable for many cases of alcoholism. Those whose wills were completely subjugated in childhood will sometimes actually enjoy making promises to themselves to stop drinking, for the express purpose of breaking them because of the release they get in having their own way. The feeling of hopelessness and defeat which comes from unemployment and want is directly related to drinking.

Social ambition, which arises out of the individual's feeling that his own position is inferior, has had much to do—so some psychologists claim—with the spread of drinking among women and young people. Alcohol does let down the bars and it creates peculiar kinships. The thirsty at the top will condescend to drink with those on the lower rungs of the ladder as they then are free from the condemnation they are likely to meet with in their own class. In some measure, we are told, the style-makers and the society editors help to cast this bait. Even such trivial things as pictures of the "cocktail dress" and the "cocktail hat" to be worn at the cocktail hour, or candid-camera shots of the drinking activities of "café society" may have a high suggestive power for the unsure whose desire is to be fashionable at all costs.

If we were living in a world where the pace of life was steady and men were more at peace within themselves, the margin of safety might be wider and more assured. In this swiftly moving era with its sudden changes, its competition and insecurity, even the man with a well-integrated personality will try to get away from them. He may do this through outdoor exercise or sports, congenial company, books, the theater, gardening, music, or some other art or hobby. He may even feel the need of a bracer from time to time, and yet be far from any danger of alcoholism. The unstable personality, on the other hand, is not satisfied with such modes of release. He seeks excitement, and his very infirmity drives him to extremes which may prove destructive.

IV

Just as there is no single type of drinker, there is no specific technic for healing all drinkers. Each case must be considered apart and according to its distinctive elements. But there is a general procedure

which is proving highly successful in the healing of "problem drinkers."

First of all, the patient must wish to be cured. As another preliminary, his family, if it can be so induced, must assist the therapist in the effort to find out as much as possible about the patient's background, and must also assist the patient in carrying out the program of rehabilitation. If his home life is favorable it may be best not to detach him from it; if, on the other hand, it is disturbing he may best be removed to an environment where he can have the necessary peace and quiet. More and more the therapists are finding that the atmosphere of the country tends to be more conducive to cure than that of the city with its distractions and involved mechanisms.

Let us suppose, then, for sake of clarity, that you have become a habitual heavy drinker. You realize that you have reached a point in your drinking where your entire life is being affected by it. You are having trouble with your family because of your frequent intoxication. Your business is going to pieces. Your friends are turning from you. You are jittery and constantly on edge. You try to stop drinking and the more you try to stop the more you drink. You decide to do something about it. You have been hearing about this new mental therapy and you are led to consult a recognized psychologist who is known to have practiced it with success.

Before accepting you he will insist that you be given a complete physical examination by a physician with whom he will consult, if and when necessary, on any psychiatric or medical aspects that may appear in your condition. When he has learned something of your family life he will decide whether or not it is wise for you to remain at home during your treatment. Whichever way his decision goes, the procedure, with some variations, will follow the same course. But in order to make it more explicit we will take you to a farm in mind where many men once thought to be hopeless inebriates have found their healing.

In the center of a rolling wooded country, this farm is near enough to the sea to have the tang of salt in the air. The "guest" house and dining-cottage are on a hill affording a vista of field and upland. There are vegetable gardens, a stable with mounts, a garage, kennels, a piggery, and round the farmhouse where the therapist and his family make their home is a large flower garden. All of these will have a part in your treatment, as you will soon learn.

Upon your arrival you will have a long talk with the director in which he will explain what it is that is wrong with you, and he will give you a general sketch of what lies ahead. He is not interested in your drinking but in what made you drink and what it has done to you. Through the circumstances that have made you what you are you have shied away from everything that threatened to upset you. You have probably dodged your responsibilities, and as a means of avoiding what you could not face, you took to liquor. The reason why you have not been able to stop is because you have been fooling yourself with rationalizations. No doubt you have been told so often that you are a weakling and a failure that you have come to believe it and have lost confidence in yourself. The truth is that your admission that you have been in the wrong, your desire to be put right, and your willingness to devote yourself exclusively to that end are evidence of your courage and intelligence.

You are now going to work with the therapist to find out what has been to blame for your false attitudes. For the first time, through an understanding of yourself, you are going to learn something about reality. In this new life alcohol will have no place. You will have to accept the fact that you are one of those who are physically intolerant to it, that it "spells disaster for you just as sugar spells disaster for the diabetic." After a while, when its narcotic effects wear off, you will not miss it.

In some details, this therapist has evolved a technic of his own. In his ex-

perience he has found that placing an alcoholic patient in an institution is often only transferring him from one kind of imprisonment to another. In order to avoid giving you any such feeling, he makes few personal restrictions. The "guests," as he calls them, are free to come and go on notice. But there is one rule which you cannot break if you wish to remain on the farm. You cannot bring any liquor there or go outside to drink. If you want a drink he will give you one. He may even place a glass of whiskey on your bedside table on the first and second evenings after your arrival. He has never had a case in which on the second morning the drink has been touched. "This gesture," he says, "is a long step toward restoring the morale of a drinker, as he has a secret pride in the thought that he is becoming the master of himself."

Your daily routine will now become the antidote for the irregularity and lack of responsibility with which drinking has marked your life. You will eat and sleep regularly and you will have a well-considered plan of work, exercise, and recreation. After breakfast at half-past seven you will spend the morning out of doors. And you will not be idle, for you will dig and plow the soil, sow and plant, tend and water the farm and gardens, and gather the crops. Or if you are fond of animals, you may clean the stables and kennels and look after the dogs and the horses. In winter, when there is little farming to do, digging trenches will take the place of gardening. It will not be long before you begin to feel like a different person. The perspiration induced by your hard work will rid your system of the poisons instilled by alcohol. The exercise will strengthen your muscles. The oxygen in the air will put new life into you, sharpening your appetite so that the balanced diet of food rich in vitamins will have the chance to build up your health. Your shattered nerves will begin to pull themselves together. When night comes you will be so tired that it will not be difficult for you to relax and you will have an untroubled sleep. And you will be helped in other ways. "For those who have been used to scattering their energies," say the psychologists, "there is no better means of co-ordination than having to do a certain thing at the same time every day, and no better tonic for a slackened sense of responsibility than the performance of one disagreeable task a day."

Yet all of this, while essential to your cure, is only supplementary, clearing the way and making you ready for it as you go on to its intrinsic necessities. For it is in the afternoons or during the week-ends when you are taking cross-country walks or rides with your therapist, or camping out with him on hunting or fishing trips, that he brings his strategy to play on opening up your mind. In this there will be neither coercion nor pressure. It will be that, having established your trust in him, he will be able by casual but leading questions to take you back through the run of your life, down to your earliest recollections and up again through childhood and adolescence to the present. Every step of the way he will be exploring your mind for the events and reactions which swung your personality out of balance and made a mental and emotional misfit of you. What these may be one cannot foretell. The cause may lie in some incident or long-drawn-out compulsion the mark of which has remained ever-present with you. It may be something that you have never been aware of. It may come easily to the surface or it may be embedded in the unconscious, eluding your conscious mind. But if you are persevering and the therapist is patient, you will come to what you are looking for.

Meanwhile there will be little about you that has not been revealed. The therapist will know your likes and dislikes, your perplexities, your inclinations, your prejudices, and your aptitudes and potential talents. He will know the traits in your character which need to be played up and those which need to be toned down, and he will have a full knowledge and understanding of the immediate issues in your adult life which,

because of your disability, have dictated your flight into alcoholism.

One by one, as your conflicts and your confusions are revealed they will be clarified and you will be shown how to think through to their solutions. With the cause of your illness removed, its symptoms will disappear. You will no longer have the impulse or the disposition to drink. As the obstacles to clear thinking are removed, your vision will be able to project itself into reality. You will no longer look at life through dimmed windows. You will have a new outlook, new aims, and satisfactions. New and creative interests and avenues of relaxation will be opened up to you. A constructive philosophy will replace your old defeatism. In short, your whole personality will be overhauled and swung into balance, and you will be a well-integrated human being, self-respecting, self-reliant, and sure of your ability to carry on without the aid of artificial stimuli.

The time this will take will be measured by your capacity for adjustment. If you are naturally articulate and expansive and can easily be led to talk about yourself, if you enter spontaneously into the program of your cure, the time required for your recovery may be only three or four months. If you are reticent and inclined to hold out against the program, thereby keeping the maladjustment behind closed doors, the therapist may have some difficulty in opening them. Your cure then may be a long process. One thing he will make sure of, somewhere along the line, is that you have a real desire to be cured for your own sake and not merely for the sake of someone whom you wish to please. Otherwise if that person later on does something to disturb you, this may become your excuse for returning to liquor. Finally, you will be fully and permanently healed only when you are able to see others drink without any thought of doing so yourself. And in order to validate your recovery, there will be a period of after-care in which the therapist will keep in touch with you, giving you advice until such time as he sees that his hand is no longer needed on your elbow.

Now then, what about prevention?

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the intricacies of child guidance. A review of what inadequate parents may do to impair the integrity of their children has already been indicated. The child who is scarred in the matrix may be marked for frustration. And early impressions go deep. Childhood is a world of little things. Slight neglects and misunderstandings, although they may escape significance in the adult mind, often have magnitude for the sensitive young. Their deepest need is for understanding and wise affection; for order and harmony in their home surroundings; and for a confidence in their parents, so unshakable that they will not be afraid to question them upon any subject, with the certainty that the response will be sincere and intelligent.

As a rule, people do not start out to make a career of drinking. Some may begin by getting drunk deliberately to offset some sudden shock or to avoid some pressure in their lives. Most topers have become so by getting in the habit of taking a drink or two to set them up. But alcoholism is insidious in its attack. It creeps up on its victims, and it is selective, choosing only those who are the more readily induced to surrender. And they of course are the maladjusted who have a tendency toward the disease and in whom the symptom of drinking is easily aggravated. Alcohol, like any other narcotic, is of course a habit-forming drug. The well-balanced will not lend themselves to such a habit. The unbalanced personality forms the habit without realizing it. The speed with which alcoholism approaches depends largely upon the degree of the imbalance and the kind of life the drinker leads. It may come on rapidly; by contrast, the man who eats food rich in vitamins, eliminates thoroughly, and takes plenty of outdoor exercise may build up an immunity permitting him to drink a quart or more of whiskey a day—though sooner or later, in most such in-

stances, the immunity reaches the breaking point and the deterioration is rapid.

"To-day," says Dr. Walter Treadway, Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, "approximately eighty per cent of inebriate men and sixty per cent of inebriate women have the drink habit well set before thirty years of age, and approximately half of them before the age of twenty-five."

Now it stands to reason if you have a tendency toward tuberculosis you are not going to court the conditions which will make a consumptive of you. You will be careful not to take cold and you will build up your system so that it may resist the infiltration of the tubercular germ into your blood. Alcoholism is not a germ disease, but a psychological one; yet it becomes active through the saturation of your blood with alcohol. An important preventive measure then is to preclude this saturation by not forming the habit of drinking. For the safety that lies in this discretion the mental hygienists offer a few simple suggestions:

The time not to take a drink, they say, is when you think you need one. Otherwise you may come to look on the bottle as a release from every vexation, no matter how slight.

They advise you to avoid taking a drink at the same time every day or making a practice of week-end drinking parties.

They advise against drinking in the daytime, except for a glass of wine with luncheon; and even that may be unwise if you are naturally "intolerant" to alcohol.

They condemn the early morning drink after a night out, arguing that the old saw about "the hair of the dog that bit you" has added many recruits to the hosts of alcoholism.

They advise drinkers to watch themselves for their capacity and for the effect liquor has upon them. If it makes you boisterous, quarrelsome, or melancholy, or affects your heart or your nerves, they say you can be sure that you belong among those who cannot take it.

And finally they warn you that when you find it is becoming increasingly difficult for you to do without liquor it is time for you to consult your doctor: *you* have reached the danger point.

V

Obviously the only valid and practical way to combat alcoholism is to make the treatment and the knowledge of what alcoholism is and how it takes root generally available. Thus far little has been done. Some of the States and a few of the cities have up-to-date mental hospitals where alcoholics in the advanced stages are given the care they need. In most public hospitals the inebriate is held until he has sobered up and then allowed to go his way without any attempt having been made to help him. A few private hospitals have alcoholic wards with competent staffs, but the charges are prohibitive to the small income. Although the number of able psychiatrists is growing, not a great many of them have given this peculiar affliction the highly specialized study it demands. And of the trained therapists of the kind we have mentioned, who have specialized in the treatment and cure of the "problem" drinker, there are only a few.

Such neglect is a social waste and an economic blunder. Many of our young liquor addicts are intelligent and gifted. Because of their deterioration their talents come to nothing, and there is the chance that they may perpetuate their tendencies in their children. At the other extreme are the strays of the earth, the inebriate poor, who keep on breeding their kind, swelling the list of the ineffective, and adding to the burden of private and public charity.

That this can be mitigated is seen in what is being done in other countries. Some years ago in Holland, where the manufacture of liquor is an important factor in the nation's economy, the authorities saw that something had to be done about the growth of intemperance among the people. A commission of

medical experts and social scientists was appointed to make a study of alcoholism and the conditions surrounding it. As a result of the investigation the government called a conference of public-health officials and representatives of the liquor industry, and a complete program of control was inaugurated. Alcoholic wards with specialists in attendance were installed in public hospitals. Free clinics where the intemperate are given treatment and where their relatives may come for counsel have been established in the cities and in key villages in the rural districts. Intoxication is now a dwindling problem in Holland.

Our Public Health authorities have produced a tentative program for the United States. It places special emphasis on the need for a *non-political commission of physicians, psychiatrists, psychologists, and social scientists* which would make a thorough study of the disease both here and abroad, find out what is being successfully done to combat alcoholism in its every phase, pass this knowledge on, and serve as a consulting board for the Bureaus of Mental Hygiene which are advocated as an adjunct to the Department of Public Health in every State. The proposed program also calls for training schools and research laboratories in the universities, for graduate physicians and psychologists who are fitted to specialize in the treatment of alcoholism; and to meet the growing need of patients in the lower-income groups, alcoholic wards in public hospitals, and consultation clinics such as those which are now operating in Holland. Another suggestion calls for the co-operation of the liquor industry and the public-health authorities toward honest advertising based on medical and social fact. And the plan includes also an educational campaign—one that would not seek to attack drinking or the drinker, but would be a sincere effort to enlighten parents and the public on what causes excess and how the tendencies can be avoided and overcome.

For fifty years we have bungled the alcohol problem in America. Once again the reformers are stirring. From the platform and the pulpit and in the press they are stating the case for prohibition. Might it not be wise for a change to bring a little honest knowledge and common sense to bear upon the situation by letting the scientists have their chance to work it out for us? Their program would not cost a tithe as much as the prohibition debacle. And it might be successful.



JIM HOYT'S HIRED MAN

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY MAURICE HINDUS

At ten o'clock one evening in my seventeenth year I settled myself in a plush seat in the day coach of the Lackawanna train, on my way from New York City to a job as hired man for Mr. James Hoyt, Mount Brookville, New York.

The coach in which I rode was crowded with freshly arrived immigrants whose Old World baggage—sacks, straw baskets, wooden boxes, soiled and tattered—cluttered not only the seats and the racks but the aisles. They had evidently just been released from Ellis Island and were on their way to join husbands, fathers, brothers in the Pennsylvania mines. The noise, the smells, the screams of the babies, the jabber of foreign dialects, chiefly Slavish and not unfamiliar to me, made me feel as though I too had just come out of the steerage.

True, it was nearly three years since I had left the Russian village of my birth. I had learned the language; I had been in high school, but I had never been outside New York City except once, on a school excursion to a suburb. I was ignorant of the rest of America. And I felt now that I too was on my way to a new land—to a village, an American village. The people there of course would not be muzhiks, for America was no Russia. But contact with grass, trees, birds, animals, earth must have endowed them with qualities that I should enjoy and cherish. Mount Brookville! With the words on my lips I fell asleep.

It was still dark when the conductor jerked me into wakefulness. I was to get off at the next stop. Quickly I shook myself together and peered out of the window. Even in the dark I could make out trees, fences, pastures, meadows. We were in deep country now, far away from New York's East Side, and a great joy came over me. It was good to return to the milieu out of which I had come and which I had missed in the nearly three years that I had lived in the metropolis. I felt like exclaiming, "Good-by, New York! Good morning, real America!"

At last the train stopped. I was the only passenger to alight and as soon as I was on the platform the train clattered away into the darkness. I was all alone now. The station was locked. There was no light anywhere save in the signal blocks on the tracks. I searched the platform for someone to meet me, but no one was there. There was nothing to do but wait. Crouching down on the doorstep of the station, I wrapped myself in my coat, propped my head on my suitcase, and shut my eyes.

Presently I felt something soft and moist on my ears and cheeks. Opening my eyes I saw a big black dog. With a shudder I jumped and ran down the platform with the dog in clamorous pursuit. In the old village we were always afraid of strange dogs and never sought to make friends of them. It would have done little good anyway, for harried and abused as they were, they never had learned the language of friendship. Woe to the

stranger who stepped within reaching distance of the fangs of watch dogs! If a strange dog ever strayed into our barnyard I threw sticks and stones at him or whipped him into flight with a long willow rod. My sojourn in New York had done nothing to change my suspicion. Naturally enough I assumed that this dog was my enemy; and grabbing a handful of coal, I threw it at him. Howling and whining with pain he limped off.

Soon a man appeared on the platform, sauntered up toward me and stopped. Daylight was already breaking up the darkness and I could see anger on his ruddy and furrowed face.

"Did you hit my dog?" he asked.

I suspected trouble and remained silent.

"What in hell did you hit him for?"

"I was afraid he'd bite me."

"Christ," he fumed, "my dog hain't never hurt nobody round here."

I wondered if he was going to strike me. In the old village a man as angry as he would have swung out with his fists or perhaps with his feet. But this man never lifted a hand. In fact he held his hands in the front pockets of his enormous bib overalls. After a moment's silence he snapped out again:

"I don't know where in hell you come from, but I want you to know my dog's got as much right on this platform as you; get me?"

And he walked away.

With his words ringing in my ears, I followed him with my eyes until he disappeared inside the milk station opposite the depot. Never had I heard anyone speaking of dogs as having rights other than those which the emotion, the convenience, the caprice of the moment might demand or dictate. The very concept of such rights was as new as it was challenging. Here was something to remember.

In spite of fog and a needlelike drizzle, daylight was opening up more and more of the immediate countryside. Only a short distance away, and running horizontally with the railroad, was a wood dividing the valley from the uplands. The sight of it stirred a joyous commotion in me, and I walked over to see it. At one time it must have been a primeval forest and a little distance from the road some of the trees, especially the white pine, were immense, with the tops now lost in a crawling mist. No, this was no mere suburb of a large city. This was a real village with all the wildness and the freedom that the word implied.

On my return to the railroad station I found it open and when I stepped in I saw behind the raised ticket-window a pale thin-faced man with a reddish mustache and a taciturn expression. Quietly he asked if I was Jim Hoyt's new hired man and I said, "Yes." He did not say Mr. James Hoyt and I thought this was significant, in tune with the spirit of familiarity which I should expect of people living on land, precisely as in my old home, except that there people had been known by their first name and their nickname—so and so the Rabbit, so and so the Potato, so and so the Crow, and here they were addressed by the first name and their surname. "He wanted me to tell you," drawled the little man spiritlessly, "his milk team will pick you up." Milk team —I should have said milk wagon. Evidently the speech of these people had a twist of its own.

Eager for conversation, I remained at the ticket-window, but the little man displayed no inclination to talk. As if to emphasize his preference for solitude, he shut the window and remained locked inside his office.

I felt not only snubbed but bewildered. I had never imagined that people in the country would prefer to remain so forbiddingly aloof from strangers. I wondered if Jim Hoyt was like that.

For lack of anything more diverting to do I stepped outside again and looked round. Right across the station was an immense yard set out with majestic spruce, and far away at the other end, looming out of the green like a patch of sunlight out of a cloud, was a brightly

painted house with enormous porches which made me think of a landlord's castle in the old village. I wondered if the man who lived there was a landlord, and if so what manner of person he was. The other houses were large and square, with shingled roofs and immense porches, some painted a dull red, others as gray as the drizzle that was descending on them. They stood farther apart from one another, much farther than in the old village, and neither the street nor the yards were the beds of mud and puddles of slush that they had been in the old home. Here and there a garden was already plowed and the earth, black and fat, was drinking in the descending moisture. I saw one man in rubber boots driving a black-and-white cow to a pasture in the rear of a house. Otherwise the place was deserted and, save for the gasps of the engine in the milk station, all was silence. Beyond the houses were fields and hills, some of them rising so high that to me, accustomed only to steppes, they seemed like mountains.

Milk teams began arriving, more and more of them, and as they passed I searched the wheels with my eyes to see which had wooden and which had cast-iron or steel axles, so that I could tell, as I did in the old village, whether the driver was a *bedniak* or a *koolack*. But I saw no wooden axles, not one! Therefore, by the standards which prevailed in the old home all these farmers were koolacks. But not even koolacks in the old home had such large wagons, two and three times the size of the carts in which muzhiks drove around. And the horses were even more of a revelation than the wagons. Well-shod, flanks and necks bulging with muscles, most of them freshly curried and brushed, they were a stupendous contrast to the scrawny creatures that most of our peasants had. Only landlords and officials and the little father of the parish church could boast of such horses.

Soon a young man entered, paused at the door and surveyed me critically. His face flushed, his felt hat shapeless and stuck with buttons advertising a brand of flour, he walked up in his rubber boots and asked in a low drawling voice if I was Jim's new hired man? He didn't say Jim Hoyt's, just Jim's. I said I was and he invited me to ride home with him.

I sat down beside him on the spacious elevated seat and off we drove. His name, he said, was Kent, and he too was a hired man. Readily enough he answered questions about Jim. No, Jim wasn't exactly a young man, for he had already had his sixty-seventh birthday, and he might as well have been a bachelor, for he and his wife had parted years and years ago shortly after their marriage. His farm was neither very small nor very large, about one hundred acres, with a big chunk of fine timber in the swamp. He had three horses, ten milch cows, six head of young stock, lots of chickens and three pigs. Accustomed as I was to evaluate farms in terms of the economics not of an industrial but of a pastoral civilization—that is, in terms not of a moneyed but of a commodity economy—Jim's possessions sounded impressive to me. Except for my father in his younger days, I could think of no koolacks in the old village who could boast of so many cows or so much land.

"I suppose he is a rich man?" I asked.

"No, he ain't," came the quick reply. "He's poor; he himself says so and everybody round here knows it."

To me this was a new conception of poverty. No wonder I had not seen a single wagon with wooden axles!

We followed a hilly road, the empty milk cans clanking noisily and the white horse pulling the load at a brisk pace without Kent's using a whip or saying a word; and at last we arrived at the farm.

II

Jim Hoyt's house was a large, two-storey frame house, unpainted, with high windows, a shingled roof, and shaded by sturdy maples and elms. On one side was a small orchard which was set out with rows of beehives and on the other were

fields swelling into knolls and dropping into lowlands overgrown with brush.

Kent and I walked into the house and on entering the living room my first thought was "Where are the pigs and chickens?"—so deep-seated was my association of a farmhouse with livestock. First Kent introduced me to Emilia, the housekeeper—a slight woman with a remarkably thin and pale face, friendly and vivacious eyes, and sparse white hair on a small head. Then he introduced me to Jim.

"Glad to know you, sir," Jim said as he shook my hand and surveyed me penetratingly with his bulging blue eyes. The middle of his head was shiny with baldness and the sides gleamed with the glassy whiteness of his short and unruly hair. His nose was short, straight, with a needle-like point; his jaw was broad and bony; a gray mustache stained with tobacco juice overhung his mouth. His hand as he clasped mine was warm and rough. In his bib overalls, gray sweater (with a tiny hole at the right elbow), and tight-fitting soft felt boots, he looked poor and unassuming, not at all like the koolack I had envisaged.

His expression showed neither pleasure nor curiosity. Retiring to a rocker with a gray cushion on the seat, he lowered his glasses over his nose and resumed reading the paper. He asked no questions about my origin, my experience, my home life, as though he had not the least curiosity about me personally. Again I felt the enormous difference from people in the old village. There if a stranger came to live with a family, the man of the house, the women, the children would overwhelm him with searching personal questions. But not Jim, nor the station master, nor even Kent. To them my private life was no open highway which they might traverse at will. Rather was it a retreat which I might open only if I chose and which I always held under lock and key, with the key in my own safekeeping. At the moment I couldn't reconcile myself to such an attitude of aloofness, for I was bursting with curiosity about Jim, Kent, Emilia, their beliefs, their amusements, their desires, their private lives. But their reticence froze my tongue.

As I surveyed the room I saw a telephone, a few little rugs on the spotlessly neat floor, and a huge photograph of William Jennings Bryan in the most prominent corner in the rear, precisely where in the old village peasants hung their ikons.

"You hain't had no breakfast yet?" asked Jim drily, without looking up from his paper.

"No," I answered. He asked Emilia to give me breakfast, and while Kent was taking me to a room upstairs which he was to share with me, Emilia set the table. When I came down she was at the door of the stairway, and pointing to the table, she bade me sit down and help myself.

As I sat down and searched the food with my eyes I became embarrassingly aware of a problem: how to eat. In the old village we just sat down or stood up and ate. Our fingers usually served the purpose of knives and forks and neither the meat nor the potatoes tasted any the worse because of that. If we ate soup out of a common dish our only concern was to hold in readiness a huge slice of bread with which to catch the drippings from the spoon as soon as we lifted it out of the dish. In New York I had become accustomed to a separate plate and knife and fork, but not to the display of the whole meal at once nor to the variety of food that greeted my eyes. Emilia and Kent were watching me out of the corner of their eyes, and Jim only now and then cast a furtive glance at me. For an instant I wished I had not said that I was hungry. But it was too late now, and besides, I was overcome with hunger.

Braving myself to follow the dictates of my appetite, I reached out for the bread, potatoes, and bacon. I ate heartily and after cleaning up the plate I reached out for a second helping. The fried cakes, crisp and brown, and the molasses cookies, even more crisp and more brown, beckoned temptingly. But —what was the Mount Brookville code?

Was I to eat one of each or all of both? Unable to answer these disturbing questions, I decided to follow the line of least resistance and touch none of the cookies and fried cakes.

Then with a throb of recognition I beheld amidst the clutter of dishes a deep bowl with a thick and fluid substance. At once I decided that it was soup. In the old village we ate soup for breakfast; in fact we seldom had a meal without soup. Joyously I reached out for the bowl and put it on my plate. The soup spoon in the bowl seemed only to confirm my surmise, else why should it be in the bowl? It was thick soup, thicker than any I had ever tasted. I wondered why it was so impossible to chew and difficult to swallow. I wished I never had touched it, but since I had, I couldn't push it aside, not with Emilia and Kent and the dog watching me. With much effort I ate it all to the last spoonful.

"Have you had enough to eat?" Jim asked drily as I rose from the table.

"Plenty," I answered feeling heavy and uncomfortable.

"Kent," said Jim, "ye'd better take Maurice down to the barn and do yer chores and show him around."

As we walked out of the house Kent gave a loud and ominous chuckle.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked uneasily.

"At you," said he with an uproarious laugh.

"Why, what have I done?"

With an effort to control his laughter Kent said:

"Of course it hain't none of my business what you do at the table, but if I was you next time I saw milk gravy I'd put it on my bread or on my potato and not eat it like a hog!"

III

Our stable in Russia had been without a single window and with no light excepting the shafts that dribbled in through the crannies in the walls, the thatched roof, the door. My father had our stable cleaned twice a year, in spring and autumn, and there were people in the village who thought he was wasting his time, cleaning it as often as that. They cleaned their stables only once a year, in the spring. Consequently our livestock lived not only in darkness but on an ever-mounting pile of manure or in a puddle of smelly slush. That was why our cows, though broad of frame, were always thin and gave little milk and in winter caught cold easily and often died from pneumonia. I had never heard or read of cow stables different from the ones I had known in the old village.

When therefore Kent and I walked into Jim's cow stable to do chores I gaped with astonishment. Here was a stable with as abundant light as the house. The walls were whitewashed, the floor recently cleaned. Each cow had her own stanchion and her own manger. Never before had I seen so much comfort and privacy accorded to cows.

The condition of the stable was only the beginning of an ever-mounting tide of surprises, shocks, revelations. As we were turning the cows out to water in the creek that coursed through the barnyard I heard Kent call them by name.

"Here, Betsie, get on with you. Hey, there, Nellie, out, out. Come on, Jennie, there hain't no use your snoopin' for food now; go on, quick."

I watched and listened with ever-heightening curiosity and pleasure.

"Do all your cows have names?" I asked.

"They sure do, and don't you never get them mixed when Jim's around or he'll yell like hell."

With Kent's help I immediately proceeded to memorize the names of all the cows. It was fun doing it and more than fun was the idea of personalizing animals. It made farming and man's relations to animals a more intimate and familylike affair.

When the cows were in the barnyard Kent and I proceeded to clean the stable. He worked with the manure fork and asked me to follow along with a shovel and scrape the leavings. When I fin-

ished Kent surveyed the floor and made a wry face.

"You hain't done it right."

"Haven't I?"

"No, you hain't," and taking the shovel out of my hand he ran it through one of the grooves and scraped out another shovelful of manure. "That's the way Jim wants his stables cleaned, see?"

I nodded.

"Now you do it on the other side."

I did as Kent told me and he smiled with approval. Then I hung up the shovel on a hook beside the fork. Again Kent was critical.

"Gee," he said, "you hain't never learned to do things right."

"What's wrong now?" I asked with concern.

"I'll show you."

Taking the shovel off the hook and picking up a handful of straw, he stepped over to the open window and with the shovel over the manure pile on the outside, he proceeded to wipe it with the straw. "See?" he said in triumph, flashing the shiny shovel before me. "I might's well tell you now," he went on solemnly, "Jim's awful partic'lar about his tools. He'll make you get up in the middle of the night to scrape the dirt off a hoe."

I gave a laugh.

"I hain't foolin' neither."

I was sure he wasn't. Just the same I couldn't help being amused at such exacting care of tools.

After spreading fresh straw on the floor Kent and I climbed a ladder to the haymow which was immediately over the stable. Again I was stirred by the ingenuity of Mount Brookville. In the old village we never kept hay or straw in the same building in which we sheltered the livestock. We carried the straw or the hay or the mixture of the two in a homemade netlike contraption with large and curved wooden handles, from the hay barn to the stable. Of course that required extra time and energy, and if there was a shower or a blizzard outside we got an extra drenching and extra swirl of snow. But then time and energy were not like potatoes or even chaff, which you needed scrupulously to economize. They were the cheapest commodities in our ancient economy. But not in Mount Brookville. Here both were conserved with solicitude and ingenuity.

Even the pitchforks were different. They were not like ours, immense and all made of wood without a scrap of steel anywhere. Here the prongs were of steel, the handle was so smooth that it felt like glass and so short that in lifting a forkful of hay or straw you could prop the end against the inside of the thigh and make the lifting easy.

The chute through which we were throwing down the hay proved a delight and a spectacle. Every time I pitched a forkful into its dark maw I leaned over to see the hay glide and graze its way down to the floor. I wondered why not even the German landlord in the old home, as wise a man as we had ever heard of and fresh from Prussia too, never had bothered to build such a chute.

The cow stable was divided into two parts, the upper for the milch cows and the lower for the young stock—four heifers, one a two-year-old Holstein, sleek and sturdy and with short thick horns tapering to a sharp point. That afternoon Jim sent me to let the young stock out to water while he was turning out the milch cows. No sooner did I lift the bolt of her stanchion than the two-year-old heifer snapped out her head, lifted it high in the air, and stared at me with an ominous curiosity. There was not much space between me and the back wall and I grew uneasy. I remembered that ever since a red cow once lifted my sister on her horns mother had warned us never to stand in front of a horned cow or bull. Seized with sudden alarm, I shouted at the heifer to get out of the way and followed up my command with a hard kick on her shanks. Rearing backward, she banged into the wall and dashed outside. Instantly the door to the lower stable opened and Jim thundered out:

"What in hell was ye tryin' to do?"

Because it was my first day on the farm Jim's outburst of anger so completely disconcerted me that I lost my tongue. Pitchfork in hand, Jim stared at me for a few seconds and then emptying a mouthful of tobacco juice on the floor he again thundered:

"Don't ye ever let me catch ye hollerin' at a cow or kickin' her. I'll knock hell out of ye if ye do." The sharp steel prongs of the pitchfork in his hand were no less menacing now than were the pointed horns of the heifer.

"I hain't never had a Rooshian or Polack man work for me but they's always hollerin' at cattle and horses and beatin' them. Why in hell d'ye fellows do that? Cows hain't no worse than humans, don't enjoy bein' hollered at and beaten no more than any Rooshian or Polack men."

Jim went back to the upper stable and I remained in the lower one. I soon recovered from the shock of his scolding, and the questions he had flung at me—"Why in hell d'ye fellows do that?"—pounded at my mind. Why, indeed? I had never put the question to myself nor as far as I knew had anyone else in the whole old village. When cows or horses didn't mind we yelled at them, whipped them, and thought nothing of it. We knew no other way of bringing them to terms. I vowed to myself that I should never again speak a loud word to any animal on a farm.

IV

Daylight was beginning to merge into dusk when Jim came down the barn with a shiny tin milk pail on each arm and a no less shiny tin strainer in his hands. He asked if I could milk and humbly I said yes. In the old village I had seen mother and other women milk cows and I was certain that it required neither training nor talent to squeeze milk out of their udders. After giving me a pail and a milk stool Jim pointed to a red mulley and said:

"Ye'd better start on Nellie—she's the easiest milker in the barn, and remember, no more yellin' at cows 'specially when ye's milkin' them. Jest speak softly to them, 'so bossie, so bossie,' and stroke them on the flanks, like this, see?" and with his own hands he stroked one of the cows.

"Very well, sir," I said.

Pail in one hand, milk stool in the other, I approached Nellie, sat down on the milk stool, and setting the milk pail between my knees, laid the tips of my fingers on two alternate udders, precisely as my mother would, and pressed down with great energy. At first not a drop of milk showed. I pressed still more strenuously and soon milk came out in a thin curving streak. Encouraged by the results, I applied myself with all the strength I could muster to the task at hand. I was so busy squeezing milk out of the cow's udders that I had not been aware of the pail slipping into a slanting position and had not noticed that the milk was coursing down on the floor, on my overalls, on the pail, and only now and then into it. Never had I imagined that milking could be as strenuous a task as it now proved to be. My wrists ached, my back ached, my neck grew stiff, sweat poured down my face and trickled into my eyes.

Soon enough I heard Jim's voice:

"How're ye gettin' on?"

"As well as I can."

"How many cows ye got milked?"

"Milkin' the same one."

Murmuring something which I didn't hear, he came over and after a mere glance at me he exclaimed cuttingly:

"Don't ye kill yerself, man, ye hain't yet earned yer funeral expenses."

Drenched in sweat and milk, I never bothered to look up but worked away feverishly with both hands.

"Ye hain't milkin', ye're takin' a bath, fellow," Jim burst out again, "an' if ye keep it up long enough like as not ye're goin' to get drowned."

Forthwith he launched into a tirade not against me but against those "blackleg New York Employment Agencies that

had never yet sent him or any farmer in the county a man worth a damn." He quieted down for a while and then burst out again:

"I'll bet ye hain't never seen a cow b'fore ye walked into this stable."

There was no use feigning competence when I had none. Pained and angry with myself for being a failure, and at Jim for his reproaches, I rose, hung my pail on a nail, and saying nothing, started out of the barn. I was sure I should be discharged and decided that there was no use waiting for Jim to take the initiative. I would discharge myself. I might as well. I had only three dollars in my pocket and didn't know what I was to do, nor where I was to go, except that under no circumstances would I return to the tenements, the asphalt, the garbage of New York, where it was a crime to lie down and smell the grass in a park. I started across the yard and had already swung open the gateway when I heard Jim calling:

"Where be ye goin'?"

"I don't know."

"If ye don't, how in blazes d'ye expect me to?"

I had passed the gateway and started for the road when I heard him shout:

"Ye hain't goin' to quit, be ye?"

For the first time I sensed a note of conciliation in his voice.

"I might as well," I said. "I guess we do things differently in the old country."

"Don't ye want to learn to do them the right way?"

He didn't say *our* way but the *right* way; yet hearing him make an attempt to win me back, I felt cheered.

"Come back and I'll teach ye how to milk."

The touch of humility in his voice made me forget his explosive temper. I went back.

"Ye hain't sore, be ye?"

I shook my head. With his thunder gone he appeared more than friendly. Sitting down before Nellie, he called me close and, after embracing the udders not with the tips of the fingers as I had done but with the whole hand, he said as softly as though he were addressing a favorite child, "Hold them with the whole hand and squeeze gently with them lower three fingers like this," and as he manipulated his hands the milk flowed out in a zooming stream and so fast that the white foam was rising higher and higher before my eyes. I had never known that cows could be milked so easily and so quickly.

Then he asked me to sit down, and after I did he stooped over and with a patience of which I had deemed him incapable, he directed me how to manipulate my hands.

V

"Ye'd better hitch up the team to the disk harrow," said Jim one morning, "and drag the cornfield, once up and down and once diagonally across."

I did as bidden and when I finished I unhitched the horses and started for home. On the way I met Jim.

"Where be ye goin'?" he inquired a little termagantly.

"I've finished draggin' the cornfield," I answered.

"Maybe ye hain't," he threw back in angry doubt, and asked me to follow him back to the cornfield.

"Look at them lumps there in the hollow and all around the knoll," he remonstrated. "What in hell kind of a farmer folks 'd think I was if I allowed them lumps to be starin' out of the ground like elephants? Get yer horses hitched up again, and don't ye dare get them unhitched until ye hain't got a single lump of dirt left in the field and the seedbed 's as fine as ashes."

I wondered if there ever would be an end to the things that I had to unlearn?

As I started with the horses Jim admonished once more:

"Don't ye forget what I tol' ye—keep on draggin' until them lumps 's all gone and folks can't say Jim Hoyt don't know how to farm it right."

The tools I used excited me even more than Jim's methods of tillage, not only because they were new and possessed the

appeal of discovery, but because of the intelligence and forethought that went into their making. The bowlike handles of scythes for example were easier on the hands than the straight handles which we had been using in the old home, and gave greater momentum to the mower's swing. The light, sharp-edged blade of the hoe, with its long handle, lent itself more readily to close manipulation round delicate plants or plants in a delicate stage of growth than did our massive short-handled ones. The square-shaped manure fork, with its four light springy prongs, was an infinitely greater convenience than the one we used with two long stiff and heavy prongs. The corn planter and the grain drill distributed the seed more evenly and buried it in the earth more effectively than could the most expert human hand, and the mowing machine and hay rake and horse fork, which I had likewise never seen, accomplished marvels that stirred me to ecstasy. Not a tool I was obliged to use, whether wielded by the human hand or drawn by horses, but was a stirring revelation of man's wisdom.

Once as we were getting ready to rake a hayfield a shower splashed down. As we watched it from the tool shed I saw myself and Kent spending days turning the hay with forks, over and over, so as to get it dried, precisely as my father and mother would whenever our hay got drenched with rain. Because it would set us badly back in our work I told Jim that I was sorry the rain was so sudden in coming down. But Jim showed no sign of distress. "If there's good sun to-morrow we'll get her cleaned up quick," he said. Only the next day when the sun came out full and hot and Kent began working with the hay tedder, did I appreciate the reason for Jim's confidence. The forks of the tedder picked up the hay and whirled it upward in bunches, so high and with such force, that they shook out the rain and let the hay drop to the ground all fluffed up so that sun and wind could dry it quickly. As I watched the forks flit up and down I could hardly believe that a machine could perform so many operations at once and with such brilliant skill.

Kent of course took it all as a matter of course. Had I conveyed to him the surge of emotion with which I was overflowing he might have laughed at me, perhaps with good reason. So I said nothing. I only asked him if he would let me ride the machine. Obligingly enough he said, "Sure thing." Descending from the seat and explaining how to manipulate the lever, a simple enough process, he turned the lines over to me and said, "Get on there." The ease with which the machine could be handled only added to the excitement of operating it. I shot my eyes back now and then to watch the forks do their superb kicking and shaking and fluffing of the hay, and as I did so I couldn't help thinking what a boon a hay tedder would be to the people in the old village, where every blade of grass counted and where so much of it rotted. Here was another rung on the stepladder of civilization which those indefatigable and ancient-minded muzhiks were some day to climb.

Nor could I suppress an emotion of amusement and scorn for those prophets of doom on East Broadway whom I had heard inveigh against the machine as man's deadliest foe. That might be true in a factory, but on a farm the machine offered not only deliverance from menial toil but added enormously to the sheer joy of work and yielded astoundingly bountiful results.

In the old village I had been living in the age of wood. In Mount Brookville I was living in the age of steel, and these first days of transition from one to the other offered the most exciting and most enlightening experience I have ever known. It was higher learning at its most robust and noblest.



SWASTIKA OVER THE ANDES

GERMAN PENETRATION IN LATIN AMERICA

BY CARLETON BEALS

On a horseback trip through the Peruvian Andes, beyond Ayacucho I came upon a German salesman, Herr Teufelsdroeck, who had a five-year contract to sell drugs in South American settlements not mentioned on the map. There are ten thousand such places.

With Indians to carry his wares, he had traveled the length and breadth of the continent: through the Chaco, across windswept Patagonia, along the granite Marañón River. He had struggled up Amazon tributaries where scientifically equipped American exploring expeditions get lost. Under his determined Teutonic tread the meadow grass of the Ecuadorean Andes had bent down; he had left tracks across the hot Chilean deserts; he knew the Paraguayan *quebracho* jungles and the mighty Magdalena highlands. He had gazed upon the noble Iguasú falls. Headhunters, bandits, shooters of poisoned arrows—none held terrors for him.

He was tapping a vast market of primitive folk. Probably seventy per cent of the Latin Americans, living in rural self-sufficiency, are not users of so-called civilized goods. Many even weave their own clothes, as formerly in colonial America.

Herr Teufelsdroeck helped wean these folk from their native witch doctors to faith in white pills. In each locality sales were perhaps infinitesimal; but with a market of fifty million folk over a mighty continent, the aggregate would come to a staggering total.

The American salesman—for a wage that a scavenger would scorn—would scarcely suffer such dangerous hardships. Our methods are different. We set up sumptuous offices in Lima, Rio, Buenos Aires, or other large cities and depend upon native distributors, who themselves have never tapped the backward rural market. In any case, higher American prices largely restrict our sales to urban centers—the well-to-do market. But the Germans, like the Japanese, industriously go forth into the wilds to develop markets never before reached.

Courageous, determined, jovial, ever ready for beer and camaraderie—a walking embodiment of Teutonic Kultur—Herr Teufelsdroeck everywhere mingled with the people of the land. The click-heels correctness of the German appeals to Latin Americans, also full of gravity when dealing with outsiders. Of all Europeans, the German—though considered half mad—is the most liked. Precisely because rigid Teutonic discipline so contrasts with the easy-going, beauty-loving native ways, the Germans get on better than the Italians, too close-cousins of the native peoples to command respect.

The Germans, more than other European folk, have spread into the interior corners of the various republics, have intermingled with the people and taken native wives—a practice which Hitler wishes to stop.

Every German pursues a hobby which

brings him profitable contacts. He collects reptiles, butterflies, rocks, builds up a herbarium, or becomes an expert photographer. He studies archæology or anthropology or history. He records native folklore or music.

He is a great mountain-climber. When I was in Quetzaltenango, two hikers, near the crest of erupting Mount Santa María, stumbled upon a hidden Quiché-Indian pagan shrine. To keep their secret, the Indians hacked the two men to pieces with machetes. The hikers of course were Germans.

In Oaxaca, a German hardware clerk was my best source for material on Porfirio Díaz. He knew every spot where the dictator had ever been, where all documents were to be found. A German coffee grower in south Oaxaca, a botanical wizard, discovered two trees hitherto unknown to science. In Guayaquil, Ecuador, a German machinery agent could tell me the detailed history of the port. In Peru several Germans have the finest collections—outside of museums—of *huacos* and other pre-Conquest objects.

Few North American residents in Latin America have such scientific proclivities; on the whole they display scant interest in the local history, literature, or art. Having little sympathy for the native people or customs, they foregather in exclusive American or country clubs, play golf and bridge, remain with their own national circle; and they rarely feel impelled to delve into sociological or other knowledge in the exhaustive fashion of the Germans.

In most Latin-American countries, except perhaps Cuba, Mexico, and Panama, there are more Germans than Americans. In Mexico the Germans outnumber all except Americans, Spaniards, Chinese, and possibly of late, Japanese.

As for Brazil, according to official figures, 209,923 Germans entered the country between 1820 and 1931. Since then many others have come in. In the space of over a hundred years many of these and their offspring have been assimilated; but if first- and second-generation Germans are included, there are, according to some estimates, close to a million pure-blooded Germans in the country. Like the Germans in Pennsylvania, they helped push out the frontier, and have built themselves into powerful and wealthy positions.

About 100,000 Germans live in Argentina. The frequent beer halls, with their neat denim curtains and checkered tablecloths, attest to their presence and love of *Gemütlichkeit*. At various times Argentine governments have encouraged German immigration by liberal land grants. But few Germans have tilled the soil long; they soon become owners of large estates. Socially they comprise a class much superior to the Italian, Polish, Spanish, or Russian immigrants. They are dedicated to business and banking and the professions of engineering, medicine, dentistry, and teaching.

The first German settlement in Chile, planted in Valdivia in 1850, was soon followed by others. Chilean governments have often made generous offers to Teutonic colonizers. Much of the Araucano Indian frontier, south of Biobío, has been opened up by Germans, who now own large estates and are very influential in Chilean affairs.

The rich central valleys of Chile, for three hundred years so recklessly cultivated by the native "aristocrats," are today declining, whereas the colder southern "Germanic" regions are developing prodigiously. As the Chilean writer Mariano Picón-Salas remarks, with its lakes and mountain meadows, southern Chile now looks like a very industrious Switzerland. The wilderness of a few decades ago now produces large crops of cereals. Around Tenuco have been built up beautiful orchards and gardens, and German knowledge of horticulture has caused Chilean fruits to compete in size and beauty with those of California. From there come "the largest cabbages in all Chile"; there "raspberries and currants flower and throw off their scent as in a northern spring . . . ; there grows the conifer, made into paper as in Switzer-

land; the elm offers red parchment bark for the curing of hides. . . ."

After thus praising the able use made of the region's resources, Picón-Salas mourns that already Chile is two regions, its nationality divided, that the Germans, strongly welded in clubs and associations, keep their language, have their own schools. They drink their Valdivian beer, sing their Turnverein songs and shout *"Deutsch ist die Saar."* Picón-Salas is perhaps too pessimistic, for many have been assimilated, and most, though naturally in any international crisis strongly pro-German, feel themselves to be loyal Chileans.

Fewer Germans live in Peru, though since the World War they have been increasing there and are very strong in retail business lines. The German hardware merchant, for instance, is found in every corner of the country, as also in Uruguay, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Paraguay. German estates are scattered through Colombia and Venezuela.

The sons of Hitler make their presence felt strongly in Salvador and Guatemala, exercising a dominance there unequaled by any other resident foreigners. They are numerous and prosperous in Costa Rica, active in Nicaragua and Honduras, less so in Panama, with only a sprinkling through the rest of the Caribbean.

Since Hitler has come to power, German colonization of the Americas has become more determined. Efforts to plant Germans in strategic points are constantly made, often in conjunction with trade negotiations. *La Voz,* Spanish daily of New York, has reported a deal with Dictator Trujillo of the Dominican Republic to settle the frontier near Haiti with Nazis, the initial colony to consist of 40,000 people. This, if really projected, seems to have fallen through. However, Trujillo has just made the teaching of German compulsory in all elementary schools.

II

The German immigrant turns to lines of business in which he can crowd out competition. Hardware stores almost invariably are in German hands; so are music stores and fine printing and engraving establishments. The paint and chemical industries attract him. He is engaged in the sale of machinery, tractors, harvesters—he runs such concerns as the Casa Miller in Lima, or Emmel Hermanos in Arequipa, or Siemens in Mexico. Germans deal in electrical machinery, motors, and supplies. Fashionable jewelry stores everywhere—such as La Perla in Mexico or Wuells or Zettel and Kohler in Lima—are German-owned. In Mexico, Central America, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and elsewhere the Germans have large hotels. I have stayed at German hostelries also in such out-of-the-way corners as Chilapa, Mexico (Hotel Central) and Quetzaltenango, Guatemala. Many of the best restaurants—such as Tio Hopfer, Schultz's, and Bellinghausen in Mexico—are run by Germans.

Coffee-growing is a German specialty. Good-sized estates are found in southern Mexico, all through Central America, in Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, above all in Brazil. In the last-named the German is interested, along with the Japanese, in promoting cotton-growing; Brazilian cotton rapidly is rivaling that in our own South and has forced Brazil to seek new markets and new ties. In Peru Emmel Hermanos have large cotton plantations in the Majes and Camaná valleys. The Gildermeister Casa Grande in Chicama and the Miller estates elsewhere in Peru are fine large sugar plantations. In the Urabás Gulf region of Colombia the German banana business imitates the methods of the United Fruit.

Most breweries have been started by Germans. In Mexico, Peru, Brazil, and elsewhere they own textile factories, though generally the French and Spanish are more active in this line. In Cerro de Pasco, 15,000 feet up in the Andes, sits a German dye factory, its products in part based on new discoveries of Indian secrets.

The large colonies of Germans have aided the Reich's commercial expansion. A long-established retail system—as in the

case of the Japanese—provides an immediate outlet for goods, reduces sales costs. German-owned plantations use German electrical motors, pumps, and farm machinery. German intimacy with local business men makes it easier to sell them goods, and the ramified German banking system, from Mexico to Argentina, facilitates every type of credit operation. The Deutsche-Südamerikanische Bank has branches in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, and Mexico. The Deutsche Ueberseeische Bank has six branches in Brazil, six in Chile, three in Argentina, two in Peru, one in Uruguay. Smaller German concerns are found in all the countries.

Since the World War German trade, through the barter system and the use of aski marks, has in most places steadily increased. During the depression it jumped by leaps and bounds, and it has gained still more during the past few years. In Brazil, Germany has pushed the United States down to second place and—after the August, 1936, agreement by which surplus cotton and coffee were exchanged for chemicals, and hides for hardware—she made the Hull reciprocity treaty "a mere scrap of paper." (In the first ten months of 1937 Germany supplied a fourth of the total imports, the United States slightly more than a fifth.) Great Britain—though it has had the largest capital investment there—has been nosed out by Argentina, and has thus dropped to fourth place. The Santos coffee growers have just arranged with the Hamburg business group to dispose of 700,000 sacks of coffee for 800,000 aski marks and coal.

Though the British maintain their lead in Argentina and Uruguay, German trade has increased in nearly all countries, and it now exceeds the British in most of the continent. Even in Argentina in many lines Germany has increased her sales, particularly in cutlery and farm machinery. The Solingen industries have more than recovered their old market. For a time Germany sold more even than the United States, but since the recent Argentine import-trade expansion, she has been left in third place. In Chile, as before the World War, imports from Germany have once more outstripped those from England, and practically equal those from the United States. More German than British motor cars are sold, and the British have lost to the Germans as purveyors to the government-owned railroads. Aski marks enjoy special privileges under the exchange-control regulations.

The 1937 import-trade figures for Colombia show that all important countries increased their sales there with the exception of Germany, which lost 14.9 per cent. To offset this, the Germans sought special advantages. Last November 6th, the *New York Times* reported that new exchange-control regulations applied to all countries except Germany. The unrestricted purchase of devaluated aski marks was permitted. It is still too soon to know whether this will bring any large increase in purchases of German goods, but official steps have been taken to restrict purchases from England.

In Nicaragua, though the United States has a favored position, German trade has doubled during the past three years, and in Central America as a whole it has increased 500 per cent. Nicaragua has announced she will no longer get munitions from us, has placed orders in the Reich and in Italy. Germany exchanges hardware, textiles, cement, drums, toys, motors, and medicine for Nicaraguan cotton, coffee, cabinet woods, hides, and medicinal herbs. In Salvador German trade now almost equals that of the United States. In Guatemala our trade has gone down, Germany's has increased. In Panama, German interests have just bartered goods for $300,000 worth of coffee, the signal for a more intensive trade-drive there.

In Mexico, Germany has pushed England down to third place. With the new all-time high tariff there which especially hits our goods, the Reich will probably sell more. The Germans are trying to crack through the Hull reciprocity set-up in Cuba, but apparently are having little

success; for on March 11th of this year the Cuban Secretary of State is reported to have announced that negotiations were proving difficult because of Germany's special system of exchange. The Reich has gained concessions in the Dominican Republic.

It has been hard for the Germans to get a foothold in raw-product industries, so monopolized by the English and Americans. But following the War there was a flight of much German capital to Latin America, and the Hitler regime now makes consistent efforts, through concession and purchase, to gain control of needed war materials.

Not long after the War the Krupps acquired land in Llanquihue province in Chile to build a large steel and munitions plant, and German workers were settled in the vicinity. Hugo Stinnes bought large oil tracts in Nequén province, Argentina.

Now, since the Hitler drive, in Brazil the Germans have got hold of copper mines in Parahyba, nickel mines in Goyaz, oil in Riacho Dolce, in Algaôas, and a million and a quarter acres of presumptive oil land in Matto Grosso (the value of which is disputed), and are acquiring 13,000,000 tons of iron ore. They have oil ports in Colombia and have actively negotiated to get hold of the Mexican government's output and royalty shares. Since expropriation, the indications are that considerable quantities have been contracted for, to be refined in Germany.

III

This commercial expansion is to-day part of the Hitler program of "the spiritual unity of the race" and has political and military significance.

Even before the World War Berlin had a central bureau for "organization and colonization" in the Americas. The Portuguese and Spanish languages are diligently taught. Men preparing to enter the Latin-American field have to study Hispanic culture and customs, laws, trade regulations, and habits. To-day they must also acquire fervor for mystic Nazi race doctrines and the spiritual super-State. No longer are they merely commercial promoters; they are also active agents of the Hitler government.

The Nazi government has added many new frills. In addition to the regular preparation, a special six months' course in "Foreign Political Training" must be taken at an institute founded by Alfred Rosenberg. It indoctrinates jurists, economists, commercial agents, scientists. They are taught the National Socialist ideology and the evils of Bolshevism and democracy. They are instructed in foreign affairs, Germanism abroad, racialism, press relationships, languages, even society manners and sports.

Those who, after rigorous selection, are admitted to the course and pass final examinations are guaranteed posts abroad in the Gestapo or other secret corps, the diplomatic service (which now includes many extra agents), or business firms, obliged to take on such employees.

The Reich is ever behind those who are chosen. The German press at home and abroad supports them. Fourteen papers in foreign countries are openly party papers; nearly all other German-language publications are fervently pro-Nazi. Such agents are given material aid, credits, relief in distress, medical care, schooling for their children. They have plenty of German publications for themselves and for distribution; they receive films to show at gatherings. Free vacations are arranged through the agency "Strength through Joy"—a most solemn Nazi designation.

The work among Germans, naturalized as citizens of other lands, is carried on by the VDA, founded in 1882, but since purged, and, under Dr. Hans Steichner, an Austrian, brought to full Nazi bloom. The VDA seeks to prevent further assimilation so that Germans may remain or become—as stated in the last annual report—part of the "super-State racial body." To-day, the VDA claims, "racial comrades in foreign states look up to the Reich and its Führer with admiration and

deep faith. They feel the blood-unity which is the foundation of the new German life."

All over Latin America the VDA has formed Bunds of Volksdeutsche, Turnvereins, and youth organizations, and lends them material and spiritual aid. In Rio Grande do Sul alone there are sixty Nazi organizations affiliated with similar bodies in the Reich. Recreational and physical culture groups are innumerable. The VDA establishes schools or aids those already existing, supplies them with free Nazi texts, funds, and indoctrinated teachers. Speakers are constantly on tour; books, magazines, phonograph records, films, letters are circulated. Radio programs are diffused.

Resident German merchants are obliged to donate to the National Socialist Party; the funds then are secretly diverted to local VDA and other propaganda work.

In Brazil, Argentina, and elsewhere second- and third-generation Germans have been enthusiastically reclaimed as spiritual subjects of the Reich. The belief is held that the Germans will eventually comprise a semi-independent Brazilian state—this was the Antarctic Germany marked on the Greater Fatherland maps even in the Kaiser's days. The Germans were disillusioned during the World War; they are likely to be again.

The overhead generalship for Germany's foreign propaganda work is provided by an independent bureau with cabinet status, not controlled by the Foreign Office. This bureau preaches anti-Bolshevism, denounces democracy and the Jews and—where it can profitably do so—Christianity. Closely tied with the National Socialist Party and the Gestapo, it carries out the wishes of Nazi higher-ups.

The nerve-center of all this tub-thumping is the dread Gestapo secret service, which also is equipped with vast credits for Latin-American activities. Under various guises, Gestapo agents circulate in South America. The head for the West Coast from Panama to Chile, the organizer of the secret *Der Deutsche Ausländischer Nazi Genossenschaft Bund,* is supposed to be Herr Walter Scharpp, former German consul in Colon. Many business and professional men, and also members of the working class, are paid or voluntary Gestapo agents who keep close tab on the activities of all Germans abroad and denounce those not wholeheartedly pro-Nazi. They likewise report on anti-Nazi propaganda to enable the Hitler regime to bring pressure—official, economic, or otherwise—to halt it. Since the signing of the various German-Japanese-Italian pacts there is considerable indication that the secret agents of all three governments frequently work together in Latin America.

Such "espionage in Mexico forms a wide network," the 1937 CTM report declares, "with numerous responsible agents and a multitude of gratuitous and voluntary agents."

Thus the struggle for Latin America is not merely commercial but ideological too. The battle, first of all, has been for the bodies and souls of all Germans abroad.

Except for the Jews, the conversion has been well-nigh complete. Germans have little choice but to seize the Hitler lifeline "of indissoluble community of blood and destiny" or face a boycott by their fellow-citizens. The few who have resisted have lost their passports, have been stripped of citizenship and academic degrees, and have been publicly denounced as traitors.

Few instrumentalities of coercion and propaganda have been neglected. One of the earliest efforts, antedating those of the United States, was to control news distribution. The Wolff service entered into active competition with Reuters and Havas, and before 1914 the Germans had laid down an interoceanic cable to Brazil. During the World War it was fished up by the Allies and cut.

But those early efforts are child's play compared to the present drive. The German News Agency, government controlled, has now got an advantage over

all others through the Hell Service (named appropriately after the inventor). This is a radio teletype monopoly which permits a single broadcast to reach simultaneously every corner of the globe and be automatically recorded, thus reducing costs to almost nil. The only charge for this service, usually known as Press Schreibfunk, is the installing of the apparatus, distributed by the electrical firm of Siemens and Halske, which has retail branches in Latin America. Trial use of the apparatus is free for three months, and if adopted, it costs only a few hundred marks. No private news company can offer such cheapness and rapidity of distribution, and the United Press and Associated Press, though still dominant in the field, not being government-subsidized, have felt the pinch of this and other European competition for some years now.

The German News Agency broadcasts, alternately in French and German, from 7:15 in the morning until half an hour before midnight. The news is world-wide, not merely of events in the Reich. Needless to say, the Press Schreibfunk releases are all cleverly colored. Recently this agency transmitted stories of relief riots in our Midwestern cities and an account of the elimination of all unemployment in happy Germany. The facts were nearly true but the interpretation of them was far from fair. In these reports the French government is damned; the reputations of Loyalist Spain, Soviet Russia, England, and the United States are systematically blackened; the virtues of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco are extolled. Blessing is given to the Ethiopian conquest and Japan's invasion of China. Some South American dictators look with favor on all such Nazi news propaganda. For them the word "democracy" is so much rat-poison.

The German steamship services have been expanding, while prominent British lines have gone into bankruptcy. The lead is taken by the Hamburg-Amerika and the Hamburg-Südamerikanische Dampfschiffahrts-Gesellschaft, which maintain fine passenger service and many regular cargo lines.

Air service has been promoted. A regular fortnightly trans-Atlantic Zeppelin service is maintained. A mail plane leaving Rio every Thursday and reaching Berlin every Sunday, and another plane flying the opposite direction the same days, carry on regular trans-Atlantic service. In Brazil itself, the Syndicato Condor, a subsidiary of Lufthansa, operates over more than 4,500 miles and has thirty-nine landing fields. The Condor-Lufthansa maintains a biweekly service over the Andes between Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile. In Colombia, the Scadta system, also a Lufthansa subsidiary, maintains daily service on seven routes and biweekly service to very distant interior points.

In Brazil there are fifteen German newspapers to carry on propaganda. The story of the German press in Hispanic America and the secretly owned or subsidized newspapers in the native languages would constitute an article in itself. Favorable press comment is also imposed by radio pressure.

Four powerful German radio stations in Rio and other cities co-operate with the Brazilian government. Executive decree obliges all local stations to rebroadcast this material.

IV

The effort to control Germans abroad, body and soul, has included the customary tragic purge of the Jews. Most Jewish firms to the south had intimate commercial relations with the mother-country. Severance brought them ruin. Local boycotts even terrorized native merchants into not dealing with Jews. Jewish employees were discharged.

Shortly before this anti-Semitic drive, the League of Nations appointed James G. McDonald, former head of the Foreign Policy Association, as a commissioner to persuade the Latin-American governments to take in uprooted German-Jewish exiles and provide them with professional employment. Accompanied by

Burlingame, Calif.

Dr. Samual Guy Inman, head of Protestant missionary work in Latin America, he made a complete tour and his efforts were gratifyingly successful.

But the Nazi anti-Jewish crusade soon influenced Hispanic officials to persecute all Jews. The Germans staged a continent-wide campaign. Millions of pieces of anti-Semitic propaganda were distributed. German merchants forced newspapers to run Jew-baiting articles. Writers were subsidized. In Argentina, Hugo Wast wrote his infamous *Oro* (Gold) which reproduces the false Zion protocols and calls for the complete "extermination" of the Jews. The Nazis have circulated it from Argentina to Mexico.

I myself have gathered proof in Mexico of how German merchants actively promoted anti-Jewish persecutions and subsidized newspapers. Mexican underofficials, with pro-Nazi leanings, arrest and deport Jews. Serious anti-Semitic legislation already has been passed. A bill is now pending which would wipe out all small Jewish business men and restrict Jewish residence to prescribed zones.

Ecuador recently ordered all Jews to leave the country. Outside pressure got this order rescinded, but the Jews have suffered much molestation. Brazil, following the Vargas pro-Nazi coup, also took punitive action to deport Jews wholesale, a course temporarily halted by friendly under-cover American diplomatic pressure. No Jew is allowed even to enter Paraguay.

In Chile, Brazil, Argentina, and Mexico native Nazi movements—secretly subsidized, it is claimed, by the Germans—have taken up the Semitic witch-hunt. Though the Reich itself has persecuted Catholics, in Latin America the Nazi agents have cleverly linked up anti-Semitism with local religious prejudices, proposing a Catholic crusade to save the church. Hymns of hate against the Jews as enemies of the Catholic faith are printed on the back of colored prints of the Virgin.

Hispanic America is a more extreme melting pot than is the United States; in racial matters, however bitter political disputes, it has had a long tradition of complete tolerance. The German poison has changed all this.

Inevitably these efforts have led the Germans to attempt to persuade the various governments and populations to embrace Naziism. To this end, short-wave broadcasts from the Charlottenburg district in Berlin and elsewhere are sent out in Portuguese and Spanish. Goebbels, too wise to clutter up the radio merely with Nazi glorification, provides classic and popular music and other entertainment. Latin-American artists are used extensively. The radio programs published in the Guatemalan papers, for instance, are about ninety per cent Berlin broadcasts. The Reich also seeks to control native stations, as already described in Brazil.

Germany has not been able to cut deeply into the movie field. If Spanish-speaking films are not available, the people prefer them in English, a more familiar tongue to them than German. But the Germans do send out many "educational" films to be shown in private gatherings and loaned free to movies, schools, and public meetings, and they are now working on several Spanish-language films as part of a future drive for the market.

Great pressure is brought on the native intellectual groups. They are flattered socially, and writers are influenced or secretly subsidized to flaunt the Nazi banner. Articles, filled with hazy mysticism, invoking recondite philosophy to aid the Swastika cause, are translated and edged into magazines, even into worthy educational journals—the very sort of nebulous phraseology which so enchants a very prevalent type of lyrical Latin mind which improperly considers itself cultured.

Many free scholarships are extended to young people to study in Germany, with transportation and expenses paid. Military and naval officers are invited in large numbers to the German training schools.

Scarcely a month passes in which one or more large groups do not leave Brazil to study in the Reich. Nearly all the countries are similarly favored. These students go back as Nazi addicts, enamored of the goosestep; and the Napoleonic complex, all too strong in southern officers, is swelled to the bursting point.

The Hispanic Institute in Berlin collects books and materials on Latin America and ships out literature to the various libraries and universities. It invites southern scientists and others to lecture, sets up cultural contacts, exchanges data, entertains visiting celebrities. This was done even before Hitler came to power. When President-elect Calles visited Berlin he was treated with the highest pomp and a big military parade was held in his honor. In New York and Washington he was officially almost ignored. It was Berlin that gave Manuel Gamio an honorary doctorate for his epochal three-volume study in social anthropology on the Valle de Teotihuacán. Hitler has increased the extravagant amount of attentions bestowed upon visiting Latin notables; they are showered with decorations, honors, degrees.

Few American professors are found in large Indo-American universities (though moves are now being made to rectify this), but numerous Germans, many of them of renown, are on the faculties of most of the prominent institutions. Germans maintain the best private schools in Latin America and their tuition is kept low to attract a large native attendance. The instruction is excellent and this helps to wipe away any distaste of Nazi saluting.

German firms aid the Kultur campaign valiantly. Their warehouses store the leaflets and books sent out to the New World. They have been accused by high Chilean and Brazilian officials of providing arms and credits to Nazi groups, and are reported as pushing the Nazi cause elsewhere. And of course everywhere many native business firms are whipped into line.

The Brazilian Integralistas, or Green Shirts, though decidedly a native manifestation, have been favored by constant German aid. Employees of German firms were required to join this organization. The Green Shirt program shows its close dependence upon Nazi and Fascist ideology, is full of imitative phraseology. Brazilian opposition Congressmen, before representative government was abolished, charged that the Integralistas had received money and aid from German sources. German agents have been arrested and similarly charged. Germany certainly was selling arms to minority groups. The violent suppression of all political elements except the Green Shirts largely made possible the Vargas coup of last year. Though subsequently the organization has been disbanded except for cultural purposes, the new corporate state created by Vargas adopted the Nazi program almost in entirety, and high Integralista Nazis were given important government posts. The Integralista leader, General Goês Monteiro, became Vargas' chief of staff. At one time, the Integralistas claimed 25 per cent of the army chiefs and 90 per cent of the navy. Since then of course Vargas, having divided the movement by his coup, has largely suppressed the remnants which did not support his new plans.

In Chile the Nazi movement, according to Congressman Meza of Santiago, was subsidized by the Germans. The Nazis were allowed to parade in uniform with guns and to terrorize all others. In Argentina the Justo government coerced all democratic organizations but allowed Nazi and Fascist groups for the most part a free hand, though in foreign affairs Argentina definitely follows the English, and to some extent the Italian, lead.

In Mexico the Gold Shirts were born of a conference with Nazi agents in Mexicali, and were at one time, according to local newspaper editors, subsidized by German firms. Prominent Mexicans have charged that German firms are assessed for National Socialist funds, which are diverted to fomenting propaganda and various local pro-Nazi groups. At present the principal activities of this nature

center in the local so-called Brown House, headquarters for the native National Socialist Party and the Nazi Jugend. Baron Ernst von Merk is the right-hand man of General Saturnino Cedillo, known for his reactionary opinions. Von Merk is said to have arranged shipments of arms to Cedillo. Various Nazi agents have been unmasked in Mexico along with their relations with such organizations as the Mexican Nationalist Union, a new front for the Gold Shirts, and the Nationalist Youth. Following an anti-Hitler editorial in *Mexican Life,* an American magazine, Nazis carried on a campaign to shut off its German and native advertising.

V

What does this all add up to? Is the struggle for markets, for trade, a sufficient explanation? Why then the intensive effort not merely to add Germans abroad to the Reich's great "spiritual" empire, but to convert native governments and peoples to Naziism?

Obviously the stakes are much larger than mere commercial interest. To-day international trade is the handmaiden of future war and conquest. This explains in part the determination to sell to Latin America airplanes, war vessels, submarines, cannon, munitions.

In Chile British Vickers still has a good hold, but the Germans have been cutting in. They are turning out two cruisers for Venezuela. They have sold Ecuador supplies. Brazil and Argentina have bought munitions. Nicaragua and Guatemala have bought German arms.

The sale of munitions is the opening wedge for military and naval experts, who thus get a foothold in the native defense institutions. Even more war supplies can then be sold, and political influence is gained.

General Knudt, of World War fame, long led Bolivian forces during the Chaco conflict. The late Captain Röhm, formerly head of Hitler's S.A., was also prominent there. A Reich military mission instructs the Ecuadorean army. Germans built up the Chilean army and special missions have trained the Chilean flying forces. Argentina's army is largely German-trained. German officers are thick as fleas in Brazil. They trained Mexico's cavalry and installed the machinery for her national munitions works.

The whole Latin-American crusade apparently has for its goal an achievement of world power. Latin America is to-day part of Germany's proposed defense line. On events there may hinge her success in any conflict in Europe.

Since the War the Germans have learned much. In the New World they now play the game of Machiavelli rather than that of the iron shard. Their former aggressiveness has been replaced by more cunning maneuvers for influence.

The outcome may determine the fate of the British Empire, for from Argentina come British bully beef and the wheat essential for survival. Argentina and Brazil are keystones in the arch of the British colonial system. For England, Venezuelan and Mexican oil is rapidly becoming a matter of life and death. In case of war the Roumanian wheat and oil fields and the oil supply of the Near East could be cut off. England must depend for many of her raw materials at such a moment on the Western Hemisphere.

During the last war England fought two naval battles (lost the first, won the second) off the coast of South America. She could win any such battle to-day. What then can Germany do without a fleet to strike in South American waters?

The answer is that apparently Germany does not intend to be entirely dependent upon one or two naval battles; she seeks definite New World allies. Even if they do not openly join with her in any struggle, they can withhold supplies from Germany's enemies.

Strong-arm German influence once established, many possibilities would arise in wartime. In the last war little Salvador, already German-dominated, refused to declare war on the Central Powers, remained neutral even at the price of an American blockade of her ports. Hon-

duras was coerced into declaring war on Germany, but was so furious that she at once gave resident Germans every facility. Mexico, smarting from our Pershing expedition, gave great aid in divers ways to the Central Powers.

For another war, Germany is far better prepared to the south than before. The equivalent of strong Nazi regimes exist in several countries. If she cannot control Latin-American war-supplies and food, she can perhaps plunge Latin America into internecine conflicts which will cut off such exports. She can try to promote internal revolutions.

With every Nazi-Fascist victory, diplomatic or military, the prestige of Hitler and Mussolini in Latin America increases. Various dictators there, themselves petty Hitlers, believe that Germany is the coming World Power which they should favor and whose form of government they should emulate.

The account given here of German activities is perforce a somewhat one-sided presentation. The whole Latin-American picture would reveal other forces at work, which stand as obstacles to the Germans achieving their aspirations. While the Germans, Italians, and Japanese work very much in harmony in Latin America when opposing the United States and England, nevertheless they are cut-throat trade rivals in many lines. England, with its nearly $6,000,000,000 of investment, its control of resources, its astute but less noisy maneuvers, is far from being routed. It is still a major market for Argentina and various other countries. The United States has an even larger investment, and from some countries takes more than half the total exportation. These are strong factors. And our slogans of democracy have far more appeal to the bulk of the population. Despite our loss of trade since the flush 1915–1929 period, the United States is better liked to-day in Latin America than it has been for a century.

The various governments, however much they may flirt with Germany and Italy and Japan, are for the most part, whether reactionary or radical, thinking more than ever before in nationalist terms. There is considerable indication that the Germans have overshot their mark. Vargas' regime in Brazil, and particularly its local authorities, have been losing patience with the too loud claims of the Germans. Punitive action has recently been taken against German schools. In Argentina, *La Critica,* though an opposition paper, has carried on a consistent attack on the Nazis and had sufficient weight to cause a demand to be made in Congress for an investigation of Nazi activities. Of late Chile has been curbing Nazi organizations. In some cases these acts may be merely empty gestures to placate American opinion, but they are all to the good.

And by and large, the great rock upon which Nazi pretensions are likely to founder, whatever the diplomatic intrigue of some of the Latin-American governments, is the sentiment of the people. In those few Latin-American countries which permit the expression of democratic ideas the popular attitude is overwhelmingly against the Nazis. There have been boycotts in Costa Rica and Mexico. Hitlerism has too much the smell of past tyrannies, too much similarity to some of the present tyrannies, to be welcome to the nostrils of the Latin-American people. They turn toward democracy, toward land reform, toward more liberal principles. Even such an arch denouncer of so-called American imperialism as Haya de la Torre, head of the powerful revolutionary Aprista Party, has hailed the United States as a bulwark against the spread of Nazi tendencies over the continent.

But the Germans still have a large stage on which to strut their stuff, and their efforts should not be taken with indifference.

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LISA

A STORY

BY TED ALLAN

SUNDAY morning the sun burst through my hotel windows and woke me before Lisa 'phoned. On the street the Madrilenos were going to work. Women carrying baskets hurried to get a good place in the food queues. The morning papers lay on my bed and I read that the day before Brunete had been entered twice by the rebels who had been driven out twice by the government troops. There had been heavy fighting.

The telephone rang.

"Bob?"

"Yes. Lisa? At the War Ministry? Coming right over."

The streetcar was crowded. A heated discussion was taking place.

"Brunete's retaken."

"No, it isn't."

"It is."

"It isn't."

"Aw! what does it matter if it is? We've taken Quijorna, Villanueva de la Cañada, and Villanueva de la Pardillo. That's our *new* army. I tell you we'll soon sweep them into the sea."

"Not if they keep on sending Italian troops."

"Italian troops? Did you ever hear of a place called Guadalajara?"

I got off. Lisa was waiting beside the car. She wore khaki overalls and her blonde hair was flying. I told her about the discussion on the streetcar. She smiled.

The chauffeur, whose name was Sanché, could speak only American, not English. Okay was the word he knew. He was attached to the division. He would take us right to the front lines outside Brunete.

"Let's sing," Lisa said.

"Okay," said Sanché.

We sang French songs, English songs, American songs, German songs, and Spanish songs until we got tired.

Lisa held up her hands and yawned happily. "Well, to-morrow I go to Paris. Too bad you can't come with me. I must get some good action pictures. If they are still fighting near Brunete it will be my chance to get some good ones."

"Let's not go too close," I said.

"How do you want me to take pictures —long distance?"

"That's an idea."

"Are you frightened?"

"Yes. Aren't you?"

She laughed. "Yes."

Sanché began describing how the fields round Brunete stank from the dead. Both of us had been in Brunete during the last week so we knew how it stank. But Sanché wanted to make it more elaborate. He not only described the stink but the guts, the smashed heads of men. He was young or he would have been quiet.

The sun was strong. There was hardly any traffic on the road. We passed Villanueva de la Cañada and saw the sanitary corps stationed along the road. Blood-streaked stretchers were lying in the ditches waiting.

"Tell me, do you think we'll win?" she asked.

"That's a funny question to ask now."

"Well, what do you think?"

"You know what I think."

"Oh, I know. I think the same. But what do you really think?"

"Well, if Great Britain would stop making bargains with Mussolini the war would be over soon. And then the embargo on arms. And if Italian troops continue to be sent in—well, I don't know."

"They must. We cannot lose. We must not. Do you realize what it would mean?" She stamped her foot. "No. I am sure. We shall win."

"Not if they keep on sending Italian troops."

She looked at me out of the corner of her eye. "Did you ever hear of a place called Guadalajara?"

Sanché wanted to know what we were laughing at but Lisa told him it would take too long to explain.

"Okay," he said.

We stopped. Division headquarters. We walked through a rolling wheat field. Everything was strangely quiet.

"Where are the lines?"

"Right in front. Back of the hill."

"That's close."

"That's good," said Lisa.

The General somehow wasn't glad to see us. "Of all days to come," he groaned. "You must go back immediately. Go back. Go right back!"

"What! I am going to Paris to-morrow. This is my last chance to get some action pictures. I must stay. Please let me stay."

"No!" yelled the General. "Take her away someone. Go away immediately. I tell you I cannot be responsible for you. Who let you come? Go away. In five minutes there will be hell."

"Come," I said.

"You can go. I'm staying here."

"But the General says . . ."

"To hell with the General."

The General had meanwhile gone into his dugout so he didn't hear her.

"Please come. Please. This is no place for us."

"You can go. This is *exactly* the place for me to be."

"Well, okay, okay. I think you're crazy. You and your action pictures. I shouldn't have let you come. But let's get away from the General. There are some dugouts on the little hill there."

We snuggled into a dugout big enough for my feet.

We heard the drone of planes. Twelve of them. You could see the tiny pursuit planes flying around them like flies.

The drone became louder, louder, louder, and they came so slowly. You felt that they would stop in midair. But they didn't stop. They turned and swung toward us. Then thunder. Then black clouds—about a hundred yards in front of us. Again thunder. Again. Again.

Lisa was busy taking pictures.

I was trying to see what I could use to make the hole larger.

Thunder. A shower of earth.

"Put your head down!" she shouted.

"Where'll I put it? I can't put it into my chest."

"Put it down. Put it down."

Crash. Black. Acrid smoke. Dirt, Dust. Fear.

"Are you all right?"

"Who, me?" she said. "Sure. You?"

"Sure."

The air cleared. The stuttering drone became dimmer. Heads began to appear out of dugouts. Soldiers grinned. Some looked pale and didn't grin.

"Why don't you go? I can take the pictures. I'll meet you in El Escorial."

"Now please don't be a pest," she said.

A drone. A soft hum. Just imagination. It becomes louder. Twenty planes come out of the sky.

The planes came for one hour in relays. They bombed the government lines and while they were bombing the rebel shells were coming at the same time. There were no government planes. It was about one o'clock when they started.

Lisa asked the time. Two o'clock. Suddenly quiet.

We looked ludicrous in that hole in the ground. My knees and head showed above the ground while Lisa somehow managed to get her feet underneath mine.

"If they come again you'd better watch your head," she said; "shrapnel you know."

"I know. But you're taking pictures and your head is above the ground."

"Yes. But I must take pictures and you don't have to."

Again we heard the drone.

"Look, they're not bombers."

Nine biplanes flying low swung toward the road which stretched behind us. Lisa clicked her camera. Her film camera lay in its leather case beside the unfinished dugout. The first plane turned on its side, swung low, and we heard the tata-tat-tata-tat of machine-gun fire. The second plane did the same. The third. The fourth. All nine of them and then the first began again. Then twelve bombers came and bombed the lines. Then the shells came and for fifteen minutes there was black hell.

"It must end some time," I said.

Lisa didn't answer. She took pictures of the black earth and smoke which came from the bombs and took pictures of the dust and white smoke which came from the shells. She took picture after picture and I sat there crouching. Suddenly she said, "Put your head down."

The planes swung toward us. They saw us. They must have seen her camera flashing in the sun. There was a machine gun in the next dugout. They must have seen that too. It wasn't camouflaged well. Men crawled about when they should have been lying quiet. The first plane turned on its side and dived gently toward us. The earth in front of the hole began to rise in short spurts. Tata-tat-tata-tat. Tata-tat-tata-tat.

Lisa got a picture of the earth jumping in spurts. Then she took pictures of the planes as they came down toward us.

"Damn it, the roll is finished." To place another roll would have meant raising her body. Tata-tat-tata-tat. Monotonous nerve-racking drone. I grabbed the film camera lying beside the hole and placed it on her head to protect her from the machine-gun bullets.

"You fool," she said; "it'll break the camera."

"Shut up now or I'll break your head."

I wanted something to protect my face. It was uncovered. I formed a mental picture of where the bullet would hit and how it would look. I wanted something to cover my face, anything, a piece of paper. I grabbed a clump of earth and held it on my head. We crouched there like that. The planes were still strafing. I heard a suppressed giggle. Lisa's body was shaking.

"If you could only see yourself," she said.

Then the bombers came again, this time thirty of them. We counted. Clouds of black smoke rose in front of us. Then we heard a terrific noise of machine-gun fire. On the hill in front of us we saw men coming. They were coming all along the line.

"We're retreating," I said.

The bombers saw the lines crumble and they went to town. Then came the strafing. The shells weren't hitting their mark but the bombing and strafing were enough. We saw men fly into the air. Lisa put another roll into her camera. She clicked it. I didn't know what was more maddening then, the planes or the camera.

One section of the lines was orderly and the retreat went comparatively well. But a retreat is a retreat and there was confusion. Men got panicky and ran anywhere as long as they could run. In front of us a few took positions with guns and dared anyone to pass them. These stopped a panic. Lisa forgot about her camera and was yelling at the top of her lungs for them to stop and reform their lines.

"Come on. For God's sakes, woman, come on," I pleaded.

"No, no. The planes are still here. I would be silly to go now. It will soon

be quiet. We must wait till the lines reform. And anyway I have a few rolls of film left." Her hand trembled as she took a cigarette from her cigarette case and lighted it. She offered me one but I didn't like Spanish cigarettes.

It was quiet. The planes did their business and went. It was very quiet. The retreating men reformed their lines a little beyond the hill. Here and there a figure moved. A cool breeze came down from the Guadarrama. The wheat swayed gently. Behind the hill little puffs of clouds could be seen. There was not even a rifle shot. The Spanish countryside looked peaceful. I looked at the sky and it was peaceful too.

"Come, let's go," she said.

"What?"

"Yes. I'm tired."

We got out of the hole and I took her film camera. She had not been able to use it. The division doctor, a Scotsman, was coming toward us. He looked worn out. Many of his comrades had been killed. All his equipment was lost. We began to walk through the fields toward Villanueva de la Cañada. The lines were now between the two towns. The fascists obviously had had superiority that day in the air but they couldn't follow up the retreat. On the road there were many dead. Men groaned and begged for *agua,* water. Some were silent. By this time Lisa had no more film.

The planes came again. We flung ourselves beneath an overturned truck. But the planes passed over. They weren't looking for us.

We got into Villanueva de la Cañada and it stank. Two men were sitting beside a wounded comrade under cover of a hut's remaining wall. They saw the doctor's armband.

"Please come. He is badly hurt. His legs. Please look at him."

The doctor was tired. "I've got nothing. Nothing. No bandages. Nothing. What can I do? He will have to wait for an ambulance."

"Please look at him."

The doctor went over to the man and lifted the blanket covering his legs. The legs looked as if they had gone through a meat-grinder. The man made no sound. His eyes were on the doctor's face. Lisa said something about hoping that some day she'd be able to take a different kind of picture. I said nothing.

A tank passed. We stopped it, put the wounded man on, jumped on ourselves, and started. The planes came again. There were four tanks behind us. Clumsy-looking animals. The planes dived. Tata-tat-tata-tat.

"Silly getting killed now after going through what we did."

"Bah, they can't hit a thing," said Lisa.

They didn't hit any of the tanks. The tank was hot. It snorted and wheezed and made a lot of noise and swung from side to side. We held on tightly. The white house beyond Villanueva de la Cañada served as a dressing station. We took the wounded man off the tank. The doctor got a car and rushed away to get ambulances. The wounded were dragging themselves or being carried to the dressing station. A few tanks stopped. It was silly. A marvelous target for planes.

"Got the camera?" she asked.

"Yes."

A large black touring car came down the road. We stopped it and asked for a lift.

"Sure, get on," the chauffeur said.

We jumped on the running board.

"Lisa, you go on the other side."

"Why? It is big enough. We can both stay here."

She put her cameras in the front seat of the car. There were three wounded men inside. *Salud. Salud.*

She took a deep breath. "Boy—that was a day. I feel good. The lines reformed and I feel good. And I got the best pictures of my life. And you? You have a good story, yes?"

"Yes. But next time I cover the war from the press office. I can describe it better that way."

"To-night we'll have a farewell party

in Madrid. Tell me, couldn't you find some excuse to come to Paris with me?"

"Between each bomb and shell that dropped I was thinking of an excuse. If my vacation weren't coming next month it would be simpler. God, I wish you weren't leaving."

"Me too. But we'll have a nice time together to-night."

There was some confusion ahead of us. A tank was jerking ahead in spurts, swerving from side to side on the road. Our car swung to the left. "Hold on," she laughed gaily. "You don't want to fall off now and break your leg."

Something was wrong with the tank.

I saw it. Just the front of the tank. Then I was on the road. Then I knew that both my legs were off. Then I knew they weren't. Then I saw the blood on my right leg and the pants torn on my left. There was no pain.

"Lisa!"

Two soldiers ran toward me and pulled me into a ditch.

"Donde está mujer! mujer! mujer!"

Then I saw her face—just her face. The rest of her body was hidden by the car. She was screaming. Her eyes looked at me and asked me to help her, but I could not move. There was no pain but I could not move. The tank was quiet now. It had swung round and now it was quiet. The young Spanish driver looked at us. He was frightened.

Then the planes came. The man beside me dropped. The other pulled me into the ditch. Everyone ran for the fields.

"Lisa! Where are you? Lisa!"

The planes went away.

"Donde está muchacha? Where is the girl?"

"She's been put into an ambulance," someone told me.

"Are you sure? *Es verdad?"*

"Si, si."

"And her camera? Where is her camera?"

"I don't know," the Spanish boy answered.

Someone brought me a brown cloth belt. It was crumpled and the wooden buckle was broken into little pieces.

"It is hers," he said.

"Where is the car?" I asked.

"Yo no sé."

Then someone brought me her purse. The handle was all twisted. Then I began to feel the pain. *"Agua.* Water. I want water."

But no one had water.

They put me on a stretcher and placed me in an ambulance. There was no water.

We stopped at a dressing station. "Did you see a young woman, *una muchacha,* a small pretty girl with blonde hair?"

"Muchacha? There was no *muchacha."*

They gave me water. I looked at my watch. It was six-thirty. I put it to my ear but it did not tick. It had stopped.

"Six-thirty. That's when we were hit."

"What?' said the man lying beside me.

"Nada. Como está?"

"Just a machine-gun bullet in the thigh," he said.

It was growing dark. I still held the belt in my hand. It was becoming wet with sweat. Then I remember fainting and remember someone slapping me. The road was bad and every jolt of the ambulance was like a knife in my foot. Then came the hospital at El Escorial, an American hospital. I asked if they had seen a young woman, a . . .

"Yes. Lisa Poirer. Yes. She's here. Brought here hours ago."

"How is she?"

"She's all right."

"Can I see her?"

"No. She's just had an operation. You cannot see her."

They injected anti-tetanus into my arm and marked a cross on my forehead.

"Shall I be able to see her in the morning?"

"Yes."

"How is she?"

The nurse smiled. "I told you she

was all right. She's suffering from shock. Her side was hurt pretty badly but she'll be fine and dandy in the morning."

"She needed an operation?"

"Naturally. Why do you think we gave her one?"

"I don't know."

Dr. Wellbridge came over to my stretcher.

"How do you feel?"

"Good. Can I see Lisa?"

"No. I'm afraid not. She's suffering from shock. It would be bad for her if you saw her."

"But she and I . . . I . . . I'm a very good friend of hers."

"Sorry. You cannot possibly see her until morning."

"Couldn't I just look at her?"

"No. Sorry."

The wounded men lay on the floor of the hospital in stretchers. All the beds were taken. The ambulances kept on unloading.

The pain became worse.

Dr. Wellbridge gave me a shot.

"There now, you'll go to sleep."

"Does she say anything?"

"She asked for her camera. When I told her you were here she told me to give you her regards and not to worry. She asked for you when she came in."

My watch still showed six-thirty. I asked the time. Three-thirty A.M. I couldn't sleep.

A nurse came over. "What's that?" she asked.

"That's her belt."

"Oh."

All night the wounded came. The doctors worked smoothly, quickly. Here —this one. Clothes cut off. Fracture? Abdomen? Bring him to the theater. Take this one first. This one. Dead? Take him away. This one. No, the other. All through the night. A Spanish boy lay beside me moaning. A nurse gave him a shot and he became quiet.

"What time is it?"

"Five o'clock. Why don't you sleep?"

"I can't sleep. Can I see her now?"

"No."

Well, I would see her soon, joke about the fact that we had to be hit by a tank after missing all the bombs and bullets in the world, and she would probably raise a fuss about losing her camera. But she'd laugh when I'd tell her that now I had my excuse to go to Paris with her.

At five-thirty Dr. Wellbridge came to my stretcher. "Well, everything looks much better. We were frankly worried. She was badly shocked. We just gave her a blood transfusion and she said 'Whee, I feel good.' She asked about her camera again and I told her it was lost. All she said was *'C'est la guerre.'* She's really a remarkable woman. She also told me to tell you not to flirt with any of the nurses."

"Can I see her now?"

"For God's sakes man, not now. She must sleep now. If she sleeps everything will be all right. She's badly shocked. You'll see her later. You must have patience."

"But she won't sleep. I know her. Maybe if I held her hand. Please . . ."

"Good God! man, don't you think I want to let you see her? She asked to see you too. But it's for her own good. Believe me."

"I'm sorry. Could you take a message for me? Tell her that now I have my excuse to go to Paris. She'll understand."

"If she's awake. But I hope she sleeps."

I drank some coffee. The head nurse had not slept all night. Neither had Dr. Wellbridge or the other doctors. They were sleepy-eyed. Wellbridge passed me, smiled, and went upstairs. I saw a nurse follow him.

I'll try to sleep now, I said to myself. I suppose this is a good story. My feet don't pain. The morphine made me feel dull and shapeless.

Wellbridge came toward me.

"I'm afraid that I have bad news for you."

I waited.

"Lisa just died."

"Give me a cigarette."

LIBRARY

Wellbridge lighted the cigarette. He turned and came back with a needle.

"No. I don't need it. For Christ's sake I don't need it. When I need it I'll ask for it. I feel no pain."

"Give me your arm. You're going to need it."

"No. I don't want it."

He jabbed it into my arm.

"Hell!"

I wanted to ask if he were sure she was dead but I didn't. I wanted to go to sleep and forget a lot of things but I couldn't. A nurse came over and told the doctor about another case.

"Would you like to be taken into my room?" he asked.

"Please, if you can."

The anti-aircraft began to fire away and the shutters rattled.

Wellbridge came back.

"You'll never know how sorry I am because I didn't let you see her. But I didn't know. I really thought she would recover."

"Oh, hell, that's all right."

Wellbridge stood in front of me and turned his face. "If you want . . . " he paused . . . "if you want you can see her now. But it isn't good to see someone dead whom you've loved."

"Hell, I don't want to see her now."

But I did. I didn't believe she was dead. They brought me upstairs on a stretcher and I looked at her and her face was not quite the same.

Then they carried me down and I kept slipping on the stretcher and the boys carrying me told me to hold on or I should fall.

Someone gave me an American cigarette. The smoke curled gracefully. Then the nurse brought me Lisa's cigarette case. There was one cigarette left. I put out the American cigarette and smoked the one in Lisa's case. It was a Spanish cigarette and I never liked Spanish cigarettes. The doctor asked me what I wanted to do with her body and I wanted to tell him to go to hell, but he meant well so I told him I would take it with me to Paris.

Then the nurse came over and she said that she was sorry.



COLLEGES AS SALESMEN

BY ALBERT BRITT

Are too many people going to college? This is one of the questions for which everybody knows the answer. And the answer that everybody knows is Yes. One can prove it statistically, by showing that the present enrollment in the colleges and universities of the United States is over ten times as big as it was forty years ago; or one may cite the large number of freshman failures, which would suggest that the colleges are not careful enough in their admissions; or one may argue that the white-collar occupations are overcrowded and that college students are not willing to go back to the farm or the store counter or the gasoline pumps where they are supposed to belong. Indeed, the curious fact about the overcrowding of the colleges is that everyone knows it—except the colleges. They still think that they need more students and most of them are taking active, energetic steps to get them.

This is not a guess; from September, 1925, until June, 1936, I was a college president and one of my jobs was to direct a year-round sales campaign for building up and maintaining college enrollment. When I say that this college is located in the Middle West —it is Knox College, in Illinois—I can hear the relieved comment, "Oh, yes, but certainly not in the East." I'm not so sure. Have you heard of Dartmouth's quota system? Or of the new undergraduate scholarships at Harvard? But, you say, these are intended to improve the quality of students, not to increase the numbers. Is that really a difference? The head of a Midwestern college doesn't think so when the valedictorian of the local high school is whisked away to Cambridge or Hanover by the double attraction of distance and a fat scholarship. Furthermore, every college will tell you that it too is actuated by the desire for better students, not merely for more. There are precious few pots that can call attention to the unfortunate complexion of the adjacent kettle.

To be sure the Eastern colleges, at least those most firmly established and financed, have had a different sort of problem. Each year they are over applied for and in many cases their lists are closed early in the summer; but still each year presidents, deans, alumni secretaries, even coaches from Eastern colleges visit schools throughout the Mississippi Valley, pointing out the advantages of pursuing the higher learning under the arching elms of Cambridge or among the green hills of the Berkshires. It may be a search for the better and not for the more; I hope it is, but even the dignified colleges of New England are displaying their wares. They at least do not think they are getting too many of the kind of students they want.

When I became a college president I was told that there was no problem in connection with enrollment, and a waiting list was mentioned. When I arrived on the scene at the opening of my first year I looked for the list; I failed to find it. I heard of it at other colleges in the Middle West and farther west and I looked for it there too. I found colleges

fuller than they should have been, but not often; I found many that needed more students than they had; I found far too many who were admitting students inadequately prepared, with the result that there was a waiting list outside the dean's office at the end of the first semester; or else the college overlooked the low grades and gave another chance—and another—to boys and girls whose incompetence was all too clearly proved on the first try.

The conclusion I reached was that nowhere west of the Alleghenies could a waiting list at the college gates be found, in the sense of students prepared to enter college for whom a place could not and would not be made. That was twelve years ago. Since then we have passed through—or at least into—the Valley of Depression and I am more than ever convinced of the accuracy of my first conclusion. For the depression forced most colleges to do openly what before they had done with the surreptitious awkwardness of a small-town buyer slipping into the wicked city's wickedest night club. For it was in the dark days after 1930 that we learned not only that we needed students but also that we needed the income that students brought us. Farm mortgages were in default, farm incomes were slipping or had slipped, and we learned —a little to our surprise—that the income from students was more dependable than that from our endowments. Therefore we organized our sales forces and increased our scholarship appropriations; for half a loaf is better than no bread—if you can be sure of getting it. Perhaps you heard the boasts of some of the brethren that their enrollment held up to requirements all through the dark days. Perhaps you thought this was proof of their excellence. It was—of the excellence of their sales work.

Work for new students is an old story in the Middle West, as old as the colleges. In most cases the college was founded in advance of local needs. Before its doors were opened care must be taken to see that students were on hand. Fifty years ago much of this "field work" was done by the president in the intervals between sermons and the endless passing of the hat. Members of the faculty served their time; until recently this was the general method. Students spent their summer vacations drumming up trade, receiving their compensation in reduced or remitted tuition. Even before the depression, however, this method was too slow and too uncertain for the more forward-looking colleges. And the slump whipped us all into line.

II

Basically this sales work of the college is little if at all different from the sales work of any business enterprise—perhaps I should say any *other* business enterprise. There is a product to be sold: education, plus board and room. There are potential buyers: high school seniors and their parents. The problem is to bring buyer and seller together on mutually advantageous terms. There remains only the question of organization and method. But making and selling shoes is a business and running a college is a dignified and highly intellectual profession. Therefore . . .

It would never do to call the business of getting students sales work, or the man in charge of it a sales manager. Whatever we do we must save face. The first move is to find a nice, harmless, and mildly misleading name for the department that must go out and get them. Usually this is the Admissions Office. You see the idea. "Admissions" suggests that this is the place where an academic officer sits in leisurely dignity to pass on the qualifications of the applicants, to separate the sheep from the goats. Actually he is the goat—if there aren't enough sheep in the fold by the time college opens.

In most cases he plays a dual role. Most of the time he is out in the field visiting high schools, following up inquiries, talking with high school seniors and their parents, ringing the door bells of alumni, generally rounding up the prospects and herding them up to the college gates. Then he runs round and slips in the back door, hangs up his hat, slips

on an air of scholarly but businesslike detachment and lo, when the door opens to admit the applicant there is the Admissions Officer waiting to pass on the qualifications of the sheep that he himself has found in the far pastures.

Admissions Officer or Director of Admissions is a good name for this poor soul while he plays the desk role, but it seems inadequate when he functions in his field capacity. Under those circumstances a call from the Admissions Officer suggests too much a visit from the head of the credit department before the salesman has finished his work. The problem of nomenclature is therefore more difficult for the worker in the field. After all a Director of Admissions may, and often does, direct admissions. But how describe a man who does something that colleges would much rather believe isn't being done? Such terms as Field Agent, Recruiting Agent, Student Solicitor are ruled out on the ground that they aren't dignified; another handicap is that they are truthful. The usual practice is to fall back on vague terms, meaningless because they may mean so many different things. A favorite label is Assistant to the President; another is Director of Personnel. No one seems quite to know what personnel work means in college, so Director of Personnel is an almost perfect disguise for the necessary cradle-snatching. A law student in a great State university, pinch-hitting in high school visits, presented a card announcing him as an Assistant Dean. This made a great hit with the faculty of the high schools favored with his august but somewhat immature presence.

How does a college representative work? Here again a leaf is taken from the business book. The first rule in every Admissions Office is that every inquiry must have a prompt answer, something more than a mere response to the question asked. It must be of a sort calculated to make the student want to come to that particular college. This also is innocent and businesslike—except that it takes precedence over the more important step of finding out whether or not the inquirer is qualified for college or is the sort of person that the college should admit. In other words, the sales attitude intrudes itself from the beginning. Wherever possible such inquiries should be followed up with a personal call, ostensibly to judge of the candidate's availability, actually to line him up unless his unavailability is so obvious that even the representative who must build up the enrollment recognizes it as complete. Such a call usually includes a talk with one or both of the parents, partly to envelop them in the properly friendly atmosphere and partly to size up the financial status of the family. The good representative never forgets that his standing depends not only on numbers but also on the proportion of cash customers that he can bring in.

Following up inquiries that come in unheralded and unsought is only the beginning. Names of possibilities are gathered in from students already in college and from their parents. Alumni in high school teaching positions or on local school boards are circularized, high school principals are asked to give recommendations, sometimes general lists of high school seniors are circularized. (Most colleges try this last method at least once in order to discover that it is a waste of time and postage.) Colleges with definite denominational affiliations work through churches of their faith, urging the families with children of college age to support "their" college.

Colleges requiring a freshman class of two hundred in September will accumulate a list of at least three thousand possibilities in the course of the preceding year, all of whom will have been written to and most of them visited by a representative of the college in person some time in the course of the year. Perhaps this is the waiting list.

In addition to developing and "working" such a list, most colleges cultivate high schools in a more general way. College professors are scheduled for assembly speeches, usually followed by inter-

views with students who want to talk about college—in general or in particular. The wise professor does not use the assembly platform as the appropriate place for direct advertising of his own college; but not all professors are wise. These college visits long since became another thorn in the flesh for the larger high schools, and those in and around Chicago have adopted a defensive method called a "college day." Colleges are invited to send their representatives on the appointed day to display their wares and talk with interested high school boys and girls. Usually the school gymnasium is the place for the meeting. There the representatives bring their catalogues, advertising pamphlets, and bulletins—"literature" is the trade term for this material. They hang their photographs of buildings and campus views, athletic scenes and dormitory groups, usually showing attractive boys and girls busily engaged in having a good time in order to convince the high school audience that Blank is a happy college. For colleges must be happy, whatever else they may be. One college came in for criticism because of its use of an ingenious device for the showing of photographs by which still pictures were presented in kaleidoscopic fashion, simulating the effect of a motion-picture projector. The idea behind the criticism seemed to be that a college might appropriately display its wares so long as it did not do it too effectively.

For the high school students these college days are a good deal of a lark. They stroll through the show, pausing here and there at a booth of one or another of the fifty or one hundred colleges represented, collect samples of booklets, "kid" the weary but still hopeful representative in charge, perhaps ask him how many more games his football team has lost (the one thing about a college that the high school students seem to know is its football record) and in general enjoy the evening much after the manner of the average citizen taking in the annual automobile show.

Now and then the college representative collects a name and an address from his youthful visitors for later use, but in general the college day is a waste of time. Its chief advantages are that it satisfies the conscience of the high school principal and spares him the boredom of seeing or refusing to see the individual representatives who would otherwise besiege him; and that it enables the college representative to add a pretentious paragraph to his annual report.

Of more importance and greater effectiveness are the shows which colleges present on their own campuses for high school students. The interscholastic sports, track meets, basketball tournaments, and the like are an old story, now in the discard in many places, chiefly as a result of the opposition of the high schools who saw in the multiplication of these meetings for the propagandist purposes of the colleges too great a disruption of school work. But college play days are with us, one-act theater contests, days on which the scientific departments demonstrate the marvels of science, open-house days generally.

These are usually pleasant occasions on which the college plays host to fifty or a hundred or more attractive boys and girls, housing them, dining them, entertaining them, and generally being a good fellow. Ostensibly college students deal with high school students, but behind the student committees which lead the youthful guests about the campus stands the administration, directing, recording, and noting the shortcomings of organization and method in order that mistakes may not be repeated next year. There is no serious criticism of such a program, beyond the fact that it is primarily sales work and as such may be dismissed with the mild elderly comment that it often interferes seriously with the orderly business of education. But what will happen if and when all colleges have high school days is a little dismaying to contemplate. It is worth noting too that colleges themselves are aware of the danger of the over elaborate. In Ohio the college association has found it necessary to

condemn the running of special trains or fleets of buses, at college expense, to transport high school visitors to and from the college.

An interesting part of the college sales campaign is the "literature." Here too colleges have learned a useful lesson from business; in some cases they have gone beyond their teachers, at least in the physical attractiveness of their booklets. Photographs are the backbone of most of the presentations. Each year word goes out from the Admissions Office or from the office of administration to the Admissions Director that the quality and range of the photographs must be improved and refreshed. Fewer buildings and more action pictures is the customary cry. Show students doing interesting things. And what are interesting things? Last year's star halfback making a touchdown for or against Siwash, groups of boys lounging in a fraternity house (but not playing bridge), good-looking girls at a midnight spread in a dormitory room against a background of college sofa cushions and a wall covered with college banners, smiling boys and girls strolling under elms; sometimes even a student or two bending over a laboratory table; students presumably reading in the library, if the reading room lends itself to effective photography; occasionally a student studying, although that is seldom interesting to student or photographer.

The search is always for the impression of an active, interesting, decorative life that any high school student should desire to share.

The text of these booklets is brief: a condensed recital of college achievements, athletic championships—these can always be found if the historian searches diligently enough; if the record will scarcely bear the light of print, then a statement of the institutional emphasis on the play spirit, its high amateur and scholastic standards, and its disdain of mere championships must suffice. The roll of distinguished alumni should always be called; most American colleges are old enough now so that a respectable list of such alumni can be built up. The age and consequent prestige of the institution should always be emphasized. A little skill in the pen of the writer and the hand of the printer can produce a result in which any Siwash will rival any Amherst. Although the secret of college success lies in the faculty, faculties receive scant consideration in these literary gems, beyond the sweeping statement that this particular college is famed far and wide for the preparation, ability, and prominence of its faculty. A special paragraph may be given to the football coach with particular reference to his good influence on young men. In spite of many disillusioning experiences in these days of high-pressure football, there is still a pathetic belief in the value of coaches as character-builders.

Whatever else these booklets contain, they must not present in any complete or informative manner the information that most families earnestly desire; that is, the probable costs. If certain items of tuition, or board and room, or laboratory fees are lower at College A than at College B, this fact may be mentioned, without of course making the comparison too individual or invidious by naming B. And under no circumstances must the salesman-author omit to emphasize the homelike, Christian atmosphere of the institution and its careful personal guidance of individual students. These terms are impressive so long as we are not required to explain and prove them.

But if these literary effusions must not contain the kind of information that prospective students most want and need, why put them out at all? Don't be silly. They are as they are because of what is known in the trade as the psychology of salesmanship. College always costs more than most people expect—as well as more than most people can really afford. To prevent their discovery of this embarrassing fact, the salesman of the higher learning must dazzle his prospective customers with pretty pictures and unimportant facts and near facts in order that they may not ask too closely about the cost. Even

if they do ask, it may be possible to hypnotize them in advance of the asking so that by the time they learn the sad truth it will not hurt so much. This is also the reason for telling only a part of the truth in any one place.

How much of what the salesman tells the prospect really answers questions in the prospect's mind? In other words, how far do these booklets bring the customer up to the counter? I don't know, but I doubt if many of them justify their cost. If College A passes up a booklet this year and College B brings out a smasher with a cover in three colors and twice as many pictures as usual, will high schools regard it as a confession of weakness on A's part and proof of the superiority of B? Quite possibly. At any rate the prospect of such a result is strong enough so that no college is willing to take the risk as long as it can find the money somewhere to pay the printer. If necessary it is always possible to hold out a little more on the faculty.

III

If the task of the salesman were only to answer the questions which he knows will be asked by high school seniors, his task would be simple. How much is the tuition? What's the chance of a scholarship? (Scholarship is a euphemism for a reduction in tuition.) Do you have fraternities? Or sororities? Do I have to have a foreign language? Do you give courses in home economics?

Parents are almost as severely practical in their questions. Seldom or never is a question asked about the ability or standing of the teachers in history or mathematics or biology or anything else. Once in a great while a college-bred parent will inquire about the foreign-study preparation of teachers of foreign languages. Not once have I heard of an inquiry directed toward determining the academic standing of the institution itself, even to the limited extent of discovering whether or not a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa is domiciled on the campus. Evidently a college is a college, although there is a fairly general assumption that it is better to send our sons or daughters to "one of the older institutions in New England if we can afford it." With all respect to the rocks and rills and templed hills of New England, this is frequently a long way from being self-evident, but it's a waste of time to argue it with either a New Englander or a socially ambitious parent. The important and difficult task of the college representative is not to answer questions but to create an atmosphere, to stimulate appetite, to build up that Demand which the classical economists tell us works so surely in co-operation with its twin brother Supply to produce prosperity—or something. Fortunately for their peace of mind the college representatives are not economists, and most of them do know their jobs.

Does all this frenzied pursuit of the elusive prospect get results? I once asked a book publisher if book advertising paid. He said he didn't know, but he did know that if he didn't advertise he didn't sell any books. The same thing is true of colleges. Colleges are highly competitive concerns and it's no answer to say there are too many of them. They are here and they refuse to die. A moribund college can show a vitality that would shame a fairly successful shoe factory, and while it keeps the appearance of life it can make life miserable for its more scrupulous neighbors by cutting rates and promising the millennium in terms of the higher learning.

The competition is not all with the moribund. In the Middle West the State universities, tax-supported and with consequently low tuition charges, are always a thorn in the flesh. Then there are the teachers' colleges, also tax-supported and with nominal charges. These are officially and ostensibly intended for the training of teachers for elementary and secondary schools and in their official statements they are careful to stay within the limits stipulated in their charters. Privately they are not so scrupulous. Attention is called to their four-year course—

an alleged academic virtue—and to the preparation they offer for further professional or graduate work and for "living." In other words they too are institutions of liberal culture. And how the colleges hate and fear them!

Undoubtedly all this sales effort does bring students to the institutions exerting it. It arouses a desire for college in minds that hitherto had entertained the thought only vaguely if at all; it helps hesitant students to decide, and sometimes it diverts to B students who had been intending A. This last is usually cause for special although secret rejoicing in the Admissions Office of the successful college.

But another result that it produces is an undue sense of self-importance on the part of the high school seniors approached. If a callow boy or girl is sought after and belabored with sales talk by the representatives of three or four or half a dozen colleges—not an unusual circumstance—it is not to be wondered at that the youngster acquires a feeling that his presence on the campus of A or B will be a boon to the lucky college. Students shop round for the best "offers" they can get, and a call from a representative with the admission that a scholarship *might* be secured soon becomes an offer. High school athletes are the worst sinners in this respect, but they are not the only ones. Parents press for better terms or the relaxing of requirements by A on the ground that B will do it. And poor A usually lacks the backbone to tell the shopper to go on to B and be—happy. High school principals join the merry dance and hold out for better terms for their stars—not always or necessarily athletic. One man who is proud of his preeminence as a scholarship fixer has been known to use the long-distance telephone to raise the ante. And it worked. The good news has spread to the East and students from the neighborhood of New York, barred by low high school grades and consequent inability to pass entrance examinations or hampered by racial prejudices real or anticipated, have made the Middle West a happy hunting ground. Some of them turn out well and some ill, but practically none of them is brought to the college of his final choice by word of its excellence and prestige.

The bad results of selling and overselling are not confined to the students and to the colleges that must deal with them and sometimes bear with or drop them. It poisons the relations of colleges with one another. Presidential gossip is filled with hints or circumstantial accounts of efforts on the part of a rival college to wean away a student already enrolled in the college of the president complaining. And the college of the second part can cite instances where the roles were reversed. Colleges are suspicious of one another's entrance requirements, scholarship conditions, and general moral standing and standards. In a few cases co-operative agreements have cleared the air for a time, but usually such attempts at a good-will relationship are short-lived and not very effective while they live. The reality of the need for customers is too clear and the pressure on the representatives too strong. This is peculiarly true with institutions maintaining a field force on a commission basis. I know of one, a junior college to be sure, which fixes a quota of new students per year for each worker and pays a handsome bonus for excess production. Such cases are rare, but they exist.

Efforts have been made to convert this sales effort into a selective process, but the line is hard to draw. And how can you be sure that the other fellow will make more than a half-hearted attempt to draw it at all, desirable as such a step is? Not more students but better ones is a fine slogan, but hard to live up to. There are many colleges that must have students and the students know it. That is the essence of the evil. And the colleges know that the students realize their advantage and they have no intention of committing suicide.

For years before crop control as a government policy was heard of, the cotton growers met annually and agreed solemnly to a restriction of acreage in order

to hold the price up to a profitable level. Then they went home filled with a high resolve and hoping that some of the parties to the agreement would be foolish enough to keep it. And in due course each planter increased his own acreage a little in order that he might reap the full harvest of the folly of others. Hence we have the threat of forced restriction.

Can the colleges escape from the web of their own weaving without pressure from some source beyond their control or evasion? I doubt it. I doubt too if such pressure will be applied. In my more pessimistic days I doubt if many colleges really want to give up their work for new students. It makes them feel businesslike and efficient. My ability to peer into the future is limited, but as far as I can see, the lads of the Admissions Offices have permanent jobs. Soon we shall be seeing courses on Admissions work offered by our universities leading to the degree of Master of Educational Super-Salesmanship; don't quote me, but the initials for the degree will be M.E.S.S.

LISTENING

BY DON MARQUIS

Many years ago, in 1920 or 1921, I spent a great deal of my time with Don Marquis. One day when I walked into his office in the old New York *Evening Sun* I found him sitting at his typewriter crying. His little boy had died the night before and Don was trying in spite of his grief to get out his column—The Sun Dial. I sat around for a while—not knowing what to say—when Don suddenly pulled the paper out of the machine and handed it to me. On it he had written the enclosed bit of verse which he said he was going to run the next day.

I persuaded him not to, telling him that it was not the sort of thing he should use just to fill space—that it was too beautiful for that.

I have just run across the original tucked between the leaves of one of his books.—Herbert De Lima

AND even as I listen, charmed and mute,
The lyric's tender secret to surprise,
Between the lifted finger and the lute
A silence gathers and the music dies.

No man may know the meaning hinted there,
Nor bid again the ruined chords combine;
I shall not hear, not ever, anywhere,
The song, the golden song that once was mine.

O silence vast no wings of song may fill,
You do not give me back my song again!
Not though my brain beats at your bounds until
A vast black silence spreads within my brain.

Breathless, I listen, bowed above the lute,
Voiceless, I bend me o'er the voiceless strings . . .
But, oh the little golden song is mute,
And I am one with all old broken things.

ADVENTURES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

PART II. PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA AND EXPLANATIONS

BY C. E. M. JOAD

IN THIS second article I propose to give some account of the more puzzling psychological phenomena that have come under my notice, and to offer some tentative suggestions by way of explanation both of them and of the physical phenomena described in the previous article. That no one explanation covers the whole ground is, I am afraid, only too clear. Many would go farther and maintain that, in so far as we are prepared to accept the abnormal phenomena studied by psychical research as genuine, there is no completely *adequate* explanation of any of them. I am inclined to agree, and to add that, if there were, I for one should lose much of my interest. That events should still occur of whose causation we are ignorant seems to me to be all to the good. The mystery of the universe adds to its majesty. It also induces modesty in its observer. Mystery in the observed and modesty in the observer are valuable qualities in the modern world.

I will define abnormal psychological phenomena as those which bear witness to the abnormal activity of some mind or minds, whether the mind or minds in question are those of living persons or of those who would normally be called dead. To the first class belong telepathy, clairvoyance, abnormal knowledge of the past, and experience of the future. To the second, the phenomena which are usually attributed to the communication of spirits and other manifestations which are supposed to originate in the world beyond the grave.

To take the second class first, I have sat with a number of mediums who have professed to be the vehicles of communication from those who have "passed over." I have not been impressed. There are two questions which it seemed relevant to ask about the messages which they purported to deliver. First, did the message convey information which could not conceivably have been accessible to any person other than the person who had "passed over"? It may be admitted at once that proof that such information had in fact been conveyed would be very difficult to establish; it would be difficult, that is to say, to be quite sure in every case, and in regard to each one of the persons concerned, that he did not possess and could not have possessed either consciously or in the recesses of his unconscious the information which purported to come from the "spirit." Generally speaking, it is only when definite arrangements have been made by a living person to transmit such information, preferably by cipher, after his or her death in demonstration of his or her survival, that some of the conditions necessary for proof could be said to have been established.

In a number of cases convinced spiritualists, such as the late F. W. H. Myers, Dr. A. W. Verrall, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, are said to have made such ar-

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rangements while still alive, and in each instance surviving friends and relatives confidently reported having entered into communication with the person in question after his death. But, so far as I am aware, the messages which have purported to come from the person who has "passed over" have in no instance provided the desired proof, by supplying information which could have been known *only* to the person who before death made the arrangement. In those cases in which proof of this nature has been asserted—and in many cases it has—it has not been found satisfactory by impartial persons who have investigated the evidence upon which it was based. This is certainly true of those messages which I personally have investigated.

This brings me to the second question which may, I think, appropriately be raised when estimating the likelihood of the "spirit" hypothesis, which is the question of the *general nature* of the communications received from "spirits." These in my experience—and I have heard, at different times, a good many of them—have two general characteristics: they are platitudinous and trivial, and almost invariably they reproduce the general culture, outlook, and ideas of the medium and of those sitting with the medium. The conditions they describe are, in other words, such as persons possessing the economic, social, and cultural background of the medium and the sitters might, if they set their imaginations to work, be supposed to have imagined, and they embody no material other than what might have been supplied by the imaginations of the living persons concerned.

The accounts of the "Summerland," as it is called, where the spirits who have "passed over" spend their time, are banal to a degree, and if persons whom we admire, or to whom we are attached, are responsible for their form and substance, we can only regretfully conclude that the next world is a place in which the human spirit lamentably deteriorates in respect, at least, of its intellectual quality. One is driven in fact to the melancholy conclusion that, even if ghosts have souls, they certainly have no brains.

I do not wish to suggest that my own experiences are in any way conclusive nor do I definitely repudiate the spiritualist hypothesis. I content myself with the remark that I personally have never witnessed any phenomena of a kind to lend it support. Indeed, I should be inclined to dismiss the whole literature of the so-called messages which people obtain at séances, from the use of "planchette," by automatic writing and by other similar methods, and cheerfully to consign it to the dustbin of the unconscious, either of the medium or the sitters, were it not for some curious experiences which I have had with the "tumbler."

II

I drew attention in my first article to the impish, mischievous mentality which one seems to detect as the causative agency of so-called poltergeist phenomena. It is as if some elflike creature were engaged in making sport of human beings, not so much for their hurt as for *its* amusement; it doesn't want to frighten them but it does want to make them look silly. Something of the same spirit has seemed to me to have inspired some of the messages which one obtains from the "tumbler." It is not so much the fact that they are nineteen-twentieths nonsense and usually wrong when they are not nonsense, as that they should ever be right, or even partially right, that intrigues one's curiosity. Before giving an illustration, I should perhaps explain the method of working the "tumbler." The letters of the alphabet are placed in a wide circle on a polished table. In the center of the circle there is an upturned wine glass or tumbler. Two or more persons place their fingers upon the tumbler; presently (even if the owners of the fingers do not push) it will begin to move. Sometimes the movements are rapid, even convulsive. In due course, if you are lucky, the tumbler will start to touch the letters, and, supposing that your luck

still holds, the letters touched will presently spell words which you can, if you like, construe as messages or as answers to the questions which you address to the hypothetical agency which is supposed to be moving the tumbler.

As an Oxford undergraduate I spent one long summer vacation with four other men on a remote island off the coast of Brittany, and every evening we used to experiment with the tumbler. Our object was to obtain some information which could not conceivably have been known to any of us. And if unknown information, why not lucrative information? Why not, in short, make the tumbler spot the winner of a race? Now, we had none of us the remotest connection with the racing world, but somebody did happen to know that there was a race known as the Cesarewitch, although we could not have said where or when it was run. Accordingly we asked the tumbler for the name of the horse which would win the Cesarewitch, and immediately it spelled out the word "Romola." Several months elapsed and I had forgotten all about the tumbler and its message, when one morning I received a letter from one of the men who had been on the reading party, asking if I had seen the names of the horses running in the Cesarewitch. I looked up the list in the paper, and was thrilled to find that one of the horses was called Romola. Considerably excited, all the tumbler users laid bets on the horse, in one case to a considerable amount. The beast was scratched three days before the race. . . .

The message is typical of the exasperating nature of some of the "information" one gets from "the spirits." It is equally difficult to dismiss it as mere coincidence or to ascribe it to a rational, benevolent, surviving intelligence.

I turn now to the second class of case falling under the head of abnormal psychological phenomena, in which human beings obtain or appear to obtain knowledge not accessible by ordinary methods. A knows, let us say, what is going on in the mind of B when B is silent or absent (Telepathy); A knows the suit and number of a card which B has selected at random but not looked at; A finds an object which B has hidden in a room; A from examination of an object which belonged to a murdered man discovers the corpse, or—less sensationally—A by feeling and looking at an object which you have taken out of your pocket tells you how and when you obtained it, and for what purpose you use it, and describes *its* past history, and an impressive slice of yours. . . . The variations in the deliverances of this abnormal faculty whereby certain persons apparently obtain knowledge otherwise than through the five senses are innumerable, and I propose to class them together under the general heading of Clairvoyance. Now I do not wish to deny the existence of these abnormal faculties. In fact, I am inclined to regard them as established. Yet I cannot honestly say that I have ever witnessed an example of their exercise which was *quite certainly* not amenable to explanation by other and more normal methods.

Let me take as an illustration of this generalization the Rhine experiments in telepathy and clairvoyance, which I will assume to be familiar to readers of *Harper's Magazine*. When the news of these experiments first reached England, psychologists were impressed and excited. Here it seemed at least was experimental proof both of telepathy and of clairvoyance. For here were people returning an average of 11 correct guesses per 25 cards over as many as 3,400 trials. Here, again, were telepathic experiments in which the minds attached to two bodies separated by a distance of two hundred and fifty miles managed to communicate with each other to the tune of an average of 10.1 correct guesses per 25 cards, and so on. . . . There were, it seemed obvious, only three possible explanations: chance, fraud, and telepathy. Chance was ruled out by mathematics. As to fraud, elaborate safeguards are described in Dr.

Rhine's books, but the greatest objection to the fraud hypothesis was and is to my mind psychological. Was it really credible that half a dozen members of a university staff, working with a constantly changing group of students, would have been content to conduct a series of what must have been exceedingly monotonous experiments, lasting for more than three years, with no other object than that of making fools of one another? Is it further credible that, if this were indeed the case, nobody would have given the game away? Dr. Rhine's books have been widely read, yet, so far as I know, no one of those engaged in carrying out the experiments has been found to cast serious doubts on the *bona fides* of their author.

Accordingly, the only reasonable explanation seemed to lie in some form of telepathy and clairvoyance and, as I say, we in England were appropriately excited. Could we not reproduce Rhine's results? Arrangements were accordingly made by the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, described in my previous article, to see if we could do in England what Professor Rhine had done in America. Following his methods fairly closely, we have so far conducted nearly 100,000 experiments, with nearly 100 different sitters, and in no single case has the number of correct guesses varied appreciably from the "chance" figures. A similarly negative result has, I understand, attended a series of similar experiments which have been conducted by Professor Thouless at Glasgow. Are we to assume that there is something about the English temperament which makes it either unable to mind-read or unwilling to have its mind read? Professor Rhine has, I believe, suggested something of the sort. But even so, it is, to say the least of it, significant that what Rhine's students did so easily we cannot do at all. Anyway, the flush of enthusiasm has now disappeared from my first unsuspecting acceptance of telepathy.

Experiments with the medium, Marion, have tended to deepen my doubts. For here was a man giving performances which *prima facie* one felt bound to ascribe to supernormal mental faculties such as telepathy and clairvoyance, but which turned out, after careful investigation, to be nothing more nor less than the results of *hyperaesthesia;* events which, in other words, there was every inducement to believe to be witnesses to the powers of Marion's mind, were in point of fact only testimonies to the keenness of his senses.

Marion, whom we had the privilege of investigating at the laboratory of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation for a period of six months during the first half of 1934, came to us with a great reputation as a telepathist and a clairvoyant. His performances fell into two main classes. (1) He would find objects hidden in a room. (2) He would recognize playing cards which he had touched but not seen. Considerations of space prevent me from describing Marion's procedure at length, but I will take a couple of examples, one from each class. A small object, let us say a marked coin, is given to Marion which he handles in order, as he puts it, to "get the sense of it." Marion then leaves the room. The object is hidden, let us suppose, in my left-hand waistcoat pocket. There are six persons in the room; of these five, including myself, are sitting behind a curtain. The sixth goes out and brings Marion into the room, the sixth knowing where the object is hidden. Marion proceeds to explore the room, making little darting movements and passes with his hands. *At no point does the sixth person make any actual physical contact with Marion,* but he follows him as he walks up and down. In due course, after a period which may vary from half a minute to three or four, Marion locates the object in my pocket.

Here is a typical performance of the second class. A red card is taken and placed face upward on five black cards. The lights are turned out. Marion enters and is handed the red card whose denomination, in the darkness, he cannot distinguish. He holds it for a second or two and then returns it to the experi-

menter. The lights are put on; the cards are carefully shuffled under the table; the pack is bent once or twice, and the cards are then slid face downward in front of Marion. Marion does not touch the cards but makes sweeping passes over them with his hands; he rejects five of them and selects the sixth, which is the red one. Sometimes the six cards were placed in six sealed envelopes.

In each of these two cases it certainly looked as if Marion, who time and again was successful in producing results of this type, were giving evidence of the possession of supernormal mental powers. This at least was the assumption which we at first felt inclined to make; but careful experiment showed that the assumption was unnecessary. Take, for example, the first class of experiment. If the sitters were visible Marion apparently divined from the observation of small muscular movements visible in their faces, when he was "getting warm." If there were no visible sitters he had no success, except in the case when one of those who knew where the object was placed followed him as he walked about the room. In such circumstances it appeared that Marion deduced the whereabouts of the object from small variations in the footsteps of the person following him. If the person wheeled himself about in a specially constructed chair or cabinet, so that there were no footsteps, Marion again had no success. Marion's perceptual powers were quite astonishingly acute. Let us suppose that one person, and one only, who knows the whereabouts of the hidden object sits in the room with his body concealed and his head and shoulders covered with a hood. Marion would still divine the whereabouts of the object by observing the, to us, imperceptible movements under the hood of the head and shoulders of the person who knew its whereabouts, as Marion, in the course of his exploration of the room, approached or moved away from it.

Now as to the card experiment. The conclusion to which we came was that Marion in handling the red card in the experiment described imparted to it a slight flex or bend. Imperceptible to us, this flex or bend survived the shuffling and further bending by the shuffler.

In some cases Marion relied for his divination upon a study of the contact which a chosen and previously handled card made with the surface of the table, this appearing to be to his acute senses different from the contact made by the non-handled cards. Similarly, Marion could identify a stiff millboard card, which he had been allowed to hold in the dark, by means of his sensitive touch.

These statements are dogmatic.*

This conclusion has, I suggest, considerable bearing on the Rhine experiments, suggesting as it does that hyperaesthesia, and not telepathy or clairvoyance may have played a considerable part in the production of Dr. Rhine's results.

Second, there is a recent experience of my own of the almost incredible cleverness of a conjuror. Let me say here in case the apparent connection of ideas should mislead the reader, that Marion was in no sense a conjuror. He himself offered no explanation as to the method by which his results were produced. If, as I am suggesting, his results were due to hyperaesthesia, I doubt whether he himself knew that they were. Long years of practice have made the reading of small indications perceptible to Marion's senses, but not to ours, a subconscious mental process of which Marion is probably unaware, and which he is certainly unable to analyze. The difference between a subconscious mental recalling of small sensory signs and what may be called straightforward telepathy raises difficult psychological questions, which I cannot pursue here.

* I cannot give detailed reasons in support of each one of them here. The general grounds upon which they rest are two. There is, first, the fact that when tactual and visual clues were ruled out the number of correct guesses which Marion made in regard to cards and other objects, was no greater than such as would be obtained by chance. They embody the conclusion of the observer in charge of the Marion experiment, S. G. Soal, M.A., B.Sc., whose work *Preliminary Studies of a Vaudeville Telepathist,* University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, Bulletin 3, is largely responsible for the formation of my own views on this subject.

However, to return to my conjuror. A friend of mine, who although not a professional conjuror, nevertheless possesses remarkable powers, has on several occasions given to small parties of friends displays which, had one not known their author, one would quite certainly have ascribed to supernormal mental faculties. For example, my friend, whom I will call K, takes a pack of cards and gives them to some one member of a group of persons whom we will call A. A, we will suppose, has no conjuring powers—A, in fact, on one occasion was myself. K goes out of the room. A selects somebody else, B, at random, and asks B to take a card. B selects a card and shows it to the others, but not to A. B puts the card back in the pack, shuffles the pack, and returns it to A. K enters the room, takes the pack in his hand, feels it, and then returns it to A. A then takes the cards one by one and lays them face downward on the table. When the card which has been selected is reached, K, who, it will be remembered, has never seen or touched the card, asks A to stop and announces that this is the selected card. He then asks A what the card is, and A, who presumably possesses no abnormal powers of thought-reading or divination—as I certainly have not—answers correctly. Now it certainly looks as if these were examples both of clairvoyance and of thought-reading, but K has assured me that all that is involved is a display of high-class conjuring, and has actually given me an inkling of how the tricks are done.

I mention these matters not because I wish to throw doubt upon the existence of telepathy and clairvoyance—indeed, as I said above, I am prepared to regard their appearance as occasionally, though infrequently, manifested human faculties, as established—but in support of the statement made earlier in the article that, so far as I am concerned, no indubitable examples either of telepathy or of clairvoyance have come my way. My belief in them is, therefore, founded on general considerations touching the nature of the human mind.

III

So far as physical phenomena are concerned, the explanation which seems to me to cover the largest part of the field is that which is known as the psychic factor theory. According to this theory a mind is not a natural or primitive thing, is not, that is to say, one of the basic constituents of the universe, but is a complex or derivative thing. It is, in other words, something which only comes into existence as a result of the combination of two factors, neither of which is itself mental. The factors in question are of course the body and what I will call noncommittally "the psychic factor." The psychic factor is not a mind, but an immaterial element conceived more or less after the likeness of the vital force or activity postulated by writers like Shaw, which combines with the body to form a mind. At death the combination is dissolved, but it does not therefore follow that the psychic factor ceases to exist. It may survive the dissolution of the body for at any rate a limited period, and during this period it may retain and again exercise its capacity for combining with a body to form a mind.

Let us now consider the condition of the medium at a séance. The medium is in a trance. The precise meaning which should be attached to this expression is doubtful. Modern psychology has devoted considerable attention to the investigation of trance conditions, but precisely what account should be given of them, or whether the same account should be given of all of them, is far from clear. Let us, however, assume the dualistic hypothesis, according to which the human personality is a combination of two distinct elements, a body and a spirit which animates the body, and suppose further that the trance state really does involve what it appears to involve, namely, that the medium's spirit has temporarily vacated his body, or is at least for the time being not in control of it. There is nothing inconceivable in this hypothesis; cases of dual personality, which suggest that the same body may be the seat of two dif-

ferent spirits which animate it successively, also suggest that an animating spirit may be temporarily withdrawn. We will assume then, without examining all that is implied by the assumption, that the medium's body is left temporarily uninhabited by his spirit, or that the normal connection between his spirit and his body has at least been temporarily suspended. It is with this temporarily unoccupied or uncontrolled body of the medium that, according to theory, the surviving psychic factor of the dead person temporarily combines; and upon the combination there emerges as before a mind. This mind is a new mind, since the factors upon which it emerges have not been previously associated. It is not the mind of the medium, since the psychic factor is that of the dead person; it is not the mind of the dead person, since the body is that of the medium. Moreover, it is a temporary mind, continuing to exist only for the duration of the séance, or until such time as the medium wakes from his trance and his own spirit returns to control its body or—if we assume that it has gone temporarily out of existence—resumes its interrupted existence.

The attractiveness of this theory consists in its ability to explain the peculiarly puzzling quality of many spirit communications, which is not so much that they are unintelligible and inaccurate as that they are not completely unintelligible and completely inaccurate; or, to put the point in another way, that, being as accurate and intelligible as they are, they are not more so.

Messages do sometimes convey information, which, so far as can be conjectured, could not possibly have been within the medium's own knowledge. The messages seem, moreover, at times to emanate from a particular source which, both in regard to the nature of its communications and the information it appears to possess, certainly suggests the mind of a person known to have died. On the other hand, as I have pointed out, the messages are rarely detailed or definite; in fact, they are so little detailed and so little definite that it is always possible to doubt their origin and the personality of their sender. "If," the sitter cannot help thinking, "it is really my friend who has passed over who is communicating, why does he not speak more exactly and in detail of his condition and experiences, refer to those private matters that were known only to me and to him, and send words of comfort and consolation which are not vague generalities but have a special message for me?" Moreover, as I have already noted, many of the messages seem to bear upon them traces of the medium's personality and to convey the sort of knowledge and ideas which the medium might be expected to possess.

This double characteristic of appearing vaguely to relate, yet relating neither clearly nor satisfactorily, to the dead person, and of appearing to relate to, without in fact expressing, the personality of the medium, is accounted for by the psychic factor theory. The reference to the dead person is explained by the circumstance that the psychic factor concerned is that of the dead person; the absence of definiteness and "personality" in the messages by the fact that it is not with the *mind* of the dead person that contact is established, since this mind ceased to exist when the combination of psychic factor and body was dissolved. The indications which point to the medium's personality are due to the fact that the medium's body is one of the elements upon which the new temporary mind emerges; but these indications are rarely conclusive for the reason that, once again, it is not the medium's mind with which contact is established and which is responsible for the messages. How long and in what form the psychic factor survives, it is impossible to say. The existence of a psychic factor is of course mere guesswork, and the theory is put forward only as a hypothesis. Whether the reader will be prepared to accept it or not depends upon the general background of psychological presuppositions with which

he starts. To a Behaviorist, for example, it would be unacceptable.

A further and more fanciful extension of the same theory would suggest that poltergeist phenomena, and even apparitions, may be due to the fact that it is not with a body, that is to say, with the body of the medium, that the surviving psychic factor of a dead person combines but with matter other than that of a human body, for example, with sheets of mist in the case of ghosts which haunt the place in which a particular person died, or weights or bells or doors or crockery in the case of poltergeist phenomena. Having made this suggestion, I am appalled by its extravagance, and am to be understood by the reader to be more than half disposed to withdraw it. Yet what is one to do? The facts are totally fantastic. If one does not reject them as due to fraud or unsupported hearsay, one has no alternative but to postulate some totally fantastic explanation.

As to telepathy and clairvoyance, I see no reason why we should not regard these as native powers of the human mind whose use is normally withheld from consciousness, as being, in other words, normal vital powers which are, however, normally inaccessible. Why inaccessible? Because, if we could read the hidden thoughts of our friends and foresee the future the need for struggle and endeavor, the need to sharpen our faculties and to use to the full our conscious powers in order that we may live and maintain ourselves, would not exist. So-called supernormal powers are, in other words, from the biological point of view, a disability. Life develops in and through us, its individual expressions; moreover, life develops through struggle and endeavor. Life withholds, therefore, from us, its individual expressions, the full use of all the vital factors with which our unconscious is endowed, since their conscious possession would remove the incentive to struggle. Nevertheless, on occasion the barrier which separates the conscious from the unconscious is leveled, the veil is lifted, and we enter into the full inheritance of our vital powers. Now these cases are more particularly associated with those occasions upon which the individual's career as an individual expression of life is closing, or is threatening to close. These are, on my theory, occasions when the purpose for which life has created the instrument, which is a particular human being, has been served, the use which life had for this particular instrument terminated. The reasons which have led to the withholding of the full powers of life from the individual instrument no longer, therefore, obtain. It is in this connection not without significance that most reported cases of telepathic communication occur in times of great mental stress. The typical case is that in which an individual in imminent danger of death communicates telepathically with a loved person who is known to be anxious for his safety. The mother sitting at home receives a telepathic communication from her son in the trenches warning her of his danger, or sees what subsequently turns out to have been a true vision of him lying wounded or dead about the time at which the wound was received.

Another common class of case is that of persons who in danger of death have at the last moment been rescued. There is a well-supported tradition in the case, for example, of persons who have been nearly drowned, that, as hope begins to be abandoned and the individual feels himself sinking, a moment of clairvoyance occurs in which the whole of his life passes before him in a flash. Remote and long-forgotten incidents are recalled with the greatest vividness and detail, and years of experiences are lived through in what is subsequently found to have been an instant of time.

Common to both these types of cases is the danger of imminent death to the persons concerned. In other words, to translate into the language of the theory I have outlined, the separated current of life which constitutes the individuality of the wounded soldier and the drowning man is about to revert to the main stream. Is

it too fanciful to suggest that, since the function for which these individual organisms were constituted has now apparently been performed, the limitations which, it is suggested, have been imposed, in order that there may be incentive to its performance, are withdrawn? The individual whose lease of life as an individual is about to be terminated enters, therefore, into the enjoyment of some of those larger and more extended powers of life stored up in his unconscious, which are normally withheld from him. He sees his past in a flash and has the power of direct communication with persons not present to him.

A CALIFORNIAN ON THE COAST OF MAINE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I

SHE stood, a rounded figure, golden-skinned
But for her graying fingers, and her feet,
Blue as the pebbles rattling under the sheet
Of glassy foam. She chattered and she grinned.
She hugged herself in agony of the wind,
And turned her suffering eyes where, icy-sweet,
She heard the hopping sandpipers repeat
Their gossamer song, that floated taut and thinned.
She wished herself three thousand miles away
And westward from this gaunt and rigid ledge,
These pines, these stones, this merciless, slaty day,
And southward on the country's kindlier edge.
She ached and cried, remembering those beaches
Where people ripen in the sun like peaches.

II

Here on this keener coast the swimmers race
Down the chill, salty sand with flying hair,
All indolence renounced, no time to spare
For lolling attitudes of sunburnt grace.
With hands clenched hard, eyes wide, and a set face,
First sharpening their bodies on the air,
Flashing like knives, they run, they leap, they dare
To take the wave in one complete embrace.
With love, in dread, they passionately put
All body and all spirit in one dive.
They take the terrific shock from head to foot,
Yet all come back with laughter, all alive,
Their limbs all rosy-red, each girl and boy,
As if their hearts had burst in them for joy.



ON TRYING TO KEEP HUMAN IN CAMBRIDGE

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

It is always exciting to return from newer regions of the United States to Cambridge, Massachusetts. If I chance to come in from the west along the Charles River I begin while we are still in Newton to strain my eyes for a first glimpse of the commanding familiar bulk of Memorial Hall, with its steadily growing family of white towers and spires spreading out in every direction. As soon as I am at home I must walk some streets that I have known and see some faces that I have seen before and hear speech that I have come to like more than any other.

"Well, you see I didn't have to go back across after that job of being King," remarked the stooped, blue-eyed old Irishman who has swept our street for a dozen years, when he noticed me and thought I must be just back from somewhere. "But it does beat hell how one American woman can march right in over there and change the whole drift of everything."

The surgeons had first carved a piece out of one side of his face, and then down the side of his neck, but he declared that he was still going strong and that it was a fine day.

Something like that I encounter almost before I am out of the house. Then I wander, relaxed and at ease with the world, over miles of brick sidewalks—unquestionably the worst ones in existence—and reacquaint myself with the familiar. I must get to feeling at home once more so that I may settle down to chapter-the-next.

I walk along Kirkland Street, where I used sometimes to meet William James as I hurried to class, and recall the friendly steadiness of his eyes as I risked glancing at his face; I wander on through the Harvard Yard and Harvard Square with their high percentage of live, intelligent-looking people, and on down to the Charles, where the flashing oars of a half-dozen speeding shells ripple and rib clear water that is full of the reflection of white towers; I walk along the river and enjoy one of the Cambridge skies celebrated by a Cambridge poet; I pass a grocery store where Dean Le Baron R. Briggs one day stood backed against the rough-faced brick wall, with the front of one shoe heel lifted and hooked on the upper edge of the cement foundation and with a green bookbag full of groceries over his shoulder, and told me a story that he relished.

Cambridge is full of such memories. Cambridge is full of much else that is pleasant. Cambridge seems not to impose upon me a single disagreeable fact. I am in a haven of safety. Yet I do not long feel altogether safe. After a few days I am aware of an irritation, as if nettles were growing up here and there through the wide cracks between the bricks of the sidewalks and attaining my own height.

I always have this experience when I remain in Cambridge long enough. It recurs, I have to admit, because of my attitude toward human beings as I have known them. This attitude is nothing that I boast of; but because it seems to me

such a reasonable one for anybody to hold, I sometimes reveal it when I am not trying to do so. In the abstract, it is simply this: I should like to see any person who possesses responsive native equipment possess also the livable surroundings and the freedom from inner conflict and emotional insecurity that would permit him to enjoy an enriched consciousness of life. For to me it is through enrichment of consciousness that a man comes—if at all—to the sense of harmony and fair prospect that saves him from being a lunatic or a beast.

This means more than it seems to say. For I have come to believe that the number of human beings who possess responsive equipment—who are moved to think about their own lives and to aspire to a better one of some kind, and who do aspire, perhaps up to some breaking-point along the way—is much greater than it is fashionable to admit. I know railroad engineers, oil drillers, coal miners, Pullman porters, shoe cobblers, elevator operators, potters, bricklayers, farm owners, farm wives, and farm hands whose essential gentility, humor, consideration for neighbors next door or on the other side of the earth, capacity to look at new facts and grasp their meaning, and hungerings for some unachieved satisfying life could be matched with the qualities of any group of business men, public officials, or college teachers that might be assembled for the test. I should like to see all such people, regardless of their economic rating or race or special beliefs, come into possession of whatever is required to afford them some of life's compensations.

Now anybody who lets it be known that he believes great numbers of human beings in the United States deserve a better opportunity than they enjoy, and that he favors seeing that they get it, inevitably begets special trouble for himself in Cambridge. I ought to remember this and develop some safer technic of precaution. But each time I come back I find Cambridge at once so friendly to me as a person, and on the surface so friendly toward the world in general, that I am habitually beguiled into the necessity of learning everything all over again.

It was just so when I came back the last time. One morning when I went down to the bank to see whether I had any balance I chanced to meet an acquaintance. I had two or three etchings or lithographs from the Southwest under my arm.

"Something interesting?" he asked as he tried to peer through the thin paper.

I showed them to him. One was an artist's idealization of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

He studied it for a moment. "Now what business have they with such buildings as those way down there?"

The next day I received a sharper, heavier impression. A friend had asked me to have a bite of lunch with him at the Faculty Club. As soon as we were seated he confessed that he had asked me because he hoped to get something out of me. I traveled, I saw the country. Now what did I think of the looks of things? Before he gave me any opportunity to tell him he told me between great choleric swallows of soup what he himself thought. The country was going to hell. Just consider his own case. He was actually worse off than he had been in the evil days of the depression. His Harvard salary, it was true, had not been reduced. But it had not been reduced in the depression either. That was just the trouble. Prices had now gone up and he could not save as much to invest as in 1932.

I sought to comfort him. I told him that I had just returned from the Dust Bowl in northwestern Oklahoma and that, with somewhat better prices, farmers who had faced starvation only three or four years ago were now quite heroically managing to get along.

Well, yes, he supposed there might be a little something in that. But the taxes a man had to pay!

I sought to ease him along a little farther. I had seen, in the same region, how usefully some of the money collected by the government is spent. The farmers in the region had been suffering heavy losses from a certain disease among their cattle, and a government agency was the only

one that could direct the war against the disease in so wide an area. I had found it reassuring to see scientific knowledge thus made a regular part of the farmer's resources.

He took larger and larger bites of cold tongue at increased speed. Then he let go: "There you are! It wasn't enough for us to feed all those Middle Westerners in the depression. We've got to be taxed so that somebody from one of their cow colleges can have the job of telling them what to do for their sick cattle. That's how much individual initiative there is left! The whole damned country is going socialistic."

He wanted resistance. So I tried not to seem merely amused. "Now, just wait a minute. Let's get the whole thing straight. On the way up from New York I sat for an hour and watched the lighthouses on every ledge and point along the Connecticut shore. As I understand it, they are all maintained by private capital?"

"My God! You mean to say that there's no difference between the two cases?"

"Why, yes. Protecting shipping after it is in boats is democracy, and protecting it while it is still walking round on four feet is socialism."

Since I denied him the impetus of showing any temper, he let a hot smile flash over his face while he declared that I ought to have my bachelor's degree taken away from me. How a man who seemed as sane as I did in many matters could be so absolutely crazy in economics was more than he could figure out.

As I walked homeward I stopped before a bookshop on lower Brattle Street to look at the titles in the window. A man of my years whom I have long known stopped beside me. "Just the expert I'm needing. Recommend a couple of good books to me—not tripe, but real meat."

"There they are," I said, "both by the same author." Thurman W. Arnold's *The Symbols of Government* and *The Folklore of Capitalism* were displayed together.

"Must be some God-damned Communist—if titles mean anything."

It did no good to assure him that the author held a somewhat respectable professorship in the Yale Law School. The colleges were all going to hell—Yale especially.

I kept to my work for several days and ate my lunch at Sears Roebuck's counter, a half-mile from Harvard Square.

But one afternoon I had to go down to the post office. It was raining, and just as I entered the lobby a man turned on his heel from the stamp window with such abruptness, and brushed past two or three of us and out into a waiting cab with such an air of contempt for everybody in sight, that I took a second look. As he settled back into the cab I thought I had never seen a more perfect representative of the body of New Englanders who subscribe to the Symphony, contribute to charities, entertain their friends with genuine cordiality, and drive their employees hard.

"Saw you noticing that fellow," the man at the wicket said. "You looked at him as if you had about the same opinion of him that I have. Somebody left some steamship reservations there on the desk in the lobby a while ago. They were for space on a boat that is sailing to-night. I telephoned to the steamship offices and gave them the numbers of the staterooms, and they managed to get in touch with the owner. He was the bird you saw. When I passed the tickets through to him he took them as if they were money I owed him and never even grunted in thanks."

II

Every day I came upon some new or half-repeated variation of this strange partnership of cordiality and contempt, or cordiality and choleric rage, or cordiality and fear. One evening the wife of Albert Schweitzer lectured in behalf of his hospital in Africa. Since the evening when a waitress who is also a poet and a sensitive philosopher had first brought one of his books to me I had always re-

garded him as one of the great men of our time. But now, as his wife presented his case for him—talking on in broken English and showing colored slides of the suffering natives who were ready to endure any hardship for weeks or months in order to reach the hospital—he seemed not only great, but infinitely gentle in his unsentimentalized love for his kind. I understood better now how he was willing to subordinate his interest in Bach, and the building and playing of organs, and his quest of the historical Jesus, and his work on the stumbling march of civilization, to this one great enterprise of expressing in a specific way his reverence for all life. I thought I understood a little better too why he felt out of sympathy with the unthinking age in which he lived, and in consequence experienced a great isolation. Some women near us wept, and at the end of the lecture the audience contributed generously toward the hospital's continuation.

A day or two later a woman in our neighborhood remarked to me that she had seen us there—and wasn't it a wonderful thing Albert Schweitzer was doing? I spoke of having recently been down among the mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky, and of the need down there not only for hospitals but for something much more difficult to contribute.

A shadow swept her face as though I had announced the threat of invasion by a foreign enemy. But she recovered quickly and said she supposed that I was right. But didn't I think that giving money to people pauperized them? She had once known of an instance. She sketched it. She had actually known that instance herself. Then she wandered away into the safely vague and universal, and ended by obliging me to hear for the millionth time the story of the poor family that had been moved into a comfortable little house only to use the new bathtub to keep the coal in. I had heard some version of it in every city in the country.

I doubled my vigilance in keeping away from people who might want to know what I thought about anything except the weather. When I one day met a man just at lunch time who said that he understood I had been away and that he'd like to ask me some questions, I hastened to reply that I had to be over in the city in fifteen minutes—and then in order to make my words true, I went over. I could eat just as well over there and maybe do an errand or two afterward.

I sought out a quiet restaurant off Charles Street where one may eat upstairs. As I was about to sit down I heard somebody calling my name—my first name. Two men with whom I had had a casual Harvard Square acquaintance for years were at a table for three.

"We're giving hell to the New Deal; come over and join us."

While I waited for my order I listened in silence. But silence was not what they wanted; they wanted approval.

When they finally smoked me out I tried to make myself clear by saying that since I believed the aspirations of individual human beings were more important than anything else, I clung to no partisanships or organized antipathies, but accepted or rejected measures on the basis of whether they afforded more people an opportunity for growth.

They looked at me and at each other in consternation. "Do you mean to say then that you can find some things to accept in what this God-damned Russian dictator is doing down at Washington?"

I did not have to answer. Nor did I have opportunity to insist that my interests are not politically partisan, but only those of a man who is aware that human beings have a common destiny. For they took all the time to tell me what they thought of the President of the United States. I should like to make a record of what they called him, of what the vast majority of my pleasant friends call him when somebody's chance remark frees them of all inhibitions. Once when I was writing something on Abraham Lincoln I did print a paragraph of names that his opponents had applied to him. But the ones my neighbors apply to the

President of the United States in these newer days of freedom are not printable—even in these newer days. It is only possible to record something of the point of view that friends of mine hold. One of these two—the more moderate of them—had hoped the train would run off the track when the President was on his way to the Harvard Tercentenary, but there had been no such good luck. He had been obliged to content himself with hearing one of his classmates who had had a houseful of the old crowd in for a little cheer tell one of their number who had defended the President that he was never to darken his door again.

Then their true state of mind began to reveal itself. "But what else could you expect? He was elected by the riffraff! Twenty millions of them bought outright!"

I suggested that the poetic spirit seemed about to flower again in New England.

"Just what the hell am I to make of that remark anyhow? Are you turning rabble-rouser yourself?"

Then I tried to grow formal. I quoted two lines of Carl Sandburg's that I had just been reading—about

> the distinction between a demagogue squawking
> and the presentation of tragic plainspoken fact.

But he found no comfort in them. Instead, he sought the harder to think of something that would express his contempt for what he called "the great unwashed" American people. "We might as well have Hitler over here. He would at least get rid of a few Jews."

I was completing the inevitable cycle. I was coming anew to see what Cambridge is like—not East Cambridge or North Cambridge, but the Harvard Square Cambridge that gives the city its name. Despite all that has been written about New England aloofness, the people in Cambridge are cordial. And they are perhaps as ready as any to tolerate the mere physical presence of a variant among them. But Cambridge is too complete in itself. This Cambridge—the Cambridge known in books—is made up largely of people who are at once endowed financially—either through private income or through salaries from an endowed institution—and blessed with the spiritual advantages of all that has been done by human beings in a long descent of years. They circulate chiefly among themselves. The people whom they know are not facing any such unthinkable disaster as starvation in a dust storm, or civil war in an industrial city, or freezing in a blizzard, or suffocation in a mine. They therefore find it easy to believe that people who live in the world of such abject terrors and continue to suffer from them do so because of some defect of character. I have been told times without number in Cambridge that the unemployed could find employment if they were made of the right stuff. I have been told the same thing in other places—but only occasionally. In Cambridge the idea is a concentrate. It does little good to suggest that there must have been a strange relapse to laziness all at once in 1929 or 1930. The questions keep right on coming: "Why don't they stop trying to grow wheat out there?" "If they don't want to work in an automobile factory, why don't they do something else?" "Why do people want to live in North Dakota anyhow?" "I can't imagine anybody's wanting to work in a dirty coal mine. They must be pretty shiftless or they wouldn't do it."

Cambridge does not mean to be either provincial or heartless. The people who count pride themselves on being open-minded. But you have to find the side of their minds that is open. They declare they are liberals—"true liberals." And they prove their point by turning out in large numbers to hear such men as Mr. Walter Lippmann. While he employs easy-looking processes of reasoning to reduce the disquieting shapeless facts of life to neat intellectual packages, their sense of liberality is glowing. They carry his packages away, and at dinner tables where everybody feels as they do—if he doesn't he keeps still—they have the great excite-

ment of discovering that if you are a true liberal no action of any kind has to be taken.

III

This is the Cambridge that I must expect to see as long as I go away and come back. For this Cambridge derives its way of looking at human beings largely from the Harvard round which it has grown up. Not that Harvard is without excellencies. She has them, almost beyond comparison. The library is now the largest university library in the world; Fogg Museum is almost unique among the smaller museums of art; the Harvard University Press is an author's ideal publisher; the persons of distinction from other countries who are lecturing at Harvard each year are numerous enough to constitute a kind of circulating university themselves; and among the many persons in the various faculties who rank high in the world of learning there are occasional men whose feeling toward mankind in the concrete is genuinely liberal. "We keep some around," said a man who was formerly an official part of Harvard, and who does not like liberals, "just to show to people when they ask if we've got any." Whether or not this is the true explanation, these men are present, and they comfort anyone who is aware that the contemporary world exists and that some of the people in it require a better chance.

But no one who lives next door to Harvard, no matter how much he esteems the institution or how much affection he may have for the men who taught him there, can believe that the official drift of Harvard is in the direction taken by these occasional men. It is not toward any sympathetic rapid extension of democracy in the specific. The institution is too intricately enmeshed in its source of financial supply. Ralph Waldo Emerson perceived what was happening. He protested in 1861 that whereas the institution ought to be a "fountain of novelties out of heaven, a Delphos uttering warning and ravishing oracles to lift and lead mankind," it was nothing of the sort because it was dominated by State Street. In seventy-five years little seems to have changed unless it is the name of the street that may most appropriately be singled out as symbolic. Although something actually new and untrammeled seems to appear from time to time, it somehow always shapes itself to fit into a frame of reference made by somebody who was thinking of something else.

Inescapably such an environment fosters sterility in anything important to men and women who through social maladjustments are unable to enjoy an enriched consciousness of life. Investigators, instead of risking clues to what seem to be new social facts and expressions of new kinds of human need, keep to the safer practice of applying learning to compiled statistics. Instead of immersing themselves in the experience of suffering fellow-mortals until they know the feel of life as these others live it, they talk about cycles and recessions and subsistence levels and permanent relief rolls and sociological projects as if people were but matters of research to be compiled and recorded by graduate students for easier consideration—and disposition. Harvard will engage in vast and pretentious researches, make valuable contributions in such socially neutral fields as astronomy, chemistry, archaeology, and cancer, and occasionally yield minor concessions to the newer democratic spirit. But it is no more to be expected that Harvard will kick free of her restraints and lead off boldly in behalf of any economic democracy that would elevate large numbers of submerged individual men to opportunities of growth than that Duke University will launch a crusade against the use of tobacco.

Cambridge, then, comes naturally into an unshakable non-understanding of the dreams and the sufferings of diversified men and women. It comes just as naturally into its state of mistrust and fear. It sees people not as individuals craving the best they can get out of life, but as categories, organizations, masses. And masses of people have made trouble.

Just look at Russia and Germany and Spain. Cambridge seems unable to know how harmless and gentle human beings are when they are treated considerately as individuals and made to feel that they are a valid and an appreciated part of the scheme of things.

And Cambridge is so engrossed with all sorts of pleasant and creditable matters that it acts as a hypnotic. I like Cambridge. Cambridge is busy with a hundred concerns that interest me. And Cambridge is home. But in this nicely conditioned atmosphere how can a man experience the chill and the heat that keep in him a vital reverence for all life? For a time I must get away.

It is not enough to walk up into North Cambridge or over into Somerville. There is still in full sight the Cambridge of towers and spires to beguile me with its bulging but unattached logic, its brightness so devoid of warmth that it almost has one believing that warmth is not necessary. I must get farther away—out among some textile workers in New Hampshire, some sharecroppers' children in Arkansas, some women and grandfathers waiting in silence at the mouth of a smoldering mine in Ohio, some unemployed automobile workers in Michigan who are trying to understand the difference between a depression and a recession, some west Kansas farmers who have had three wheat crops in succession burned up by the sun but are grimly planting another. I feel the need of them.

CONFLAGRATION

BY ELIZABETH GREY STEWART

ALLOW me one last look at them, my dear—
My burning bridges lighting up the night.
Pause in respect, as for some pagan rite,
And listen, for the air is still and clear,
And in the hissing of the fire I hear
The sounds of demolition, as the blaze
Consumes the burden of my wasted days.
Does it seem final to your eager ear?
The darkness closes in, the lambent flame
Burns lower, flares a moment, and goes out.
Nothing is left, no scar, no charred black frame;
My bridges have gone down. Can you now doubt?
At last that singleness I used to lack
Is mine—because there is no turning back.

The Lion's Mouth

THE ISMS ARE AFTER ME

BY EDWARD HUNTER

I've been put in my place. Just because I spent fifteen years abroad, engaged in tasks that required a study of foreign affairs, I thought that I really knew something about what was happening over there. The people who met me on my return to America acted as if they thought so too. They seemed anxious to have long talks with me and invited me to speak before their organizations. It was all very flattering.

"Tell us what's going on underneath the surface," they all said. "It'll be grand to meet someone who can tell us what he saw, for a change, instead of what he read, or what somebody told him."

They were especially emphatic about wanting to get an unbiased account. "Go right ahead and tell us both sides of everything. We know that this is the only way a sensible person can make up his mind on what's right and what's wrong." How often I heard that refrain!

Yet, in spite of this, trouble started at the first invitation I accepted. A young engineer who called himself an internationalist had attracted me by his tolerance and his attitude of fair-mindedness. He was extraordinarily well read too.

Our evening together started out auspiciously. He was as pleased as if I had done him a personal favor when I told him that the scores of Communist meetings and the scores of Fascist meetings which I attended in a dozen different countries all looked alike to me. While one side saluted with open palms, the other did so with closed fists; but otherwise their procedure and technic were the same, even down to most of their slogans.

The engineer was equally elated to hear me say that it didn't make any difference whether you were hit with a club painted red or a club painted white, your skull was cracked just the same. He particularly hung on every word of mine that might put the Communists in an unfavorable light. "I'm glad you haven't let them pull the wool over your eyes."

He was just as keen about my description of the successive steps by which our old-fashioned wars of aggression have been revived. He nodded in agreement when I traced the suspicious haste with which supposedly democratic governments allowed dictators to have their own way so long as they used the pious vocabulary and legalistic forms of a democracy.

But he fidgeted impatiently all through my anecdote about an American Socialist I had met in Spain early in the civil war. At a time when only the united effort of all non-Fascist groups could stave off their common destruction, this man had persisted in talking me blue in the face about the long-awaited opportunity to take advantage of a "revolutionary situation."

My listener finally interrupted to suggest that maybe he could explain that man's position for me. Before he had finished he had broadened into an analysis of world affairs in general. He shrugged aside my insistence that the American working man was better off than any others I had seen anywhere else in the world. He gave me a patronizing smile when I said that I hadn't seen any other people with the opportunities we had to achieve economic liberty without having to sacrifice political freedom.

We shook hands fervently at parting, and that was the last I saw of him. I learned from a mutual friend how disappointed the engineer had been in me. "Travel hasn't helped him at all," he

said. "It's amazing how little some people learn. He talks like a Fascist sympathizer. I don't see any use in meeting him any more. Despite all the opportunities he's had, if he still fails to understand that only the Socialist Party has the correct formula he's hopeless."

My next experience was with a doctor who, although in charge of an exclusive suburban hospital, tried hard to keep up with international affairs. He told me how he never allowed theory to stand in the way of facts. "Most of us get bogged up in trivialities," he said. "I like to get to the actualities that are behind words." He especially inquired about what I had seen of the warfare in Manchuria, Ethiopia, and Spain. When I mentioned that American who kept playing his political fiddle while Spain was burning he was positively elated. "That's Trotskyism all over," he exclaimed. "Don't I know it? They never learn a thing. They're just as obstructionist in America. Look how they tried to sabotage Roosevelt's naval program, when you'd have to be blind not to see that Fascist nations are just waiting to attack the democracies."

Then, knowingly, as if my agreement were a foregone conclusion, he remarked: "Isn't it a crime the way Blum double-crossed the legal Spanish Government?" He was taken aback by my reply that I had been in France when Blum originated his neutrality policy, and that it was evident that he had to choose between that and a Fascist *coup d'état* in his own country. "The Republic already was shaky," I went on, but the air seemed to have chilled. "Blum didn't feel that he had the right to endanger the existence of the French Republic when there were such vivid examples close by of how impossible it is to shake off a dictatorship once it gets its hand on power," I said.

"You're easily taken in," the doctor replied. "The true reason of course is that Blum belongs to the rich bourgeoisie of France. When the time came for him to throw his strength where it was needed he reneged. It was a typical Trotskyist maneuver."

This constant harping on Trotsky sounded so familiar after Europe! When we parted, the doctor too was oh, so cordial. He said he hoped we should meet again, and often. Only we never did meet any more. I found out why later. "Don't let him know I told you, but he's disappointed in you," one of his friends informed me. "He says that you must have Trotskyist sympathies. He says that he can't understand how you could have got so little out of your opportunities. He blames this on your ignorance of Marxian economics.

"He insists that you don't even understand English. When he used the term, 'American bourgeois' you asked him what he meant. He feels that there isn't much use in him trying to teach you anything, for if you haven't been able to come to the Communist point of view after all that you've seen, you probably never will. He says that he hasn't the time to open a kindergarten class."

Afterward there was the case of that lady whom I had known before I left America. Although she operated a dressmaking establishment of her own, she still had time to be active in women's clubs. This time, I felt sure, I should be justified in not worrying over politics at all, much less political affiliations.

Anyway, that's what I was thinking when the maid took my hat. But her mistress came out to meet me in the hallway, and before I had seated myself was already explaining: "You can't realize how eager I am to hear what's going on beneath the surface."

So I went through my recital once again, after she too had told me how lucky she felt herself at being able to get an unbiased account. She was obviously impressed when I pictured the Leftist disorders that I had witnessed on the streets of Paris. She shuddered when I recalled the casual invitation that the Spanish Anarchists had given me to attend some of their regular evening executions. She laughed about the weird mentality of the Japanese Communist I had met in Tokyo who was visualizing a

communist empire with the two thousand-year-old dynasty untouched.

There was a noticeable change in her attitude, however, when I began referring to an audience of young Royalists I had seen in Paris. While a speaker boasted of how they had started the series of street riots that overthrew the Government, and the Republic nearly along with it, they cheered by waving blackjacks and clubs.

"Yes, isn't it amazing how excited young people become?" was the sum total of her reaction. Then I told her about the pathetic scene I witnessed outside Fascist headquarters in Ethiopia, when the Italian war correspondents stood in a silent circle round one of their comrades, who had been ordered back to Rome by the army censor because he had not cabled an official communiqué in the way desired. "One might as well appeal against a stroke of lightning as against an official decree in a dictatorship," I remarked.

"You'll have to admit though," she came right back at me, "that Mussolini has done wonders for Italy. He's given the people self-respect. He's improved the country and ended unemployment."

I changed the subject to Germany's alliance with Japan. "There's nothing strange to the attachment between those two nations," I said. "It was Germany that modernized the Japanese Army, and now the Germans are trying to give their army the blend of patriotism and religion that Japan achieved a millennium ago."

But my host didn't see it that way. "Hitler saved Germany from Communism. He's giving the Germans what they want. They adore discipline."

Then she went on to interpret the "real meaning" of what was happening in Europe. "You haven't looked beneath the surface of those purely personal incidents that you've been telling me about," she complained. "You don't understand their true significance."

During the rest of the evening, I avoided mentioning anything more controversial than the way French traffic seems to flow without regulation. We parted as friends but we haven't met again. "You must have been tactless with her," an acquaintance informed me later. "She's furious. She insists that you tried to convert her to Communism."

So I was perfectly satisfied when my next appointment was with a broker who had no strong feelings at all on foreign affairs. He was merely interested, as he expressed it himself, in my personal experiences. He obviously was the type for whom newspaper headlines are written. He asked me right off what I knew about the Duke of Windsor and his Baltimore bride before their marriage, and was delighted when he found out that I had seen him shopping for jewels in Paris.

Presently he asked about Fascism and Communism, and showed appreciation when I told him how similar I had found the tactics of both.

"Now you know how we feel in America about having a dictator at the head of our government," he remarked in a matter-of-fact manner.

Maybe I should have let it pass. "You don't know what a dictator really means or you wouldn't be making such a fantastic statement," I said instead. "Where did you ever hear, for instance, of a dictator who is forced to cajole and compromise so as to get a law passed, and then is refused anyway? The mere fact that you're able to say what you did without fear of a concentration camp shows how democratic we are."

I restrained the rest of my remarks to nothing bolder than a defense of raw fish as eaten by the Japanese. When the time came to part, it was with the usual cordiality. But we're not meeting any more. He too has been disappointed in me.

"He's come back to America with a lot of foreign ideas," he told people. "He must have fallen for that corporate state bunk, for he approves of Roosevelt trying to put it over in America. I can't understand how, after living in dictatorships, he's not able to recognize the same thing when he sees it here. I didn't have to go abroad to see that. No, he's not the penetrating type that I expected."

The Easy Chair

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

MEMORY insists on thrusting up a newsboy wailing an extra some hours after midnight, doors opening on a wintry street, lights showing here and there, and, suddenly, a woman screaming. The scene is authentic but has been lifted out of sequence and brought forward a year and a half. It refers to another extra, about the sinking of another ship. What happened the first time was this. After his last class on Friday a college freshman took the interurban car home for the week-end. When he got to Ogden the newspaper he used to work for had put out an extra announcing that the *Lusitania* had been torpedoed. He read it but it didn't carry much shock—at first. The freshman took his girl to the movies that night, with much comfort, and here and there over the week-end he heard some damning of the Hun. But not much—for a while. Twenty-five hundred miles westward from the Atlantic, it took some time for rage to develop.

Several days later an English instructor at the University was reading a freshman theme aloud to the class. Part of a sentence in that theme survives: ". . . and the Astor Deep Sea Club has another millionaire member." Of the author the freshman remembers only that he had red hair, but he remembers that fragment of a sentence because it was the point where the instructor (dead a good many years now) went mad. He read that sentence twice and stood there cursing. He was a gentle soul but violence had taken hold of him, and the class writhed and cringed. The freshman sat up straight, suddenly, for that was how he had come to feel. Yes, the *Lusitania* had been sunk. . . . That was the first madness that occurred before his eyes, but it was not the last. The ground swell had reached Utah.

The Easy Chair, who is, making allowances for twenty-three years, that college freshman, has been making itself a burden to its friends, asking, "Do you remember when you heard that the *Lusitania* had been sunk?" One of them was boarding a train for Boston at Nahant and picked up a paper on the newsstand. Another was playing tennis within sight of Green Bay, and someone rode up to the court on a bicycle and shouted the news. Another was washing dishes in an upstate New York kitchen when the 'phone rang and her mother answered it and in a moment her mother was sobbing. And so on. Nearly everyone remembers the moment. A few do not. But everyone remembers what the freshman does: someone going mad, and then others, and then still others.

No one who lived through it has forgotten it. The horror that woke across the continent has been, ever since then, a cornerstone experience, a monument for the orientation of judgment. Here was a savagery new to warfare, or one that seemed to be new, or, if your scholarship was better than that, one that seemed a terrible anachronism, a vestige from an earlier and unspeakable period of history. By no distortion of words or logic could even the crew of that ship be called com-

batants in the war, and not only the crew were killed. Noncombatant enemies of Germany, neutrals, women, children, babies—the *U-20's* torpedo massacred 1,195 all told. No doubt it was the children and the babies that counted most in the horror which ran on the wind's feet. Men who were peacefully going about their private concerns, women who had no connection whatever with the War—these too of course; but sixty-three children, thirty-one of them babies! The mind shrank from thinking of those little corpses, those small and broken bodies sinking in the sea, those children playing on deck one moment and dead, mutilated, and dismembered the next moment. . . . You remember your own frenzy.

All right. What were you doing, where were you, whom were you talking to, when you heard about the first air raid on Barcelona? If you can't recall that scene at once, don't stop with Barcelona, for any Spanish city will do. Or, in a pinch, Shanghai. Surely a scarlet gash is cut across your memory at that moment—why do you fumble? After all, only 1,195 noncombatants were killed when the *Lusitania* was sunk, and nowadays that would be only a handful, the routine harvest of a few days. The *U-20* murdered only thirty-one babies and you went mad. And now every issue of your favorite illustrated weekly shows you that many babies, Spanish or Chinese, blown to bits and laid out in neat rows for the photographer—and you examine the pictures serenely, with a judicial eye, and move on with equal interest to the picture of Ginger Rogers in a bathing suit.

What has happened to you? What has happened to America? That something has happened, whether for good or evil, is monstrously clear. The world is swimming in children's blood: where is the flame that ran across the continent when a spoonful of it was spilled before? Is the nation remembering that the years which followed after that flame accomplished nothing whatever, except to make inevitable the wholesale murder of these children now? Or is it convinced, as much by its own nine years as by Europe's twenty, that nothing matters since Ragnarök is come?—Ragnarök, that doomsday from the northern ice when the chain Gleipnir which the dwarfs made to confine the Fenris-Wolf is sundered and gods and men go down together and no effort is worth anything. Or, more simply, is the nation indifferent to Ragnarök and children's shattered flesh alike—is this calm merely cynicism, merely apathy? . . . That would be the most terrible explanation of all.

One need not think of murdered children or even look abroad. It is true that a world where children are given gas-masks to take to school, a world where the threefold revolution perishes in two wars, a world rudderless and unmasted, is a spectacle for apathy. But if it is the bubonic plague that wastes Europe, something which is, compared to it, no more than chicken pox or hives has brought America close to the same plucking at the coverlet. Here where no child goes in danger of a falling bomb or packs a gas-mask with his school books, where no council of safety need print millions of leaflets explaining what to do when the planes come over, where no one has told the city dwellers to find places in the rocky hills before it is too late—here where the earth is opulent and the sands are full of oil and the mines are choked with metal, where the greater part of the world's actual wealth and a still larger fraction of its potential wealth are unimpaired—here where no heels click and no labor camps are set up and (except for Mayor Hague's) no Gestapos or Ogpus slide among crowds and crowds are still capable of laughter and even freedom—here the lesser malady has produced an apathy dangerously like the one from which the damnation overseas derived.

It is a strange thing, this new American torpor. There has been such an odd quiet these past nine months. The silence of our intellectuals is no great omen. Of the most extreme, one camp has been enfeebled by the realization that it has experienced Thermidor as has always

happened before, that the time surely comes to all visions when they must burn out; and the other camp is wearied by the shifts forced on it from abroad and by the bitter perception that, no matter how great the dream, this country will not fight Russia's war. Inward from the extreme, among the merely evangelical, disheartenment began when the Supreme Court Bill proved old sentiments tougher than new blueprints. Disheartenment became panic when the statistics could no longer be blinked and it was clear that something had happened which had not been allowed for in the plans. And panic ended in this entropy when the oldest moral of all was spoken again, when the mists parted and it was seen that the arms stretched sunward were upheld by Joe Guffey and Frank Hague.

But the intellectuals count for very little and perhaps we should count the stunned industrialists only a little more. The truly alarming apathy is the nation's, and it has been growing for nine months. It shows itself in many ways, imposing and trivial. As this is written, the Administration has spent a full month pressure-publicizing its program for "recovery" from the economic collapse which, when Eli Potter addressed you here four months ago, it could nowhere detect. The Administration has learned much, in five years, about the currents and channels of publicity, and it has made full use of them. The familiar properties and symbols are on display: the voice breathing o'er Eden, the summons to the national effort, the archangels playing harps along the sidelines, the blank checks, the armies and the banners and the shibboleths. And no one answers, no one believes. Congress is silent, guessing perhaps that it may be held accountable, and the Administration seems to lack heart for its own role. And the people raise no shout. Five years ago, in the early summer of 1933, the Easy Chair drove through a manufacturing State where smoke was pouring from chimneys that had been cold for two years. On all sides the recently dammed current was running free again, and there was a renewed belief, a stir and energy of courage reawakened. The voice, the summons, the archangels had done their work well and the nation was answering. Last week the Easy Chair made that trip again, and what it saw this time was just a general lassitude and what it heard was just a bored "Oh, yeah?" That "Oh, yeah?," that "So what?," rolls across the country, the true lingo, the native idiom, and what is ominous, the native arc of thought.

Or take a trivial incident. Some weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt was betrayed (by impulse or by advice?) into one of the silliest public acts ever committed by a President of the United States. Our chief magistrate announced to the newspapers that he lacked the temperament of dictatorship, that he did not want to be a dictator, that the laws forbade him to be one. In the America we used to know the belly-laugh that greeted Mr. Taft's "Even a cornered rat will fight," or perhaps the fury that answered Dr. Burchard's "Rum, Romanism, and rebellion" and sank James G. Blaine forever, would have crossed from ocean to ocean in twelve hours. That was a foolish statement and its folly was the kind that is most sown with disaster—surely it urgently called for fury or a belly-laugh. But there was none. The President of the United States told us that he didn't want to be our dictator, and the country said, "So what?" The country wasn't interested.

Or Jersey City. The town is here, on the western shore of the Atlantic, across the Hudson River from the metropolis, in a sovereign State. What happens there has been made quite clear; the charts have been drawn and the lights turned on and public tests made and repeated. We all know about it, and still we speak of Corporal Hitler and Comrade Stalin with a fine righteousness. We know about Mayor Hague's protectorate, the populace at large, the people, the common sovereignty; and the liberal Administration which once meant to give us life more abundantly knows about it. The

liberal Administration does nothing about it because it needs New Jersey. The people do nothing about it because they do not care. So what? Who gives a damn?

Diagnosis is clear: in the summer of 1938 the nation is suffering from cumulative shock. At no time till now have the indications following 1929 been other than those of an organism disordered physiologically, but now they are of a psychopathic organism. . . . Perhaps you were frightened in March, 1933, when the banks were closed. A student of social pathologies finds the syncope of July, 1938, a far graver reason for fear.

For syncope ends and shock departs, but the psychopathic personality remains. Quoting an eminent medical authority: "Recovery from shock is followed by more or less quickening of the pulse and respiration, and abnormally high temperature." Yes. . . . We are not defeated and starving as Germany was, nor paralyzed as Italy was, nor shattered as Russia was. But one would not be unduly timorous this summer who decided that chicken pox has done a job which bubonic plague would find it hard to improve upon.

The danger lurks just there, in the national apathy, for that is the plowing wherein prophets may sow and richly reap. A herdsman need only come down from Tekoa or a priest's son from the river Chebar. Feeding on locusts and wild honey, he need only offer us the same diet for the glory of God. He need only raise the old cry of the prophets, "Because ye multiplied more than the nations that are round about you, and have not walked in my statutes, neither have kept my judgments." The words have wrought catastrophe often enough before this, in parched lands, among peoples of bruised spirit and lagging will. Ezekiel also, you will remember, was to deal with his people by thirds: "Thou shalt burn with a fire a third part in the midst of the city, and thou shalt take a third part and smite about it with a knife, and a third part thou shalt scatter in the wind." Given a heart dry with weariness, Ezekiel has never had to do more than tell it that it was evil and that its abominations must be cleansed. A people dulled with shock have had to hear from him only that they must turn from Baal to Jahweh. And he need only tell us here and now, in the America of July, 1938, to abandon ease and espouse sacrifice. He need only tell us, as their prophets have told the nations overseas, that we do not count but only God's glory counts. He need only call upon us to repent. In a dry season a small spark is enough, and that spark has never failed.

Up to now repentance has never succeeded as a gospel in America. Up to now the feeders on locusts have always encountered the belly-laugh that shrivels and destroys. But we had never suffered shock before and now we have, and no ear hears that saving laughter. It is a dry season—it is a damned bad time.

Meanwhile, please be reminded, the day draws near which we have been wont to celebrate.

The string that holds us together still is the national credit, and the national credit is exactly people's belief in it. The nation to-day leans upon a prop which is as strong or as weak as people think it is, whether the debt be fifty billion or half of one billion. How much of that prop consists, at this moment, of the general cynicism, the nationwide So What? no one can say. But we are certain to find out. If Ezekiel comes up from the river Chebar, he may tell the patient waked from syncope to throw away his crutch and try to walk.

And, the news is, checks from the national government now go into five million homes. July Fourth, Old Style, was called Independence Day.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

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AMERICA'S MEDIEVAL WOMEN

BY PEARL S. BUCK

I AM an American woman but I had no opportunity until a few years ago to know women in America. Living as I did in China, it is true that I saw a few American women; but that is not the same thing. One was still not able to draw many conclusions from them about American women. I gathered, however, that they felt that girls in China had a hard time of it, because there every family liked sons better than daughters, and, in the average family, did not give them the same education or treatment. In America, however, they said people welcomed sons and daughters equally and treated them the same. This, after years in a country which defines a woman's limitations very clearly, seemed nothing short of heaven—if true.

When I came to America to live therefore I was interested particularly in her women. And during these immediate past years I have come to know a good many of them—women in business, artists, housewives in city and country, women young and old. I have taken pains to know them. More than that, I have made my own place as a woman in America. And I find that what I anticipated before I came here is quite wrong. It seems to me that women are very badly treated in America. A few of them know it, more of them dimly suspect it, and most of them, though they know they ought to be glad they live in a Christian country where women are given an education, do not feel as happy in their lonely hearts as they wish they did. The reason for this unhappiness is a secret sense of failure, and this sense of failure comes from a feeling of inferiority, and the feeling of inferiority comes from a realization that actually women are not much respected in America.

I know quite well that any American man hearing this will laugh his usual tolerant laughter, though tolerant laughter is the cruelest form of contempt. He always laughs tolerantly when the subject of women is broached, for that is the attitude in which he has been bred. And immaturely, he judges the whole world of women by the only woman he knows at all—his wife. Nor does he want the

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sort of wife at whom he cannot laugh tolerantly. I was once amazed to see a certain American man, intelligent, learned, and cultivated, prepare to marry for his second wife a woman as silly and unfit for him as the first one had been, whom he had just divorced. I had to exclaim before it was too late, "Why do you do the same thing over again? She's merely younger and prettier than the other one—that's all. And even those differences are only temporary." To which he growled, "I do not want a damned intelligent woman in the house when I come home at night. I want my mind to rest."

What he did not see of course—though he found it out later—was that there could be no rest for him of any kind. He was irritated by a thousand stupidities and follies and beaten in the end by his own cowardice. He died a score of years too soon, exhausted not by work but by nervous worry. His two wives go hardily on, headed for a hundred, since he left them what is called "well provided for." Neither of them has ever done an honest day's work in her life, and he literally sacrificed his valuable life to keep them alive.

And yet, going home that day from his funeral and wondering how it could have been helped, I knew it could not have been helped. He was doomed to the unhappiness, or at least to the mediocre happiness, with which many if not most American men must be satisfied in their relationships with their women. For if he had been married to an intelligent superior woman he would have been yet more unhappy, since, with all his brilliance as a scientist, he belonged to that vast majority of American men who still repeat to-day the cry of traditional male pride, "I don't want *my* wife to work."

That is, he wanted a woman who would contain herself docilely within four walls. And he could not have seen that an intelligent, energetic, educated woman cannot be kept in four walls—even satin-lined, diamond-studded walls—without discovering sooner or later that they are still a prison cell. No home offers scope enough to-day for the trained energies of an intelligent modern woman. Even children are not enough. She may want them, need them and have them, love them and enjoy them, but they are not enough for her, even during the short time they preoccupy her. Nor is her husband, however dear and congenial, enough for her. He may supply all her needs for human companionship, but there is still more to life than that. There is the individual life. She must feel herself growing and becoming more and more complete as an individual, as well as a wife and mother, before she can even be a good wife and mother. I heard a smug little gray-haired woman say last week, "No, I don't know anything about politics. It takes all my time to be a good wife and mother. I haven't time to keep up with other things." Unfortunately, her husband, successful doctor that he is, has time to keep up not only with his business and with being what she calls a "wonderful husband and father," but with another woman as well. But that too is one of the things she knows nothing about. . . . Yet who can blame him? He is clever and full of interest in many things, and his wife is dulled with years of living in the four walls he put round her. It is a little unfair that he so encouraged her to stay in the walls that she came to believe in them completely as her place.

But tradition is very strong in this backward country of ours. We Americans are a backward nation in everything except in the making and using of machines. And we are nowhere more backward than we are in our attitude toward our women. We still, morally, shut the door of her home on a woman. We say to her, "Your home ought to be enough for you if you are a nice woman. Your husband ought to be enough—and your children." If she says, "But they aren't enough—what shall I do?", we say, "Go and have a good time, that's a nice girl. Get yourself a new hat or something, or go to the matinée or join a

bridge club. Don't worry your pretty head about what is not your business."

If she persists in being interested in things beyond her home we insist that she must be neglecting her home. If she still persists and makes a success through incredible dogged persistence we laugh at her. We even sneer at her and sometimes we treat her with unbelievable rudeness. I do not know the Secretary of Labor in our government, but I have seen her. She looks a quiet, serious, unassuming woman. I have taken pains to inquire of people who know, and it seems her home is not neglected. She has done at least as good a job in Washington as a number of men there in leading positions. But the slurs that have been cast upon her, the rudenesses of private and public talk, the injustices that have been done her merely because she is a woman in a place heretofore occupied by a man, have been amazing to a person unaccustomed to the American attitude toward women. It seems nothing short of barbarous.

And yet, vicious circle that it is, I cannot blame Americans for distrusting the ability of their women. For if the intelligent woman obeys the voice of tradition and limits herself to the traditional four walls she joins the vast ranks of the nervous, restless, average American women whose whimsies torture their families, who spoil the good name of all women because they are often flighty, unreliable, without good judgment in affairs, and given to self-pity. In short, she becomes a neurotic, if not all the time, a good deal of the time. Without knowing it or meaning it she falls too often to being a petty dictator in the home, a nag to her husband and children, and a gossip among her women friends. Too often too she takes no interest in any matters of social importance and refuses all responsibility in the community which she can avoid. She may be either a gadabout and extravagant or she may turn into a recluse and pride herself on being a "home woman." Neither of these escapes deceives the discerning. When will American men learn that they cannot expect happiness with a wife who is not her whole self? A restless unfulfilled woman is not going to be a satisfied wife or satisfactory lover. It is not that "women are like that." Anyone would be "like that" if he were put into such circumstances—that is, trained and developed for opportunity later denied.

"Plenty of men like that too nowadays," someone may murmur.

Yes, but the times have done it, and not tradition. There is a difference. And one man has as good a chance as another to win or lose, even in hard times. But no woman has a man's chance in hard times, or in any times.

II

I am not so naïve, however, as to believe that one sex is responsible for this unfortunate plight of the American woman. I am not a feminist, but I am an individualist. I do not believe there is any important difference between men and women —certainly not as much as there may be between one woman and another or one man and another. There are plenty of women—and men, for that matter—who would be completely fulfilled in being allowed to be as lazy as possible. If someone will ensconce them in a pleasant home and pay their bills they ask no more of life. It is quite all right for these men and women to live thus so long as fools can be found who will pay so much for nothing much in return. Gigolos, male and female, are to be found in every class and in the best of homes. But when a man does not want to be a gigolo he has the freedom to go out and work and create as well as he can. But a woman has not. Even if her individual husband lets her, tradition in society is against her.

For another thing we Americans cannot seem to believe or understand is that women—some women, any woman, or as I believe, most women—are able to be good wives, ardent lovers, excellent mothers, and yet be themselves too. This seems strange, for as a nation we have

fitted woman to be an individual as well as a woman by giving her a physical and mental education and a training superior to that of women in any other nation. But when she comes eagerly to life, ready to contribute her share, not only to home, but to government, sciences, and arts, we raise the old sickening cry of tradition, "This isn't your business! Woman's place is in the home—" and we shut the door in her face.

I am aware that at this point American men will be swearing and shouting, "You don't know what you're talking about! Why, we give our women more than any women on earth have!" With that I perfectly agree. American women are the most privileged in the world. They have all the privileges—far too many. They have so many privileges that a good many of them are utterly spoiled. They have privileges but they have no equality. "Nobody keeps them back," the American man declares. Ah, nobody, but everybody! For they are kept back by tradition expressed through the prejudices not only of men but of stupid, unthinking, tradition-bound women. Here is what I heard a few days ago.

A young woman wanted a new book to read and her father offered to send it to her. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Anything, only not one by a woman," she said carelessly. "I have a prejudice against books written by women."

Ignoring the rudeness, I asked, "Why?"

"Oh, I dislike women," she said. What she really meant was she despised women so much that she actually disliked women who did anything beyond the traditional jobs that the average women do. There are thousands of women who uphold medieval tradition in America more heartily than do men—just as in China it is the ignorant tradition-bound women who have clung to foot binding for themselves and their daughters. . . . No, women have many enemies among women. It goes back of course to the old jealous sense of general female inferiority. Tradition, if it binds one, should bind all, they feel.

Sometimes, I confess, I do not see how American men can endure some of their women—their imperiousness, their peevishness, their headstrongness, their utter selfishness, their smallness of mind and outlook, their lack of any sense of responsibility toward society, even to be pleasant. And their laziness—look at the motion-picture houses, the theaters, the lecture halls—crowded all day with women! The average house, even with no servant, can be no full-time job or they wouldn't be there in such hordes—they couldn't be there. But children go to school as soon as they stop being babies, and electricity cleans and washes the house and clothing, and husbands are away all day. So what is there for the restless woman to do? She goes to the show—and comes home, if she has any sense, to wonder what life is for, and to think that marriage isn't so much after all, though if she hadn't been married she would have been ashamed of herself. For tradition is there too, and it would have made her seem, if unmarried, unsuccessful as a female.

"But what are we going to do?" the harassed American man cries. "There aren't enough jobs now to go round. And women are getting into industries more and more."

This is nonsense and a masculine bugaboo, though merely getting a job is not what I mean. The truth is the number of women in industries is increasing at so slow a rate that it is shocking when one considers how long they have had an equal chance with men for education and training. In the past fifty years—that is, half a century, during which education for women has enormously increased—the percentage of women in industry and the professions has increased from fourteen per cent only to twenty-two per cent. That means millions of women have been made ready for work they either had no chance to do or never wanted to do.

As to what men are going to do with women, I do not pretend to know. But I know I have never seen in any country—and I have seen most of the countries of

the world—such unsatisfactory personal relationships between men and women as are in America—no, not even in Japan, where women as a class are depressed. For the Japanese are wiser in their treatment of women than we Americans are. They keep them down from the beginning so that they never hope for or expect more than life is to give them. They are not restless or neurotic or despotic, nor are they spoiled children. They have not been trained for equality and they do not expect it. They know they are upper servants, and they fulfil their duties gracefully and ably, and are happier on the whole than women in America. To know what one can have and to do with it, being prepared for no more, is the basis of equilibrium.

III

No, what is wrong in America is this matter of educating women. Life for the American woman is still controlled by old traditions. Men think of women, if at all, in the old simple traditional ways. Then women ought to be prepared for this sort of life and shaped through childhood and girlhood for what is to come. The root of the discontent in American women is that they are too well educated. What is the use of it? They do not need college educations nor even high school educations. What they ought to have is a simple course in reading, writing, and arithmetic—and advanced courses in cosmetics, bridge, sports, how to conduct a club meeting gracefully, how to be an attractive hostess, with or without servants, and how to deal with very young children in the home. This last course, obviously, should be purely optional.

But all this higher present education is unfortunate. It has led American women into having ideas which they can never realize when they come to maturity. A college education may, for instance, persuade a girl to become interested in biology, which may lead her into wanting to become a doctor. And yet she will never have the chance to become a first-rate doctor, however gifted she is by birth. People will not allow it—not only men, but women will not allow it. They will look at her tentative little shingle and shrug their shoulders and say, "I don't feel I'd *trust* a woman doctor as I would a man." So after a while, since she has to earn something, she takes her shingle down and accepts a secondary position in a hospital or a school or goes into baby-clinic work, supplemented by magazine articles on child care—or she just marries a doctor. But inside herself she knows she still wants to *be* a doctor, only she cannot. Tradition does not allow it.

Or a college education may lead a girl into wanting to be a banker. It is natural for women to be interested in finance since they own about seventy per cent of America's money. But it is unfortunate if a woman thinks she can be a real banker. I have talked with a good many women who work in our American banking system. Not one is where she hoped to be when she began, and a fair percentage are not where they should be with their high executive ability, or where they would be if they were men. As one of the most brilliant of them said to me bitterly, "I know if I were a man I should now, at the age of fifty, and after thirty years of experience, be a bank president. But I'll never be anything but an assistant to a vice-president. I reached the top—for a woman—years ago. I'll never be allowed to go on."

"Why can't you?" I inquired, being then too innocent.

"They say no one would want to put money in a bank run by a woman," she said.

I pondered this. I had then just come from Shanghai, where one of the best modern banks was run and controlled entirely by modern Chinese women. It was a prosperous bank because most people there thought women were probably more honest than men and more practical in the handling of money. So the Chinese women bankers did very well.

A good deal is said too about the profession of teaching for women. There

are a great many women teachers in America—many more in proportion to men than in other countries. Men here, it seems, allow women to teach in lower schools because they themselves do not want to teach in anything less than a college. And even the best men do not like to teach in women's colleges nor in coeducational colleges. The finest teaching in America, I am told, is done by men for men.

As for the arts, I know very well that the odds are strongly against the woman. Granted an equally good product, the man is given the favor always. Women artists in any field are not often taken seriously, however serious their work. It is true that they often achieve high popular success. But this counts against them as artists. American men critics may show respect to a foreign woman artist, feeling that perhaps the foreign women are better than their own. But they cannot believe that the fools they see in department stores, in the subways and buses, or running to the movies and lectures, or even in their own homes, can amount to anything in the arts. Indeed they cannot think of a woman at all, but only of "women." And the pathetic efforts of American women to improve their minds by reading and clubs have only heightened the ridicule and contempt in which their men hold them. To educate women, therefore, to think, so that they need the personal fulfillment of activity and participation in all parts of life is acute cruelty, for they are not allowed this fulfillment. They should be educated not to think beyond the demands of simple household affairs or beyond the small arts and graces of pleasing men who seem always to want mental rest. The present method is not only cruel; it is extremely wasteful. Good money is spent teaching women to do things for which there will be no need. Men strain themselves to furnish educations for their daughters which they would be happier without, and not only happier but better women because they would be more contented women.

It is not only wasteful but dangerous. To educate women as we do for our present state of traditionalism is to put new wine into old bottles. A good deal of ferment is going on. And if we keep this up more will come of it. No one knows the effect upon children, for instance, of so many discontented women as mothers. Amiable, ignorant, bovine women make much better mothers than neurotic college graduates. And a woman does not need to complain aloud to let her children know she is unhappy. The atmosphere about her is gray with her secret discontent and children live deprived of that essential gayety in which they thrive as in sunshine. So few American women are really gay. This must have an effect.

IV

So, though I am impressed with the fact that American women do not, as a group, seem happy, privileged as they are, I am not surprised. I know that happiness comes to an individual only as a result of personal fulfillment through complete functioning of all the energies and capabilities with which one is born. I do not for a moment mean that all women must go out and find jobs and "do something" outside the home. That would be as silly and general a mistake as our present general clinging to tradition. I simply mean let us be realistic. Let us face the fact that as a nation we are in a medieval state of mind about the place of women in society. Let each man ask himself—he need not answer aloud—where he really wants his woman. The majority, if they are honest, must acknowledge that they would like contented adoring women who want no more than their homes. I do not quarrel with that. What is, is. All I say is, let us realize facts. Tradition rules the relation of the sexes in America. Women are not welcome outside the home except in subsidiary positions, doing, on the whole, things men do not want to do. The great injustice to women is in not recognizing this frankly and in not preparing them for it.

Of course there is the chimeralike possibility that we might change tradition. But I do not see anyone capable of changing it. Men certainly will not. They do not even want to talk about it. They do not want the woman question stirred up, having as they say, "enough on their hands already." To them, of course, women "stirred up" simply means nervous, illogical, clamoring children who must be placated in one way or another. They cannot conceive of woman as a rational being, equal to themselves and not always fundamentally connected with sex. Emotionally, as it has been truly said, many American men are adolescents—kind, delightful, charming adolescents. "He's just like a boy" seems to be considered a compliment to a man in America. It ought to be an insult. This horrible boyishness lingering in persons who should be adult is as dismaying as mental retardation. It is responsible for our childish tendencies to "jazz things up," to make "whoopee," to think of being drunk, of removing "inhibitions," of playing the clown, as the only way to have a good time, to the complete destruction of adult conversation and real wit and subtler humor. It certainly is responsible for wanting women to be nothing but wives, mothers, or leggy relaxations for tired business men. Even a pretty college girl said despairingly not long ago in my presence, "You can't get anywhere with men if you show any brains. I have to make myself a nit-wit if I want dates. Oh, well, that's the way they are!" There are too many nice and rather sad American women who patiently accept even their middle-aged and old men as perennial "boys." "Men are like that," they say, at least as often as men say, "women are like that."

Nothing could show a greater misunderstanding between the sexes than this frequent fatalistic remark. Neither men nor women are like that if "that" means what they now seem to each other. It is a strange fact that in new America, as in old India or China, the real life of each sex is not with each other but away from each other. Men and women in America meet stiffly for social functions, drink together in an earnest effort to feel less inhibited, play the fool guardedly and feel queer about it afterward. Or they meet for physical sex, in the home or out. And they jog along in family life. Of the delight of exploring each other's differing but equally important personalities and points of view, of the pleasure of real mutual comprehension and appreciation and companionship, there is almost none, inside the home or out. Tradition decrees that after marriage real companionship between persons of opposite sex must cease except between husband and wife. Tradition decrees that all companionship indeed between men and women is tinged with sex. Such an idea as interest in each other as persons, aside from sex, is almost unknown. Women, talking of this among themselves, say, "Men don't want anything else." I am inclined to think they are right. The average American man demands amazingly little from his women—nothing much except to look as pretty as possible on as little money as possible, to run the home economically with as little trouble as possible to the man when he comes home tired. What educated, intelligent, clever, gifted woman is going to be satisfied with that? What average woman would be satisfied even? Ask the average man if he would change places with a woman—any woman. The idea horrifies him. Yet women are far more like him than he knows or wants to know, and modern times have done everything to make her more so.

No, our men, perennial boys, most of them, will not do anything about changing tradition. They do not know how, absorbed as they are in the game of business, abashed as they are in the presence of sex as anything except simply physical, and afraid as they are of women. They are, naturally, afraid of women or they would not cling so to tradition. They were afraid of their mothers when they were children, their imperious, discontented mothers, and that fear carries over into fear of their wives and fear of all

women, in industry as well as at home. It leads to the attitude of petty deception which so many perennially boyish men maintain toward their women.

So, naturally enough, men do not want women "getting too smart." I heard a carpenter working in my home say pontifically to his assistant about to be married, "And why would you want a woman eddicated? Says I, if I want eddication I can go to the public library. A woman should know just so much as when it rains she stands on the sheltered side of the street. It's enough." And after a moment he added solemnly, "You don't want a woman what can talk smart. You want one what can keep quiet smart."

The voice of America's perennial boys, I thought—speaking out in a carpenter, but heard as clearly in the embarrassed reserves of an after-dinner circle in a drawing-room. And yet, I do not blame them. There are so many women who chatter without thought, who stop all attempts at conversation with continual commonplaces uttered with all the petty authority of ignorance. And the fetters of another tradition—that of chivalry—still hang upon American men. Foolish, haughty women, standing in crowded buses, staring at a tired man in a seat, accepting favors as their right; peevish, idle women, wasting their husbands' money; dogmatic women talking ignorantly about practical important matters—men must try to be polite to them all alike. I do not blame American men, except for not seeing that not all women are the same.

We are so clever with machines, we Americans. But we have done a silly thing with our women. We have put modern high-powered engines into old antiquated vehicles. It is no wonder the thing is not working. And there are only two courses to follow if we do want it to work. We must go back to the old simple one-horse-power engine or else we must change the body to suit the engine—one or the other. If the first, then tradition must be held to from the moment a woman is born, not, as it now is, clamped upon her when, after a free and extraordinarily equal childhood and girlhood with boys, she attempts to enter into a free and equal adult life with men and finds it denied her, to discover then that her education has had nothing to do with her life.

Or else we must be willing to let her go on as she began. This means that American men must cease being "sweet boys" and grow up emotionally as well as physically and face women as adult men. But they, poor things, have not been fitted for that either! Besides of course they are afraid of what women might do. And women, inexperienced and eager, will probably do as many foolish things as men have until they have had as much practice.

Of one thing I am sure, however. There will be no real content among American women unless they are made and kept more ignorant or unless they are given equal opportunity with men to use what they have been taught. And American men will not be really happy until their women are.



"THE CURRENT MRS. BARNABY"

A STORY

BY G. B. STERN

DEAR Mrs. Barnaby,

I know it is *distinctly* odd of me to be writing to you of all people, but I am terribly concerned about Conrad who has lately begun to behave so *very* strangely—

Yes, this was the letter I had been expecting for years, ever since I heard that my ex-husband had married again.

At first when we were married everything went swimmingly. But now, although only in little things, he has *changed*. For instance, although his elephant-gray suit is *almost new* and fits him beautifully, he simply refuses to wear it, but has gone out and ordered himself a brown suit and wears it all the time, although (don't you agree with me?) brown is *not* his color . . ."

With no desire to be heartless, I could hardly refrain from chuckling at a memory of how I had liked Con in navy blue, but suddenly he had dropped it for gray, elephant-gray.

Of course that will seem to you nothing, but when there are other things, they mount up. In your opinion, should I have it out with him face to face, or pretend to take no notice, and pray that he will soon return again to being the dear Conrad whom I married on November 14, 1932, which you may remember is Leap Year, not that I attach any significance to this, but I think I had better give you full details.

I should deeply appreciate any advice you can give me about Con. He always speaks of *you* so nicely, and as you will see by this letter, I am not at all narrowminded.

Yours sincerely,

Angela Dilys B.

"Angela Dilys" were the Christian names of the current Mrs. Barnaby, who tactfully followed it with "B" full-stop, for fear of hurting my feelings. A nice woman, I should say.

So Con was at it again! Con the unfaithful husband, incorrigible and impenitent. He had a sort of Hollywood streak in his character which made him want to marry us always. I myself was the second Mrs. Barnaby. The first had been a deliciously pretty little fool of the same species as Angela Dilys. That was the rhythm of his infidelity: beauty, brains; beauty, brains. I learned it while I was his wife, by giving my earnest attention to his three or four flirtations before he finally fell headlong in love with Angela. And I checked up on it by recalling how he had fallen headlong in love with me (with no looks to speak of, but I am bound to admit in all honesty, with a reputation for being witty and intelligent) after four years of marriage with Phyllis Elaine, to whom he used to quote Malory and Tennyson, with a romantic throb in his voice. For Con was like all the gallant knights in armor rolled into one: Roland, and Wilfred of Ivanhoe; Launcelot and Bayard and Bertrand du Guesclin. He was handsome, chivalrous, and radiantly alive. And he could do his stuff without the least self-consciousness to mar it. It was that exuberant quality which caught me. I had been having a series of earnest intellectual admirers, and then suddenly Con dashed in like the squire in Chaucer:

"He was as freshe as is the month of

May." And by the time I came to my senses again Phyllis Elaine had died in a motor accident. There was no need for me to feel guilty; I doubt if as yet she had known of my existence; she probably only thought that Con was "beginning to behave *very* strangely". . . .

After a decent interval I married Con. And after a still more decent interval, divorced him.

Recalled to the letter, I reread the funny prim sentences, and it seemed to me that between them rang a clear cry for help, a genuine note of panic. So I telephoned and made an appointment to go to see the current Mrs. Barnaby. She had a voice like a wood-pigeon; I should be driven mad if I had to live with it, but it was very sweet.

She was obviously well-off, to judge by their extremely nice house in Cadogan Square. Con, I knew, had a private income of less than three hundred a year. And he only brought it up to about six hundred at his advertising job. He could stick to a job, though not to a woman. But in his job he never got any farther, whereas with women . . .

I felt a little like the house detective when I leaned back in my chair and scrutinized my successor with veiled eyes: "Now please tell me everything, even what you think is of no importance." But before that, on a sudden impulse I had put my arms round the child and warmly kissed her. I think she was a little surprised. She had burst convention sufficiently to write and tell me her troubles with my former husband; but although I had released Con in a perfectly conventional way (hotel in Brighton with a hired corespondent, chambermaid's evidence and all the rest of it), the fact still remained that in Angela's eyes I had been Through the Divorce Courts and she had not; therefore there was a suggestion of looseness about the former Mrs. Barnaby, to whom she was prepared to be kind and tolerant.

"Thank you," she whispered, her sedate defenses all thrown down. Then she rushed out immediately with her principal fear: that Conrad might have been told by a doctor he had only a short time to live, and that he was guarding her from this direful knowledge.

"My God!" I exclaimed, and was silent, gazing at her. So they had been married for over four years, and this was what she still thought of him! Was there ever such a credulous goose, with her big brown eyes and her golden hair and her pansy skin and that soft quivering mouth? Just plain goose!

"So you suppose that's why he has been behaving strangely?"

"Oh, yes, yes. I wish I didn't. But Con *is* reticent, you know."

Had we been talking in the most racy and expressive language of our times, I should have retorted: "You're telling me!" As this was England, I again resumed the role of house detective, severe, keen-eyed, enigmatic, and asked for evidence. I reminded her that she had already written me that he refused to wear his pretty new elephant-gray suit, and had gone permanently into brown. "How," I asked, "does that fit in with your theory that he's going to die?"

The goose-girl had got it all pat: he had been wearing that gray suit when he paid his direful visit to Harley Street; now perhaps he could not bear the sight of it.

"So he went and ordered a brown one? Well—go on, what else?"

"He sighs heavily every now and then, for no reason."

"Like my Great Dane," I put in cheerfully.

Angela was not pleased with me for this. It sounded too flippant. She went on with the catalogue:

He had shaved off his dark tooth-brush mustache. He drew doodles all over the blotting paper, an elaboration of the letters "H.L." recurring frequently among the usual pattern of "C.B.," his own initials. He was abrupt in his manner to her. He vehemently refused to go to the Zoo any more, though it had been their constant habit to visit the tropical fish and birds any Sunday when they were

not in the country. He was taking Italian lessons too.

Last week he had picked up a necklace of aquamarines which he had given her himself some time ago (with a charming compliment to her brown eyes) and said: "You don't want this, do you? Emeralds would suit you much better." And took it away. And she was delighted. Only she never got the emeralds.

He perpetually hummed the waltz from "Rosenkavalier" and then broke off in the middle and looked self-conscious. He worked out on endless scraps of paper how two people could live on six pounds a week, asking her innumerable practical questions as to the prices of things . . .

"My child," I interrupted, "except for the heavy sighing, which *might* be bronchial, I fail to see how any of that fits in with your theory that he is shortly to die. Unless perhaps he has shaved off his mustache with the idea of being a more beautiful corpse."

"Oh," gasped Angela, "how hard you are! How cruel! To speak of it like that!"

"I'm only hard and cruel because I don't believe he's going to be a corpse at all. Of course he may be going to have your aquamarines buried with him in the Egyptian style; but in that case, why is he learning Italian?"

Angela replied defiantly: "To be able to read Dante."

I burst out laughing. The notion of Con mugging up his "Inferno" in the original so as to know how to address his fellow-shades when he got there was really too much for me.

"I don't see why you're laughing. Men do get more serious-minded when they know they haven't much longer to live."

" 'N' for Nirvana, 'H' for hell," I suggested. "If it should happen to be the latter, six pounds a week would easily buy the pomegranates."

"What pomegranates?" Angela knit her delicate brows, bewildered by the classical allusion.

"But then there's his refusal to go to the Zoo on Sunday morning. No, Mrs. Barnaby, it won't do. Really it won't."

"I wish you'd call me Angela. It seems so indecent that we should both be calling each other Mrs. Barnaby."

"Then, Angela, it won't do. Have you no other theories?" And I added, but not aloud: "Before I tell you the truth." Because she would have to face it sooner or later.

She produced another equally picturesque theory, not quite so gloomy as the first. Con's noble nature, she thought, had revolted against living on her money; for by far the greater part of their income was hers, and the house and everything, she added. So he had decided to leave her, to renounce love and luxury in London, to go to Hollywood and become a film star and make his fortune, so that he might return home as her equal.

I agreed that that would account for the mustache, and even perhaps for the "Rosenkavalier" waltz which he might be practicing for his first audition; and, at a stretch, some film magnate might have said: "I don't seem to like you in gray, Mr. Barnaby; brown's your color." Hollywood would account for the "H" on the blotting paper. But where, for instance, did the aquamarines come in?

She replied, a little defiantly, that it was natural to suppose he might care to take with him something she had often worn ("next to my skin") to remind him of the wife he loved, when he was far away in California.

Poor child.

I broke it as casually as possible, in order to lessen the shock: "The truth is, Angela, he thinks he's in love with another woman." I said "thinks," hoping that that too would be of assistance.

Angela stared at me with dazed eyes. Then she went very white. Then she cried out: "It isn't true. It isn't true. You only say that because you're—" And stopped on the word "jealous" perhaps because she read compassion in my face.

She didn't cry. Goose though she was, she had a certain dignity which pleased me. She pulled herself together and asked me for proof. And giving her my proofs was far harder than making the

bare statement. Still, it had to be done, because I wanted Con to be removed from this new love and returned whole and in his right mind to Angela, who was definitely the perfect wife for him. And Con could not be retrieved until Angela knew what she had to retrieve him from.

So I told her, as gently as I could, how when *I* had been his wife and he had fallen in love with *her* he had discarded those navy-blue suits with a thin red stripe which I thought suited him so well, and insisted suddenly on wearing nothing but elephant-gray; and how, moreover, he had sighed heavily, he and the Great Dane, and had scribbled "A.D.B." interwoven with "C.B." all over the blotting paper. And how he had grown a little mustache, though I preferred him without. And how he had refused to go to Kew Gardens any more with me, and later I realized it was because Angela happened to be fond of lilac as well, and he didn't wish to meet her in my presence. And he had learned dancing though I never danced—

"Are you fond of dancing, Angela?"

Angela, her face averted, nodded, and squeezed her hands tightly together to help her bear it.

I suddenly changed the whole tone of this really somewhat fantastic interview. I ceased to be reminiscent and sounded a trumpet call to action: "*Now* I'll tell you what you're to do."

She needed a little persuading of course. Just as at first she had resisted the idea that Con was not a walking incarnation of "faithful-unto-death," so, on a natural reaction, she had already lost him to H.L., and gone to live forever alone in a little village by the sea, doing good works and adored by old and young for her broken-hearted smile and sad brown eyes. . . .

"All the same," I threw in cunningly, "I think it might be fun to get your aquamarines back again, and Con with them. She's not his type, you know, and you are."

"She? But you don't know her. How can you tell what she's like?"

"Intuition," I replied rather lamely.

Phyllis Elaine, and then, on the other swing of the pendulum, myself. And then a swing back to Angela Dilys. And next, working it along the rhythm once more, myself—or my equivalent. I felt tenderly disposed toward Angela, but this unknown girl—this Hermione—Harriet—Helen—was my peer. I could work out a plan, relying on her and what she would do and what she would guess and how she would behave then, as though we were old friends.

But it was naturally a little difficult to explain the pendulum-swing without being rude to the current Mrs. Barnaby.

By now she had given me nearly all the data I required. There was still one more important item:

"Have you seen a lot of stuff lying about lately from travel agencies? Folders in rich colors, azure seas and a red castle on a green hill, that sort of thing?"

She shook her head doubtfully: "I don't know. I never disturb his desk. He doesn't like it."

I rose briskly to my feet.

"Right. Lead me to the sacred study."

The current Mrs. Barnaby was obviously getting worried as to what crimes the ex-Mrs. Barnaby might be likely to commit in order to avert the catastrophe of a future Mrs. Barnaby. But she took me to Con's study, which had an oddly familiar look about it, although I recognized none of the furniture. It was just the way Con always contrived to give a slightly rakish tilt and slant to his things; the angle of the chair and the lamp. . . . For a moment I experienced a queer little wave of sentiment, or call it sentimentality. I threw it off: there was work to do. As a matter of course I began to rummage among his papers.

"Oh, you mustn't do that," cried Angela, shocked.

"Don't fuss, child, I've done this a million times. It's for his own good and yours. And Hebe's."

"Whose?"

"Hester's. I mean Helen's. Ah, yes, here we are. And here's some more. And what's in this big envelope?"

Perhaps I should have explained before that Conrad had a geographical obsession. It had ever been his wont when ardently in love to plan a fresh life with the beloved in some far romantic place where the air is salubrious and the flora and fauna sub-tropical. I was surprised this time that he should have chosen his new home as near as Sicily, but the collection of illustrated literature left no doubt; and the atlas was lying open at Italy; and on the desk was a volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* HYDR-JERE. Hackneyed though it may be and sadly lacking in initiative, he and Hester-Hebe-Hilda-Helen-Harriet were going to elope to Sicily.

It took me the best part of an hour to persuade Angela to surrender her will to mine and write a letter at my dictation.

"There's only one way to succeed with Con: to call his bluff. He wants to leave you and take Halcyone to Sicily because he knows he mustn't. Now do be a good obedient child and write what I tell you. It's serious when he begins to get travel folders; that's the last stage but one." And then I added, cruel to be kind: "Aquamarines don't suit dark people, but perhaps she has blue eyes. . . ."

That settled it.

It was quite a good letter, though I kept as nearly as possible to what I imagined to be Angela's style or lack of it, in her confession of guilty love. She would not name the man, but she had come to the limit of endurance. She had to be free, yes, free, free, free. She had to find out what a great passion might really mean. She then described in some detail, with much geographical precision, the exact spot where this glorious voluptuous month of sin was to be spent, leaving no possible room for doubt that it was Sicily.

Her profusion of adjectives would have brought tears to the eyes of a stylist. She then thoughtfully mentioned the boat by which she proposed to travel and the date ("we must verify that," I added in parenthesis) and repeated passionately the need of the soul and the body to be quit of the tether of responsibility—

"But," Angela protested, utterly bewildered, "I'm not. I mean I wouldn't. None of it's true. It's Con, not me. Oh, you're much cleverer than I, but I don't know what you're doing, and I don't understand."

I soothed her as best I could and trusted that when the story had a happy ending she could cease to bother by what nonsense it was achieved. For there was no need that she should understand. Harriet would understand, and this letter was written for her, not for Con. I was trusting to the wits of my unknown collaborator. For believe me, Helen, he's not your cup of tea. He wasn't mine and he won't be yours. He's a very nice gentleman (as all my cooks used to say), but Phyllis was his girl, and now Angela. Never me and never you.

I gave Angela her instructions, which by judicious reminder of the aquamarines, she promised to obey. They were quite simple: She was to leave this letter for Con and disappear, but turn up at Southampton in time to board the boat leaving for Naples where she had to change.

"I don't want to go to Naples and change!" cried Angela, in a pathetic wail.

"You won't have to. Con will see to that." But to myself I added with a slight qualm: "At least, I hope to God he will." For if I had been a little too confident it might end in poor Angela having to take a sea trip to Sicily whether she wanted to or not.

Shortly after this a sister of mine living in Scotland got ill and sent for me. My letters were forwarded but among them was not a line from Angela Dilys. Either she was singularly ungrateful or in Sicily. I hoped it was the former. I wondered off and on what had happened to my ex-husband, to Hilda, and to the current Mrs. Barnaby. Of the three, Hebe interested me the most, though I had never met her and did not even know her name.

When I returned to London, passing the Queen's Hall, which I did twenty

times a day as I lived in Park Crescent, I noticed they were billing a violin recital by Hero Latimer. I knew the name quite well of course, although I had never actually heard her play. But it suddenly struck me, as though someone had just touched me on the shoulder and pointed it out, that the initials of Hero Latimer were "H" and "L". There were a thousand other "H.L.'s" but nevertheless I could not shake off that curious certainty that here was Con's fourth Great Love. Here was Hester, Hebe, Helen, Hilda, Harriet. Odd that I should never have thought of Hero. . . . I had acted in "Much Ado about Nothing" when I was at school.

I took a seat in the front row of the circle. She played well, but I am not musical; the human element is what fascinates me. Yes, this was the girl. She was strangely like myself, ten years ago. Con had fallen in love with me and out of love with Phyllis; on that pendulum-swing of attraction and counter-attraction he may easily have fallen in love with Hero and out of love with Angela. Still here she was, playing at the Queen's Hall six weeks after the date of that elopement to Sicily, for ever and ever, so it looked as though all had gone well from Angela's point of view.

In the interval I sent round my card ("Jean Barnaby") and scribbled a request that she should see me.

Luckily no one was in the artists' room except Hero. She was white and exhausted, but I liked the mocking smile with which she received me:

"You're Con's first wife? He often spoke of you."

Then she corrected "often" to "sometimes," and I corrected "first" to "second."

"Phyllis was his first, and Angela his third. Is he with Angela now?"

The mocking smile widened till it was almost a schoolgirl grin:

"How should I know, Mrs. Barnaby?"

"You do know."

"Yes, he is. Did you have anything to do with that letter? I suspected a guiding hand behind the child-wife."

"I dictated it."

"You devil!" But she was laughing, and I exclaimed with relief:

"Then you've got over it?"

"Right over it, thanks. He was terribly attractive—"

"Wasn't he? Isn't he?"

"But he was such a chump over that letter. He didn't see that the romantic description of Sicily, Greek temples and wine-dark sea and the fields of Persephone and all the rest of it, he didn't see that that was just a burlesque of his own style and his own intentions. He took it as an extraordinary coincidence that Angela proposed to do the same all-for-love act at the same time and chose the same place to do it in."

"*You* saw though?"

"Did you mean me to? If you were once married to Con, you must have realized he was—"

"Not very subtle? He has no more subtlety than a duck-billed platypus. Do you live in Regent's Park, by the way? Yes, I thought so. That letter was written for you. As a warning."

"For me? But you didn't know me."

I explained about the rhythm of his infidelities. Hero Latimer said: "I guessed of course that there had been a brain in this. But what a brain! I'm feeling rather respectful."

"Respectful? You ought to be feeling guilty—ashamed—broken-hearted—remorseful—resentful—anything but respectful."

"I adore brains," repeated Hero. "It's so exciting; you can never tell how far they are going to stretch. Look at yours, for instance, stretching right out through Angela and through Con till they touched me. Isn't that enough to make you tingle?"

"Tell me what happened over the letter?"

"I thought I'd told you. I tried to convince Con that her going to Sicily was a brilliant fake, but he wouldn't believe me. He insisted on taking it literally and he was furious—a virtuous outraged

husband. It was really rather comical because he had completely forgotten there was any reason why he shouldn't be outraged or virtuous. We argued about it until we hated each other, and that was the end of that. He went storming off, looking, I must say, impossibly handsome, to rescue Angela from a danger that didn't exist. And I slipped sadly away home to get over my illusions, take myself in hand and practice for my concert."

"You succeeded brilliantly in the last item. What about the other two?"

"Quite all right, thanks," said Hero frankly. "It was one of these infatuations, you know."

"I know. But we shouldn't marry them. Not unless we're Phyllis or Angela. Did he give you a necklace of aquamarines, by any chance?"

"You're a wizard. They're quite nice, but they don't suit me."

"Then give them back to me. You see, they're the property of the current Mrs. Barnaby."

Angela was delighted to get her aquamarines but not so delighted to see me. I was, after all, the sort of woman who rummaged in other people's desks and interfered between husband and wife. And I had made her tell lies to her darling Con. No, I was not a nice woman; darling Con was well out of his first—no, his second—marriage. I did not ask her whether, once she had him safely back, she had blamed the whole of that disgraceful letter on to me, because I knew perfectly well that she had. But something was still puzzling her, and just before I left, she came out with it:

"Mrs. Barnaby—"

"Yes?"

I made my "yes" sound cheerful and encouraging because I was curious to hear what, so to speak, was biting her.

"You said—I mean—you seemed quite sure that you could show me the best way to behave over Con and that girl . . . though of course this time it was just a silly little infatuation and would have come right anyhow. But when he was married to you and fell in love with me . . . as you knew the way to get him back—"

"—I could have got him back then."

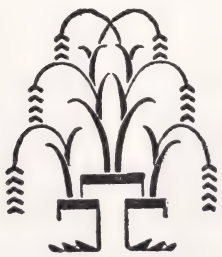
"But you didn't."

"No, I didn't."

"But you must have known what to do," persisted Angela, a little unwisely, "because you told *me* what to do."

"Yes, I did."

She looked deeply thoughtful. . . . And as we were already in the hall, and as I wanted her and Con to live happy ever after, I took my leave quickly and did not visit the Barnabys again.



THE NAZI PRIMER

EXCERPTS FROM THE STANDARD TEXTBOOK OF THE HITLER YOUTH

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We present, as an intellectual curiosity, excerpts from the Official Handbook for the Schooling of the Hitler Youth. The Hitler Youth is an organization which has swallowed up or superseded nearly all the former German youth organizations and now has some seven million members (out of nine or ten million German boys and girls of eligible age). It is under strict governmental direction and its chief has a seat in the Cabinet and reports directly to Hitler. Its handbook, issued last year, serves as the basis of the philosophical training to which young Germans are being subjected, and indicates the line to which school text books will presumably be more or less adapted. In short, this extraordinary document is a distillation of what is being administered to the rising generation of Germany as the way, the truth, and the light.

We present the Introduction and the first two chapters with only minor cuts to save space. Of the subsequent chapters we present only a few salient passages, summarizing briefly what is omitted. The text is unaltered, and omissions are indicated by leaders (. . .).—*The Editors.*

INTRODUCTION: FACTUAL OUTLOOK ON LIFE

THE world outlook of National Socialism is to-day the common possession of all Germans. All well-disposed and unprejudiced comrades have made the ideals of National Socialism so much a part of themselves that they give firm support and direction in every situation of life.

This participation in the National Socialist world outlook also enables German comrades to take an active part in forming our national life. Without regard to place, every German anywhere can co-operate by thought and deed in political, cultural, and economic upbuilding. The common world outlook is the indestructible bond which binds our people's leaders and followers to the common task.

The past knew no such co-operation of all comrades in forming the community life of our people. . . . The earlier philosophical suppositions were not founded on any perception of reality. . . . They had nothing to do with actual events and in most cases stood in sharpest opposition to them. By reason of this opposition between theory and practice all questions of national life soon became so entangled and obscure that even the "leaders" of such philosophical systems did not know how to establish order amid the confusion. The humble comrade . . . could only wait more or less patiently for what, as a result, came out of high politics. He had been crowded off the political stage into the arena of onlookers. The exact opposite is the case to-day. All questions of our national life have become so clear, simple, and definite that every comrade can understand them and co-operate in their solution.

For the National Socialist outlook on life is not something ingeniously devised. It is no theory, but adapts itself strictly to existing reality. The ideal of National Socialism is born of experience. . . .

The most significant and most efficacious realities in the life of a people are "Blood and Soil." Whoever recognizes their binding force and effects in history

can also take part in shaping the future. To foster the building up of a political will in the Hitler Youth organization according to the National Socialist outlook on life is therefore the task of this little handbook for the schooling of the Hitler Youth.

I. THE UNLIKENESS OF MEN

The foundation of the National Socialist outlook on life is the perception of the unlikeness of men. If, at first, we relate this unlikeness solely to physical appearance no one will wish to contest it. For it is all too apparent that the "red skin," the yellow, the black, and the white are very different. Moreover, within the family of white men all people are not the same. Every attentive observer can recognize distinctions in physical size and shape. The coloring of the eyes, the hair, and the skin is also very different.

But there are also distinctions among men with respect to mental and spiritual traits. . . . Men must, therefore, be considered with respect to their inner make-up. For the great difference which separates those of German blood from Jews is clearly evident although physical characteristics seem to designate both as members of the family of white men. We know, therefore, about the unlikeness of men. We suit our actions accordingly. . . .

Times gone by have ignored the obvious unlikeness of men or have consciously acted contrary to better knowledge. . . . The many hybrids resulting from unions with Germans of black troops occupying the Rhineland and of Jews are tragic witnesses of the fact. . . .

Even to-day the racial ideas of National Socialism have implacable opponents. Freemasons, Marxists, and the Christian Church join hands in brotherly accord on this point. The worldwide order of Freemasons conceals its Jewish plans for ruling the world behind the catchword "Mankind" or "Humanity." Masonry can take as much credit for its effort to bring Jews and Turks into the fold as does Christianity itself. Marxism has the same goal as Freemasonry. In this case, to disguise its real intentions, the slogan "Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity" is preached. Under Jewish leadership Marxism intends to bring together everyone "who bears the face of man."

The Christians, above all the Roman Church, reject the race idea with the citation "before God all men are equal." All who have the Christian belief, whether Jews, bush niggers, or whites, are dearer to them and more worthwhile than a German who does not confess Christianity. The one binding bond above and beyond all restrictions is the Belief which alone brings salvation.

One proof that the Roman Church rejects the race idea against its own better judgment is shown by the following facts. At one time there existed the danger that the aims of the Jesuit order would be jeopardized or perverted by its Jewish members. A rule forbidding admission of Jews into the Jesuit order was issued. To-day, since the danger is long since past, the church disregards it.

Now why do we find in Freemasonry, Marxism, and the Christian church this mistaken teaching of the equality of all men? All three are striving more or less for power over the whole earth. Therefore they must necessarily be "international." They can never acknowledge the human ties of race, community, or nation if they do not wish to give up their own aims.

In spite of this powerful opposition, however, the race idea goes on gaining ground. The truth gradually prevails. . . .

II. THE GERMAN RACES

Possession of German blood is therefore essential for admission into the community of German people. A Jew who . . . has assumed a German name and adopted the Christian belief is and remains a Jew.

Such differences as exist between Negroes, Indians, and others are evident at once. It is more difficult to differentiate races in the case of a people which consists of approximately similar and re-

lated races. A layman generally says that one Japanese looks like another. If a Japanese comes to Germany he too will surely say at first glance that we all look the same.

By more precise observation of the Germans we soon notice that they do not all look the same. Moreover, they are not differentiated merely with respect to one or two characteristics. We must explain the concept of race somewhat more exactly. Gunther says in his book, *The Races of the German People:*

> A race is a collection of individuals differentiated from every other group (constituted in such a way) by its unique combination of bodily characteristics and soul attributes and continually reproduces its own kind.

Actually, pure races of people scarcely exist to-day. . . . Race mixtures have sprung into being. . . . One thing, however, does distinguish peoples from one another. The proportions of the races are different. Many peoples in Europe have preserved above all the Nordic character; others the Western, or Eastern, or East Baltic, and so forth.

We will acquaint ourselves with the basic race ingredients of the German people . . . not only physical structure, but also mental and spiritual characteristics. . . .

According to the prevailing view we can differentiate with certainty the following races in Europe and consequently in Germany too:

1. The Nordic race
2. The Phalic race
3. The Western race
4. The Dinaric race
5. The Eastern race
6. The East Baltic race. . . .

1. The Nordic Race

The larger, more compact groups of Nordics are found in Germany and in large sections of the lands of northern Europe, in Scotland, Denmark, on the Baltic coast, in Sweden, and Norway.

The Nordic race, as well as the Phalic, are the tallest of any among the races of Europe. The matured man is, on the average, 1.75 meters tall. Perhaps this height is due to late sexual maturity. The farther one advances to the north of Europe the more often one finds growth still taking place between the ages of 20 and 25. Old age sets in much later too. The Nordic man grows tall and slender. He has, according to our discoveries, limbs which are large in proportion to the body. That suits our sense of beauty. Peoples with another racial makeup apparently have quite another ideal of beauty.

The skull of the Nordic man likewise grows narrow, long. The face is small. . . . The shape of the face is striking, not unaccentedly round. The nose is high set. In proportion to the rest of the face it is likewise small. If it is indented, then this occurs in the upper third, in contrast to the Dinaric and north Asiatic races.

The skin is light, rosy-white and delicate. In contrast to the skin of many other races it is distinguished by a lack of pigmentation.

The hair is smooth, wavy, thin, and fine. Its color varies from light to golden blond. . . . The Nordic race has light-colored eyes, blue, blue-gray to gray.

In what follows we shall see still further how the bodily characteristics of the Nordic race are distinguishable from those of other races. Such distinctions apply also in the case of the internal organs. There are, for example, differences in the structure and size of the brain and the bodily glands. Mental and spiritual differences are naturally related thereto. . . .

Now what distinguishes the Nordic race from all others? It is uncommonly gifted mentally. It is outstanding for truthfulness and energy. Nordic men for the most part possess, even in regard to themselves, a great power of judgment. They incline to be taciturn and cautious. They feel instantly that too loud talking is undignified. They are persistent and stick to a purpose when once they have set themselves to it. Their energy is displayed not only in warfare but also in technology and in scientific research.

They are predisposed to leadership by nature.

The Nordic race is most closely related to:

2. The Phalic Race

In Germany we find this race primarily in Westphalia, from whence it derives its name, in Swabia, and in Württemberg. Outside of Germany they are to be found in Sweden and also, curiously enough, on the Canary Islands.

The Phalic race on the average surpasses the Nordic in physical size. It averages in height over 1.75 meters. In contrast to the Nordic it is not a tall and slender race, but rather tall and broad. It acts, therefore, much more forcibly.

The skull, however, in contrast to the Nordic skull, is broad-faced. . . . The skin is just like that of the Nordic race, a clear rosy-white. The hair is likewise blond, perhaps somewhat more reddish. It is, in fact, somewhat stiffer, wavy, or even curly. The eyes are light in color, similar to those of the Nordic race, but more often gray than blue.

We see, therefore, that the Nordic and Phalic races are rather alike in all these characteristics. The only difference is that the Phalic race acts more forcibly, "dynamically" as Gunther once said.

Similarly, differences in the soul qualities of the two races are not very great. The Phalic man is less emotional than the Nordic man. He is said to be better suited for being the "driving force under the leadership of Nordic men" than for leadership himself. Great patience characterizes his pursuit of an aim. Never could he be as foolhardy perhaps as the Nordic man. He is governed by a strong feeling of loyalty toward other men. He is more good-natured and more cordial than the Nordic man.

The Nordic and the Phalic man seem, therefore, to be more nearly related to each other than to any other race.

3. The Western Race

This race is scarcely represented in Germany in the pure form. We encounter it principally in mixtures in the Rhineland. It is to be found to-day in England, France, and on the half-islanded Pyrenees, therefore in the west of Europe. Outlying remnants are encountered also in the Balkans.

Its physical proportions are similar to those of the Nordic race. The Western man, therefore, is not thickset but . . . neat and slender. The Western race is the smallest in Europe. The Western man is, on the average, 1.61 meters tall. Breadth of shoulders and smallness of hips are not so marked as in the case of the Nordic man. Sexual maturity comes earlier. For that reason old age sets in earlier too.

The skull is long and small-faced. It is similar, therefore, to the skull of the Nordic race. It is not, however, angular. The chin is not so pronounced. . . .

The skin is not light, but tinted. It is uniformly brown.

The hair is like that of the Nordic, fine and smooth, and also curly. It is oily. The color varies from dark brown to black.

The eyes likewise vary from brown to dark brown.

Compared to the Nordic race there are great differences in soul-qualities. The men of the Western race are . . . loquacious. In comparison to the Nordic and Phalic men they have much less patience. . . . They act more by feeling than by reason. . . . They are excitable, even passionate. The Western race with all its mental excitability lacks creative power. This race has produced only a few outstanding men.

All in all, the contrasts between the Nordic and the Phalic races and the Western race appear to be very great, but chiefly in the realm of mind and soul.

4. The Dinaric Race

This race has few similarities to the Nordic so far as bodily structure is concerned. In Germany we find these people in the south and southwest as well as in central Germany. In Europe outside of the Reich we encounter them in Eng-

land, in the eastern Alpine lands (they are named after the Dinaric Alps) and in the Balkans as far as the Ukraine.

The size of body approximates that of the Nordic race. The Dinaric man is, on the average, 1.74 meters tall. He is tall and slender.

The skull is both small-faced and short-headed. The back of the head scarcely rises above the neck. The nose is very high and large. It is often very sharply indented. The skin is brownish. The texture of the hair is fine, curly. In contrast to other races, bodily hair is also well developed. Its coloring is brownish-black to black. The eyes are dark-brown to very dark.

So far as mind and soul are concerned the Dinaric man has some outstanding attributes. Like the Nordic he is very proud and unceasingly brave. He is a good warrior. His love for homeland is great. He is equipped with more creative ability than the neighboring Eastern man. In contrast to the Nordic the Dinaric man is much more subject to his moods. He is noisier by nature, more loquacious. Great thought processes and investigations are not in him. He does have, however, great gift for music.

We have yet to consider two races that seem somewhat closely related to each other. One is:

5. The Eastern Race

We find them in the south and southwest of Germany. In the west they spread out towards Holland and into central France. To the south we can trace them even into the Alpine lands and central Italy. . . .

The Eastern man is also not so large as the Nordic man. The man has an average height of 1.63 meters. . . . Yet in physical makeup he is . . . the exact opposite. He is thickset, compact, clumsy. His shape is broad-based. He reaches sexual maturity early. . . . The legs are, in proportion to the length of the body, rather short. . . .

His skull is short, wide-faced, round. . . . The skin is yellow-brown to yellowish. It is not so delicate as that of the Nordic race. The hair is thicker and tighter. It is stiff. In color it varies from dark brown to black. The eyes are brown. . . .

The Eastern . . . men . . . are, to be sure, courageous, but not rash and bold. They are unwarlike. They incline to craftiness. They lack the spirit of rulers . . . are compliant and submissive subjects. The Eastern race is always the led, never the leader. . . .

6. The East Baltic Race

It surpasses the Eastern race in bodily size but slightly. The East Baltic man is, on the average, 1.64 meters tall. The growth is similar to that of the Eastern race. The East Baltic man is merely more energetic. He is, to be sure, short and large-boned. He is broad-based. The man has great breadth of shoulders. In fullness of body he is quite like the Eastern man. Although he seems to mature rather late, yet, in spite of that, he begins to age early.

The skull is like that of the Easterner, short, wide-faced. It is, however, more angular and bonier. Remarkable is the size of the face in relation to the size of the brain. . . .

The skin is light, gray-yellow. The hair is thick and coarse, stiff. Its color is ash-blond, but can have a gray undertone. In youth the color of the hair can be very like that of the Nordic race. The eyes are gray, blue-gray to water-blue.

Little as yet is known about the soul qualities of East Baltic men. They are no leaders by nature but need leadership. They, in contrast to the Nordic man, are without a real power of decision in conflicts of conscience. And so they are always cautious, never resolute. Their power of imagination is roving, unsteady. Creatively, they are best in the field of music.

In the description of all races we have continually drawn a comparison with the Nordic race, both as to bodily characteristics as well as to soul and mind. We do

that for a definite reason. It is not because we wish to have merely some point of comparison. We draw this very comparison repeatedly because the Nordic is the race most strongly represented in Germany. . . .

Nordic race.....about 50 per cent
Eastern race.....about 20 per cent
Dinaric race.....about 15 per cent
East Baltic race.....about 8 per cent
Phalic race.....about 5 per cent
Western race.....about 2 per cent

The principal ingredient of our people is, therefore, the Nordic race. That is not to say that half of our people are pure Nordics. All the aforementioned races, in fact, appear in mixtures in all parts of our fatherland. The circumstance, however, that the great part of our people is of Nordic descent justifies us in taking a Nordic standpoint when evaluating character and spirit, bodily structure and physical beauty. It also gives us the right to shape our legislation and to fashion our state according to the outlook on life of the Nordic man.

The Handbook then explains the Mendelian theory of heredity and applies it to the formation of races (Chapter III); speaks of the need of fostering the best racial qualities, describes certain hereditary diseases and afflictions, and explains the laws of the Third Reich relating to marriage and health, with a special warning against "mind and blood contamination by the Jews" (Chapter IV); and emphasizes the necessity for increasing the lagging German birthrate in order that the German people may "live on forever, from century to century" (Chapter V).

Then comes the argument (in Chapter VI) that the destiny of a people is determined not only by its racial character and manpower, but also by the nature of its dwelling-place; whereupon the troubles of Germany in recent times are thus accounted for:

The German people has distinguished itself from earliest times by reason of a special attachment to its territory. Only when racial contamination threatened to suffocate the living and unique forces of the German people could those powers which were striving to uproot the German people gain ground. To this end the spiritual values of the soil were the first to be disturbed. The love of homeland was destroyed and made ridiculous. A world citizenship with a "supernational" imprint was presented as the goal worthiest to strive for. Then the agricultural basis of our economic life was also attacked. Ideas foreign to our people spread among the German economic leaders and took away from our productive working forces a consciousness of the national basis of their work. Because of this the German people became more and more dependent economically upon foreign countries.

We experienced the consequences of this in the World War. Because Germany was cut off from its foreign sources of food supplies by the blockade, our people, unbeaten from the military point of view, finally had to stack their weapons and, in consequence of the lack of economic freedom, undergo the loss of political freedom too. Moreover, by uprooting the German economy the way was paved for unrestricted financial domination by the international Jews. The once flourishing, firmly established German economy was transformed into a heap of ruins. An enormous army of unemployed was the outward indication of the unceasing decline.

National Socialism has now reëstablished the natural order of things in the economic sphere. It has restored the creative forces of our people and made the resources and products of our own territory the basis of the German economy. Even to-day after only a few years, the success of this new economic way of thinking is evident. The army of unemployed, numbering millions, has disappeared. The German economy has experienced a new upward swing. . . .

VII. THE GERMAN TERRITORY

By German territory we mean every region of central Europe which is inhabited by Germans in more or less permanent

settlements, and has received its cultural imprint from the German people. This territory includes the heart of Europe. It is surrounded by lands which, in comparison to Germany, are European rim states, because they are either surrounded on three sides by water or by uninhabited regions.

The location of the German territory in the center of Europe has influenced tremendously the historical fate of our people. For all spiritual and political movements of Europe had to encounter one another on German soil. . . . During the last century our people had to struggle with the ideas of western liberalism and eastern Bolshevism. Moreover, all kinds of warlike attacks threatening to destroy the very life and culture of the European continent had to be parried continually on German soil. . . .

Furthermore, the German territory by reason of its central location was exposed from the very beginning to the pressure of its neighbors. Since they were on the rim of Europe, as already explained, they were forced to direct all their efforts for expansion and growth against German territory. . . .

One consequence of its central European location is the three-fold form which the German territory takes to-day. In addition to the political area of the German Reich, there is a German population area, and a cultural area.

The German Reich, the political area of the German people, includes only a small part of the German territory. Since the downfall of the Emperor's power as it was during the Middle Ages, the political area of the Reich has become smaller and more circumscribed. Several German states have broken away from the Reich and part of them have become completely estranged from the German people. Moreover, some parts of the Reich have been seized by foreign peoples. . . .

The German population area extends "as far as the German tongue wags." It extends far beyond the political frontiers of our Reich and includes all German states as well as the compact German population areas which are in the possession of non-German states. . . .

The German culture area extends even farther, beyond the German population area towards the east. It includes also lands of non-German peoples who, however, have received their historical consciousness, their culture, and their national character from the German people. In this German culture area traces of German life are recognizable everywhere. German language, German art, and German law are present everywhere throughout the German culture area. Many large islands of Germans lie scattered about in it. They preserve intact, even to-day, the living bond between the German culture area and the Germans themselves.

In Chapter VIII comes a heroic history of the "German population area." It tells about the Norsemen and their achievements, tells how the German warriors in their heroic age (375 to 1000 A.D.) fought off their enemies, and then how they later lost various territories until Frederick the Great again united "the compact German population area" "under German rule." It concludes:

For more than 500 years therefore Mecklenburg, Pomerania, East and West Prussia, Silesia, and Sudeten Germany and German Austria are to be listed as part of the German population area. In the course of a truly historical accomplishment all branches of the German people won back those territories which comprise almost one-half of the present German population area. . . . In no case were foreign peoples deprived of culture areas. German work and German achievements alone transformed these districts into cultural areas. Out of this fact arises a justifiable claim on behalf of the German people for these regions.

Beyond the German population area lie the German culture areas, says Chapter IX. "The whole of the territory of western Europe is overset with islands of outland Germans," who exercise, it seems, a

salutary culture influence. And outside Europe—

German cultural areas in the broadest sense comprise also the compact German settlements overseas. . . .

About 6 million Germans, whose descendants amount to from 10 to 12 million, have migrated to the United States of North America. Only a small part of these have remained German-conscious however. It is estimated that there are 3 million German-speaking persons in the U. S. A. to-day. After the War they joined together and founded a flourishing press and associational life.

Some 400,000 Germans live in Canada. As a consequence of their wide dispersion and their varied antecedents the Germans of Canada lack a closely knit cohesiveness.

Larger and more compact German settlements exist in the states of South America, especially in Brazil, Argentina, and Chile. They likewise were all established in the 19th century. Here the Germans maintain many German schools, German newspapers, and cultural associations. Some 700,000 Germans live in Brazil, 200,000 in Argentina, and 30,000 in Chile who confess to their German identity.

Only small groups of Germans live in the remaining states of South America and they have settled principally in the cities. Their number may amount to about 25,000.

There is also a large number of Germans in Australia. . . . Perhaps 200,000 Australians are of German descent. The greater part is to be sure no longer folk-conscious. After all, perhaps 90,000 are still to be looked upon as having German sensibilities.

There are also many thousands of Germans in Asia, Africa, and on the borders of the Orient. They do not settle, to be sure, in compact regions but form small groups in cities instead.

The German colonies likewise are to be looked upon as spheres of German cultural influence. They went through their first development under German administration, were opened up and explored by Germans, and have thereby received a German imprint. . . .

In Chapters IX and X the Handbook goes on to explain Germany's shortage of colonies and the need for restoring them; and after sketching the manner in which the boundaries of Germany have expanded and contracted through history, declares that "the infamous dictate of Versailles, an infamous imposition," so reduced the territory of Germany that "the need for territory for our people has increased to an extent which is unendurable." Since Germany has no colonies for its population to expand into—

The correct picture emerges only when both homelands and colonies are considered. Of all the states of the earth the German Reich exhibits the greatest population density. It is forced to maintain the largest population on a fixed territory. France and Russia have at their disposal from fifteen to eighteen times the territory per inhabitant that Germany has; the British Empire, Italy, and the United States of North America more than ten times; and even Poland, which next to us shows the greatest population density, has more than twice the territory per inhabitant that Germany has.

No matter how the comparison is made, a striking difference always results between the great lack of room for our people and the enormous territory at the disposal of the remaining world powers. Our claim for a corresponding share of earthly possessions, of raw materials and foodstuffs, is based on the past and present achievements of our people in all spheres of life. Only blind hate or lack of political wisdom can deny this inalienable claim. For this reason the solution of the colonial question is and remains the basic condition for an enduring world peace and for a happy working together of all peoples. . . .

The two closing chapters of the Handbook deal with agricultural and industrial problems and the Four Year Plan.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

TWO STORIES

BY SUSAN ERTZ

LULLABY

She couldn't get up the steps at first in spite of the two men's help. "Jes' lean on me, lady," the porter said. "That's right, there we go."

"Wife isn't feeling well," murmured the husband. He too pushed, and after two or three tries accompanied by feeble giggles, she made it. He took her firmly by the arm and managed to get her through the door of the car. "Number twelve, suh," said the porter close behind them. " 'Bout de middle of de car."

Well, it was too far. She was leaning on him with all her weight, leaning and sagging. She couldn't walk another step. "Anybody got this seat?" asked the husband, seeing that the first one was empty.

"No, suh, no suh, I reckon you can have dat one. Jes' put de lady right down in it, an' I'll fix it up all right wid de conductor."

That was a lucky break. She'd never have made number twelve. "I'll jes' fetch de lady a pillow," said the porter. She had flopped into the corner, and now her face, with eyes closed, was pressed helplessly against the window. They slipped the pillow behind her, and this roused her a little.

"Lemme alone!"

At the sound of that shrill unnatural voice the other passengers turned their heads. The husband took off his cap and wiped his forehead nervously, then took off his overcoat and hung it up.

"It's all right, baby, we're just fixing things up so's you can sleep. Feeling better? Funny you should've fainted like that; you gave me a terrible scare. I'll bring you some water right away."

The porter brought it. She pushed it away, spilling it on her fur coat.

"Lemme alone, I say! I'm glued."

"Hush, baby, hush! You'll be all right in a minute."

The husband hovered, trying to screen her from the other passengers. Women who have fainted seldom have that high color, that glassy, foolish look, that shrill and peevish voice. He tried to straighten her hat, an absurd thing nearly a foot high.

"Lemme alone, I say. I'm glued."

"Hush, baby. Just sleep. You'll feel better. You gave me a terrible scare fainting like that."

Her purse slipped off her lap with a loud jingle of coins, and he picked it up and laid it down beside her. Then, very nervously, he took off her hat, which was now balanced miraculously over one eye. The porter appeared with a paper bag, and they slipped the curious, conical thing into it and laid it on the rack. While they were busy she swayed out of her corner and fell toward the arm of the seat. Her husband put her back again.

"Just stay quiet, baby. We'll get you all fixed up in no time. When's the train due to start, porter?"

The porter looked at his watch. " 'Bout three minutes more, suh. Like

me to fix up the berth right now, suh? Maybe the lady'll feel better in bed?"

"I guess maybe she would."

He looked about him. Where could they put her while the berth was being made ready? Across the aisle sat an elderly man trying not to watch the pathetic comedy, trying not to hear. Poor devil, what can you do with a wife like that? he wondered. Beat her? Aware of the husband's dilemma, he got up and went into the club car.

"We'll just slip her across here while you get the berth fixed up," said the husband, relieved. "That'll do fine." He and the porter laid hands on her.

"Lemme alone, can't you?" she asked shrilly, and with an immense peevishness. "S'all I ask. Lemme alone."

"It's all right, baby. The porter's going to fix up the berth for you right away. We'll just slip you across to this empty seat till it's ready."

They got her across. She fell into the corner, and they put the pillow behind her. The porter pulled down the upper berth, and with skilled and rapid movements, took out sheets, blankets, and curtains. The husband sat watching his wife. She muttered something he couldn't catch.

"What's that, baby? Something daddy can do for you?"

"Go 'way."

"It's all right, baby. You'll feel fine when you've had a good sleep."

"Fine, hell. I'm glued."

"Hush now. Just you sleep. It's all right. The porter's fixing up your bed. He won't be long now."

She gave a great sigh that was almost a groan.

"O.K., O.K., O.K."

The train had started now, so things weren't so bad. It wasn't so easy for people to hear, and soon most of them would be going in to dinner. The husband wiped his forehead, still watching his wife. He wasn't actually thinking. His mind was completely absorbed in the facts of her drunkenness and his embarrassment. Suppose the boss had been on the train? Or suppose someone like the Scheffers had seen them? She was trying to speak.

"What's that, baby?"

"Get out. Staring at me. I'm glued, I tell you."

"That's all right, honey. You're sick. You fainted. Now you be quiet. I'll see to everything."

"Get out."

He continued to watch her, his hands on his knees. As soon as the bed was ready he'd lay her in it just as she was. Then, when she'd had a good sleep, she could undress herself.

"All ready, suh," said the porter. "Want I should help you get de lady in?"

They laid hands on her again. She struggled feebly, making thin, peevish sounds. They parted the curtains, sat her on the edge of the berth, swung her body in and then her feet. The porter went away and the husband sat on the edge of the berth watching her, the curtains partly drawn so that only his legs were visible.

"Baby?"

"Lemme alone."

"Listen, baby. Is there anything daddy can get you? Anything you'd like from the dining car?"

"Lemme alone. I'm glued."

"Some coffee, maybe? A nice hot cup of coffee?"

She made a sweeping, negative gesture.

"Go 'way, I say."

"Well then, I'll just go along and have a bite myself, and then I'll come right back."

"O.K." She gave a great sigh. He patted her hip.

"You'll feel fine when you've had a nice sleep."

He hovered a moment longer, then drew the curtains carefully and went down the swaying corridor toward the dining car, his eyes on his feet.

An hour later he returned. He had had a grilled porterhouse steak with fried potatoes, two large cups of coffee, and two dishes of ice cream. He felt benevolent; great-hearted. He met the eyes of the

other passengers without shame. Wonderful what a good dinner does for a man! Now he'd have to scold her and tell her she mustn't ever do such a thing again, especially just before they were catching a train. At a party it was different. He'd seen it happen to women at a party, but never on a train. He parted the curtains of the berth and sat on the edge of it.

"Honey. Baby. Feeling better now?"

She opened her eyes and looked at him without expression.

"I had a fine dinner. Porterhouse steak like mother used to make it. And ice cream."

"O.K."

"Listen, baby. Your daddy's pretty mad at you, you know. Made him feel like a fool. You got to promise me you won't ever do that any more. You hear me? You got to promise."

Her voice was thin, querulous.

"Well, don't be mean. I was sick."

"Listen, baby. That isn't so. You know it isn't. You were glued."

"I wasn't. I was sick, I tell you. Don't be so mean. I was sick."

"Now listen, baby, what I want you to do is to say you're sorry. Tell daddy you won't ever do it any more, see?"

"I was sick, I tell you. I feel fine now. Lemme alone."

"You got to say you're sorry."

"Don't be so mean. I was sick."

"You were glued, and you got to tell daddy you won't do it any more."

"O.K. Sure. I'm finished. I'm through. I'm telling you. *And* how!"

"And you're sorry?"

"Okey doke."

"Sorry you made your poor daddy feel ashamed?"

"Sure. Don't be so *mean.*"

"All right, baby." He patted her hip. "That's all right, and you're never going to do it any more, see? Now," he felt in his pocket for a cigar, extracted it and looked at it lovingly, "I'm just going along to the club car for a smoke. I'll be right back. See? Be right back."

He withdrew his body and pulled the curtains together carefully.

"There. I'll just smoke my cigar and be right back."

He went. She heard the car door open and shut. She gave a great sigh that was like a groan and turned over.

"Sure," she said, half to herself, "he'll be right back. Oh, sure! Right back. Hell, he'll be back all right!"

Another great sigh. Then stillness. Then came sleep.

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

She was a beautiful girl. Common perhaps, but a young man in love mightn't notice that. He might think it was just part of her charm. She had style—boy! did she know how to dress? The young man who followed her into the train thought so. Funny little green shoes with heels three inches high, stockings that you'd have sworn weren't there at all but for the fine seam up the shapely leg. Her brown hair was arranged in little curls, like a wreath, about her tiny hat. She was the best-looking girl in New York. She had ten gold bracelets on one wrist, all hung with little charms. She had bought the first one and the other nine he'd given her. She had a gold cigarette case, a gold vanity case, and a gold lighter. She clinked and jingled when she walked—a supple young Cleopatra. Her seat was in the parlor car, and the young man took the one next to it. She was going to stay with people he didn't know—friends of hers near Scranton—and he had to go back to Connecticut, to his mother and sister, but he was going as far as Newark with her. They swung their chairs about so that they faced the windows and turned their backs on the other passengers.

He offered her a cigarette from a battered old case that his sister had given him before he went to college. The girl was used to it. She knew that he'd sold his gold one—the one his uncle had given him—to buy hers. But what did it matter really what sort of things men had? Nobody noticed. But you could tell all about a girl by the things she had.

"Can't you possibly get back on Wednesday instead of Thursday?" the young man asked. "It seems a long time to stay with people you've never stayed with before."

"Does it, wiseacre? What of it if I like them? Gee, you're a funny kid. All full of 'You can't do this,' 'You mustn't do that.' If I enjoy myself there why shouldn't I stay? They've got four cars, and horses to ride—you ought to see me in my jodhpurs—boy! Are they good? It'll be swell to be on a horse again."

"I'm glad you're going to have a good time, honey, but it'll be awful without you. I'll be thinking about you the whole time. How often will you write to me?"

"Once maybe. Don't you suppose I'll have something better to do than sit and write letters? What's the idea anyway?"

"Carol, listen, you've got to write to me. Twice anyhow. Little short letters, if you like, like the ones you wrote to me from Atlantic City. You were only away four days then and this will be six. It'll be awful if you don't write."

"Now listen, sweetie, you're a great big grown-up man, and you've got to work all day in an office for your dad. You won't have time for reading a lot of letters. You can think about me all you like—Gee, I want to kiss you right this minute, I love you so!—but this passion for letters leaves me cold. So don't you worry if maybe you don't hear from me, because I'll be thinking about you all the time. See?"

"Lord! I hope so." He leaned closer and played with her glove. "Carol, I've liked other girls before, I guess, but I've never been crazily in love like this before. Ever. You've got me hooked all right. I've heard about how it felt, but I never believed it. Now I know."

"You're sweet. Gee, you're sweet. I guess I'm crazy about you too. Only I've got to go around with other people sometimes or people will talk. You know, all my friends think I'm crazy, the way I just go around with you all the time and no one else."

"Well, if a person's in love that's what they'll want to do, isn't it? Just be with the other person all the time? I know that every minute I'm not with you seems just wasted. Listen, Carol, who are these people you're going to stay with?"

"Oh, no one you ever heard of, sweetie, but they're nice. And rich too. They made a pile out of coal mining. There's pa and ma and three girls, Lucy, Christine, and Evelyn. Aren't they sweet names? I guess we'll have a lot of girlish gossip, and we'll ride a lot and maybe dance a little at night. They know a whole crowd of people around there. But they wouldn't be your sort. Not tony enough for you. Christine's my particular friend. You'd like her a lot. But she never comes to New York if she can help it."

"Why can't you give me their address and let me write to you there?"

"Oh, Gawd, what a little Jane Austen you are! Always wanting to write, write, write! Save it all up till I get home, sweetie. All the more to talk about. Where do you get this craving anyhow?"

"I don't know. I like to write letters to you. But I like to get them even more. Well, if you don't want me to write, I won't, but it seems funny to me. Have you got all you want in that one suitcase?"

"Well, for heaven's sake, what more would I want? I told you they weren't tony. We won't wear tea-gowns and lie about on sofas. Maybe we won't even change for dinner. Why, I wouldn't dream of going to a real swell house-party. I haven't got clothes enough."

"Oh, Carol, you always look wonderful! I don't know a girl who dresses as well as you do. You always look lovely. Damn! Here's the conductor."

The conductor paused, a hand on each chair.

"No smoking in here, young folks."

"Oh, all right, conductor. We got talking, I guess, and forgot."

"Somebody's always spoiling the fun," said the girl, giving the conductor a look out of her beautiful fringed eyes. He

passed on, and she made a little grimace.

"'Young folks!' Don't you love it? As if we were still in school. Listen, Frank, you know that toilet set you wanted to give me? Well, I don't want you to get it for me; it costs too much, see? I know where I can get one for a quarter the price almost. In a shop over on Broadway. And it comes in a case and everything. I guess it's quite good enough for little me. So don't you be silly and buy me the other while I'm away, will you?"

"Nothing's good enough for you. And I'll buy it if I can. But it mayn't be just yet. I'll have to save up, I guess."

"Oh, sweetie, that means you've been spending too much on me. I'm a bad girl. Gee, I feel ashamed! Going out with a boy who really can't afford things spoils all the fun. You know, I'm like that. I just hate people to spend more than they can. I'm funny about it, I guess."

"Don't you worry. I'll manage. Dad's giving me a raise next year. That's only four months away. Then you'll have to think of a really good excuse for not marrying me."

"There are plenty already. Your mother'll hate me. Your sister'll hate me. I'm not one of their crowd. Though I will say, my crowd's gayer than yours, from the sample you introduced me to at the ball game."

"Oh, that was just a school friend of my sister's."

"Oh, yeah? She seemed pretty keen on you."

"Let's not talk about her. The train's slowing down. Carol, you will marry me next year, won't you?"

"Sweetie lamb, I want to kiss you so badly," she whispered. "I'm just silly about you. Gee, I wish I weren't going away for six whole days. Maybe I'll write. Maybe I will. I'll be thinking about you the whole time."

"I'll miss you terribly. Are you all right? Have you got enough money? What about tips for the servants? Did you think of that?"

The lovely face grew anxious. "Gee, I forgot. What a silly I am." She opened her bag. "I didn't count on that. I'm just a great stupid, I guess, and need somebody to look after me. Oh, never mind. Let the servants work for their living."

"Don't be silly, Carol, you've got to tip. Here's five dollars. It's about all I can spare just at the moment."

"Well, isn't that enough? I'm not hiring them by the year. Good-by, sweetie lamb. Thanks a lot for coming. Gee, you're good to little Carol. Don't kiss me. I saw a friend of my mother's in the car. Over there in the far corner. She hasn't seen me yet."

"All right, I won't, but I want to. I want to terribly. Carol, I love you."

"You precious sweet. And I love you. And I'll think about you every single minute."

He hesitated and put a hand in his pocket.

"Here. Here's two dollars more. You might need it for something. Good-by, darling. Quick, just one little kiss. She won't notice. You're so beautiful. Wave to me through the window. I do hope you enjoy yourself."

He was still standing on the platform, waving, when the train left the station. When he was no longer in sight the girl leaned back in her chair and took out her gold vanity case. She did her face very carefully, with immense concentration, and patted her curls. A man came through from the smoking-car, and stopped behind her chair.

"That was the guy, was it, on the platform?"

"Yeah. Sit, Jimmie, I'm doing my face."

"Looks O.K. to me."

Still holding the mirror, she moistened one finger and tweaked a curl into place.

"You ought to of heard me, Jimmie, you really ought. Boy! *Was* I good?"

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG COUNTRY DOCTOR

BY ARTHUR E. HERTZLER, M.D.

When I began the practice of medicine in a Kansas village, forty years ago, it was emphatically country practice. Most of the patients lived out in the country and it was necessary for the doctor to drive out to visit them. There was but little office practice because patients were treated with the simple remedies at home unless or until the state of the disease seemed to be threatening or the pain became too great to bear.

Naturally most of the sickness occurred when the weather was inclement, either very hot or very cold and stormy and the roads indescribably bad. At such seasons I sometimes spent the greater part of the twenty-four hours in the buggy. Sometimes in the spring and fall when the weather was fine there might not be a country call for a week or even longer. When the roads were good the population suddenly became provokingly healthy.

Generally a speed of seven miles an hour was good time for a team in cold weather and good roads. In muddy roads, when a horse cannot exceed a walk, three miles an hour is average time. A mule will walk unmolested two and a half miles an hour; if urged he reduces this to two miles, and if urged too strongly he may stop entirely and look back over his shoulder to inquire what you are going to do about it. But on the whole, the mule was the most reliable means of transportation available. The great drawback of mule transportation, as I remember it, was that it was so undignified for the consulting doctor to arrive drawn by a span of unwilling mules. Be it remembered that dignity is a very important item to a young doctor—observe nowadays the hospital interns, magnificent, all decked out in white; but after one is established he acts naturally. But even then dignity had on occasion to give way to dependability. Though the mule occasionally backfires he does not run out of gas—no dead batteries, no flat tires.

The buggy used by doctors was a single-seated four-wheeled vehicle to which one or two horses were attached. The buggy seat was usually from thirty to thirty-six inches long, suitable for seating two persons. This was all right as a seat but it made rather a short bed, particularly for a person afflicted as I am with excessive longitudinality. This made it necessary for me to stick my feet and legs through the top bows into the adjacent atmosphere when in a recumbent position. This was not exactly a graceful pose, but sleep thus obtained was better than none. Of course on the out trip one could not sleep for long because the team had to be guided in the proper direction, but on the return trip the team could be depended on to go directly home—that is, some teams. My own horse, after he had been to a place a time or two, could be depended upon to go there unguided and he invariably returned home directly but in his own sweet time, which consisted in making about four or five miles an hour with some stops interposed for viewing the scenery

or visiting with a wayside horse. When he stopped, it invariably wakened me and a jerk of the lines started him off at once, sometimes on a dead run for a short distance.

Next to the bad roads, dogs were the common pest. Every farmyard had several, at least one of which was a big Newfoundland. Sometimes these dogs lay in wait along the side of the road. The team, sensing this, might turn sharply around, threatening to upset the buggy or take off across an adjoining field. Others would dash out of the barnyard, causing the team to go down the road on the dead run. If the frightened team ran straight ahead, leading the dogs, there was no difficulty; but if the dogs outdistanced the team and jumped at the noses of the horses and they swerved too sharply, the buggy was upset and then there was pandemonium. It was necessary to educate the dogs. Some of them would take the hint if a carefully placed bullet were planted at their heels. The more persistent had to be treated more roughly.

One dog presented an unusual problem. He was a very large brindle dog who acquired the ability to jump on the side of a horse and grab the check ring and hang on. A big dog hanging on the harness of course excited the horse to frantic efforts. Try as I might, I could not get a shot at that dog before he landed on the horse. One fine Sunday afternoon, having a driver and armed with a carbine, I was looking for him. There he was standing some twenty feet from the kitchen door inspecting the weather, not at all interested in doctors and their horses. I was a bit peeved at this unseemly indifference, so I got out of the buggy and lay down in the grass and with a nice elbow rest planted a carbine bullet behind his front legs. Illegal of course, but I failed to find a statute granting permission to any brindle dog to scare the daylights out of a sleepy doctor's team. At any rate a doctor often must operate in the face of a doubtful prognosis.

When the doctor was afoot these big dogs sometimes were a real menace. One night when I was walking down a road a dog, known throughout the neighborhood as dangerous, came tearing out and made a dive for my throat. I parried his dive with the instrument bag I was carrying and as he started to fall backward I placed a bullet in his chest, from my six-shooter, shooting from my hip. That was fast and fine shooting and no audience to acclaim it.

But there was a lighter vein. When the roads were good I occupied my time by reading or by shooting at wayside objects or jack rabbits. I was then interested in biology and read most of Lubbock's books and really learned Flower's *Osteology of the Mammalia* while driving the long weary hours. Bones of all sorts of animals were plentiful and my buggy contained a fair-sized museum of comparative osteology. I collected insects and butterflies as occasion required, and I got what I then considered a fair reading knowledge of French by study done wholly in the buggy.

II

Usually driving was just plain wearisome work, but trials and even dangers sometimes attended these country drives. One winter night I was awakened out of a nice sleep by a peculiar jerk of the buggy. I awoke with a start and my team was gone. There I sat in a buggy on a snow-covered prairie apparently without a team. The fact was of course that the team had run into a snow-filled ditch; once in, the loose snow covered them completely and they were quite invisible to sleepy eyes. It was necessary to take my shovel and dig away the snow, unhitch the team, push the buggy away from the ditch, hitch up again and start in a different direction. Which direction to go was the problem. I was lost. But I followed the golden rule of the prairies—when in doubt, trust to the horse. That worked out well in this case and after traveling several miles I got my bearings and could start out anew. I was five miles off the road that led to my patient.

If the roads were fenced and drifted full of snow one just cut the wires and took out across the field, and after the drift was passed cut his way back into the road again. I recall with great satisfaction that no farmer complained if an embattled doctor cut his way out of a difficult situation. He repaired the fence with the satisfaction of knowing that it was an incident in the common fellowship of man. Some neighbor needed help and got it, theoretically at least.

My closest call had nothing directly to do with the practice of medicine but with a horse with a mind far ahead of his time. This horse had a mania for trying to beat a train to a crossing. One very cold day I was returning to town and had to pass a mill which obstructed the view of a railroad track. As we emerged from behind the obstruction he spied the oncoming train. My hands were encased in heavy fur mittens. As he lunged for a start the lines slipped from my hands. Quickly throwing off my mittens, I caught one line with both hands and pulled with all my might. I succeeded in jerking him parallel with the track just as the engine whizzed by. The engineer told me afterward that he could have caught the horse by the ears. The car step missed the buggy wheel by a bare six inches. The smallest fraction of a second and this screed would have terminated with this paragraph.

Here is my prize recollection of a friend in need: One night I drove into the livery stable and called for a fresh team. It was just midnight. I had been on the road on the average of some sixteen hours a day for weeks. I spied the boy's bunk. An irresistible desire seized me. I do not know just how I got on the cot. When I awoke to my horror I found it was four o'clock. The office door was closed. I opened it and there sat the livery boy in a chair in the driveway. As introduction, without turning his head he said: "Say, Doc, I lied for you. Mr. X and Mr. Y were here looking for you. I told them you hadn't got back yet. I thought that if their folks was worse off than you they's dead anyhow and don't need no doctor." He gave me the directions for the calls and hitched up a fresh team for me. I relate this instance with satisfaction, for it shows that concern for the doctor sometimes came from unexpected sources.

With the coming of the automobile new problems presented themselves to the country doctor. Cars were not inclosed then and the early ones had no tops, many not even a windshield. One such trip stands in my memory. The prairie was putting on a good sample of a blizzard. The car had neither fenders, top, nor windshield. The temperature was considerably below zero. Despite blankets, laprobes, and all that, it was bitter cold. One cheerful old chap, who had formerly lived in my home town, remarked: "All hell won't stop Doc but, by crickey, I'm afeared he may land there to-night." During the course of the trip we came across a herd of cattle, some lying down, some standing rump to the storm. After we had missed a few by a narrow margin I admonished my driver to slow down. His reply was: "Doc, the gas won't shut off and I can't get at the brakes." His feet were bundled in the remains of an ancient buffalo robe, so that the pedals were out of his reach. We made the seventy-five miles in three and one-half hours. I met the doctor at this town and proceeded sixteen miles farther where I found a brain abscess which was successfully drained. One soon forgot a trip if there was something one could do at the journey's end.

Fortunately the automobiles of that day did not possess sufficient speed to cause any very serious accidents. Of course there were farm wagons and livestock to give a fair chance for a collision. I remember once my assistant was traveling at a high speed of about twenty miles an hour. Topless and windshieldless, the car rattled along over the rough road, rocking me peacefully to sleep. I was half reclining. The car hit the rear end of a farm wagon loaded with wheat. I took a complete somersault, landing on my feet some distance ahead of the car,

hands still in my pockets. My old assistant still believes his fortune would be made if he had a movie of that experience.

III

Usually the call was brought to the doctor by a horseman who dashed up the street on a foaming steed. The movies never produced anything quite so spectacular. The young doc usually answered the call in the same fashion: that is, at first—for he soon came to see how theatrical it was. During the trip he had plenty of time to reflect on the responsibility which awaited him when he reached the patient's bedside. To a young and untried doctor this anticipation was worse than the reality, for a case seldom turned out to be as serious as represented by the messenger. Almost anything from hysteria to postpartum hemorrhage might confront him. The hired man or a boy of the family usually brought the call before there were telephones. Generally the messenger knew only that there was need for haste and nothing could be learned in advance as to the nature of the illness.

This lack of preparative information worked a double hardship. The doctor was neither able to take suitable supplies for the condition he was to meet nor to determine which of several calls received simultaneously was the most serious and should be answered first. I always followed this rule: children first, next women, then old men, and finally the adult males. Known cases of hysterics came last. The reason for giving priority to children was that they become violently ill suddenly and require early attention; hours counted. Then too, as it has sometimes been facetiously remarked, if haste was not exercised the child might recover before the doctor arrived. More seriously, the family might have one of those curious compilations, *What to Do until the Doctor Comes,* and might do it. One hoped to get there before they did. We know now how important haste is in cases of acute abdominal disease, notably in beginning appendicitis and intestinal perforations. In those days the acute intestinal disease of childhood, more than any other disease, justified haste in applying treatment.

The young doctor naturally took things more seriously than the seasoned old doctor, both because of the desire to establish himself in the community and because of the belief that his services always were of great importance. Then too the old doctor knew the people, both physically and financially, and if the patient's complaints were negative he had urgent business elsewhere. One of my first calls will explain why. A boy came galloping to my house, eyes bulging, and shouted: "Come quick, Doc. Mother's terribly sick." I hastily hitched my horse and made the seven miles in considerably less than one hour. I rushed into the house only to find an assortment of women solemnly sitting about a stove doing nothing —except talking of course. I asked, "Who's sick?" The lady of the house calmly answered: "Well, Doc, I reckon it's me. I ain't really sick, but I've been porely since Christmas and so Pa thought I better see a doctor. I didn't feel like ridin' to town so we sent for you because you are the new doctor." The significance of that last remark escaped me at the time, but I soon learned that they never paid any doctor anything and that established doctors turned a deaf ear to them. That is the way with deadheads. They make their call sound urgent in order to break down whatever sales resistance the doctor may have. In this case the patient's family of ten or more children seemed to be the trouble. Any experienced doctor can tell from these remarks what was wrong with her.

Even more trying than the false alarmist were those who invariably called the doctor about eleven at night. Such calls became more numerous after telephones came into use at about the turn of the century. Usually the background was something like this: an ailing child would keep the mother worried all day until Father came home. The hungry father

took Mother's report lightly at first. But after a few hours, tiring of the child's lamentations, which interfered with his sleep, the father would send one of the boys after the doctor. One father I knew boasted that he never called a doctor before midnight, and thus he made him earn his money. Of course, this fellow never paid the doctor, so that phrase "earn his money" was merely a facetious hyperbole.

Tiring of this sort of thing one night, I 'phoned a chronic offender at eleven o'clock that I must see him at once about an important matter that concerned us both, a matter that would not bear discussing over the party 'phone. He demurred, saying he had been asleep in bed and that he was not feeling well. I repeated my message in louder tones and hung up the receiver with a bang. In about an hour I heard a horse clattering, rapidly coming down the road. When he came to my door I feigned sleep but at his second knock I admitted him. Then I told him very calmly that I wanted him to bring me that load of hay he had promised. One of the neighbors learned the facts over the party line, and there was much kidding. The result was a greater respect for the doctor's hours of rest throughout that neighborhood. But in a measure he got even, for the hay he brought me was all weeds, wholly unfit for horse feed.

I never refused a call, no matter what the condition or what the chances of remuneration. When I announced that I wished to study medicine my father asked me to promise never to refuse to attend a sick person, whether he could or would pay or not. I have kept the faith: that is, almost. I have always refused to attend a drunk with a headache.

Thereby hangs a tale. We had in our town a chronic inebriate. One day I saw him zigzagging down the sidewalk. Early that evening the wife called to say that her husband was very ill. I advised that she put him to bed, expressing my belief that he would be all right in a few days. A few hours later she called again, reporting that her husband was dying.

I replied that in that case it was not a doctor she wanted but an undertaker. This gave me an idea. I called the undertaker and informed him that Mr. X was in need of his service. Would he attend? As is the wont with undertakers even today, he expressed deep sorrow, but in a tone that indicated grief would not incapacitate him for business.

I thought there might be interesting doings, so I cut down the alley and across lots and hid in the shadows of the house. Soon the undertaker approached in his wagon. On arrival he found the door slightly ajar, but no one visible. Gently pushing open the door, he entered and quietly arranged a board on supports ready to receive the relict. Just then the wife came in from the kitchen and, recognizing the undertaker, let out a shriek. This partly aroused the patient and he fixed the undertaker with an uncertain gaze. Spying the board prepared to receive his remains, he sat bolt upright and then let out a howl that frightened children four blocks away. The bed stood in front of a screened window. The patient dived through the screen of the very window through which I was peeping, carrying the screen with him. He lit running and after two hours' search his friends found him crouched in the corner of a fence many blocks from home.

He stayed sober for the remainder of his sojourn in our town, some three years. I have always remembered with a devilish chuckle that this man's coworker was cured of his bibulous habit during a revival, but his cure lasted only nine months while my low-comedy one lasted at least three years.

IV

The usual procedure for a doctor when he reached the patient's house was to greet the grandmother and aunts effusively and pat all the kids on the head before approaching the bedside. He greeted the patient with a grave look and a pleasant joke. He felt the pulse and inspected the tongue, and asked where it

hurt. This done, he was ready to deliver an opinion and prescribe his pet remedy. More modern men had a thermometer and a stethoscope. The temperature was gravely measured, and the chest listened to—or at.

That ritual was followed by every experienced physician. I had ideas of my own. I passed the aged female relatives up, ignored the children, and proceeded with the matter at hand. This was not based on bravery on my part, but ignorance. I had not yet learned that most of the things one needs to know in the practice of the art of healing never get into the books. But there were compensating factors. I at least examined my patients as well as I knew how. Word went out that the young doctor "ain't very civil but he is thorough." Only yesterday one of my old patients recalled that when I came to see her young son I "stripped him all off and examined him all over." Incidentally, it may be mentioned that in this case I discovered a pleurisy with effusion which had not been apparent to my tongue-inspecting colleague.

The great majority of the country doctor's calls were for trivial and obvious conditions, such as sore throat with or without special involvement of the tonsils, recognizable at a glance. Grandmother might have a renewal of her attacks of bronchitis or asthma, or Father might have lumbago or "rheumatiz." These conditions could sometimes be diagnosed while one was driving into the yard. Simple remedies sufficed and one came a day or two later to see how the patient was progressing.

Though many of the calls involved trivial and ephemeral diseases, there were many serious and arduous problems to meet such as try the souls of even experienced men. At the top of these stood epidemics of typhoid fever. My introduction to this disease was an epidemic of sixteen cases scattered over a wide territory. This number required a great deal of time, since it was supposed that an attentive doctor would see each patient at least once a day—during the most serious period of the disease sometimes several times a day—and stay all night at the terminal stages. During one period of six days I got no sleep except in the buggy. I did not even have my shoes off during this time. The weather was very hot, and when the time finally came when I could take my shoes off, my socks had so intimately attached themselves to the skin of my feet that they had literally to be peeled off. The next morning my feet were so swollen I had to go about my work wearing bedroom slippers. That was the most arduous week I ever spent in my life. At the end of that grueling summer I emulated my patients and took typhoid fever myself.

During the summer season digestive-tract diseases were common, particularly among children, and when I was not sponging typhoid patients I was giving enemas to convulsed babies. There was no ice, no sanitation, and there were few screens. Many children died in their second year, that dreaded "second summer."

When word came that a baby was in convulsions I would drop everything else and hasten to attend. I would find a child in convulsions, with a temperature of 105°. A hasty dose of castor oil was administered, followed by an enema which was perhaps repeated. If the convulsions did not cease the child was placed in a tepid water-filled washtub. After the convulsions ceased it was given salol and bismuth. One of these children that I bathed for six hours one night is now in a penitentiary. At least he is not listed as unemployed, and that is something. Nearly all my babies recovered, whereas those my colleagues treated with Dover's powders or other opiates died. This experience gave me my real start. The word went out, "That young doc stays with them until they get well or die."

In looking back over forty years I am glad to say no branch of medicine has made greater advances than that dealing with the feeding of babies. It has now reached such a state of perfection that the acute convulsive diseases are now almost unknown.

I have done many desperate and, I hope, life-saving operations but nothing gives me so much pleasure as the memory of those battles with convulsed babies. To see the contracted limbs relax, the head lift itself from the depths of the pillow; to see the light return to the mother's eyes and the smile to her lips—that is one of the greatest experiences in life.

Of course all sorts of cases were interpolated. There was, for instance, a case of empyema. To answer the call eight miles from town I battled mud for three hours. As I entered the sickroom I saw a boy fourteen years of age half sitting up in bed in deep cyanosis, with grayish-blue skin and heaving chest, his mouth open and his eyes bulging. It seemed that each gasp would be his last. I threw down my instrument roll, sat flat on the floor with my legs spread under the bed. Grabbing a scalpel, I made an incision in his chest wall with one stab—he was too near death to require an anæsthetic. As the knife penetrated his chest a stream of pus the size of a finger spurted out, striking me under the chin and drenching me. After placing a drain in the opening, I wrapped a blanket about my pus-soaked body and spent another three hours reaching home. The patient promptly recovered and is now a useful citizen in his town and recently voted for Landon, but I have never recovered from the memory of that pus bath. Bah!

There were many trials for the country doctor in attending labor cases. In most cases there was some woman about to care for the new arrival. Sometimes there was no one but the husband. A husband in a case of this sort is just one big cipher. In my first cases in such circumstances I attempted to wash the new arrival myself. Trying to wash a new baby is some sleight-of-hand job. Naturally I had no lap, so I would place the object of my efforts on the kitchen table, which was invariably covered with oil cloth. These youngsters are as slick as greased pigs. So, in order to prevent the baby falling to the floor, I was obliged to grasp one leg firmly with one hand, which left only one available for performing the ablutions. After a few such experiences I carried a bottle of sweet oil and just anointed it all over, rolled it in whatever was available and allowed it to await the ministrations of more experienced hands.

Even conducting a labor lone-handed was not the worst that could befall one. Some of the mothers or mothers-in-law were considerably worse than useless. My assistant and I had an experience that illustrates this. It was a case in which instruments would be needed and I worried about how to get rid of that mother. I had no need to worry. That resourceful assistant of mine was seldom at a loss. He stared at the mother for a moment and asked if she was subject to heart disease. She stammered that she had been, though obviously it was a new thought to her. He stated very solicitously, after he had listened to her heart, that it would be safest for her to go out into the yard, as it might be necessary to give the patient an anæsthetic. She not only went into the yard but across the barnyard into the pasture beyond. After everything was attended to she was recalled.

The most common pests were those who urged that something should be done to hasten labor, declaring that their doctor always gave them something to hasten the process. This type I set to boiling water, stating that it might be necessary to give the patient a Sitz bath. It takes quite a while to boil a tub of water in a teakettle. This kept them busy in the kitchen boiling water and out of the way until labor was terminated. Of course, one never intended to make use of the tub of water.

Whether an incident is funny or tragic often depends on the point of view. Here is a case. I received a call from a doctor in a neighboring town. He had a patient, a young lady afflicted with a serious heart disease. Would I come? I would. It was a rainy day and the road was a sea of mud. I drove my horse until he became exhausted. Then I importuned a farmer to take me the rest of the way.

His outfit was a farm wagon and a very sophisticated span of mules. When I arrived at the house the family doctor was awaiting me. The patient had been employed in a neighboring town. Previously always in the best of health, she had suddenly been taken seriously ill. The symptoms were very confusing to the doctor. Rapid respiration was all he could see and he concluded the trouble was a weak heart.

I saw a fine plump girl with pink cheeks. She had been weeping. Her pulse was slower than mine and as regular. Knowing the disposition of the doctor, I asked him and the family to let me talk to the patient alone. It was a risk but necessary. I sat down on the edge of the bed and talked to her like a child, for she was only a child, though nineteen years old. "Now tell me," I began, "now tell me just what happened to him." She burst out weeping. "I don't know," she sobbed. "He just up and married another girl." I inquired in detail all about him, his appearance, his occupation, and all that. No occupation, very handsome, with brown curly hair. I evaluated him in my own way. Handsome men, I volunteered, live off either the earnings of their wives or of their fathers-in-law. The commercial value of curly brown hair, figured in terms of buckwheat cakes, I opined, was not very high.

I talked to her at length on how fortunate she was that fate had intervened for her. Mere child, fine figure of a girl, beautiful face, young, she had no need to grieve. In calling a young girl beautiful one runs no risk of offending. I explained to her that fate had much better things in store for her. I administered this sort of talk for a while and finally her face began to relax. I wrapped a blanket about her and said, "Let's go out and tell Mother you are all right." She tripped lightly out of the bedroom, through the living room and into the kitchen where the family doctor and the family were talking. The mother's look as she beheld her smiling daughter walking for the first time in weeks was something you do not see in books. "She will be all right," I assured the doctor. Then I sought the farmer and his mules and made the trip home; elapsed time, fourteen hours for the round trip. Now, is this tale funny or is it tragic?

Another case had a decidedly amusing feature. I was called to see an old Civil War veteran with a chestful of fluid which caused him much difficulty in breathing. That the family doctor had made the correct diagnosis was proved by examination. While I was preparing my apparatus to relieve the old man of his fluid he bawled out, "Say, Doc, you are the homeliest man I seen since I saw Old Abe." "Say, Pa, you better shet up," his wife called from the kitchen. "Old Abe saved your hide oncet; maybe this young fellow kin now." A death sentence for sleeping on guard when he was a boy in the army had been commuted by the martyred President. Fortunately the old lady's prediction came true; he promptly recovered. "I oughtn't to have said what I did," he said to his family doctor, who relayed it to me, "I mighta knowed he must be good for something or somebuddy wooda shot him long ago." As an apology without loss of dignity this always has seemed to me a masterpiece.

Low comedy such as this between patient and doctor was common in those days. Many of the older men were war veterans first and pioneers afterward—he-men all the while. Fearless and uncomplaining, they fought grasshoppers and drought uncomplainingly, voted their ticket straight, and asked no return. We shall not see their like again.

V

It has been my experience that saints and sinners die alike and that at the time of death, whatever may have been the antecedents, there is no pain. I have seen only one man who looked on death with terror and he was a sanctimonious old sinner, the pillar of his church, at the sight of whom one instinctively grasped one's pocketbook.

In most cases death is preceded by a dulling of the mental processes as the circulation to the brain lessens owing to the failing heart. Those who die just go to sleep. Even in diseases in which consciousness is retained until the last, as in peritonitis, there is no fear. I have sat beside the bed of such cases and talked of things in general, such casual things as the prospect of quail hunting and the like, while the cooling hands denoted the approach of death. Anyone who ever became unconscious during the course of any disease has experienced the sensation of death. Only favorable circumstances brought him back to consciousness again.

In the old days we remained with our patients during their last hours. We saw to it that they did not suffer. The interest in such a situation attached not to the dying but to the living. I can confirm the old saying that in the deepest sorrow there is no weeping. I have sat more than once beside a cradle with a mother while a baby died. Our eyes met as the last quiver passed over the little body. She recognized as well as I that life had become extinct. There was no weeping.

The saddest sight I have ever seen was at the deathbed of an old couple who had lived together many years. Both had pneumonia. I watched the passing of the aged wife and then went to see the husband. I made not a sound. "Mother's dead?" he queried. I did not need to answer. He closed his eyes, folded his hands over his chest, and in a short time he also was dead. Don't ask me the meaning.

Contrary to general belief, husbands are more nearly crushed than wives at the death of the mate. This is confirmed by the number of bereaved husbands who take their own lives on the graves of their departed wives. Such suicides are not unusual among men but are rare among women. Whoever it was that first called women the weaker sex certainly was not a country doctor.

Doctors nowadays do not stay with their patients during the last scene. What do they accomplish by remaining? Scientifically nothing; humanly much. I know of what I speak. In the saddest hour of my life, at the deathbed of my daughter, on one side was the magnificent and always faithful Carrie the nurse, on the other side the incomparable Dr. Campbell, calmly applying measures of resuscitation which he and I knew were utterly futile. Yet futile though it was, the battle of these professions inspires an indescribable measure of comfort. I know that my last conscious moments will picture that scene: nurse on one side of the bed, doctor on the other. Though scientifically futile, if my presence in a similar situation ever brought an equal amount of comfort to anyone I am sure it was more worth while than anything else I have ever done. Our mission in life is to lessen human suffering as much as we can.

TRUE BELIEVER

A STORY

BY MADGE JENISON

She was a peasant woman living a mile out of Arles to the northwest. She was sixty years old. She had married, had children. She was of middle height, her bones showing everywhere in her frame. Her enormous hands and feet seemed points at which she was held to the earth, as the roots of a tree hold by their pull. She lived alone on a farm of five fields in a house of the country, of rubble and stone whitewashed. On the windward side a row of cypress trees stood against the mistral. The red-tiled roof of faded pink that was rose and orange that was rose took in the light because the tiles were grooved, purple, green, and red. Her husband had left her five years before. He had gone away on a wagon passing their lane and she had never heard of him since. Everything on the farm was a muddle and failure when he went, and she had brought order and honor into it. She had cleaned up and husbanded it field by field, fence by fence, season by season.

When her husband left she was without money and so she went to clean at a big house in Arles. The cook told her of some talk the butler brought down from the table. She meditated on what this woman said and she had begun to raise very choice truffles which had before been only hunted in the forest by dogs trained to nose them out. She made excellent cheese and rye bread, the native brandy, and a conserve of lemon. She made the special wine of the country of pale rose—vin rosé—a first pressing with great flavor of the grape. She kept goats and geese and had a good breed of French poultry. She had bought a cow. A cow was a rarity in the district, and she had an assured and lavish public for her butter.

Fine people had begun to come in to the Provence, establishing themselves on the old neighborhood properties, and much money was being spent. She took to the great houses in her cart her bottles and pots, grapes laid between damp leaves, green almonds, figs, and a full-bodied fragrant apricot which grew on espaliers on the south walls of her house and barn. She took everything late in the afternoon, so that her wares went almost from her vines and furrows to the tables of her customers.

She was very solitary. Her husband had brutalized her sons, and as soon as each was old enough he had gone away. She seemed to be an abstraction of woman, as if it were probable that hers was a character of only two or three masses, with only two or three shapes within it—day night, work sleep, sowing harvest, order disorder, clean not clean. She did only two or three things; and she thought only two or three things—to sow, reap, store, and prosper. In the mornings she would stake her herd of goats out in the open country and go after them at evening. All day she went from field to field, trellis to trellis, alone against the landscape. At night she drank big bowls of goat's milk or soup and ate hunks of black bread and went to bed.

All the marked events of this woman's life were part of the earth. She had a relation to the great logical and organic nature of matter, by which peat goes over into carbon, carbon into diamond, children are born, and the soil opens and yields. Her life was on a planetary scale where the landscape, made of sky, the earth fat with oils strong and fierce, the mistral, the river, were the events. She was not outside all that but part of the great thing, as if she were only blocked from it and not yet wholly emerged.

The Rhone very shallow here, rushes up the earth and carries down boulders, so that the whole of the wild, white Camargue is coated with rubble for thirty miles and rotten with rock. The unfenced tremendous stony plain, the huge scene desolate, bold and grand, with salty plants that grow low over it, were something to which she was related as on the mother's side. Standing in the middle of a field sometimes with arms folded across her breast, looking about, she did not exactly worship but she had a bodily sense of what was there around her, as if she passed her hand over the entire universe. Of all the year the strong cold winter evenings were the time she liked the best. This is the time when the ground makes its liquors. The spring was just under there. It was not gone but was ready to issue again. A little warmth, a tilt of some cup, it would come up through the ground along the roots, in fire. When she went with her lantern to break the ice in the pond for the geese to get their water, as the winter dusk came on, she partook of something, and made obeisance, and received a vision.

Along the north end of her home pasture there was a rolling slope of land. The road to Arles curved here round this low hill and a clump of lombardies. This roll of the earth and bend of road and clump of trees was something she liked—the way the lombardies bent in the wind and went into a repeat forming one whole with her field and the road. She often looked at this place. It was not a slope nor a bend alone. There was something firm and heavy here that she wanted. Her eye would run along it and she would seem to lay her arm down on it and fit it into her elbow. She did not merely look at this place. It involved her. Solidity was always something in which she was involved. She dreamed one night that she had hands so big that she could reach out and they would cover the hills.

She owned from Bella, the cow she had bought, a herd of four. Her cattle had for her something the earth, the sky, and river did not hold. She would take a variety of connections with a cow, its hulk and stoniness, so much to hang on, projections. When the herd moved away from you, as they would step together in a line, they were a single flow, and she noticed that always. As they wound slowly down in the winter afternoons, into the long whitewashed barn with bulging roof and windows under the eaves and the dovecote on top, with each little bell making a pattern, she saw them in great triangular blocks. Striding after them and lifting the big buckets of water for them, some natureness and some bulk enclosed in the bony body of a cow was perfectly clear to her. Without words, passing her hand across the back of her neck, she comprehended it and partook of it. Little calves and colts, in spite of their tiny unsteady legs, were now what they would become to her—they were power in the large. They could get up and walk away almost as soon as they were born. She always stopped to watch the wild white Camargue horses, those stallions running free like flames, flying over the hills against the so-joyous blue sky. They were part of what she knew. She went when she was able to the Crau to see the polished black bulls raised there for the bullfights.

There was something else. When she walked into Arles to church, before she went into the ancient Romanesque cathedral, she would stand close to the sides of the porch, looking up at spaces covered by scenes from the Bible. They were not stories to her of Jezebel, Tobit, the kiss of Judas, the people of Israel cross-

ing the Red Sea. They were not stories nor stones. The way they came out of the wall arrested her. Heights and depths in seeing the world she knew. But these were higher and deeper by some trick that was left on her eyeballs. She always stopped before the panels which divided the Evangelists from the Saints, and looked along the friezes, tier on tier of shape, volume laid against volume, reason against reason. Over St. Andrew three horses' heads were pressed close before one another solidly, and she always lingered at this detail of the portal.

She had scarcely any relation to Jesus or Mary. But her relation to the portal was active, heavy, and concrete. When she went in and took the sacrament it was really the portal she was taking. Before the eyes of her bowed head, into that kneeling woman came not the blood of the Pascal Lamb, but the richness of the nature of form of three horses flying before a mistral of 1086. In fact, she liked the cathedral best when there was no service, and she could consider undistracted, if such a word may be used, what she saw. Sometimes she walked in the cloisters or along the boulevard of Roman or Merovingian tombs. She had a natural relation to what men far away in the first, sixth, and eleventh centuries had taken from that stone and left there. They had been part of the church they had made, and she too was an actual integral part of it as she stood there as much as one of its own shadows.

She thought with her body, and would stand close to the figure or vine she liked best on the baptismal font or the cornice. She would touch what she could reach and run her thumb along it. She liked shapes. Touch was what made reality to her. The world was a thing you touched. She had touched her children. She had put her hand on her baby's head to feel the way the hair grows, and on Bella's nozzle to feel the way the fur went in two directions. She would take up her lemons and onions and roll them in her hand. She knew that they were round far more than she knew that they were sour or savory. They were real by her standard not by their color and taste but when she touched them.

There was a painting over the high altar of St. Trophime, a stable where the Infant lay, and a cow was eating from the manger. But it was a flat smoke cow without bulk, almost a vapor, no size, no weight, and she seldom looked at it. She never thought in line. Everything was solid to her or it was not solid. The profundity of existence for her was in the bulk and body of things. The reality of the geese was the way they stood out against the water of the pond in the hollow. The shadow from the door of the old grain barn falling on the straw, the sunlight and shadow when sun came in at the low window of the spring house, were solid to her as the timbers that supported them; and this solidity was something that happened to her. She had partaken of the profound and primal seeking toward form that there is in every process of the world. Even the rustle of the corn was form that reached her as a whole, and the ducks that flew over her head, wheeling in a circle toward the north, reached her as a whole. When the dry mistral went through the narrow cobbled streets of Arles like an arrow it swept up a swinging center of rubbish. She always noticed that it was round.

One February morning as she went down to her fields at four-thirty an unusual circumstance arrested her. In a corner of one of them she saw a man sitting with a board propped up in front of him. He was putting on it something which seemed a matter of great haste and necessity. She crossed the field and stood looking over his arm watching what he did. He was making her cows as they came down behind her against the shoulder of the slope. Except for the whitewash of the country spread on the stone of houses and barns, the Virgin and Child over the altar, and the Mater Dolorosas and Trinities in the chapels of St. Trophime, painting was unknown to her. But she had seen oil and her mind fumbled with this combination of colored

whitewash with something thick which produced Bella and her field, in a way that looked like a field. She looked at the board on this man's thumb with its squeezed rank of colors and she smelled the tube he had laid down, trying to penetrate this matter with her body.

The man had a wild, unnatural face full of cheekbone with eyebrows of red grass. The wide-mouthed gaping ears were those of a striped clown. One eye feared you before it looked. Indrawn, suffering, it seemed to be begging you to wait, to be merciful. The other in the shadow was bold and cool. It gazed upon you with a disconcerting aggression, taking from you all you had. It was like being looked at by all the power and grief and interest of life to be looked at by Van Gogh.

She had no way to think about suffering. This man was almost as much the landscape to her as a barn was. But when he turned his head she saw a prominence under his look. A bold man, very strong. She knew gentleness and bad blood in animals. One eye of this man had the steely look of her great boar. But the other eye was like the horse that always greeted her with a little neigh and lowering of the head. She was not afraid of the boar but she closed with it always warily, watchful of her mastery.

At noon she went back to see what he was doing. He was making another drawing of Bella in a notebook, a few lines before the brigade of her almond trees marching up the slope sugared with green, throwing their strength every way over the meadow with a flying light low on it. The painting he had made in the morning he had thrown down on the ground.

When she returned from the work of the day at seven he was gone. But she saw the canvas of her cow and the swell of her home pasture lying in the corner of the field where he had thrown it. She picked it up and took it home. Her first reaction was that of French thrift. She would clean the copper pans with this strong piece of cloth. But when she looked at it as she walked on something ran along her back. He had painted the drama of sky which had been about her all day—that whitest white of clouds building as if they loved their own form, so tangible, more white, more delicate than white of egg. This was something she had already seen, only she had never hitherto seen it so much. She saw it enlarged as if she saw it now three times. She stared at this landscape, red as a hen's comb, yellow as a goose's bill, with the mighty force there which can drive bean shoots and rye out of the ground and push up tons of water. The surface of the canvas was cut under and lifted up, like the slope itself and the way the horses came forward from the portal of St. Trophime. A smile appeared on her face, half drowsy and half sated. Here was something she liked as she liked the slope and the porch.

The next morning when she went down to her fields she saw that this man had already come. She crossed the field at noon and stood by him again. She had brought him a pot of goat's milk in return for the red of a hen's comb and yellow of a goose's bill, and she set it down saying nothing, with the caution of the provincial which never lets you know that it has been struck. It surprised her when she looked over his shoulder that what he was doing was so different from yesterday. She looked hard at this Bella. It was the Bella she milked and fed with good grain. Because the need of talk was very great for him and he was quick to make a mental relationship, he began to talk to her when he had finished the pot of milk.

"Things are happening up there, Mother," he said looking up at the sky. "The very heart of France is beating here." He began to work at once. It had snowed for two days after he came, he told her, and there was much to paint.

Looking at the blot of shadow on the ground, watching him pour out of himself buckets of yellow into the shadow under Bella, she shook her head.

"It's yellower," she said. She simply uttered her thought. He was saying something that was not true and she put it right as she would put right a grapevine

that made a mistake. He looked at her with surprise, picked up his field book and one of the crayons in the box beside him, and gave them to her, half bemused with the idea that she saw something he could not see. But they did not mean to her—Draw. She shook her head.

She was sowing the spring sowing every day, and the third day as she was going up and down, throwing the grain across with the full reach of her stride and her arm, she noticed this man there again. When she took him milk at noon she saw that he had put her into his study. She was there, planted in her land, sunk into it, sunk into her field, swinging her arm with the throw to get the right amount of distribution. Drawing his stool a little away from her, he asked her to stand still, and she consented, passing her hand round her neck, taking off her hat, and assuming the look of a headstone.

She began to take him milk every day. He tried to talk to her always when she came. His only connection with her was a railroad timetable which had landed him in that section of the earth, and that he happened to see in her field a cow with green under its nose. But since he was a man of sensibility, he saw at once that she deeply gave back an attention that was not without but within her. She scarcely ever spoke. In many days she said only "Yes," "No," and "What?" Her entire relation to others consisted, it seemed, of these three words. But once she had said, "It's yellower."

She had noticed as if she saw them with her hand the way a cow is hung on the front and back and falls away right through the middle. In the fields before the young were cast the big bulk was without shape and became part of the whole landscape, and afterward she had a sense of separation in Bella or Franchonette as if each were there an individual. One day when she looked over his shoulder she shook her head and said "No" so that the word "No" seemed something that locked behind you. She ran her thumb down that part of his painting where the cattle stood and took up the notebook and crayon he had given her some days before. But she could do nothing. She drew two lines and laid the book down. Van Gogh glanced at them, and laid the book down too on the stool. Then he looked across at the cow and took the book up again. She picked up a clod of the earth and tried to show him. He took it from her and began to model a cow.

She went every day from this time to see what he did. If she could have been afraid she would have been afraid of him sometimes in those days. His ugliness and wildness and bold singularity would have made a different woman avoid him. He threw his hand out at times as if his head were jerked by a rope. Sometimes his lips drew back from his teeth as he worked. But fear is the conscious part of a different nature from hers. She was too much tied in the great order for fear, which is an outside element, to have any way of touching her. He was not terrible to her. Watching him muttering, twitching, these movements and faces did not seem as real as the matters he disclosed. It was only because he painted so red.

He found in her something to paint. The way her nose was set on her face was material for an artist. She was a painter's object instead of only an old woman in many skirts, the color by much washing ground into itself, so that it had become texture; swinging her arm in a great sweep with her stride, the eyes faded with the sun, under a scooped-out straw hat with a tired bow at the front. Or she moved before him, minding her cows, changing their station slightly from time to time. Toward five they began to pull the ropes on which they were tethered, and then to move together toward the barn. One trotted on in front.

After some weeks he asked her to come to the studio and let him do a portrait of her. She did not go at once, but one day when she went into Arles peddling she climbed from her cart at his house. There was no strangeness in it. It was not different from her own house except for a floor of gorgeous red tiles. She had

known this house for sixty years. She saw the room in two blocks when she went in, because a blind had blown shut at one corner and divided it by light and shadow. Then she saw the big easels at each end of the room and the platform and modeling stand. She noticed at once as she looked about, the hundreds of canvases stacked against the walls. The loose way the sketches were stacked was like the loose form of grain.

On the easel near the door stood a painting of the chair which was drawn up at the hearth. It was such a chair as was drawn up to every hearth in every kitchen of the Arles countryside—a strong chair with butter-colored seat. She looked at the painting of this thick chair with a pipe left lying on the seat and she went over at once and sat down on it with her mind. As she looked at it a sudden feeling that she wanted to sit on it and occupy it compelled her. She could not sit on the painted chair and she went to the hearth and sat in the real chair, seeking what she looked at.

The number of the paintings amazed her. Amount pleased her with a peasant's satisfaction in it. They bulked against the wall as her grain bulked in the barn. Some of the paintings were nailed up where he could look at them again and again, as she put up fine ears of corn. As he worked at the easel that afternoon, she sat with hands laid on her knees and gazed about her. She gazed at a table of people eating potatoes; the bridge she crossed when going to Montmajour; washerwomen on the built-out platforms of the Rhone, their yellow carts drawn up in a line; old Jean with a cart of manure; a churn, a pot of soup, and some shoes, lemons and a bottle of wine, pictures of the plain where the ground was the principal thing—everything whirling and rocking with creative flame in color so intense that it almost bounded forward from the canvas. She went to the easel when she grew tired of sitting still and looked. Van Gogh made a movement of rage and threw his palette under the table.

Roulin, the little postman, came. He brought a letter. Bills fell out of it. Van Gogh read the letter through twice and then went away without speaking to her again. She followed him when she had seen that he was well ahead of her and not looking back. She had her delivering still to do of her fowls and brandy. As she returned she met him in the traffic of carts and horses on the Rue de la Calade, stopping to look with a happy face at prints in a window, laden and doubled with canvas and paint and oils. Three boys were hooting after him the name of "the red fool." She drove them off, shouting a flow of stern words. She pondered it all the way home—the canvas, the paint, oil, no food.

When she went to his house some days later he scarcely noticed her. He was painting the way a shoulder breaks in a door. Something had fallen out of the letter beside bills. He was almost naked. He had thrown off one piece of clothing after another. His brush moved like a sickle. On one impulse unbridled and rich, he threw the paint to the canvas. Hunched over toward a sheet of cloth, dropping his brushes and picking up the palette knife, working in the color with a quill, squeezing whole tubes of azure into the sky, or green under the nose below a straw hat. Grave, powerful, massive, the chord of color advanced. The terrific shout and charge of his life ran off his hand. Silence and painting. What was he doing?

She noticed that he was eating ships' biscuit which lay on a chair he pulled toward him with his foot. She brought him a piece of her cheese the next time. He swallowed it without laying down his brush.

She took from Van Gogh the idea that this making paintings was a crop. It was like the farm, work never done, sowing, reaping, adding thereunto. A wall of new pictures was there every time she went. He would set up a new still life as soon as the canvas of lemons was stripped off the frame and replaced. Watching the furious way he had of working, tearing sheet after sheet from his field

book, beginning again, it was the way she watered, spaded, manured, covered, and the earth gave you back. The amount, the number of times he made Bella amazed her. So many.

He stopped at her house sometimes for supplies on his way back from a day's sketching. One evening he came to her barn and followed her up the ladder where she was pitching hay. She had forgotten him, and when she looked over her shoulder he was standing so close behind her that she felt suddenly the heat from his body. She just moved the basket for the corn with her leg between them and pitched another sheaf with her fork.

When he saw that she was not in any way afraid of him he talked to her about the sickness. When he was working particularly well it always came. He saw it cut suddenly across a day like the fall of a wall. It seemed as if in return for painting well you must go mad; and since you must go mad, you were in return paid by Heaven with the beatitude of painting. Painting was the recompense. Sometimes he talked to her strangely about it. In lonely evenings it came.

"Outside the door it is waiting," and he looked at the door as if he were about to throw himself with all his might upon what was beyond there waiting quick as lightning for him only to go to the easel.

Sometimes he could not get going. Turbulent, pursued, agonized, he was like a man hit who cannot rise. Bleak despair the hope passionately pursued found futile, disillusion.

"I am a man come home from the Congo and the Caribbees with a spoonful of sea water and a colored handkerchief. But, oh, Mother! How inexpressibly beautiful that field of yours is."

Then the immeasurable bliss of being a painter took him like a proud river. He would rush forward as if the Rhone were under his easel. Impossible to be grateful enough for this heavenly visitation that makes a man more than he is. He worked literally all day with a will fresh and bottomless. The factory was in full swing. He scarcely took time to eat and even would get up in the night after he went to bed to put something on the canvases.

"The requirements of painting are so great, Mother, that sometimes you must hammer it on the paper. You cannot spare the tube," and he squeezed whole roots and trunks from it. He had an irresistible desire to paint thousands. One had not eyes enough to see nor hands enough to paint. There might be one thing more powerful than all that threatened one, and it was painting.

In those brave days, she came to understand that "a man becomes a painter by painting." She watched rhododendrons grow on the easel with the leaves set in a whorl which vibrated as if it had just stopped turning; cypresses in a light which increased them a thousandfold so that they scintillated on the heavy almond-laden air as in the aurora borealis; landscapes where the sun and moon rose together in a night of stars big as signal fires. Even the light round the green-shaded lamp was made of some sumptuous depth of fact. She looked closely at them again and again, coming to apprehend something plus itself, which is inside every object. It was her first introduction to passion and mental content. She was not herself an individual. What he did to her was not in her vocabulary. She had known no feeling other than for a thing itself. When the mistral swept the plain she was tied into what it did to everybody, a part of the landscape that was whipped by it. Her world had no individual mountains. It was level, as if before Ararats and Matterhorns had hardened in it. But now for the first time she saw an individual. She did not understand drama, but in this obscure woman was an audience for the scale of his nature. She began to compare him with the marquis, the bank teller who hung his look so sadly on your face when you pushed your book in through the cage window, with the captain of the Zouaves; and to make categories. What Vincent Van Gogh meant as human being and as hero she discerned as if she moved back from him and placed

him against the porch, the city, the plain, the chemistry of cloud and sky.

She began to notice everything about him with a raised attention. Hostile, destructive, this thing that came was because he was dying of starvation and he needed care. He needed the good soup, milk, wine, cleanliness, order. The smallness of her equipment suggested these cures at once. From this time she began to appear regularly twice a week at his house when she delivered in Arles, and to clean the room when she came. She would move across it, through the disorder of drawing boards and portfolios, mahlsticks, cigar boxes full of empty tubes, all kinds of moss and branches and birds' eggs, all sorts of farmers' tools and old caps, and the can at which he had thrown things from across the room—cutting a clean swath of fastidious decency, disturbing nothing that was of moment. She noticed that he always drew his chair to one place in the room, and she put it there. As he worked he drank water from a big bucket, and she had this always filled when she left.

He saw what she was doing one day.

"Deuce take it, I am so thankful, Mother. It looks so real when it is scrubbed and clean. It is a young home in full swing."

Van Gogh scarcely ever smiled. Just to make him smile for a moment was a good thing.

He often talked to her, over her head, the powerful agility of his mind which devoured every experience discounting her entirely.

"I tell you the fault lies in the drawing, Mother. Drawing is the basic body. It must be drawn so that the signal man in his smock, with his little red flag, will think 'It is fine weather to-day'."

She listened to him, getting what she had not been able to get in any other way. She often pondered as she walked back to her farm along the white road things Van Gogh had said. She had never known anybody like him. Indeed, in all the world, Fate had picked for her to know a being without a parallel.

One morning as she went early across her fields she saw him on the plain that went to Arles. He was looking at her slope and the curve of the Arles road. When she went back that way again at night she found him standing still looking at it. It was the hour when what is sky comes down into the earth. The blue actually had come out of the sky and spread on the plain, so that it was no longer separate and a curtain. Everything was becoming unreal, and cooling, and passing into the dream.

He began to paint just as she went along the wall. Suddenly she recognized and realized his thought. What thought means came to her as if it were come out of her without being conceived. It was a matter of thinking them. She too looked at the slope and the road. Constantly before, her life had been made of what was around her, like a glacier with great thick edge rubbing against what it passed. But now from the great flow she was taken into the work of making. It was the moment when experience takes a body, and destination of its own, and passes into a separate joyful boundless life. It had never until that moment occurred to her that what you experience you may do. When she wanted to build a fence she had built a fence. She had reaped when she wanted to reap. She went back across her field and hunted for the piece of clay she had thrown down the first morning, when she had tried to show him how Bella was made, and took the clod home with her. It was an August night boiling with heat. She sat down at once after she had bedded and watered the cattle and began to try to model Bella.

She had to be in the barn all night waiting for a new calf. The calf came, a new calf from the cow. Trying to get on its legs under a corner of its mother, it almost stood up. She tried to shape it, the little heavy animal pulling itself out of the earth. She did not look at what she was doing. She did not look at what she had. She stood with her eyes fixed on the calf. She was looking not at what she had done, but at the way a calf tries to get on its

legs. She stood there, her knees sprung in her skirt, her legs set apart, making a triangle of herself like the black bulls of the Crau against the sky, throwing big pieces upon the bulk before her, working off at her side, watching the calf. As the little thing began to struggle up, her hands would close on the clay, forcing it to rise under the big bulk of Bella in the corner. It was a strange calf whose body came out of the lump. It would not hold together. The loam was too light.

She was bothered by it all night and first thing the next morning she went several times to look at it. She had wares to deliver in Arles in the afternoon and she went back now and looked at the portal of St. Trophime. She looked at it carefully. The man who did three horses back in 1086 told her with his stone tongue that a shape is governed by its volumes. After she had gone about a mile beyond Van Gogh's house on the way home, she went back to the studio, pushed the door open, and went in. He was not there, and she looked at the clay on the modeling stand in the firelight without touching it and ran her hand round her neck. Then she took it home.

She had known that she should cover her calf with a damp cloth because she had seen Van Gogh do that. It was too dry the next night to work on. But she did not care. She began another calf as soon as she had finished her bedding and feeding. From a piece left of the clay she did Elaine, the old goose. She did not need to look at Elaine. Elaine was in a fold of her brain the way her thumb was in the socket of her hand.

She began to work every night in the old grain barn by the dusty light from a lantern. She did the sow. She did a foal of one of the wild white horses of the Camargue, its head turned a little toward her. She did the wild, wheeling white stallions and the black polished bulls that are raised on the Crau for bullfights. She tried a cat but she could not do a cat. She was tied down to shape. A goose is solid like a wax model. She could do a goose. But a cat has paperiness and butter in its bones. As she saw the gathering of a cat for jumping, or the long straightened-out line as it crossed the frosty field, she registered cat. But it had no character for her. She was interested in the character of a solid. Form was the virtue of objects she had seen. The district raised racehorses and she often had watched these beautiful creatures being practiced in light sulkies along the white road. But they were too evolved, on too fragile lines, and foreign to her. She could not do a swift horse.

The earthy body which had created form by waiting, which had bulked a child, tried other forms. She never tried to do better. She never thought of mending what she had done. She looked again and began again. When she would get into trouble she would leave off and begin another cow. She was not trying to do anything from herself. She was trying to get It. What did she mean by this? She could not make them like cows. They were terrible monolithic feeble cows she made, come out of the void, too heavy at the ends, which fell apart the next day. She didn't care. She was really trying to make solidness, and this trying was as solid and beautiful to her as stone itself. She thought only "That's not It"; or "That's It"—pieces of thought which belonged to her mentally, and she put them on the bulk before her.

She never took any of them into the house. But she liked them. She put certain ones up along the crossbeam of the barn, along with certain ears of corn she picked out each year and hung there to handle and look at. Now she picked the best of these, and from time to time she rubbed her animals on her sleeve as she would rub a fine ear. She did not know it was sculpture. She never thought of showing them to anyone. She did not know that people bought such things. She did not know she had a gift. She would go back each night happy when she could get an adequate shape, finishing nothing. In her nature something had begun to talk. The blankness, the uncertainty with which she worked at first

became a growth of control. What she felt and the way she worked was as far as possible from the terrific shout and race to the summit of Van Gogh. There was no battle. She did them as she sowed with her arm. Sometimes she would feel happiness that made her joints sweet. Happiness was a new thing which she had known only in bringing peace to the farm, and from her children when she had held them against herself, returning and melting them into her own body.

The days and months of the summer went on. She was busy with her rye, fruit, the pressing of wine and oil. She could not on some nights keep awake even for an hour. The seasons passed over this part of the earth. Winter came and there was less work to do. The warmth of the big bodies of her cattle made her able to work in the barn for some time. Then she had to go inside to work beside the fire. Sometimes she worked all night in the single room of her house, the bent shadow falling across the table, the fire going out. She would rub her eyes. They shone against the rising sun.

She had trouble about clay. She tried chiseling in wood. A chisel had to her hand something good in it. She tried cutting from the white stones which lay everywhere about. She had seen men work in stone with a chisel and hammer. She could imagine the form into the boulder better than into clay. She liked the resistance of the stone, and she would reveal a little sleeping foal half come out of this opposition. Her joy was great when she looked at a boulder after that. A whole plain of stone. Enough stone to last until she died. This went on for almost a year. She had passed beyond astonishment.

Van Gogh stopped at her house sometimes on his way back from sketching about the country, to get milk and eggs. One March night he came very late. She had gone out to the stable where she had already begun to work again. He went out there when he did not find her in the house. He looked along the beam from one to another of her creatures—at her calf, the fifty cows, Elaine, the bulls, the sow, the foal. He took up in his hand the figure she had on the shelf by the window, turned it round slowly, giving some sort of snort, and looked at her. An expression came over his whole body that only one thing could bring there. His shoulders smiled and his legs smiled.

"So, Mother, you also love God with the draughtsman's fist," he said gently. "What an artist is—That is very curious . . . How deep it is. It is infinitely deep."

ONE HUNDRED BILLION A YEAR

COULD WE EARN IT? AND DO WE WANT TO?

BY ROY HELTON

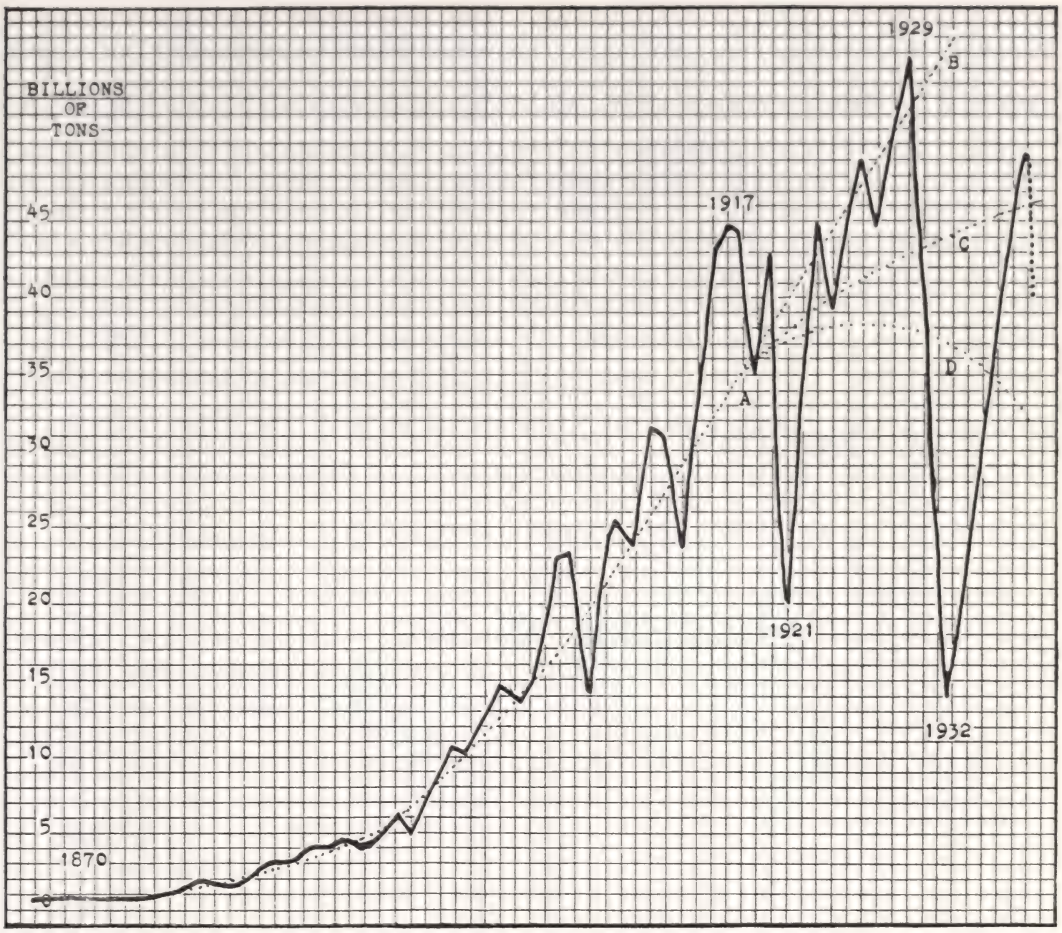
It seems to be taken for granted in the United States that our happiness and our destiny are both tied up to an unlimited growth in the production of mechanical things. That this is the point of view of our government and of all popular literature is unmistakable. That it is the basis of our national policy is admitted, or rather, proudly proclaimed. It is just as freely acknowledged that this view of the American fate is the cause of that peculiar psychology which produces for us, after each period of prosperity, a reaction of violent economic collapse. We climb higher and fall harder than do other nations.

Our President is very much a man of this hour. He believes, and so do his advisers believe, just as thoroughly as do big and little business men, that the picture of life formed in our minds between 1914 and 1929 is the true American picture and the one to be figured on and calculated from in framing large national policies. Economically, Roosevelt is a New Era president just as fully and even more heartily than were Coolidge and Hoover.

So no matter of party politics can be involved in a discussion as to whether this notion of our destiny is sound and useful, and if it is not sound what its dangers are, and what its bearing is on our continued economic misfortunes and on our social arrangements.

Ours is a great industrial nation, and the basis of its industry is steel. It is not too much to say that steel is in fact the bony structure of our present civilization. But it is more than that—it is an adaptable material which competed once with wood and stone and competes now with aluminum and copper. It has been modernized into innumerable alloys. It has fitted itself to every stage of our progress from railroad trackage on to the building of skyscrapers and automobiles and streamlined trains. Steel is both machinery and the product of machinery. It roars under our windows and it rattles over our heads. Except for steel this would be a silent and a necessarily peaceful world.

Now we have a complete record of the steel industry in the United States from its beginning. In 1870 our mills produced sixty-eight thousand tons. In 1936 they produced forty-seven million tons. I have drawn a chart of the whole history of American steel. I ask the reader to examine without prejudice born of the gilded twenties the fluctuations of steel production for the past sixty-seven years. What is revealed? Forget that this is steel. Forget also that it is American steel. And forget too your theories about the depression, and then examine the record. It is the record of something whose energies of growth have tapered off. I know all the reasons why that cannot be so. I read and reread them all in a hundred financial prospectuses between 1927 and 1931. I have been filled up, as every reader has,



THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN STEEL PRODUCTION SINCE 1870

with the abounding faith that the New Age has just begun. But the record says no. The record says that the great age of machinery has grown out of youth into a troubled maturity since the World War.

For the smoothed curve of these fluctuations is exactly like the growth curve of a population and of a man. I have drawn this normal direction up to point A, which may be taken to represent the year of our entrance into the World War. There was no question, up to then, where we were going. The growth curve had flattened out as our population curve had long before flattened out early in the nineteenth century.

After 1917 three views are possible as to what is happening to American steel. I have indicated those possibilities by my three-branched curve.

It might be held that the tendency of the increase in steel production and consumption is destined to go up illimitably along the line A B. That, it is very obvious, was the boom line of the 1920's.

Along such a line of advance we quite clearly have to travel to attain our President's hope of a hundred-billion-dollar national income within the next decade, if that income is to have a purchasing power comparable to that of a 1936 dollar. I am not contending of course that the national income is dependent upon steel production alone. But in the past where we have any accurate record of our income that is a correlation, which seems very natural when we consider into how many phases of production, of building, and of agriculture steel enters in its old and new forms. So it is very difficult to imagine our attaining such a rise of income without steel production

following the upward course indicated on my chart.

But no human eye can look dispassionately at that chart and believe in the line A B as representing the probable future of whatever it is recording. Since 1919 it has become too difficult for steel production to continue the speed of growth it enjoyed from 1900 to 1917. And those years since 1919 have been years of extreme stimulation by government and by private capital.

The common-sense view would be that by 1914 our period of high-speed industrial growth was ending. The youth of steel was past. Its curve was definitely flattening off. The War interrupted this phenomenon with a sudden demand. Between 1925 and 1930 we were again operating beyond our normal speed in the processes of production, and that fact was revealed by the disastrous collapse which followed and which resulted, in 1932, in the output of our steel mills falling to a tonnage below anything recorded in the preceding thirty years. That, I say, is the common-sense view: it is represented by the line A C and corresponds with our experience that 1936 was a normal year, and that 1925 to 1929 were abnormal years.

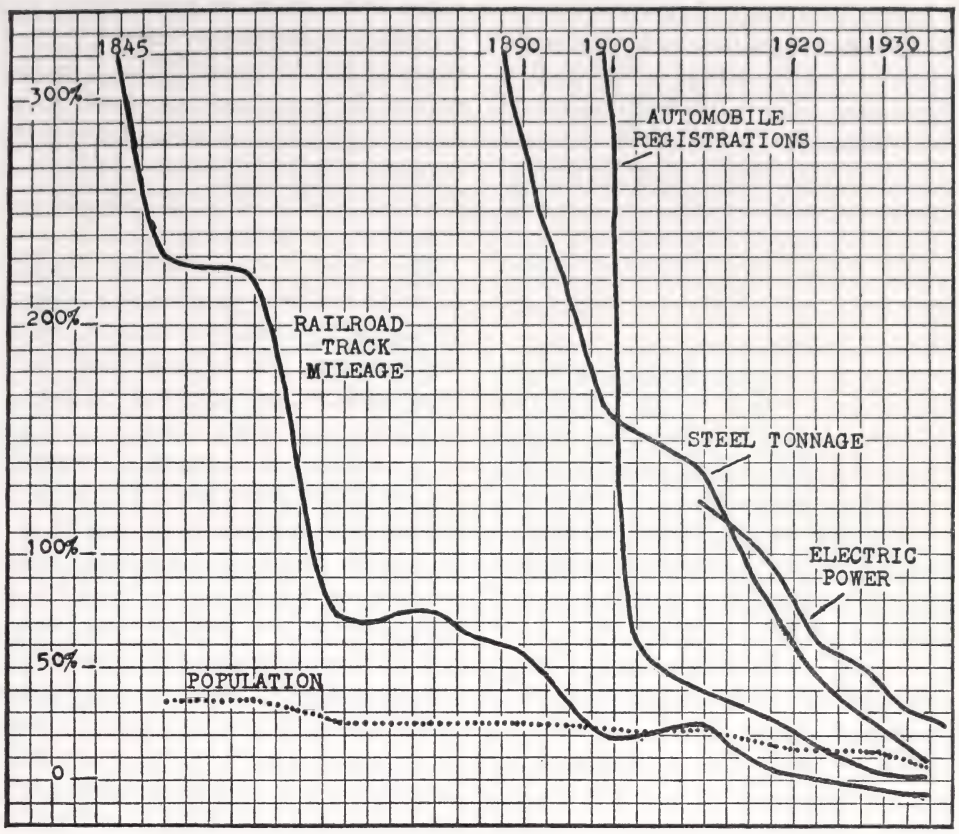
If that is so, then steel is in the last phase of its curve of activity, which would mean that we are consuming almost as many pounds per capita as we need for a satisfactory life and that the growth in output will tend to adjust itself more and more closely to the growth in population. Except for the influence of boom psychology this seems an extremely reasonable thing to have happen. Because in 1936 each one of us was accountable for the use of some 700 pounds of steel and in addition some 400 pounds of pig iron, steel production has been going on for seventy years, and steel is a very durable commodity. A saturation point is bound sometime to occur. It is my view that we are approaching it and are trying desperately, and on the whole vainly, to ignore the fact and its consequences.

It is also possible to examine this chart and to conclude that the line A D represents its trend. If so, what has happened in our lifetime is that the peak of the mechanical age has been passed, and in that view the boom of the 1920's was its final flowering and the Empire State building its most splendid monument. I am not contending for this view, which I do not hold; but it is just as much of a possibility as that the line A B will go on rising toward a supermechanical future.

In the output of automobiles and in the registration of cars we see a more rapidly developing example of a growth curve that begins slowly, straightens out into an amazing rise, and then levels off again, exactly as does the growth curve of steel production. This is an age of electricity as much as an age of steel. The constant invention of new household devices and the substitution of electric power for steam in so many factories have caused the output of power to rise while other indices were declining. But the great growth lay between 1910, when only one-fifth of our homes and factories were using current, and 1930, when four-fifths of our factories were electrified and two-thirds of our homes. From now on more and more effort will be necessary to push up the power output of this electrical age.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is not a technical journal, but I am presenting an economic fact that contradicts too many prepossessions of the present hour to be able to do so conclusively without showing you one more diagram. What the facts mean is the theme of this article, but the facts themselves, while available to all, have been ignored or denied in our policies and in our thinking and in the endless discussion of the great business depression that has hung for so long like a black cloud over our lives.

Our mechanical civilization has grown up. Its growing up—the leveling off of the rise in our production—is not a phenomenon of any so-called business depression of mysterious or political origin. What we are now calling a depression is something different from any setback that has ever occurred in the United States



THE DECLINE IN GROWTH RATE OF FIVE IMPORTANT FACTORS OF AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE

before. It is the culmination of our growth and the ending of a long chapter in our history, and just as inevitably the beginning of another. It is the result of the maturing of our mechanical culture, which cannot be induced to continue its former rate of growth, any more than a man of twenty-two can be made to grow like a youth of fourteen by any medicine or system of exercise.

I have plotted here the *rate of growth* by decades of the most significant factors in our economic history, as well as the rate of our population growth since 1850. At the beginning of the life of anything the rate of growth, in per cent a year, is high. That rate drops off as the growing thing approaches its maturity. Here is the record of growth for our population, for our railroad mileage, our output of steel, our output of electric power, and the registration of automobiles.

It was inherent in the headlong speed of our mechanical development that we should reach a ceiling sometime, a point beyond which our progress would be necessarily slower, more normal, and more mature. It was also inherent in our national character that we could not believe that fact when it arrived, that we should fight it in the old pioneer spirit. We fought it industrially first, with new devices of production. (The World War coming at that time gave us the illusion of a victory.) Then we fought financially. Later we fought it politically, that is by direct government action. We produced fluctuations, but the growth rate was not noticeably affected.

The converging and leveling of these rates of growth means that a new America is being born in a period of violent protest at that fact. There is no pessimism in this statement. A continuously rapid growth would mean a supermechanical saturation such as could hardly presage a

happy future for man. But there is need for us to face the reality and to modify our policies to fit the actual world we live in. For a long time it has been observed that the human death rate rises in every boom. What conditions, what pressures of exertion or overactivity produce that rise are not completely known, but obviously some factors not humanly advantageous have accompanied our rapid industrial expansion.

It is not the business of economists to record that between 1914 and 1930 the artificiality of American life rose as decisively as did the national income and the national consumption. The American people adapted themselves to the creation and use of roughly six hundred dollars' worth of manufactured goods a head within a year. But they did so only through other kinds of extravagance of behavior that do not always figure in charts and that do not always add to final satisfaction. There was an ugliness in our national life in those boom years, an increase in crime, in drinking, in divorce, in general superficiality, and in physical violence of death in the highways, of death by murder and of death in war. They were almost, by those records, our nation's most shameful years, and the world's most shameful years.

Now it may be that a better distribution might prevent all those consequences of the large production and consumption of manufactures, and it may be too that it would make them more general, if we pushed forward during the next decade to a hundred-billion-dollar national income, and so out-fevered the fevers of 1929. But it remains to be proved that the differences which have made some men farmers, some village-dwellers, some city clerks, some mechanics, and some bankers are wholly economic.

It is assumed that there is a preference on the part of all for the necessarily more artificial life of high industrial production and consumption, and that this preference is desirable, and that it is the state's business to promote it. It is assumed that in a year such as last year, when bank balances were higher than at any time in our history except in the three years of '28, '29, and '30, and savings accounts larger than ever before, it was only fear which prevented the stubborn consumer from consuming, and the stubborn capitalist from expanding his investments in industry.

But how do we know it was fear? How do we know it was not a general and still scarcely conscious indigestion of material things, and an impatience with the kind of life they lead to? There is evidence for that conclusion. And how do we know that business needs capital to be invested in expansion? That is a highly theoretical notion wherever it is held. In a year when nothing is operating up to capacity but airplane factories, and in a country where nothing has been operating at capacity for seven years (except now and again in textiles in rush seasons, which have been followed by long relapses), when we have too many railroads and too many motor cars and too much of everything for those who have money to buy them, it would seem that our machinery is not stalled by a lack of capacity but by a lack of effective demand.

I pass by the question of the distribution of our wealth, which is always topheavy in every civilization and was just as topheavy in 1929 as it is now. Much has been done to improve the distribution of our national wealth through the support of the unemployed, through the soldier's bonus, and in many other ways. But the main fact remains that when we speed up production, as we did in 1936, and distribute the wages of production, which are higher relatively than ever before, and insure the prosperity of agriculture, as we never did before, demand falls off, and the wheels of production stall. And savings rise.

II

There is nothing mysterious about our slowing down. The twenty-year hump in our growth curve of manufacture and consumption was not all a production of perishable goods or improvements. A

man who comes to my door to sell eggs may come every week and be welcome and sell eggs. But a man who comes to sell heating equipment need call only once or twice in my lifetime, and he has called. It may be true that every American would enjoy having a new motor car every year. But cars are durable, and the market is glutted with good used cars from which pleasure and use may still be had. And this is apparently a permanent condition, brought about by the improvement of the materials from which cars are constructed. Also, strange as it may seem to some, there are many men who do not wish their families to own motor cars for reasons not wholly economic. Of that more later. Despite that fact we have nearly reached a point at which there is one car registered for every family in the United States. I do not say that that is a natural ceiling, but it is a ceiling nevertheless, which may be pierced only with increasingly greater effort. Such ceilings are close over the heads of every great American industry except the manufacture of airplanes and of implements of war. In both of those cases there are psychic ceilings.

Another factor in our decline in growth rate is this: we have exported machinery to compete with our own production, and machinery which is largely self-perpetuating. So our proportion of the world's foreign trade, which rose sharply in those boom years when we were supplying material for the reconstruction of Europe, has fallen back to its former level of about ten per cent. It leaps up again when any nation goes out of production and goes in for war. It did in 1937, but that fact did not halt our decline. The world is growing up industrially. We are no longer its pioneers. We have taught our neighbors to fend for themselves on the American plan. And though there are great potential markets for our productions in China, Japan, India, and parts of Europe, the great illusion of the 1920's can no longer be maintained. We cannot sanely anticipate selling our products to foreign lands through the device of lending them unlimited capital with which to make the purchases, as we attempted to during the last great boom. We discovered then that if they repay us at all they must pay us back in goods of their own manufacture for every item they buy, and in that fact is another limitation on the future of our production.

Our population growth preceded our industrial growth and for a long time paralleled and stimulated it, because we were lucky enough to own huge areas of virgin land still unsettled at the beginning of the industrial age. But as pioneer conditions disappeared our growth slowly declined to half its pioneer rate. In the past few years it has been proceeding at one-quarter of its pioneer rate.

In his *Biology of Population Growth* Raymond Pearl has made a study of the factors which produce a gradual decline in the growth rates of human populations. Those factors sometimes operate obscurely, but it is not strange that when growth for its own sake is no longer as desirable as it used to be growth should slow down, whether for men ranging over the whole round globe of the world or for fruit flies in a milk bottle. The invention of power-driven machinery made possible all over the civilized world denser populations than wholly agricultural life was ever able to support before. But population density seems finally to reduce human fertility, especially when it is accompanied by the increased conveniences and more varied amusements which industrialism made accessible. That is not a directly economic result, but rather a social and psychic result. But when population growth slows down, that fact reacts on an industrial growth which has always been paced to a rapid expansion of demand. So the two growths of people and of machinery tend to leap up and then to slow down together.

A fourth factor in the slowing of our growth curves for industrial products is the one, I feel, we shall have finally to reckon with most, as we turn from the problem of booming our output to that

of extending the benefits of our output to those who are still poor in things. It is my observation that among the middle classes men are growing more and more restive, and less and less content with their position in this industrial scheme.

Not until this age have men ever been compelled to forgo the general interests of life and to surrender them bodily to women. We have all heard that in the minor boom of 1935 many employers of labor discovered that workers—even heads of families—preferred to remain on relief rather than to accept employment at higher rates of pay in private industry. Instances prove nothing. But the general belief that men are more willing to be idle than they used to be may have a basis of fact that is not at all derogatory to them or to the policies of the New Deal. Whatever may be true of the lowest-income group, in the middle classes, where the largest consumer demand is certainly now to be found, men are beginning to find themselves in a peculiarly disadvantageous position. For a span of years, fairly coinciding with the boom time, advertising copy has been addressed more and more to the desires of women and children. The woman has become the family spender. Now allowing to the American male all possible chivalry and pride in his wife and children, there is a point in the family economy at which a certain crude justice is likely to supervene, to disturb this sort of an arrangement. I suggest that it has supervened.

At about the time when the doctrine that woman's place was in the home was abandoned politically and socially, and in a sense morally, salesmanship for mechanical improvements concentrated on the home a battery of devices of a predominantly feminine utility. The result was that, although woman's place was not exclusively in the home any longer, the home became more and more woman's domain—or rather the woman's and children's domain. And once it was a man's castle. It is the woman's domain, but manufacture is relieving her of many of its traditional burdens. Manufacture is able to do very little for the man as a domestic animal. And every burden that goes off of her shoulders goes onto his. And that is right enough, up to a point. And then it is not. Well beyond the point where it is not, the curve of our mechanical rise slows down.

For the past twenty years we have held hard to one ideal. Every family should have an electrified home, a washing machine, an oil heater, a new car every year, a telephone, a radio, and in time an air conditioner and a television receiver. That is our domestic creed. But there is a psychological difficulty with that creed, which is otherwise excellent economics. Everyone does not wish life to require so much trouble, any more than every boy of seventeen wants, can take, or will endure further schooling, except under heavier and heavier pressures. Big business and government in the business of stimulating consumption have run up against a fact more potent and more understandable than fear. And that fact is the inherent inability of men to want for their women and children what men can personally get along without, and can easily believe that women and children are better off without, if those advantages involve a larger individual struggle than men are satisfied to make. It seems to be forgotten that the United States has produced not only a Henry Ford but a Henry Thoreau, and that the two men are not basically very different.

Sales resistance is almost a new term in American economics. Customer reluctance with rising bank balances is almost a new phenomenon, as applied to our general production of things. But when the Boy Scout movement and the summer camp movement and the dude ranch movement began to grow, parallel to the growth in consumption of manufactured goods, notice was being served that the American was also human and not merely a symbol in economic theory.

Every sample modern house, of the sort recently exhibited in New York and elsewhere as a stimulus to consumption, gives

a wholly feminized picture of life. In this view the passing of the easy chair was economically more significant than the invention of the radio. In the average home, up to the beginning of the era of our greatest mechanical expansion, there was certain to be a Morris chair or a Larkin rocker where the man of the house was relaxed, enthroned, and at ease. Quite truly ours was then a male world, but a male world moving forward and digesting its own progress. Much of that progress after 1915 was stimulated by the family motor car, and the new sense of sharing and companionship and even of male superiority which it made possible. But now, in a modern home of the same class, where the family car is in constant requisition by the younger generation, where the woman often has it to herself for nine hours a day and the man practically never, there is a very different picture. There is a radio, whose entertainment is mainly directed to that juvenile or female taste which controls the purse strings. The Morris chair or its equivalent has disappeared as an old-fashioned and slovenly relaxation, and its modern substitute is covered with velour. I am depicting this change mainly from a study of the mail-order catalogues of the past twenty years.

It is not necessary to insist on this explanation as the only one, or even the most significant one for the fact recorded in the charts. I cannot prove statistically that men will not push themselves on much faster for this kind of a world, where they have to provide too many other things first, before they can afford a set of golf clubs. But the general business charts indicate that there is something basically wrong with our mechanical scheme, and something that is not a temporary disorder, although we behave politically as though it were. As James Roosevelt said in Middletown, Ohio, in reference to government spending, "When we taper off, your income goes down, and we go farther away from a balanced budget." That is the fact I am dealing with.

Translate that fact into other terms and it says just this: for our people as a whole, and as they are at present constituted, a point of marginal utility has been reached, and not only been reached, but possibly passed in the demand for mechanical productions, by a large part of our population, and reached in America first of anywhere in the world.

III

The principle of marginal utility is merely applied common sense. If a man has to labor or to worry more for a higher standard of living than for a lower he should also get a proportionally higher return or in time the process that forces him on will fail of its effect. And there is a limit beyond which more of the same kind of things will not entice him to increased effort. The evidence is clear that many of us passed that limit sometime between 1914 and 1929. More clothes, more golf, more alcohol, more gasoline, and more bridge, however illimitably offered, failed to drive men on into the promised land of still more golf, alcohol, clothes, gasoline, and bridge. And whatever else life had to offer was not mechanically contrived or conditioned.

In regard to mechanical devices our main problems are solved. Additional inventions become necessarily more special and more complex, and the time arrives when further devices become less and less important, whether their maintenance is more of a burden or not. Other people's motor cars are a physical danger, and our own a financial hazard. Other people's radios are a mental burden, and our own a social responsibility. There can be too many servants, whether human or mechanical—especially of servants from whom the producing member of the family gets the least benefit. At some point such a set-up is bound to break down.

Television, for instance, is more complex than radio, particularly in its transmission. It is a more delicate device to just the extent that two dimensions are

more complicated than one. Even in its present development it is a successful and a marvellous invention. But it does not add so much to life as radio did. It may bring the stage and the moving picture into the home, where the moving picture can already be had, and it may transmit the daily news more vividly than we can now get it from our broadcasters or the papers, and it will be precious for propaganda. But what can it add to life but a new way to present current events and entertainment? The radio has already achieved that for the home. The stage and moving picture provide dramatic pleasure with the slight additional satisfaction of a change of environment. So what price television? Well, that remains to be seen; but my point is that the element of necessity does not go along into the further complexities of new invention.

We cannot expect to make a new age out of the pursuit of mechanical toys, however ingenious or profound the theories on which those toys are constructed. It is not consonant with human nature. In almost every American home there is an electrical or mechanical train if there is a male child in the house. But where is it now? Locked up in a bureau drawer till next December, while the boy is playing with a baseball and bat, over on the vacant lot. We are only grown-up children. And there are many human pleasures which too much machinery interferes with. Conversation is one, walking, reading, and sleep are others.

If the facts mean what I take them to mean, much that now seems merely a perversity of fate becomes intelligible. But that meaning points on to a kind of future world quite different from that predicted by those who are still intoxicated with machinery. It will be adjusting itself, not to a faster but to a slower rate of growth. The diffusion of advantages, rather than the creation of new ones, will be its chief social problem; not to stir up a new boom, but to insure steady progress toward a general happiness, not built on debt. As agriculture is doing to-day, industry will be supplying all reasonable needs with a constantly diminishing manpower. What will all the rest of the men and women of that world be doing?

Because we do not yet know the answer to this question, because we are so conditioned by our mechanical dream that we cannot imagine an answer in terms of our present world picture (except perhaps to employ these people in singing songs, painting pictures, or doing æsthetic dances on the green), we are inclined to reject the possibility altogether. It is far easier for us to picture people as spending their time whisking about aboard rocket ships, on God knows what errands of cosmic salesmanship, or playing ball with atomic bombs. But in this unknowable future, so close round the corner, it seems to me that the problem will be solved very simply if we begin to solve it now for the unemployed of our present machine-filled world.

What do we need most? In that question lies the secret of our destiny. Is it really more motor cars? Is it really television? Is it really a new product, or are those not rather the answers of desperation than of truth? I admit that we can still be persuaded, but what do we really need? Better housing of course, but not for those who have adequate housing. Whatever economists may say, old homes are not worse than new homes if they have the necessary fittings we have accepted as needful to health. But what we do need is clear enough, and it has very little to do with super-skyliners and one-wheel trolley cars. We need more teachers and more nurses, more doctors and more dentists, more surgeons, more scientists studying the problems of life and health, more foresters and bigger forests for them to work in, more cabinet-makers who can turn out an article that is a real 1938, and not a slavish duplicate of a million other pieces; we need more handwrought things of every sort.

We do not need less machinery, but we do need more civilization, and I believe that need is the one that is now asserting itself. Business and government

have not yet digested that fact, but we ourselves are digesting it and proclaiming it, and are forcing a new kind of civilization to appear.

It is not jobs that make needs, but needs that make jobs. And that is the fact which stalls us now. It is a fact which has refused to respond to all the financial devices used to get round it. And so long as we continue to think of the general needs as purely mechanical needs it is likely to stall us forever.

There are two things going on now in society that seem destined to shape its future. One is a struggle, on the part of the underprivileged, for those necessities which the middle and upper classes have already attained. That is the dynamic remainder of our growth, but it is very far less of a force than the one existing when all of us were struggling together for a conquest of famine and weather and cold, because it reaches down to those who are individually unable, or unprepared, or even unwilling to struggle, and who must be helped and led. And that is not a spectacular, but a mature task. Not at all a pioneer business, in any old sense of the phrase, but a growth within.

The other force is the urge for luxuries. But that also is not so dynamic as were the forces that drove us to conquer the West, and mine coal, and transport the Western wheat to our Eastern cities, and our Eastern necessities to the West. These new devices are, after all, mere finishing touches. One can take them or leave them alone. So it is not likely that all of our present dreams will be fulfilled except our dreams about human knowledge. Those mechanical previsions of the future that excite even the school boy of to-day, those soaring towers, those cellophane cities, those super airplanes, have all a darker and once invisible side that is plain now and in the light.

Machinery is a terrific irritant of human passion. Dug-up things are not illimitably good. Even the dreamers of the late nineteenth century could not think of any sound use for their new machines but the one they came to in 1914. The easier we make it to go to new places the less variety remains in the places we get to. There is no earthly paradise to be had through motion. Only a smaller earth. We have preceded the world in this mechanical conquest of nature. We have attained that conquest with the least possible irritation to ourselves. The slowing of our growth rate in the production of devices predicts the fate of the world, and we may well thank a kind Heaven for what it predicts. Population pressure is the general cause of war. The immense development of industrialism early in the nineteenth century, produced a second wave of population growth in Germany and Japan whose pressures are now the great disturbance to human peace. When the industrial pace slackens, that supporting factor of over-population will end. With us population growth slowed first and that is obviously the better thing to have happen; for much of Europe seems doomed to a period of protest, whose violence we need not share, as nationalistic dreams of unlimited growth and power face the realities of a maturing industrialism.

Beyond that danger zone of time there is the possibility of a better world and a more contented world than any that we can remember. Despite our present difficulties we are in a very lucky position, and can make good use of it, if we can accept the truth about ourselves. Ask any one of a hundred busy men what he wants most and the answer will be the same—more time. Millions of men have labored through this industrial era fighting for time to live. Thousands who have attained that goal have never discovered how to use the time they have won. For in the grim production struggle we are emerging from, the use of time has been lost for many men. We have hints already in the growing demand for national forests, for better game laws, for small pleasure craft, that the use of time is being slowly rediscovered. The decentralization of industry is a move for the better and more healthy use of time. The old countries are forgetting what they knew

about time, as we forgot it. Their pressures grow grimmer, because they are following at our heels without our natural advantages. If America is to pioneer in anything memorable during the second third of the twentieth century it is my guess that it will pioneer in a return to natural social pleasures for all. An increase of knowledge and its diffusion, and its application to all the interests and arts of life, instead of only to motions, is a progress of illimitable dimension now within our power to achieve. If the hope of great masses of our people is to find more jobs in more mills, to make still more jobs in still more mills, I believe that hope to be an illusion that will be blasted by the event. The problem is more interesting but not so simple.

Industrialism has come of age. It can no longer live on itself alone. Now, in our own lifetimes, a great problem has to be faced and solved. What was it for? For what kind of living did we plow the wheat fields, dig the mines, build our cities, heat our homes, and carry electric mains across the continent? Answering that is the only way we shall arrive at jobs for the jobless. For those who are not needed in factories will have to be busied, and will have to be taught how to be busied at occupations that bear on the way men live, and not at occupations that derive from more and more machinery and equipment.

We live in the most critical moment of a very great civilization. The preliminary work is done. But that is all. We have our apparatus. We have almost enough apparatus. Some of us already have too much. What is it for? We may get our hundred billion a year and with it a hundred billion headaches, for it is the struggle toward such an end, we may be very sure, which now threatens our world with social disaster. Only a great war could push us up again to that Eiffel tower of mechanical growth we climbed once and grew dizzy upon and fell from with such commotion.

Hitler knows that. Mussolini understands it well enough. We can accept their way or we can find a new way of our own. The great boom is over. What we have been waiting for is here, a maturely growing civilization that has mastered nature and can now set about using that mastery for its own happiness, with a larger humanity than was ever possible before.

But if we insist that expansion is still our only reason for being here on this lucky spot, every good now in our hands to grasp may be destroyed by our childish folly.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

WHEN the S.S. *Wistaria* arrived at Jaffa and discharged its two hundred tourists upon the land promised to Moses, there were a few superior persons who refused to be hurried.

"So far as I am concerned," Mrs. Salisbury said to her husband, "I don't care if I never see Haifa and those places. I'm going straight to Jerusalem and stay there all three days. After all, you know, it's the Holy City."

She thus consigned the unholier spots in the country to the attention of the *Wistaria's* ordinary passengers, to be inspected by them on the wing, as Algeria, Tunis, and Egypt had already been inspected. Mrs. Salisbury was no unreluctant participant in most of these shore excursions, but here she felt that she owed it to her dignity as a pillar of the First Presbyterian Church of Benbrook (Ohio) to go slow. As she explained to Alec, this was a time for reflection and communion with one's self.

"All my life," she said, watching with abstracted eyes the behavior of a young Arab who had taken charge of their luggage, "all my life I have wanted to see the place where . . ."

At this point their particular Arab was set upon by a band of some twenty others who struggled with him for possession of the Salisbury belongings.

"Hi!" said Mrs. Salisbury. "The imp! Alec! Can't you *do* something? It'll all go in the water!"

It seemed for a time as if not only the Salisbury belongings, but those of every other passenger on the *Wistaria*, were destined to the antique bottom of Jaffa harbor. In the confusion and uproar the harbor has known since the days of its earlier tourist, Jonah, some hundreds of red-capped Arabs gave battle for the transatlantic spoils. Mrs. Salisbury's best pigskin bag bumped alarmingly over the rail of a very small boat before two of the contestants managed to arrest it in a temporary equilibrium over blue depths. The shrieks of those who struggled made protest unavailing, but the *Wistaria's* passengers were not all as philosophical as Mr. Salisbury.

"I bet," he said judiciously, "on the little fellow with the big wart on his nose. He looks as if he pulled a lot of weight."

The partitioning of the baggage was accomplished at last, to the surprise of those who (like Mrs. Salisbury) felt that nothing could ever get itself done in such clamorous disorder. Somehow, in spite of noise, bright colors, and a sunlight so brilliant that it made every simplest thing look preternaturally dangerous, the journey ashore was completed and the Salisburys stood intact at the railway station.

"Dear me, aren't you going on the tour with the others, Mrs. Dolan?" said Mrs. Salisbury. She was not altogether pleased to see a familiar face.

"I'm not," said Mrs. Dolan firmly, clutching at the hand of her daughter Rose-Marie. "I'm going straight to Jerusalem and stay there the whole three

days. Jim and I think there's no point in coming all the way here unless we spend as much time as we can in the Holy City."

"Yes," said Mrs. Salisbury vaguely, "yes. I suppose so. We had something of the same idea."

"Of course we'll see Bethlehem and the River Jordan too," Mrs. Dolan explained hastily, as if her first statement had been questioned as unorthodox. "And we'll join the boat at Haifa, going through Nazareth on the way. But we'll *stay* in Jerusalem. I've been waiting for this trip too long . . ."

"Well, well, well," a round, rather juicy voice broke in, "if it isn't the Dolans and the Salisburys! Mother and I figured we'd be the only people going straight up to Jerusalem. Aren't you going on the tour with the others?"

"I'm not, Mr. Baumberg," said Mrs. Dolan. "Jim and I thought we'd just stay in the Holy City for the three days."

"The thought," said Mr. Salisbury, enjoying himself, "occurred also to my wife. She is going to read a paper on the Holy City to the ladies' club of the church when she gets back."

"I never intended to read a paper to any club, Alexander," said Mrs. Salisbury majestically. "I do not need such an excuse to spend three days in the Holy City of my religion."

"*Your* religion?" said Mrs. Baumberg before she reflected. Then hastily she added: "Of course we get so used to thinking of it as . . ."

"Quite," said Mrs. Salisbury. "Alexander, will you see that one of these brigands gets our luggage in? I am going to get into the train."

"What's a Holy City, mother?" Rose-Marie Dolan asked mournfully. She was a silent, sad little girl with adenoids, who seldom spoke except to ask an awkward question.

"It's a place where very holy things happened a long time ago, darling," said Mrs. Dolan. "Don't you remember your catechism?"

This word suggested to Rose-Marie ominous possibilities in connection with their present destination. She tugged at her mother's hand.

"Did all the catechism happen there, mom?" she asked fearfully.

"I suppose so, dear," said Mrs. Dolan, watching her husband give what she thought was an exorbitant tip to two Arab porters.

"Mother, are you sure the passports are in your bag?" Mr. Baumberg asked his wife. A busy small man, he was unable to let time pass without some active preoccupation to worry it. When he was assured that the passports were safe he began to attend to larger and less important articles of luggage, and long after he had installed his smooth, dark, fashionable wife in their compartment he was still fussing over possibly lost tickets or probably forgotten addresses.

"I might have known that those people would be on the train," said Mrs. Salisbury to her husband, after he had opened and shut the window several times to their mutual dissatisfaction. "There is really no getting away from them. You might have thought they'd leave the Holy City in peace anyway."

"I don't see why," said Mr. Salisbury. "They have a certain interest in it."

"It's a place to collect one's thoughts in," said Mrs. Salisbury, collecting her thoughts. "Just think, Alec . . ."

As the train moved off toward the orange groves Mrs. Baumberg sighed romantically.

"*Yerushalayim!*" she said, putting her hand on her husband's arm. "Did you ever imagine we'd get there, Reginald, at last? We're going to see it. Do you realize that we're going to see it?"

But Rose-Marie Dolan, stationed at the window of still another compartment, found no cause for rejoicing.

"Will I be expected to know everything that happened in the Holy City when we get there, mom?" she asked mournfully.

"You ought to," said her father, Mr. James Dolan. "What's the use of sending you to all these expensive schools if you aren't able to teach your parents a thing or two?"

"Rose-Marie doesn't need to teach me anything about the Holy City," said Mrs. Dolan. "Thank God I'm not a heathen like yourself, Jim Dolan. I know all I need to know. And besides," she added confidently, "I've got a Baedeker guide-book with maps and all the information."

"I wonder," said Mr. Dolan, sighing heavily, "if this Allenby Hotel or whatever its name is, knows how to make a decent cocktail?"

"Jim!" said Mrs. Dolan, scandalized. "Are you going to the Holy City to *drink?*"

"The Dolans and the Baumbergs," Mr. Salisbury was saying to his somewhat ruffled wife, "will probably enjoy the whole show more than you will anyway, Helen. Their kind of religion teaches them more about such things."

"I like *that,*" said Mrs. Salisbury, "when you know perfectly well that I had a Bible class for ten years. I'm sure neither the Baumbergs nor the Dolans ever read the Bible. After all it's not *their* book—they don't emphasize it the way we do."

"Well, you can go ahead and emphasize it," said Mr. Salisbury, "only you'd better not tell the Dolans and the Baumbergs that the book belongs to you. Seems to me I've heard of wars in these parts for less than that."

The train insinuated itself gradually, with an intermittent but generally forward motion, into the soft brown hills of Judaea. The hours passed bare and clear outside the train, and except for that grim caravan itself the landscape bore a startling resemblance to half-forgotten, catechetical things. At least so it seemed to Rose-Marie, racking her brain for the information she was sure her mother would begin demanding before long. Rose-Marie had no faith in red guide-books, having been a scornful witness to their failure in other lands. To Mrs. Salisbury, ever-conscious of the obligation to culture, the Palestinian hills seemed to resemble those Italian primitive paintings upon which she had once read a paper to her club. She instructed her husband in the mysteries of this resemblance, while in the next compartment, weary of his wife's ecstasies, Mr. Baumberg went to sleep.

The noisy station and the swift winding streets which took them to the hotel did not materially disturb their ideas of Jerusalem; stations and main streets and hotels, they all told one another, were much the same everywhere. They did have time, after bathing and dressing, to walk vaguely out into the lingering day, one to a bazaar, one to the city's walls, another merely through the tired and vocal streets. They had scarcely touched the bloom of their expected pleasures when they came together, as if by accident, in the hall of the Allenby Hotel.

"I want," said Mr. Dolan very audibly, "a cocktail."

"Sh-sh, Jim!" said Mrs. Dolan. But it was clear that her determination on this point had already weakened. She still thought it unwise, in view of the eternal nature of punishment, to drink alcohol in the Holy City, but the incongruity of the act was no longer as striking as it had been. "Oh, well, if you must," she said weakly, perceiving that a Nubian in a green sash and red tarbush had already taken her husband's order with no appearance of surprise. "Only, I must say . . ."

Mr. Salisbury came in and stood over them.

"Just like the bar of the S.S. *Wistaria,*" he said jovially. "Mind if I join you?"

They did not mind; and encouraged by Mr. Salisbury's example, Mrs. Dolan too had a cocktail. The vast Nubian attendant was just bringing in the second round when Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Baumberg came into the hall from opposite directions, the first from the street and the second from the central staircase.

"I'll have a cocktail, too, I think," said Mrs. Salisbury, sinking exhausted into a proffered chair. "I'm worn out from looking at rugs."

"I think," said Mrs. Baumberg, accepting a chair and a cocktail, "that you would get them cheaper in New York."

"We walked around the city wall for awhile," said Mrs. Dolan. "It was *too* charming . . . so . . . er . . . picturesque."

They embarked upon fragmentary descriptions of their very tentative journeys out into the town, and the impassive Nubian attendants could have heard (had they cared to hear) sundry repetitions of the words "quaint" and "charming." The cocktails cast a pleasant friendly aura around Jerusalem and its pilgrims. They were all content, and even Mrs. Salisbury and the Baumbergs got on better than they ever had since the beginning of the Mediterranean cruise. No ominous note was sounded until they all rose to go to dinner. Then, by an innocent fatality, Mrs. Dolan remarked: "We're going to get up early in the morning to see the Holy Sepulchre." There was a slight strain on the general politeness as they went to their separate tables, aware somehow that all resemblance to the bar of the S.S. *Wistaria* had been shattered.

Definitive hostilities did not begin until the next evening at cocktail time. At this magic hour Mr. Salisbury, waiting for his wife to come downstairs, joined the Dolans and Mrs. Baumberg over the lemon-colored drinks.

"What have you all been doing to-day?" he asked. Part of the question he could have answered himself, since he had seen them all in one sanctified spot or another during the long hot hours of sight-seeing.

"I spent four hours in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre," said Mrs. Dolan soulfully, sipping her cocktail. "Such a *heavenly* place—restful and impressive."

"Yes," said Mr. Salisbury. "I liked it. Except for having to dig up so much money."

"And being pestered to death by monks and guides," said Mrs. Baumberg.

"I don't really see why anybody should object to giving money to such a cause," said Mrs. Dolan. "Besides, it doesn't cost much."

Mrs. Salisbury drifted down the stairs, elegant in a white-and-gray dress which set off her silvered hair to advantage.

"What didn't cost much?" she asked indifferently.

"The Church of the Holy Sepulchre," said Mrs. Baumberg.

"Didn't cost much?" said Mrs. Salisbury. "It was the most expensive place I've been in since I left New York. Twenty-five cents for a wax taper every time I turned round, and I wasn't allowed to keep the taper either. One for Calvary—two seconds, burned down less than half an inch; one for the Holy Sepulchre and another for the Crypt of the True Cross and another one for—really! All those ridiculous monks—Franciscans or vegetarians or whatever they are—seem to live by holding up the poor tourist. I can't see why a believing Christian shouldn't be allowed to look at things without having to pay through the nose for the privilege."

Mrs. Dolan had turned very red. She was opening and shutting her mouth silently, like a fish, in the evident search for words adequate to the occasion.

"Not to speak," said Mrs. Baumberg, "of the look of the place. It's like Roxy's theater."

"All those jewels!" said Mrs. Salisbury. "Really, the millions of dollars that are hung around the neck of the image of the Virgin . . ."

"Good haul for some enterprising burglar," said Mr. Salisbury speculatively.

"And you call yourselves *Christians!*" said Mrs. Dolan with withering contempt.

"I don't," said Mrs. Baumberg.

"I certainly do," said Mrs. Salisbury frostily. "I consider myself a far better Christian than any of those poor benighted creatures who go crawling on hands and knees around a musty old Church, paying money to monks in order to look at a spot which is supposed to be Calvary."

"*Supposed* to be!" said Mrs. Dolan, suffocated.

"There isn't a shred of evidence that it is or was the place described in the New Testament," said Mr. Baumberg, who had just come in and ordered a Manhattan. "Or even," he added, "that the place de-

scribed ever existed anywhere. The Greek writers of the New Testament had very probably never been to Jerusalem."

"Oh, you're going too far," said Mr. Dolan. "There's no reason to doubt the existence of the place unless you doubt the entire story of the Gospel."

"It's shameful to talk like this," said Mrs. Dolan. "If Rose-Marie were here she could answer everything you say out of the catechism. I don't remember enough to answer you properly myself, so I refuse to discuss it."

"It isn't a matter for discussion," said Mrs. Salisbury very coldly. "It's a matter of taste. All those images festooned with jewelry, the awful smell of stale incense, the way every step in the place costs fifty cents—it's revolting! Not to speak of all the ridiculous things like the hole where the Empress found the Cross, and the place where the Sacred Fire descends from Heaven every Easter, and all that."

"The Sacred Fire," said Mrs. Dolan eagerly, "is a Greek Orthodox legend, and of course it's absurd."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Salisbury with heavy irony.

"I daresay if the Protestants had the place they'd turn it into a wooden barn," said Mr. Dolan, who was now somewhat aroused in his lazy way.

"At least they wouldn't make you pay to stare at a stone which is alleged to cover the burial place of your God," said Mrs. Salisbury, now thoroughly angry.

"Helen!" said Mr. Salisbury, the peacemaker. A frozen silence had descended upon the Dolans. "Superstition!" said Mrs. Salisbury venomously under her breath. An idea struck her husband. "Didn't I see you at the Wailing Wall a while ago?" he said to Mr. Baumberg.

"Yes," said Mr. Baumberg, "you did. A very touching spectacle, I thought."

"It seemed simply absurd to me," said Mrs. Salisbury, who by this time was beyond concealment of her feelings. "All those dirty old women of both sexes, pounding their heads against a stone wall!"

"I must say I rather agree with you," said Mrs. Dolan unwillingly. "There doesn't appear to be much sense to it. It's picturesque of course."

"You don't seem to realize," said Mrs. Baumberg, "that the place is a remnant of the Temple of Solomon—the only thing we have from our great past."

"But it isn't," said Mr. Dolan. "Those lower stones are only from the Temple of Herod, not Solomon's Temple at all. It says so in all the books."

"Books!" said Mr. Baumberg in scorn. "What do you suppose they matter? It's the *faith* of those people that the Wall was part of the Temple of Solomon. What do guide-books matter?"

"Oh, of course if you're going to be completely irrational," said Mrs. Salisbury in the flood of an icy rage at all her surroundings, "what does anything matter? The moon is made of green cheese, I suppose."

"I like that!" said Mrs. Baumberg, powdering her nose in small, irritable dabs. "You will swallow any sort of fairy-tale that has to do with your own religion, but when it comes to a few Jewish stones you begin to split hairs." Her metaphors seemed a trifle confused, even to herself, so she added, "You get squeamish suddenly."

"Well, of course they're not Jewish stones," said Mr. Salisbury philosophically. "You've thought of that?"

"When there isn't a scrap of reliable evidence that your precious Messiah ever existed at all," said Mr. Baumberg in a towering fury, "you will go to this church and that church and the other church and pretend that *here* something happened or *there* something else happened." He rose to his feet with the tremulous dignity of great wrath. "Miracles!" he said witheringly.

"Of course, with your sort of people . . ." said the mild little Mrs. Dolan, suddenly vixenish.

"Yes," said Mrs. Salisbury, "one *knows* what to expect of you."

"Education!" Mrs. Baumberg sputtered, getting to her feet. "You might as well be African savages."

"If we were," said Mr. Dolan, also rising, "we should not confine ourselves to *saying* what we think of you."

"Come, Natalie, let's go to dinner," said Mr. Baumberg, moving off haughtily.

"Of all the . . ." Mrs. Dolan was transformed. She allowed her gaze to follow the Baumbergs for a moment, and then shifted it to the Salisburys. "You're all alike," she said with a comprehensive ferocity. "They killed Our Lord once two thousand years ago; you kill Him every day with your nasty doubting minds." White and knifelike in her anger, she made her way to the dining room.

"My wife goes a little far," said Mr. Dolan before following her, "but I want you to know that I'm with her." He stalked away.

"Wretched, common little idolaters," said Mrs. Salisbury. She had scarcely touched her cocktail.

"Finish that drink," said Mr. Salisbury, "and we'll have another."

"Black ignorance," she remarked, putting down her empty glass.

"Don't you think it's rather silly," her husband inquired, "for six middle-aged Americans to get into a row over a lot of old stones and . . ."

"You may think so," she interrupted, "but my religion *means* something to me. Think what John Calvin would have said to them! And who's middle-aged, anyway?"

"We all are," he said, "except little Mrs. Dolan."

"Little Mrs. Dolan!" she mocked. "She's older than any of us." This was so manifestly untrue that she did not pursue it further. "Moreover, if that's what you call Americans . . ." she said.

"Well, aren't they?" he demanded. "They've been Americans for at least three generations, which is about as much as we have."

"So you may think," she said. "But speak for yourself, not me. My maternal grandmother was a Spiggott of Philadelphia, you may remember."

"Well," he said, vanquished by the awful ghost of the Spiggotts of Philadelphia, "do you want any dinner or are you going to quarrel all night?"

"I shall have dinner in my room," she said, "although I don't suppose I can eat a thing. I cannot stand the sight or sound of those horrible people again."

"Of course," Mr. Dolan was saying to his wife, "you did go rather far. That last thing you said was pretty sharp."

"I don't care," said Mrs. Dolan, "and if you start defending them I'm going to bed. They're heathens, all of them. I only said what was true. That Salisbury woman drives me mad. 'Superstition,' she said. I heard her say it. There are some things I won't put up with."

"If you speak to either or any of them again," Mrs. Baumberg said across the table to Mr. Baumberg, "you deserve to be horsewhipped. They're living in the Dark Ages, and they've got the manners of very badly brought-up goats. Thank God, I'm a civilized human being or I'd have told them what I thought of them."

In the morning a happy inspiration (the inspiration inevitable to hotel porters on any tourist's second day in Jerusalem) sent them all to the Dead Sea. The Dolans' car started first, and when the Baumbergs caught them up half an hour later on the road to Jericho there was a moment which even the Arab chauffeurs recognized as difficult.

"I'm not going to breathe Popish dust all the way," said Mrs. Baumberg, and a contest ensued, at the end of which the Baumbergs' car drew ahead, leaving at first a cloud and afterward a great deal of space in front of the enraged Dolans. The Dolans were, however, able to hold their own before the Salisburys, who came up a few minutes later; and thus evenly spaced, the cars made their way down to the red valley of desolation. Here the utmost cleverness was demanded of their Moslem chauffeurs to keep them from meeting. Mr. Salisbury, watching these operations, admired the adroitness with which disastrous encounters were averted. "Anybody'd think they were used to this sort of thing," he mused.

Neither at the Dead Sea nor at the place of baptism on the River Jordan did the parties meet; and when one passed the other in the streets of Jericho the event was not irremediable. Mrs. Salisbury only tied her veil tighter, Mrs. Dolan smoothed her gloves, and Mrs. Baumberg lighted an indignant cigarette. Thus segregated in their several motions like dust-djinns over the face of a desert, they whirled from sanctity to sanctity in a passion of antagonism. On the way back from Jericho the Salisbury car was entangled with a long train of camels, a caravan from Arabia making its way to Jerusalem.

"The more I see of some people," said Mrs. Salisbury darkly, "the more I think of the Mohammedans." This seemed to her, once she had uttered it, a noble and broadminded statement; its persuasion was such that she forgot the gnawing of dislike for awhile and was able to look at the brown-red chaos of rocks about her. The Judaean Wilderness, all bleak grandeur under a burning savage sun, was not a landscape to compose or pacify the mind, however, and Mrs. Salisbury arrived in Jerusalem more determined than ever to be worthy of her Spiggott ancestry.

The Dolans and the Salisburys were actually in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem at the same time the next morning, but astute management on the part of Mr. Salisbury staved off the impending brawl. He kept his wife looking at the almost undiscernible remains of mosaics while the Dolans were absent in the subterranean crypt. When the Dolans returned to the body of the church and the coast was, he felt, clear, he accompanied Mrs. Salisbury into the dank, dark cellar which has been designated by the established religions as the birthplace of their Redeemer. Redemption would have been well-nigh impossible, he reflected, if they and the Dolans had actually met face to face in that tiny cubicle. By a special dispensation of Providence the Dolans had driven away before the Salisburys went outside to their own car, so that not even a quarrel of motors for precedence was to be feared.

In the hall of the Allenby Mr. Baumberg was walking up and down in a state of great excitement, while Mrs. Baumberg, sighing heavily from time to time, sat over an untasted gin fizz and a mounting pile of cigarette-ends decorated with bands of her dark lipstick. The Dolans, first back from Bethlehem and unwilling to notice the existence of their fellow-passengers, stalked through the hall toward the stairs.

"See here," said Baumberg, flourishing a newspaper excitedly, "Dolan, look at this. A crash in the Street."

"What's that?" said Dolan, taking the paper.

"Universal Can down twelve points in one day," said Baumberg.

"Oh, my God," said Mrs. Dolan feverishly, "what about Consolidated Motors?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Baumberg in a weak voice, "you can't find out a thing from that paper. It doesn't mention Consolidated Motors at all."

"Five columns about the Wailing Wall . . . some damned row or other," said Baumberg, "and only a squib about whatever it is that is happening in the Street."

"Oh," Mrs. Dolan moaned, sitting down beside Mrs. Baumberg, "what a place to be in! No newspapers for weeks. Nothing but that little local rag."

"We've got to do something," said Dolan with decision. "It's apparently been a bad break. But first I'm going to have a drink."

"Me too, dear," said Mrs. Dolan feebly. "A silver fizz. Very strong. For the last five years I can't hear the word crash without being sick all over."

"It may not be anything so very terrible," said Mr. Dolan, "but the point is, how are we going to find out anything in this God-forsaken hole?"

The Salisburys came in and were greeted by Mr. Baumberg with the news.

"Heavens and earth!" said Mrs. Salisbury, sitting down very suddenly. "What does it mean?"

"There's no way of telling," said Mr.

Dolan. "You'd better have a drink. It may not be so bad. Don't get panicky."

"My dear," said Mrs. Salisbury to Mrs. Dolan, "I shall *never* forget last year . . ."

"There's not a thing in that paper," said Mr. Salisbury in disgust, throwing it on the floor. "All about some row or other they're having here, and only three sentences of cable from New York—just enough to paralyze us."

"I know, it's maddening," said Mrs. Baumberg. "There's not a newspaper this side of Cairo."

"We could cable," said Mr. Baumberg doubtfully, "only the boat sails to-morrow night."

"The boat!" said Mrs. Dolan. "What about the boat?"

"That's an idea," said Mr. Salisbury. "There's always a lot of wireless news on the boat. Suppose we get down to the boat and keep the air busy?"

"Right," agreed Baumberg. "There's no hope of finding out anything here. These people haven't heard of the discovery of America yet."

"If only I knew about Consolidated Motors!" said Mrs. Dolan.

"Mother . . ." Rose-Marie began.

"Hush, child," said Mrs. Dolan. "Go upstairs and pack your bag. We're going back to the boat."

"We can get to Jaffa in a car in two hours," said Mr. Salisbury. "Suppose we have dinner here and then get a couple of cars to run us down. Unless somebody wants to stay here till our time's up."

To his last suggestion nobody paid the slightest attention.

"My cousin Jack," Mrs. Salisbury was saying to Mrs. Baumberg, "was simply wiped out last year. He had bought ten thousand shares of . . ."

As the two cars, with their nervous and talkative occupants, came up the hill on the road to Jaffa, the moon rose over Jerusalem. The white-enchanted city lay silent there forever, embalmed in moonlight. The soft white sparkle of the great mosque's dome was visible across serried lines of ghost-houses, chalky and tomblike. The surrounding hills accepted the moon's mystery as that same visitation would be accepted, only a few short hours later, by the chasms of Manhattan and the Place de la Bourse. The moon had been to the deserts over Jordan, where it would go again. It had shone on the tents of Bedouin in the great wastes, where camels huddled for comfort while harsh voices called to prayer. So the moon, indifferent in its ceaseless journey, absorbed strange and ever stranger prayers in the white immemorial light now soft-lying over Jerusalem.

"It's pretty," said Rose-Marie, interrupting her elders. "Mother, aren't we going to see any more of the Holy City?"

"Hush, child," said Mrs. Dolan. "Mr. Salisbury, do you suppose the wireless *will* have something about Consolidated Motors?"

HOKKAIDO IS JUST LIKE AMERICA

BY HELEN MEARS

It was the Big Heat in Tokyo. The Japanese, adepts at the white magic that can exorcise demons by ritual, counter it in a variety of ways. They send out post cards which inquire politely, "Are you well in this oppressive heat?" They capture crickets and imprison them in bamboo cages because, as they sit quietly on the mats and gently wave a fan, they can pretend that the cricket's chirp is the cool chatter of a plunging waterfall. They surround themselves with dangling wind glasses which catch the faintest stirring of air and by their clatter magnify it into a breeze. All of these contrivances and more are necessary to make Tokyo endurable in July and August. The normal degree of humidity is bad enough. During the Big Heat the atmosphere thickens until it opposes an actual obstacle, so that you seem to be moving under water, every gesture retarded as in a slow-motion picture.

Despite all this, Phyllis, incorrigibly British, had invited some Japanese friends to tea. Mr. Naka sat crosslegged beside me, his shoeless feet coiled over his thighs like some Buddha in flannels. Making conversation, he said, "You must escape the Big Heat. You must visit Hokkaido."

There was at once a general buzz of approval. Tama San showed all the gold and platinum bands that adorned her teeth and her little hands described arcs of enthusiasm as she overflowed in a geyser of Japanese of which I understood not a word. But her husband said in excellent English, "Yes. You will enjoy Hokkaido. It is just like America."

I looked at Phyllis, who had lived in Japan for three years and would know what they were talking about. Hokkaido, she explained, was the northern island of Japan. Tama San would like to make a two-weeks tour and wanted a companion. She had suggested that I might join her.

To leave Tokyo seemed a splendid idea, but this was of course merely polite conversation. To keep my end up I asked, "And what shall we find in Hokkaido?"

"Cows," said Mr. Naka promptly. "I am told that there are cows in Hokkaido." He said it in the tone that a New Yorker might use in recommending a trip to the Rockies because there are bears in the Rockies.

"And Ainu," added Tama San's husband.

It was getting over my head again, but Phyllis came to the rescue. "There are practically no cows on Honshu, the main island, so the creatures are a strange sight worth making a tour to investigate. As for the Ainu, they are the presumably aboriginal inhabitants of Japan, who were gradually driven north and who are now a dying race. The Japanese keep the few survivors on reservations in Hokkaido—just the way you Americans treat your Indians."

"Yes, it is just like America." Tama San's husband beamed his pleasure. "You will enjoy your tour," he added. It was a simple statement of fact. It was

obviously settled. I was about to make a tour of Hokkaido.

Hokkaido is a mysterious land. Geographically it is one of the four islands that make Japan Proper. It is separated from Honshu by a narrow strait, a four-hour crossing only. Hakodate, the principal city, is sixteen hours from Tokyo. Yet it is a strange and unknown world to the average Japanese. In preparation for the expedition I consulted all available authorities and what I learned was interesting chiefly for its implications concerning the Japanese temperament. The first thing that strikes you in examining the early history of Hokkaido is that the precursors of the present-day Japanese must have been extremely unenergetic fellows. It took them approximately fourteen hundred years to conquer and partially unify a territory slightly larger than the State of California . . . and there was no serious effort to explore and colonize Hokkaido until after the West had "opened the door."

Hokkaido, which is so much like America, was in fact a gift to the Japanese from America. It was a handful of Western scientific men, imported by the Japanese government in the late 19th century, who made the first surveys—discovering navigable rivers, several practical harbors, and a wealth of natural resources in water power, minerals, oil, forests, and rich soil. They introduced American crops and proved that these could be grown. But the Japanese tend to huddle in the warm humid southern portions of their Empire, and the immigrants whom the government transplanted found the climate too cold for their tastes, the untamed wilds too exhausting and depressing, and the new methods necessary for the growing of these new crops too difficult and unsatisfactory. They had no idea how to use grains other than rice, and even after a flour mill had been established they found the making of bread more complicated than the mere boiling of rice, and centuries of custom had made rice the one palatable and satisfactory cereal.

The island stands to-day as a challenge to the Japanese insistence that it is population pressure which drives them into China. Hokkaido is in area one-fourth as large as the rest of Japan Proper and yet its population is only 3⅕ million compared with the 67 million for the other three-fourths; and though the price of land of equal richness is one-fourth as high as it is in the rest of Japan, some 48 per cent of the cultivable land is still undeveloped, compared to 3 per cent for the other islands. If you ask, "Why don't the Japanese settle in Hokkaido?" you will be answered in terms of climate. "Hokkaido is too cold for the Japanese," said an official in the Home Office to whom I put this question. "The Japanese prefers a warm climate. That is why our emigrants choose the Dutch East Indies, Hawaii, the Philippines, California." What this seems to mean is that the Japanese prefer a sub-tropical climate where they can continue to live as they have for generations, and where they need not combat the harsh conditions of pioneering. For Hokkaido has a delightful climate—actually almost precisely that of New York State. The Japanese themselves provide a footnote on its rigor, for even to-day rice is the largest single agricultural crop, which is also a footnote on the Japanese disinclination to change their habits; for the conditions in general favor products of the temperate zone.

The government periodically projects "Twenty Year Plans" of colonization and development, which blow up in financial scandals. Hokkaido remains a colony, exploited by the Big Monopolists; the average Japanese knows little about it. The latest attempt of the government to interest the public has been made through the tourist bureau of the National Railways. The Japanese are indefatigable travelers who willingly save their *sen* for years so that they may visit some national shrine or famous panorama. The government co-operates with this harmless hobby by providing very cheap two-weeks excursion tickets which permit travel anywhere in the main islands. To-day, tak-

ing advantage of the fact that the modern Japanese is becoming extremely "sports conscious," the internal tourist propaganda concentrates on Hokkaido, calling it the "Playland of Japan." Glacial mountains, hot springs, volcanic lakes . . . skiing and skating in winter, hiking and "viewing" in the summer, and hot-spring bathing the year round. The strange fauna—cows and the hairy Ainu—and the curious flora—corn and peas—serve as an added inducement.

II

Tama San and I met in the Tokyo station. She looked like some soft confection. Her summer kimono was of soft blue and white bound round with a gigantic brocade *obi* (sash) of blurred blue. She carried a *feroshiki* (the multicolored handkerchief that serves the Japanese as a handbag), and a blue foreign-style umbrella. On the platform beside her were dozens of red wicker bags and bundles tied up in colored handkerchiefs. Since the Big Heat was making the slightest movement a nightmare, I was relieved to find her looking so helpless and unenergetic. Although I had been unable to learn what she expected of our expedition, her appearance was reassuring. We should certainly find a charming inn near a pleasant waterfall and sit there . . . and if we needed further entertainment we could look at the cows and the Ainu.

This was what I thought, which only shows how little I knew about it.

The first leg of the journey involved a third-class sleeper: a tier of three shelves facing three others with a foot of space between them—ranged crosswise in the car and duplicated down its length—opening on a narrow connecting corridor. The shelves were covered with plush and a thin strip of white cotton cloth, and were so narrow that the occupant was kept from rolling out only by an arrangement of straps. Each was so close to the one above that you could not sit upright, or even three-quarters. There were no curtains except a scrap at the head so that every passerby could see you dressing, undressing, sleeping, scratching fleas, or whatever you happened to be doing.

My shelf was a middle one, and above me a Japanese gentleman vociferously slumbered. Tama was below me. Across the narrow aisle stretched three figures of sleeping Japanese like mummies stowed away in the catacombs. The gentleman across from me wore a sort of balbriggan undergarment with a gray wrapper down to his knees. He was barefooted. Above him, a gentleman who had embarked in correct foreign clothes had removed them down to his undershirt and drawers. All of our shoes were aligned neatly side by side on the floor and the train had provided slippers.

At the end of the car an open alcove served as the dressing-room, and five o'clock in the morning found us part of a queue waiting our turn to brush our teeth. Everybody behaved with complete unselfconsciousness, dressing and undressing, bathing, gargling, rinsing as unconcerned as though in his own home. This self-centered composure is the most immediately obvious quality of the Japanese. He fits without friction into whatever situation may arise and never seems to consider comfort. He is entirely devoid of false modesty or prudery. He folds easily into the space allotted; he is not restless—a perfect traveler.

Tama spoke little English, and I less Japanese. This did not disturb either of us. Each had a phrase book, we had the sign language, and we had the new vocabulary. Modern Japanese is lively with words and phrases taken over bodily from all the European languages that have assaulted Japan in the past century, but the experiments with English and American seem especially successful. Japanese words are simple combinations of two-letter syllables the second of which is almost invariably a vowel. To make a foreign word Japanese the usual procedure is to add a final vowel, *u* and *o* being the favorite additions. Ham becomes *hamu;* hot becomes *hotto;* coffee, *kohi;* toast *tosuto;* and so on. In Tokyo you can ask

for, and not infrequently receive, *biru, dryu martini, hamu sandwich,* and so on. The diner of the train for instance produced on request *hamu, kohi,* and *tosuto.* Since all of my neighbors were breakfasting on noodles and rice I felt that I had command of the situation. As long as I could get those necessities I could cope with the rest.

We reached Omori at eight in the morning and rushed directly from the train to the boat. All of the staff of the railroad was lined up on the platform doing their morning calisthenics to the bellow of a loudspeaker, which may have been why we could not find a porter.

We crossed the Tsugaru Strait on the *Matsumae Maru,* and although we were third class, we had the run of the ship, which was somewhat larger than a Hudson River boat. In the third class, which was Japanese style, the passengers sprawled on the matting, sipping tea, playing checkers, looking at picture books, most of them in family parties with dozens of children, and babies writhing on a hundred backs—looking tormented but sleeping peacefully. On the first-class deck gentlemen in polka-dotted vests and plus fours played shuffleboard, in preparation, one of them confided, for an impending trip to America. As the only foreigner, I was something of a curiosity. One old gentleman in formal kimono, a fan sticking up from his sash in the rear like the jaunty tail of a cock, stood for some five minutes and looked at me from head to foot with the cold impersonal gaze of a biologist examining a particularly puzzling specimen.

Tama made friends at once with an assortment of scattered tourists, and by the time we docked at Hakodate on the island of Hokkaido our party had been augmented by Miss Haru, Miss Sano, Mr. Mura, and Mr. Nikko, all of whom had started out alone but who were glad to make a group. The Japanese seem not to like to do things alone. Little Haru, like Tama, was all pink and beige, and they hit it off at once, giggling and chattering together obviously ready to enjoy everything that happened. But Miss Sano was formidable in tailored linen, her luggage a smart case from Bond Street, her Oxford accent a reproach to my Americanisms. We were all taking the two-weeks round-trip excursion, and Mr. Mura, a student in a dark-blue uniform complete with brass buttons and a battery of fountain pens, had come all the way from Kyushu, which was better than a day's trip south of Tokyo.

Hakodate, chief city of Hokkaido, appeared as a crescent harbor, with a multitude of low frame houses sprawling up a hillside behind it. Carrying our bags, we dashed off the boat in a compact group, surrendered our tickets at the gate with little correct bows, and immediately boarded a waiting train. We scattered about the car and I was left to myself in two facing seats. Third-class seats are narrow and not upholstered; the back is a flat plank; and they are so close together that if two people sit opposite each other, their feet on the floor, their knees would scrape. The Japanese solve this problem by not putting their feet on the floor. As soon as they take a seat they slip off their clogs and pull their feet up under them. Now like a good Japanese, I removed my shoes, stretched out my feet on the seat opposite, and settled down to stare at the countryside that had begun to move past the train window at approximately five miles an hour.

It might have been Pennsylvania. The dark earth was covered with familiar crops. There were masses of wild grape, orange daisies, and a profusion of flowering weeds. The familiar look of the land was a shock, so different it was from the swimming endless rice paddies of Honshu. Crossing that brief channel we had actually reached a different world. It was hot, but the humidity had vanished. This was familiar summer.

My absorption was broken by a sharp tap on my ankles. I looked up. Standing primly beside the seat was a Japanese gentleman. He was small, dapper, and most correctly dressed in gray flannel trousers, a black alpaca coat,

and a white straw hat. As I looked up he tapped my ankles again lightly with his fan. I immediately withdrew my feet. Without a word he sat down opposite me, removed his black pumps, turned his back to the window, swung his feet, neatly shod in gray silk socks, over the arm of the seat; and, fanning violently, looked about him coldly through horn-rimmed spectacles.

The train was running beside the sea, a slow milky-green surf. The fishermen's huts clustered at intervals and the naked fishermen in large straw hats, or with towels twisted round their heads, were working on the beach. The beach was covered with straw mats and thousands of small fish were spread on the mats drying, for fertilizer. Women moved among them spreading the fish with short rakes. The air above the sea and the sea itself were alive with gulls which swooped and turned as they tried to rob the fishermen of their catch. The fishing boats, pulled up along the shore, were decorated with dragons. The train kept shooting through tunnels gnawed through the rocks, to emerge upon another stretch of milky-green sea and brown huts and jagged rocks.

All this was fine for the first six hours.

We had left Hakodate at noon. We reached Sapporo at 7 P.M. We had had neither lunch nor dinner, and I seemed to be the only one to give it a thought. But at Sapporo we took a taxi to an electric trolley, and after endless waiting, rode in the trolley to Josankei where we walked in the dark along a muddy road to an inn, carrying our bags. The etiquette of arrival at an inn involves a formal exchange of protracted civilities—with the landlord, with the corps of genuflecting little maids who are invariably as attractive as a ballet as they coo at you and wave their sleeves, with the *banto,* the bath-and-general-handy-man. All this is an entertaining part of travel in Japan. But following a long day of foodless peregrination you must be Japanese not to wish that they would postpone the performance until after you have bathed and broken bread. That is unthinkable. We dined at 10.30 on bean soup, fish, and rice, and stretched out finally, the four females side by side, our mattresses almost touching in the small room, the wooden panels closed tight against the devil-haunted night air, the sound of rushing water making a lullaby.

By 6.30 the next morning we were on the electric trolley again. By daylight Josankei was a beautiful place. There was a rushing green stream spanned by Tsukimibashi, the moon-viewing bridge, and there were mist-covered hills in the distance. The inn was surrounded by a formal garden that sloped down to the stream, and hot springs bubbling up through the glacial waters made natural warm pools. It seemed to me an ideal place to remain, especially since getting there had been so complicated; so, sitting beside Miss Sano on the electric train that was taking us away, albeit at a leisurely pace, I put the question. Why had we gone to Josankei, and why were we leaving? Her expression implied that only an idiot would ask for such obvious explanations. She said, "Josankei is one of the famous places."

"Famous for what?" I asked.

"Famous for the scenery and the hot-spring baths."

"Then why don't we stay and look at the scenery?"

"There isn't time. We have only two weeks, and there is all of Hokkaido."

It was then that the awful truth assaulted me. I had started out on this expedition in all innocence, fleeing, as I have said, from the Big Heat, prepared to enjoy a few minor marvels quietly with a decorative Japanese doll who was obviously capable of nothing more energetic than a sigh. The tale as it must be told—a simple description of what a Japanese does on a two-weeks holiday excursion—should stand as a warning to all those travelers who leap before they look. For once you have debarked in Hokkaido with a party of Japanese, and have started on the round, there is no more escape than from an airplane that suddenly decides

to loop-the-loop. There is no turning back.

Tama was nudging me. As I turned she motioned toward a group sitting opposite us. It was a family party, mother, father, and student son, who had been on the boat with us. They too had spent the night at Josankei. We were all exchanging bows and smiles, pleasantly conscious of having done the correct thing together.

III

The trolley took us to Naebo where we caught a local train at 8 A.M. The cars were crowded with people and poultry, and littered with lunches, chopsticks, teapots, cigarette stubs. A porter, his nose protected with a scrap of black gauze, went incessantly through the train collecting the litter. Most of the passengers were local—farmers with skin-tight blue trousers and cloven socks, and their wives, mothers, and babies; but there were several parties of tourists from the mainland, and dozens of students on their summer holidays, all looking like a composite figure, dark uniform and geometrical cap on clipped head. From time to time one would come shyly up to me. "Please may I speak with you?" Wherever you go about Japan this will happen, for the students seize every opportunity to practice their English. They all asked the same questions, as though it was a lesson they had been taught. "What do you think of Japan?" "What does America think of Japan?" "What do you hope to find in Japan?" and invariably their stammering sentences would choke when I put the question to them, "What do you think of Japan's aggression in China?" There was one invariable answer, "I am sorry but that is a question about which I have no opinion." These students had solved the problem of how to travel at minimum cost. They used the train as a hotel, traveling whenever possible at night; sleeping, sitting upright on the hard seats; sightseeing by day; living on tea and noodle soup and cold rice. They could encircle their entire country in a two-weeks excursion and spend little more than the round-trip fare.

The names of the stations were in Ainu (as the stations along the Lehigh Valley in Pennsylvania are American Indian) and I found myself comparing the melody of Kitamiaiori with Wyalusing.

For lunch there was a pot of tea and a bento. The bento corresponds roughly to our wax-paper-wrapped sandwich. There were two little wooden boxes. One contained cold rice; the other, a colorful arrangement of whatever delicacies were featured by the place where you purchased it. Some stations had famous specialties and we would delay our lunch for hours until we reached them; hunger being a trifle compared with the importance of doing the correct thing. The box was divided by small partitions into a pleasing design (the most astonishing number of variations was possible) and each little compartment contained an arrangement of lacquered fish, a bit of pink grilled salmon, a crinkly brown fungus, a scrap of scarlet ginger root, a coil of green seaweed—or some other colorful tidbit. They always looked charming. With each one came an attractive paper napkin, and chopsticks in tissue, and the whole was covered with a decorated wrapper on which was the date and some distinctive design. These wrappers were collectors' items and if kept conscientiously made an attractive series of mementos of the tour. The average Japanese seems to be an assiduous collector of pleasing small trifles, not only as a hobby but as part of the etiquette of travel that requires the traveler to take gifts to the people at home.

At three we changed trains at Asahigawa—which seemed like a reproduction of a print of the California-of-the-gold-rush days, and despite its squalor had a curiously careless air, gay and frivolous, as though it were saying, Well, perhaps we're not so much but we enjoy life! I liked it and suggested that we stay overnight. But Asahigawa was not one of *the* places, and I was vetoed all round.

At 5.10 we stumbled out at Kamikawa.

There we took a bus, approximately the size of a baby Austin. The bus routes are not primarily for the convenience of tourists, they are the only means of transport for the countryside, and the passengers in our bus were largely local farm people. Everybody clambered in, piling on top of the luggage, under the seats, on one another. I sat on Sano's leather case in the aisle. The oldest lady in Hokkaido—the size of a large doll, a few gray hairs pulled tightly back from a wrinkled forehead to a hard knot at the base of her head—sat primly, hands folded in lap, on a small campstool between my knees, and as the bus jounced over a road that would make the bed of a river seem like the finest new highway, she rose straight up in the air, descended, rose, and never once did she change the position of her hands in her lap or in any manner betray the slightest discomfort, despite the fact that it was impossible for me not to keep jabbing her with my knees as the gyrations of this strange conveyance tossed me here and there.

It was pouring and the windows were opaque with steam. There was supposed to be glorious scenery and the little conductorette kept up a rapid-fire description of the invisible countryside in a high singsong falsetto which Sano finally translated: "Oh, there is the rock that never grows older. Oh, it is something splendid. Oh, there is the waterfall, peach blossoms in the moonlight. Oh, it is something to see!" A group of three students with Leica cameras kept taking pictures through the misty windows. The ride lasted for over an hour, during which period the bus lost a tire, and an old gentleman his hat. Neither occurrence upset anyone. Everybody thought everything a great joke, and when a particularly vicious lurch sent all of us up to the roof everybody laughed uproariously. Opposite me a young man gave a perfect exhibition of poise. He slept throughout the entire trip, his head resting cosily on the alternate shoulders of his two neighbors, who seemed in no way discomfited thereby. More dead than alive, we oozed out like paste from a crushed tube at the Sounkyo Hotel in the Daisetsuzan National Park. We had put in a twelve-hour day of solid travel!

IV

Sounkyo is a gorge—a deep steamy valley, overawed by giant firs, glacial peaks, and plunging waterfalls. We were there because it is one of *the* places. There was the Daisetsuzan Peak to climb, and famous baths to bathe in. The hotel was new, erected by the government railways when the place was turned into a national park, and it was a gigantic barn of a place with none of the charm of the Japanese inns except that contributed by the constant procession of little maids who scurried unceasingly about the corridors, waving their piled coiffures, undulating their long sleeves, and carrying the little lacquered tables covered with lacquered bowls that meant breakfast or dinner. It rained continuously and, since our room overlooked the highway, from time to time a procession of tourists, all waving colored paper parasols, passed across our scrap of road like a slow ballet.

I was naïvely surprised when (following our twelve-hour day of travel) we arose at five in order to climb the peak. It was then that I learned what Tama had in all her bundles—hiking clothes. She put on layers of woolen underwear, a cotton blouse, a woolen skirt, and a long mercerized raincoat. A small felt hat balanced uncertainly on top of her little head. The entire establishment gathered round to help us dress and give us advice. The maid gave us each a colored handkerchief of lunch. We all stopped at a curio shop and bought bamboo hiking sticks. At the foot of the mountain we stopped at a small hut and registered—our names, ages, where we came from, where we were going, our purpose. It was drizzling. The path was winding and precipitous, gutted with gullies, blocked by boulders. We were rewarded by a few minutes of glorious panorama, when the mists cleared for an instant; by the marvelous sweep

of flowering shrubs (golden bells and tiny lavender orchids) that covered the slopes above the timber line; and, on the summit, by the bright patches of miniscule alpine blooms and flowering mosses that seemed miraculous in this expanse of ice and volcanic boulders.

It was on the summit of Daisetsuzan that I served as a disgruntled laboratory for a demonstration of the Japanese proposition that their food is not food, but art. We had become separated on the climb and I reached the peak, and lunchtime, alone. The rain had turned to hail, and tired, cold, and hungry, I huddled in the lee of a crag and opened the pretty handkerchief that contained my lunch. All that I found was a solitary ball of rice—exquisitely round (Giotto himself could not have bettered it) and cold as the glacier upon which I was precariously crouching. It was unquestionably not food but art. I tore it open. Buried in its heart was a scarlet bitter plum, to suggest perhaps a rose petal on a snow drift. I confess with some embarrassment that I was not equal to the occasion. I flung the riceball into the adjacent crevasse, and set out at a fast trot across the glacier toward a problematic tea house. Unaccountably I found it, and Sano there before me, squatting in a circle of assorted tourists round a sunken fireplace over which a kettle was gloriously boiling. I shall never forget the singing of that kettle. The trip up had taken five hours, but Sano and I, slipping and plunging, made the return on high.

That riceball was not an isolated disaster. A ball of cold rice with a bitter plum buried in it is the favorite lunch of the Japanese. There is no use trying to get anything else. I know because I subsequently tried. At one hotel they had bread and butter and ham simultaneously, which gave me the idea that it would be possible to have ham sandwiches for lunch. Now *hamu sandwich* is perfectly good Japanese in Tokyo, but although I explained, and Sano explained, and Tama explained, and although the little maid understood with all the genuflections in her repertoire, when she gave me my lunch that day it was a ball of cold rice. There is absolutely nothing to be done about it. One of the things you learn touring Hokkaido is that the custom is never questioned. A Japanese never complains or expresses a preference. He takes what he is given, says a complicated thank you, bows and smiles. What he thinks about it has nothing to do with the case.

My knowledge of the Japanese words *tosuto* and *kohi* was of little use, for the new vocabulary had not penetrated into Hokkaido, nor had the Western customs that they represented. Few of the inns had bread or butter and none of them had coffee. They were run for Japanese (which is also true of course of the average Japanese inn throughout Japan) and served, with few variations, the customary Japanese bill of fare: fish (rainbow trout from the plunging streams), soup, pickled vegetables, raw eggs, and bitter seaweed; infrequently ham and chicken.

Japanese inns do not as a rule serve lunch (beyond the rice ball to carry off with you) and your rate includes breakfast, dinner, and space for your mattress. This means that if he is crowded the proprietor reserves the right to put other guests in your room. The rooms are of course elastic in size and can usually be made just large enough to accommodate your party, whether it is four or eighty, by sliding back the paper partitions.

Japanese inns supply you a kimono to sleep in, a heavy padded kimono to lounge in, and slippers. They not infrequently also supply a toothbrush, appealingly hygienic in tissue. But the traveler must take his own toilet paper, his own soap, and—if he wants one—his own towel. The corridors of a Japanese inn are lively with a procession of travelers, each carrying his colored rubberized bag of soap and toothbrush and, swinging over his arm or about his neck, the scrap of decorative blue and white cotton cloth which the Japanese call a *tenugui* and use as a towel.

No. The foreign traveler uses it as a

towel. The Japanese use it as decor. The baths in these hot-spring hotels are enormous and communal. Male and female, old and young bathe together with no self-consciousness, but art requires that, as you wander from pool to pool, testing the temperature and the smell (for dozens of different sorts of waters are gathered under the same roof), you hold a scrap of decorative toweling in the position made famous by September Morn. It gives a delightful touch of intentional design and turns the whole thing into theater, at once naïve and formal.

The hot-spring baths were the most important part of the tour. Hokkaido, as well as the other islands of the Empire, is liberally sprinkled with volcanic waters, and recently Western science has taught the Japanese that these waters have a medicinal value and may be used internally as well as externally. Formerly the springs were merely nature's answer to the bathing problem. In Japan the average home does not even have running cold water, and hot water must be slowly heated over a charcoal brazier or purchased from vendors whose creaking carts are a common sight on the streets of city and village alike. People therefore sensibly bathe at public baths which, whenever possible, get their supply of hot water directly from nature's central heating system.

At the hot-spring inns there were not infrequently as many as twenty large pools under the same roof, the smallest usually large enough for swimming, and the largest, a lake. Usually they were enclosed in glass, and overlooked deep woods or the village highway with equal unconcern. The temperature was usually round 112 degrees F. and it could hit 123. The Japanese are conditioned to this heat by being popped into the hot water as a routine of babyhood. There are dressing rooms adjoining the baths where you pile your kimonos into large wicker baskets. Round the edge of the room matrons squat on cushions nursing their babies and chatting while they wait for their husbands. There is a definite technic of bathing. You take one of the dozens of small wooden tubs that are scattered over the tiled or latticed floor, fill it with water, sit on the small wooden stool, soap thoroughly, and rinse. Then you may plunge into the communal pool. As solace for a day of Japanese travel there could be nothing happier than the warmth and comradeship of a hot-spring bath.

V

Cows were intermittent and did not after all arouse any unseemly display of enthusiasm from my companions, possibly because there was no special place assigned for their viewing. With the Ainu it was a different story, not from the point of view of availability, but of interest. They were actually rather elusive. Our first encounter was on our eighth day of travel, at Akanko, where we joined a large group of tourists and, personally conducted by the *banto* of our inn, went on an Ainu-viewing expedition. He marched us out to a solitary hut from which he lured a solitary woman with a bottle of tansan water. I was embarrassed, but unnecessarily, for she was accustomed to being exhibited, and acquiescent. Everybody set up tripods and unslung cameras and for a time the click of shutters was louder than the shrilling of the cicadas.

But this was a minor episode. Our major encounter was at Shiraoi which is the best known although not the largest reservation. Shiraoi is on the route of *the* tour, and it is an exceptional traveler who neglects to visit it. The Ainu, in this particular habitat, was a most depressing citizen, the children ragged and scabby, the adults slatternly. The only cheerful things in the village-reservation were the houses of tufted straw which looked startlingly like the skirts of a Javanese dancer. We were pounced upon by a guide who took us, almost by force, to the home of the Chief, who, surrounded by a mob of Japanese tourists like ourselves, was putting on a vaudeville show, at fifty *sen* a head, demonstrating such

items of Ainu equipment as the mustache cup and the notched kettleholder above his sunken fireplace, and giving a prepared harangue about the ancient splendor of the race and the nobility of the conquering Japanese. At the close of this oration he was joined by certain men and women of his household who performed an ancient tribal dance not without spirit, whooping and yelling and waving swords while the wood-shavings that made the Chief's headdress bobbed and swayed against the waves of his long black hair. All this was so obviously part of the government railway's entertainment for the tourist trade that it was very depressing.

The government railway had more than one trick up its sleeve to entice the tourist. I learned almost at once that the circuit was well organized, and that everywhere there was *the* hotel, *the* bath, *the* view (whether a thin trickle of water, a pool of bubbling mud, or a spectacular volcanic lake was all one to the touring Japanese) which it was compulsory to have visited. But how did they manage to make the inaccessible and undramatic places *the* places?

I found one clue to this mystery at Akanko—a lake which was so isolated that it took us thirteen hours of uninterrupted travel to reach it from Sounkyo, and which offered no attractions other than a handful of weatherbeaten shacks, country roads infested with mosquitoes the size of pigeons, the lake, and a mountain. Yet we made there our longest stay—three days—the first of which was given over to negotiations with *the* hotel which was crowded and which we must stop at, or why have come to Akanko? At length we were installed in a large room that had, to offset the rather intense smell of sewage, a fine view of the spectacular sunrises and sunsets. It was a very special room, as I learned to my sorrow, for we were disturbed at half-hour intervals by troops of school children who, *en tour* in buses, chaperoned by a teacher, came and went almost every hour of the day and night, and invariably rushed at once up the stairs to inspect our room. It was the very room once occupied by an Imperial Prince when he was making this identical tour!

The Prince, it seemed, had been remarkably peripatetic. Once he had been called to our attention, we kept running upon him, and in such unlikely places that finally I must confess I was attacked by an unworthy suspicion. Could it be that this Royal tour had been arranged as a gesture of co-operation with the government's recent campaign to make Hokkaido the Playland of Japan?

This pleasure tour settled down into an endurance test. Our average day of travel was twelve and one-half hours, the average number of miles covered in that time was around two hundred and fifty. There was always an epileptic bus to begin and end the day. Frequently there was a walk through mud, carrying our bags; invariably there was rain. Little Haru and Tama, fragile and immaculate, imperturbably opened their crisp umbrellas (the most sensible part of their equipment) and trotted along on their clogs, chattering and giggling together, fresh as sparrows whether it was 6 A.M. at the beginning of a terrible thirteen-hour day of travel, or 7 P.M. at its close. Miss Sano and I followed grimly, representing the critical West. By now the young men had deserted us to catch up their extra distance south of Tokyo. The trains were all alike, ten freight cars loaded with kegs of fish or crates of beer, and two very crowded day coaches. We stopped every five minutes at some little cluster of huts, then jogged on again. The trains took it very calmly, seldom going faster than a walk. Which was just as well, for any speed above ten miles an hour sent them into convulsions. The Japanese, lulled by this motion, slept peacefully in remarkably gymnastic poses or, their cloven socks pulled up under them, stared at the foreigner unblinkingly for hundreds of miles.

We spent a night at Iwanizawa and I shared a steaming wooden bath at ten in the evening with a strange gentleman who outraged all of my Japanese suscepti-

bilities by stepping into the tub unscrubbed! We passed places that sounded like a long waterfall—Kipomappur, Kuriyama, Yuni, Mikawa, Oiwake. Occasionally we would run into a junction where tall chimneys belched smoke and freight cars stood on sidings loaded with logs and coal. And finally, the circuit complete, chugged into Hakodate, where we took the boat that would connect with the train for Tokyo.

I cannot report on night-life in Hakodate since we did not arrive until 10:30 and were greeted, bathed, and dined until twelve. Nor can I describe the city since I spent the day in the library. But returning from the library I had a mild adventure. I could not find the trolley, and wandering in the rain, attracted the attention of a young man who noticed my vague behavior and stopped. He spoke no English, but when I drew out my phrase book, he balanced half under my umbrella, and with the rain trickling down his neck, kept at it patiently until I had succeeded in telling him what I wanted. Then he led me round a dozen turns to the trolley station, insisted on waiting until the trolley had come, and put me in charge of the conductor, warning him to see that I did not miss my stop. At the right place the conductor descended, escorted me across the street, and pointed out the proper direction. In retrospect these two men symbolize the invariably friendly courtesies that I everywhere received in casual encounters, the almost personal responsibility that people seemed to feel that a "guest of Japan" should be taken care of, within the frame of custom. It was only when I asked for unusual things, such as a ham sandwich for lunch, or breakfast as soon as I arose, or dinner as soon as I arrived, that there was difficulty. If you adjust to the Japanese Way you can ask for no greater cordiality.

The American making such an expedition with Japanese comes inevitably to notice his own peculiarities as well as those of his hosts. From the Japanese point of view I was over-concerned with physical comfort. I was impatient, had an abnormally developed time sense, was dependent upon regular hours for meals, and—more fundamental—had a direct relation with each experience. In other words, my emphasis was upon the reality of any situation, whereas for my Japanese friends the emphasis was upon some abstraction, some idea of the thing. Nothing was ever simply what it was. The isolated country village was glamorous with the luster of a wandering Prince; and the fascination of a certain view of waterfall was not dependent on its intrinsic loveliness but rather on some superreality which might consist of social, historical, legendary, or religious overtones, or might be merely the recommendation of the tourist bureau. The satisfaction of climbing a mountain seemed not to be the individual's experience, but the sense of conforming to some socially acceptable routine. The Japanese seems to gain his highest satisfaction from his participation in design, his fitting into an ordered plan; and the simplest affair of daily life partakes of ritual because of the inevitability of the formulæ involved.

Our expedition was of course a rapid bird's eye view. Still, rapid as it was, it gave a glimpse of an unsettled rich country with room and fodder for many of those things that the Japanese does without because his crowded southern islands do not produce them. Such possibilities did not disturb my fellow-travelers. To them it was merely a foray into an unknown land, a doing of the correct thing in the right places, and an anxiety that none of the correct places should be missed.

Hokkaido was all right for a brief visit, but there is no place like home. The average Japanese appears to concur with these views. The emigrants whom the government continues to send out from time to time drift inevitably back to their crowded, familiar, sultry homes of Honshu—as do the emigrants that are despatched to Manchuria and Mongolia.



PRELUDE

A STORY

BY ALBERT HALPER

I WAS coming home from school, carrying my books by a strap, when I passed Gavin's poolroom and saw the big guys hanging around. They were standing in front near the windows, looking across the street. Gavin's has a kind of thick window curtain up to eye-level, so all I saw were their heads. The guys were looking at Mrs. Oliver who lately has started to get talked about. Standing in her window across the street, Mrs. Oliver was doing her nails. Her nice red hair was hanging loose down her back and she didn't have much on. She certainly is a nice looking woman. She comes to my father's newspaper stand on the corner and buys five or six movie magazines a week, also the afternoon papers. Once she felt me under the chin and said, "Watch out, I'll get you when you grow up!" and then she laughed. My father laughed too, stamping about in his old worn leather jacket to keep warm. My old man stamps a lot because he has leg pains and he's always complaining about a heavy cold in his head.

When I passed the poolroom one or two guys came out. "Hey, Ike, how's your good-looking sister?" they called, but I didn't turn around. The guys are eighteen or nineteen and haven't ever had a job in their life. "What they need is work," my father is always saying when they bother him too much. "They're not bad; they get that way because there's nothing to do," and he tries to explain the meanness of their ways. But I can't see it like my father, I hate those fellas and I hope every one of them dies under a truck. Every time I come home from school past Lake Street they jab me, and every time my sister Syl comes along they say dirty things. So when one of them, Fred Gooley, calls, "Hey, Ike, how's your sister?" I don't answer. Besides, Ike isn't my name anyway. It's Harry.

I passed along the sidewalk, keeping close to the curb. Someone threw half an apple but it went over my head. When I went a little farther someone threw a stone. It hit me in the back of the leg and stung me but it didn't hurt much. I kept a little toward the middle of the sidewalk because I saw a woman coming the other way and I knew they wouldn't throw.

When I reached the corner under the Elevated two big news trucks were standing with their motors going, giving my father the latest editions. The drivers threw the papers on to the sidewalk with a nice easy roll so the papers wouldn't get hurt. The papers are bound with that heavy yellow cord which my father saves and sells to the junkyard when he fills up a bag. "All right, Silverstein," a driver called out. "We'll give you the five-star at six," and both trucks drove off.

The drivers are nice fellas and when they take back the old papers they like to kid my old man. They say, "Hey, you old banker, when are you gonna retire?" or, "Let's roll him, boys, he's got bags of gold in his socks." Of course they know

my old man isn't wealthy and that the bags in the inside of the newsstand hold only copper pennies. But they like to kid him and they know he likes it. Sometimes the guys from Gavin's pitch in, but the truck drivers would flatten 'em if they ever got rough with my old man.

I came up to the newsstand and put my school books inside. "Well, Pa," I said, "you can go to Florida now." So my Pa went to "Florida," that is, a chair near the radiator that Nick Pappas lets him use in his restaurant. He has to use Nick's place because our own flat is too far away, almost a quarter-mile off.

While my father was in Nick's place another truck came to a stop. They dropped off a big load of early sport editions and yelled, "Hey, there, Harry, how's the old man?" I checked off the papers, yelling back, "He's okay, he's in Nick's." Then the truck drove away and the two helpers waved.

I stood around, putting the papers on the stand and making a few sales. The first ten minutes after coming home from school and taking care of the newsstand always excites me. Maybe it's the traffic. The trucks and cars pound along like anything and of course there's the Elevated right up above you which thunders to beat the band. We have our newsstand right up against a big El post and the stand is a kind of cabin which you enter from the side. But we hardly use it, only in the late morning and around two P.M., when business isn't very rushing. Customers like to see you stand outside over the papers ready for business and not hidden inside where they can't get a look at you at all. Besides, you have to poke your head out and stretch your arm to get the pennies, and kids can swipe magazines from the sides if you don't watch. So we most always stand outside the newsstand, my father, me, and my sister. Anyhow I like it. I like everything about selling papers for my father. The fresh air gets me and I like to talk to customers and see the rush when people are let out from work. And the way the news trucks bring all the new editions so we can see the latest headlines, like a bank got held up on the South Side on Sixty-Third Street, or the Cubs are winning their tenth straight and have a good chance to cop the pennant, is exciting.

The only thing I don't like is those guys from Gavin's. But since my father went to the police station to complain they don't come around so often. My father went to the station a month ago and said the gang was bothering him, and Mr. Fenway, he's the desk sergeant there, said, "Don't worry any more about it, Mr. Silverstein, we'll take care of it. You're a respectable citizen and taxpayer and you're entitled to protection. We'll take care of it." And the next day they sent over a patrolman who stood around almost two hours. The gang from Gavin's saw him and started to go away, but the cop hollered, "Now listen, don't bother this old fella. If you bother him any I'll have to run some of you in."

And then one of the guys recognized that the cop was Butch, Fred Gooley's cousin. "Listen who's talkin'," he yells back. "Hey, Fred, they got your cousin Butch takin' care of the Yid." They said a lot of other things until the cop got mad and started after them. Then they ran faster than lightning, separating into alleys. The cop came back empty-handed and said to my father, "It'll blow over, Mr. Silverstein; they won't give you any more trouble." Then he went up the street, turning into Steuben's bar.

Well, all this happened three or four weeks ago and so far the gang has let us alone. They stopped pulling my sixteen-year-old sister by her sweater and when they pass the stand going home to supper all they give us is dirty looks. During the last three or four days, however, they passed by and kinda muttered, calling my father a communist banker and me and my sister reds. My father says they really don't mean it, it's the hard times and bad feelings, and they got to put the blame on somebody, so they put the blame on us. It's certain speeches on the radio and the pieces in some of the papers, my father told us. "Something is happening to

some of the people and we got to watch our step," he says.

I am standing there hearing the traffic and thinking it over when my little fat old man comes out from Nick's looking like he liked the warm air in Nick's place. My old man's cheeks looked rosy, but his cheeks are that way from high blood pressure and not from good health. "Well, colonel," he says smiling, "I am back on the job." So we stand around, the two of us, taking care of the trade. I hand out change snappy and say thank-you after each sale. My old man starts to stamp around in a little while and, though he says nothing, I know he's got pains in his legs again. I look at the weather forecast in all the papers and some of them say flurries of snow and the rest of them say just snow. "Well, Pa," I tell my old man, "maybe I can go skating to-morrow if it gets cold again."

Then I see my sister coming from high school carrying her briefcase and heading this way. Why the heck doesn't she cross over so she won't have to pass the poolroom, I say to myself, why don't she walk on the other side of the street? But that's not like Sylvia; she's a girl with a hot temper, and when she thinks she is right you can't tell her a thing. I knew she wouldn't cross the street and then cross back, because according to her, why that's giving in. That's telling those hoodlums that you're afraid of their guts. So she doesn't cross over but walks straight on. When she comes by the pool hall two guys come out and say something to her. She just holds herself tight and goes right on past them both. When she finally comes up she gives me a poke in the side. "Hello, you mickey mouse, what mark did you get in your algebra exam?" I told her I got A, but the truth is I got a C.

"I'll check up on you later," she says to me. "Pa, if he's lying to us we'll fine him ten years!"

My father started to smile and said, "No, Harry is a good boy, two years is enough."

So we stand around kidding and pretty soon, because the wind is coming so sharp up the street, my old man has to "go to Florida" for a while once more. He went into Nick's for some "sunshine," he said, but me and Syl could tell he had the pains again. Anyway, when he was gone we didn't say anything for a while. Then Hartman's furniture factory, which lately has been checking out early, let out and we were busy making sales to the men. They came up the sidewalk, a couple of hundred, all anxious to get home, so we had to work snappy. But Syl is a fast worker, faster than me, and we took care of the rush all right. Then we stood waiting for the next rush from the Hillman's cocoa factory up the block to start.

We were standing around when something hit me in the head, a half of a rotten apple. It hurt a little. I turned quick but didn't see anybody, but Syl started yelling. She was pointing to a big El post across the street behind which a guy was hiding.

"Come on, show your face," my sister was saying. "Come on, you hero, show your yellow face!" But the guy sneaked away, keeping the post between. Syl turned to me and her face was boiling. "The rats! It's not enough with all the trouble over in Europe; they have to start it here."

Just then our old man came out of Nick's and when he saw Syl's face he asked what was the matter.

"Nothing," she says. "Nothing. I'm just thinking."

But my old man saw the half of a rotten apple on the sidewalk, and at first he didn't say anything but I could see he was worried. "We just have to stand it," he said, like he was speaking to himself, "we just have to stand it. If we give up the newsstand where else can we go?"

"Why do we have to stand it?" I exploded, almost yelling. "Why do we—"

But Mrs. Oliver just then came up to the stand, so I had to wait on her. I'm her favorite "salesman," she says, so my old man lets me take care of her. Besides she's a good customer and there's more

profit on two or three magazines than from a dozen papers.

"I'll have a copy of *Film Fan*, a copy of *Breezy Stories* and a copy of *Movie Stars on Parade*," she says. I go and reach for the copies. "Harry," she says, "if you were Bob Taylor, would you let me kiss you just once?"

My face was still red from being sore, but she thought I was blushing. "Listen," she laughed, "when you get ten years older you let me know!" Then she bent over toward me and said something in a low voice how she liked fellows who blushed. My old man didn't hear her, but he chuckled when he saw my face getting more red.

"Harry is a nice boy," Mrs. Oliver told my father, patting my arm. "I'm very fond of him."

"Yes, he's not bad," my father answered smiling. "Only he has a hot temper once in a while."

But who wouldn't have one, that's what I wanted to say! Who wouldn't? Here we stand around minding our own business and the guys won't let us alone. I tell you sometimes it almost drives me crazy. We don't hurt anybody and we're trying to make a living, but they're always picking on us and won't let us alone. It's been going on for a couple of years now and, though my old man says it'll pass with the hard times, I know he's worried because he doesn't believe what he says. He reads the papers as soon as he gets them from the delivery trucks and lately the news about Europe is all headlines and I can see that it makes him sick. My old man has a soft heart and every time he sees in the papers that something bad in Europe has happened again he seems to grow older and he stands near the papers kind of small and all alone. I tell you, sometimes it almost drives me crazy. My old man should be down in Florida, where he can get healthy, not in Nick Pappas' "Florida," but down in real Florida where you have to go by train. That's where he should be. Then maybe his legs would be all right and he wouldn't have that funny color in his cheeks. Since our mother died last year it seems the doctor's treatments don't make him any better, and he has to skip a treatment once in a while because he says it costs too much. But when he stands there with a customer chuckling you think he's healthy and hasn't got any worries and you feel maybe he has a couple thousand in the bank.

And another thing, what did he mean when he said something two days ago when the fellas from Gavin's passed by and threw a stone at the stand? What did he mean, that's what I want to know. Gooley had a paper rolled up with some headlines about Europe on it and he wiggled it at us and my father looked scared. When they were gone my father said something to me, which I been thinking and thinking about. My Pa said we got to watch our step extra careful now because there's no other place besides this country where we can go. We've always been picked on, he said, but we're up against the last wall now, he told me, and we got to be calm because if they start going after us here there's no other place where we can go. I been thinking and thinking about that, especially the part about the wall. When he said that, his voice sounded funny and I felt like our newsstand was a kind of island and if that went we'd be under the waves.

"Harry, what are you thinking of?" Mrs. Oliver asked me. "Don't I get any change?" She was laughing.

And then I came down from the clouds and found she had given me two quarters. I gave her a nickel change. She laughed again. "When he looks moody and kind of sore like that, Mr. Silverstein, I think he's cute."

My old man crinkled up his eyes and smiled. "Who can say, Mrs. Oliver. He should only grow up to be a nice young man and a good citizen and a credit to his country. That's all I want."

"I'm sure Harry will," Mrs. Oliver answered, then talked to Syl a while and admired Syl's new sweater and was about to go away. But another half of a rotten apple came over and splashed against the

stand. Some of it splashed against my old man's coat sleeve. Mrs. Oliver turned around and got mad.

"Now you boys leave Mr. Silverstein alone! You've been pestering him long enough! He's a good American citizen who doesn't hurt anybody! You leave him alone!"

"Yah!" yelled Gooley who ducked behind an El post with two other guys. "Yah! Sez you!"

"You leave him alone!" hollered Mrs. Oliver.

"Aw, go peddle your papers," Gooley answered. "Go run up a rope."

"Don't pay any attention to them," Syl told Mrs. Oliver. "They think they're heroes, but to most people they're just yellow rats."

I could tell by my old man's eyes that he was nervous and wanted to smooth things over, but Syl didn't give him a chance. When she gets started and knows she's in the right not even the Governor of the State could make her keep quiet.

"Don't pay any attention to them," she said in a cutting voice while my old man looked anxious. "When men hide behind Elevated posts and throw rotten apples at women you know they're not men but just things that wear pants. In Europe they put brown shirts on them and call them saviors of civilization. Here they haven't got the shirts yet and hang around poolrooms."

Every word cut like a knife and the guys ducked away. If I or my father would have said it we would have been nailed with some rotten fruit, but the way Syl has of getting back at those guys makes them feel like yellow dogs. I guess that's why they respect her even though they hate her, and I guess that's why Gooley and one or two of his friends are always trying to get next to her and date her up.

Mrs. Oliver took Syl's side and was about to say something more when Hillman's cocoa factory up the block let out and the men started coming up the street. The 4:45 rush was on and we didn't have time for anything, so Mrs. Oliver left, saying she'd be back when the blue-streak edition of the *News* would arrive. Me and Syl were busy handing out the papers and making change and our Pa helped us while the men took their papers and hurried for the El. It started to get darker and colder and the traffic grew heavier along the street.

Then the *Times* truck, which was a little late, roared up and dropped a load we were waiting for. I cut the strings and stacked the papers and when my father came over and read the first page he suddenly looked scared. In his eyes there was that hunted look I had noticed a couple of days ago. I started to look at the first page of the paper while my old man didn't say a word. Nick came to the window and lit his new neon light and waved to us. Then the light started flashing on and off, flashing on the new headlines. It was all about Austria and how people were fleeing toward the borders and trying to get out of the country before it was too late. My old man grew sick and looked kind of funny and just stood there. Sylvia, who is active in the high-school social science club, began to read the *Times* out loud and started analyzing the news to us; but our Pa didn't need her analysis and kept standing there kind of small with that hunted look on his face. He looked sick all right. It almost drove me crazy.

"For Pete's sake," I yelled at Syl. "Shut up, shut up!"

Then she saw our Pa's face, looked at me, and didn't say anything more.

In a little while it was after five and Syl had to go home and make supper. "I'll be back in an hour," she told me. "Then Pa can go home and rest a bit and me and you can take care of the stand." I said all right.

After she was gone it seemed kind of lonesome. I couldn't stop thinking about what my father had said about this being our last wall. It got me feeling funny and I didn't want to read the papers any more. I stood there feeling queer, like me and my old man were standing on a little island and the waves

were coming up. There was still a lot of traffic and a few people came up for papers, but from my old man's face I could tell he felt the same as me.

But pretty soon some more editions began coming and we had to check and stack them up. More men came out from factories on Walnut Street and we were busy making sales. It got colder than ever and my old man began to stamp again. "Go into Nick's, Pa," I told him. "I can handle it out here." But he wouldn't do it because just then another factory let out and we were swamped for a while. "Hi, there, Silverstein," some of the men called to him, "what's the latest news, you king of the press?" They took the papers, kidding him, and hurried up the stairs to the Elevated, reading all about Austria and going home to eat. My father kept staring at the headlines and couldn't take his eyes off the print where it said that soldiers were pouring across the border and mobs were robbing people they hated and spitting on them and making them go down on their hands and knees to scrub the streets. My old man's eyes grew small, like he had the toothache and he shook his head like he was sick. "Pa, go into Nick's," I told him. He just stood there, sick over what he read.

Then the guys from Gavin's poolroom began passing the stand on their way home to supper after a day of just killing time. At first they looked as if they wouldn't bother us. One or two of them said something mean to us, but my old man and me didn't answer. If you don't answer hoodlums, my father once told me, sometimes they let you alone.

But then it started. The guys who passed by came back and one of them said: "Let's have a little fun with the Yids." That's how it began. A couple of them took some magazines from the rack and said they wanted to buy a copy and started reading.

In a flash I realized it was all planned out. My father looked kind of worried but stood quiet. There were about eight or nine of them, all big boys around eighteen and nineteen, and for the first time I got scared. It was just after six o'clock and they had picked a time when the newspaper trucks had delivered the five-star and when all the factories had let out their help and there weren't many people about. Finally one of them smiled at Gooley and said, "Well, this physical culture magazine is mighty instructive, but don't you think we ought to have some of the exercises demonstrated?" Gooley said, "Sure, why not?"

So the first fellow pointed to some pictures in the magazine and wanted me to squat on the sidewalk and do the first exercise. I wouldn't do it. My father put his hand on the fellow's arm and said, "Please, please." But the guy pushed my father's hand away.

"We're interested in your son, not you. Go on, squat."

"I won't," I told him.

"Go on," he said. "Do the first exercise so that the boys can learn how to keep fit."

"I won't," I said.

"Go on," he said, "do it."

"I won't."

Then he came over to me smiling, but his face looked nasty. "Do it. Do it if you know what's good for you."

"Please, boys," said my Pa. "Please go home and eat and don't make trouble. I don't want to have to call a policeman—"

But before I knew it someone got behind me and tripped me so that I fell on one knee. Then another of them pushed me, trying to make me squat. I shoved someone and then someone hit me, and then I heard someone trying to make them stop. While they held me down on the sidewalk I wiggled and looked up. Mrs. Oliver, who had come for the blue-flash edition, was bawling them out.

"You let him alone! You tramps, you hoodlums, you let him alone!" She came over and tried to help me, but they pushed her away. Then Mrs. Oliver began to yell as two guys twisted my arm and told me to squat.

By this time a few people were passing and Mrs. Oliver called at them to inter-

fere. But the gang were big fellows and there were eight or nine of them, and the people were afraid.

Then while they had me down on the sidewalk Syl came running up the street. When she saw what was happening she began kicking them and yelling and trying to make them let me up. But they didn't pay any attention to her, merely pushing her away.

"Please," my Pa kept saying. "Please let him up; he didn't hurt you, I don't want to have to call the police—"

Then Syl turned to the people who were watching and yelled at them. "Why don't you help us? What are you standing there for?" But none of them moved. Then Syl began to scream:

"Listen, why don't you help us? Why don't you make them stop picking on us? We're human beings the same as you!"

But the people just stood there afraid to do a thing. Then while a few guys held me, Gooley and about four others went for the stand, turning it over and mussing and stamping on all the newspapers they could find. Syl started to scratch them, so they hit her, then I broke away to help her, and then they started socking me too. My father tried to reach me, but three guys kept him away. Four guys got me down and started kicking me, and all the time my father was begging them to let me up and Syl was screaming at the people to help. And while I was down, my face was squeezed against some papers on the sidewalk telling all about Austria and I guess I went nuts while they kept hitting me, and I kept seeing the headlines against my nose.

Then someone yelled, "Jiggers the cops!" and they got off of me right away. Nick had looked out the window and had called the station, and the guys let me up and beat it away fast.

But when the cops came it was too late; the stand was a wreck. The newspapers and magazines were all over the sidewalk and the rack that holds the *Argosy* and *Western Aces* was all twisted up. My Pa, who looked sicker than ever, stood there crying and pretty soon I began to bawl. People were standing looking at us like we were some kind of fish, and I just couldn't help it, I started to bawl.

Then the cops came through the crowd and began asking questions right and left. In the end they wanted to take us to the station to enter a complaint, but Syl wouldn't go. She looked at the crowd watching and she said, "What's the use? All those people standing around and none of them would help!" They were standing all the way to the second El post, and when the cops asked for witnesses none of them except Mrs. Oliver offered to give their names. Then Syl looked at Pa and me and saw our faces and turned to the crowd and began to scream.

"In another few years you wait! Some of you are working people and they'll be marching through the streets and going after you too! They pick on us Jews because we're weak and haven't any country; but after they get us down they'll go after you! And it'll be your fault; you're all cowards, you're afraid to fight back!"

"Listen," one of the cops told my sister, "are you coming to the station or not? We can't hang around here all evening."

Then Syl broke down and began to bawl as hard as me. "Oh, leave us alone," she told them and began wailing her heart out. "Leave us alone. What good would it do?"

By this time the crowd was bigger, so the cops started telling people to break it up and move on. Nick came out and took my father by the arm into the lunchroom for a drink of hot tea. The people went away slowly and then, as the crowd began to dwindle, it started to snow. When she saw that Syl started bawling harder than ever and turned her face to me. But I was down on my hands and knees with Mrs. Oliver, trying to save some of the magazines. There was no use going after the newspapers, which were smeared up, torn, and dirty from the gang's feet. But I thought I could save a few, so I picked a couple of them up.

"Oh, leave them be," Syl wept at me. "Leave them be, leave them be!"

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

THE GLORY IS DEPARTED — PART II

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

In his first article, published last month, Mr. Leighton told the story of Omaha through the rise and fall of the Populists in the eighteen-nineties. He now carries his biography of the city up to the present moment.—*The Editors.*

QUITE accidentally, the rout of the Populists and their ideas was celebrated by the victors at Omaha in 1898. There, from June to November, was held the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. What had commenced in the dark days of '95 as the mad scheme of a few Omaha men and other Western capitalists to help revive trade turned out to be a stunning advertisement of American business and returning prosperity. Only a few days before the fair opened the war with Spain began. The admired sculpture of the time might have represented this at Omaha with an allegorical group: Triumphant business enterprise crowning itself with laurel and reaching for the sword at the same time.

Some Omaha business men looked crosseyed at the idea of a fair. Where was the money to come from? But they didn't all feel that way, least of all Gurdon W. Wattles, a former Iowa banker who had come to Omaha on the eve of the panic of '93. Mr. Wattles had gone through a strenuous youth on a poor Iowa farm and had accumulated a number of small-town banks before he sold out and came to Omaha. He joined organizations right and left, wore a mustache and a stiff collar, spoke at luncheons, and did it all with a high moral tone. Not for him the convivial habits of Count Creighton—who had received his patent of nobility from Leo XIII in '95—nor the raucous ejaculations of Bill Paxton. Those two worthies still lived, but the old-timers, the pioneers, were passing from the scene. The new types for the new era were in sight. Wattles was it; the twentieth-century go-getter had arrived in Omaha and the Trans-Mississippi Exposition gave him the chance to show what he could do.

The main trouble was in raising the money, but Mr. Wattles and his colleagues could not be daunted. The Street Railway and the Gas Company chipped in ten thousand apiece and so did Mr. Kountze, the banker; the Stockyards Company and the New York Life Insurance Company were good for five thousand and so was P. D. Armour. For a time the railroad people doubted the whole thing, but finally Mr. Holdrege was persuaded to go over to Burlington and see Mr. Perkins. Once upon a time a locomotive engineer on the Burlington bought his wife a silk dress. Mr. Perkins was outraged at the extravagance and denounced it. But the exposition was another thing. He put the Burlington down for a $30,000 donation and the other roads fell into line. Work on the exposition proceeded apace and the fair was opened on the 1st of June, 1898. It was a triumph and everybody in Omaha knew it.

During the worst of the hard times one

could catch a street car on Farnam Street and ride out through a sad part of town filled with building lots which, after the real-estate collapse of the 80's had gone back to cornfields. Here in this tract, not far from the river bluff, a depression had been scooped out for a lagoon and round it was built, out of plaster of Paris and excelsior, a group of glittering white buildings. The architecture, "freely inspired by the classic and the renaissance," had no relation whatever to the life history of the plains and mountain country. Nor was it intended to have. More even than an advertisement of Omaha and the West, the fair was a reflection of the state of mind of its promoters. It was like a shot in the arm to leave the well-worn corner of 16th and Farnam, with all the familiar feeling of every day Mid-Western existence, and step inside an enclosure half a mile long, all set about with "old Ivory" domes, sodded grass plots, flaming canna beds, and Corinthian columns. Flights of broad stairs looked down on a sheet of Missouri River water, dotted with gondolas and buttressed with dead-white balustrades.

The Fine Arts included Bougereau's "Return of Spring," "a life size figure of a young woman surrounded by cupids and flowers. The picture, valued at $50,000, came into prominence years ago when hung in an art loan exhibit in Omaha. At that time a young man, Cary J. Warbington, threw a chair through the canvas, which was subsequently repaired." But the chief place—after the pavilion of the Federal Government was provided for—was reserved for the now politically impotent Agriculture.

The victors could afford to be generous and they were. Cass Gilbert, the young architect of St. Paul, was selected to design this mausoleum, "free Renaissance" also, with its garlands of wheat, corn, and fruit tinted in brilliant colors. To crown all, "the monotony of the skyline was relieved by statuary represented by a fine group—Prosperity—supported by Labor and Integrity." Where was the sod house now? What would Mary Lease have said of this temple to Pomona and Ceres, two ladies never yet seen in the cornfields of Nebraska? What of Charlie Wooster, the member from Merrick County who had opposed the State appropriation on the ground that the fair was "a scheme gotten up by and for the benefit of Omaha bankers"? No. All envy, all complaint was dumb in the face of the splendid show. Fittingly enough, a conspicuous place was given to a huge plaster warrior in a chariot drawn by four lions and inscribed simply: OMAHA.

"Not a cloud marred the perfection of the cerulean vault . . . all the cardinal and semi-cardinal points of the compass converged at Omaha" on that first of June. A platform had been set up at one end of the shimmering Grand Court and on it, facing the crowd, were the notables. There they were: President Wattles in his top hat with General Counsel Baldwin of the Union Pacific near by. The U.P., down and out at last, had been bought at auction only a few months before in November, 1897, by the Harriman syndicate. There was a St. Louis parson to offer prayer and the Honorable John L. Webster, variously Union Pacific attorney and counsel to the Street Railway, to listen to the prayer. And there was the Populist Governor, Silas Holcomb, sole representative of another bankruptcy, far more disastrous than that of the Union Pacific. All were waiting in the white, hot sunshine for Mr. McKinley to press the telegraph key in Washington.

The message came, the parson prayed. Then Mr. Wattles took off his top hat and faced the crowd. "Fifty years ago," said he, "the larger part of the country west of the Mississippi River was . . . indicated on the map as the Great American Desert. No less than 80,000 miles of railroad have been constructed in the Trans-Mississippi country during the last fifty years. . . . Great cities have been built and manufacturing has assumed enormous proportions. . . . This magnificent exposition, illustrating the products of our soil and mines and factories . . . will pale into insignificance at the close of the twentieth

century. When the agricultural resources of this rich country are fully developed . . . when our natural products shall be manufactured here, then this Trans-Mississippi country will support a population in peace and plenty greater than the population of any other nation in the world. This exposition . . . opens new fields to the investor, inspires the ambition of the genius, incites the emulation of States, and stands the crowning glory in the history of the West."

If anybody had told Mr. Wattles that within forty years the Middle West would be a network of bankrupt railroads, a region with dwindling manufactures, a declining population, and with agriculture in the toils, the banker would probably have thought him insane. For on that day in Omaha there was about to begin what was later known as "the Golden Age of Nebraska." There were long and bitter complaints of embalmed beef in Cuba; but the packers who had helped to back the exposition provided no exhibit of army meat at Omaha. No. "A month ago," said the Honorable Mr. Webster, "the American people were disposed to cling to the traditional policy of isolation; to-day they receive with patriotic enthusiasm the doctrine of annexation and conquest." The Star of Empire had become Manifest Destiny, but the main offices of the new goddess were in the same place—New York City.

II

The budding McKinley prosperity burst into bloom in Omaha on the night after Christmas, 1899, when Mr. Herman Kountze, the banker, and Mrs. Kountze requested the pleasure of a select company of guests at "one of the swellest dances of the season" at Metropolitan Hall in honor of General Cowin's daughter, Edna, who was to marry Jack Cudahy, the son of Mike, the packer. Two days after the party the wedding took place, "one of the most fashionable ever witnessed in Omaha."

It was indeed a mystical union—the age of the pioneers was about to be joined to the age of the trusts. This wedding in a little inland city reflected the change that had come over the economic landscape. A European crop failure in 1897 had made a great void which American grains could fill. Gold on the African Rand, soon followed by the Klondike and the discovery of the cyanide process for gold extraction, settled the hash of the Free Silverites. But more important still, the American industrial establishment, if not complete, was at last on its feet and the dependence on European capital was over. The interest drain slackened and industry now turned toward exploiting the home market. Through the nineties the trusts had been forming in that golden East to which Union Pacific and Burlington officials had looked for orders since the Middle West began. Now, at this solemn moment, the absentee landlords were to receive the benediction of the Church.

At the high altar was the Reverend Father Dowling, the president of Creighton College. The great benefaction had been the chief interest of Edward Creighton's widow and as for Count Creighton, —his white beard could be seen daily on Farnam Street—the takings from his Montana mines, Omaha business blocks, and other speculations were poured into the institution. Those days were almost over and the blessings of God, which flow from age to age, must be watered from new sources.

Before the Reverend Father stood the bride, swathed in tulle, leaning on her father's arm and surrounded by her attendants in white broadcloth and ermine. In the early days General Cowin had had the bad judgment to run for Congress on an anti-railroad ticket, and the roads had seen to it that he got no political preferment, then or thereafter. But only recently, the recalcitrance of youth gone by, he had had a sweet revenge. When in 1897, after thirty-four years of plundering and wrecking, the Union Pacific was bankrupt, McKinley had picked General Cowin to represent the government in the

foreclosure of the mortgage. For this the General received a fee of a hundred thousand dollars.

So, erect and with white mustache, the age that was past stood in the midst of the flowers and the music and the burning tapers and the bridesmaids with their velvet hats and white plumes, ready to hand on his daughter to the age that was waiting before. If packing town in South Omaha was a grimy place, if skinners and meat cutters were restive about their pay, that fact did not appear to disturb the young bridegroom, the representative of what was soon to be called "the greatest trust in the world." Jack Cudahy had come out from Chicago to learn the business at the Omaha plant under the oversight of his Uncle Ed. He was an exceedingly popular young man. If he did not comprehend what he owed to the forces that made his money, if he chose instead to beat his blundering way long after, as one of the "idle rich," to darkness and suicide in Hollywood, nevertheless he was on the morning of December 28, 1899, the representative of the new age.

It was frequently said that both Mike and Ed Cudahy had to toe the line when Gustavus Swift and P. D. Armour told them to; it was said that the Cudahys were at the small end of the trust; but small or not, they were one of the Big Five and everybody knew it. They knew it so well that a few months later, on December 18, 1900, Pat Crowe kidnapped Ed Cudahy's fifteen-year-old son Eddie and held him for a ransom of twenty-five thousand dollars. Crowe, finally brought to trial, was acquitted by an Omaha jury which, according to a local paper, "seemed to admire Crowe's strategy in prying that much money loose from a millionaire." By degrees packing, along with the stockyards, had become the great industry in Omaha. What was left when the packers and the railroads were satisfied might go to local capitalists and municipal politicians.

So General Cowin left the church, taking the frontier era with him, while the happy pair went out to start the new century. "Never," said the *Excelsior,* "did any young couple in Omaha more auspiciously set sail upon the sea of life." At the station, attended by Pryor, the steward of the Omaha Club, was the *Olivette.* All new and shining from the car shops, it was the first private car ever chartered out of Omaha that did not belong to a railroad official. The packers and the roads, Edna and Jack. What God hath joined, let no man nor circumstance of history, put asunder. *Ora! Ora pro nobis.*

III

If, by any chance, young Mr. and Mrs. Cudahy stood on the back platform of the train as it rolled across the Missouri River bridge they could have seen the sprawling little city of 100,000 spread out before them. Toward the south were the smoking stacks of the packing houses and the gray blur of the stockyards. Farther north, on the summit of the river bank, was the City Hall with its tower, the red dressed stone of the Omaha *Bee,* and the New York Life building. Down the slope from the summit came the chief streets of the town—Farnam and Harney and Douglas and Dodge—past Mr. Jonas Brandeis's "Boston Store," past the Paxton Hotel, down toward the wholesale district near the river and the old "Third Ward," in which was the segregated district, the stronghold of the boss of the town—Tom Dennison.

Tom Dennison, a gambler and for more than thirty years the political administrator of Omaha, came there in 1890 after getting a start in the mining towns of the West. His joints had boasted names familiar to mining-camp legend—the Opera House Gambling Saloon in Leadville and the Board of Trade at Butte. Reputedly the representative of a gambling syndicate, he found Omaha what it had been from the beginning—wide open. Mr. Dennison immediately upon his arrival called upon the president of one of the banks. After depositing seventy-five thousand dollars, he told the president that the bank might use fifty thousand of

it as they saw fit. The banker seems to have recognized a kindred spirit.

Rival gamblers presently found their houses closed by the police; they were not allowed to re-open. Before 1900 Dennison's control went far beyond his gambling interests and he was the "boss" of the town. The consolidation going on in business everywhere was being organized in vice. The saloon and vice revenue was carefully parceled out; a part of it went to support Dennison's henchmen. His partner, one Billy Nesselhous who survived until 1937, was the proprietor of the Budweiser Saloon on Douglas Street and here, in a small back room, the walls plastered with the photographs of prize fighters, actors, and politicians, Dennison had his office.

A tall man with a large frame and a big-boned face, Dennison was in the familiar tradition as a municipal boss. He was supposed not to drink or smoke He was never sick. He "always kept his word." He would occasionally indulge in a quixotic and extravagant generosity, as when he insisted on sending a consumptive wayfarer to the Southwest in a Pullman drawing-room. But more than this, "he was strong for big business." It was the function of this man to act as the political agent of the great absentees and the dominant local business interests; to run the machinery, turn in the requisite majorities and collect the tolls from gamblers, saloonkeepers, and prostitutes—tolls that swelled the bank accounts of those same local interests. To do all these things required ruthlessness, tact, and calculation. Dennison had these skills; he performed his function expertly, and during those years, when he was in his prime, ambitious politicians came from other cities to study his machine.

The Mayor, James Dahlman, a man of great charm and affability, kept a sort of open house at the City Hall and was known to everybody as Jim. Originally a Texas cowhand, Dahlman followed the cattle trails to Nebraska and for a number of years before he came to Omaha had been ranch foreman and sheriff in one of the cattle counties. Regularly at each election from 1906 until his death in 1930 —with one memorable exception—Dahlman was returned to office; he became known as the Perpetual Mayor of Omaha. He made no attempt to exploit his office —indeed, he died broke—but placidly, and without interference, ran the routine administration of the town. The actual machinery was in the hands of Dennison, whose files "contained the names, political affiliation, character, and weakness of almost every voter in the city."

To favored business men went paving, building, and printing contracts. The dispersion of the vice revenue was a vital concern to other business men. This revenue was large. By 1911 it was estimated that the number of prostitutes practicing in Omaha was over 2600—counting the inmates from the best-known houses to the most squalid. The most ambitious venture of this character was the "Arcade," a huge bawdy house opened in 1907, which covered four blocks and was surrounded by a high iron fence. This resort, brilliantly lighted and operated under police protection, contained three hundred "cribs," for which each of the three hundred girls paid two dollars' rent a day. Such a piece of real estate promotion proved too lurid even for Omaha and it wasn't open long. But otherwise the business flourished. The passage of an 8 o'clock closing law for saloons had the effect of increasing the liquor business done in the bawdy houses; the income from the combined liquor-prostitution-gambling sources was prodigious.

In 1911 an analysis was made of the income of twelve large establishments housing eight inmates apiece. It was estimated that the *net earnings* from these twelve houses were in excess of half a million dollars per annum. From the deposits made by these twelve houses an official of one of the banks estimated that the "daily balance would indicate that the banks may safely rely on a million dollars as loan basis." The regular monthly expense of one of these houses was figured this way:

$300.	police protection
220.	girls' expenses ($27.50 apiece)
200.	physicians' fees
100.	lawyers' fees
3,000.	general house expenses: liquor, provisions, servants, and maintenance
300.	"Waste from thefts and otherwise."
$4,120.	Average monthly expense
$8,000.	Average gross monthly income
4,120.	Average monthly expense
$3,880.	Average monthly net.

From the physicians who attended the girls and from the lawyers who represented them, Dennison collected a percentage. His most trusted lieutenants included a Negro and a Jew who superintended the vice business for these minority groups. And the spendable income? It was spent in specified department and furniture stores, wholesale liquor houses, breweries, groceries, creameries, and coal yards. The population of Omaha in 1910 was 124,000. "The average yearly income from all the houses—including their liquor business—for the years 1905 to 1911, figuring on a total of 370 houses with an average of seven inmates apiece, was $17,760,000." This was one of many sources, one remove from the farms, from which came the prosperity of Omaha in the Golden Age. A legion of pimps, who rustled business for the girls, helped to staff the Dennison machine and the town acquired a reputation as a hideout for fleeing criminals, given protection in exchange for good behavior. But prostitution was the great money maker, and when the red-light district was closed in 1911 and the girls dispersed to hotels and rooming houses it continued to be so. At his death in 1937 the fortune of Billy Nesselhous—from whatever sources—was estimated to be two million dollars. When Dennison died in 1934, an old man and through with political science, it was found that his estate had largely been disposed of. But a profound stillness covers the bank accounts of those Omaha families who for more than a generation exploited not alone the labor of their "fellow-citizens" but their pleasure as well.

The establishment of Dennison as the boss and co-ordinator completed the pattern for Omaha in the day of the "triumph of business enterprise." The city had reached its maturity; it reflected in little the closely knit economy of the great financial centers to which Omaha paid tribute. It was essential that the railroads maintain their control over the State, and in March, 1905, Mr. Newbranch, the Lincoln correspondent of the Omaha *World-Herald*, was writing to his paper: "The House this morning yielded up the pound of flesh to the last drop of blood and laid it, all dripping and gory, on the already overladen altar of the allied railroads lobby. J. H. Ager and the two Bobs—McGinnis and Clancey—took possession of the offering and bore it reverently to the headquarters of Lee Spratlen" [Mr. Holdrege's lieutenant] "over in the Lincoln Hotel, from whence go out the daily instructions which the legislature is required scrupulously to follow." In Omaha the railroads and the packers dominated the stockyards. A step down was a handful of Omaha business men who dominated the local economy. It was the function of Dennison to act as the agent of these men. Between these business men and Dennison there was a go-between, a business man whose office, by general consent, was accepted as the clearing house for business with "the boss."

This tightly meshed machinery did not run of itself. There were always disgruntled people who were trying "to clean up politics." Occasionally there were politicians who elected to side with "the people." Once a group of dissatisfied business men, who were not admitted to the favored circle, attempted, with the assistance of a renegade lieutenant of Dennison's, to oust the boss. They dared not meet in Omaha but negotiated by stealth in a Kansas City hotel. It was shortly after midnight on one of these occasions when the door burst open and one of Dennison's men walked in to say:

"How are you, boys? I heard you were here and just dropped in to see how you were getting along." After a long and tense moment the agent—never sure whether a gun would be pulled or not—turned and left the room. One more revolt had been broken. But in general things ran smoothly. To complete the control of the local interests only one more thing was necessary: labor must be kept down. It was.

IV

One of the financial landmarks of the town was the street railway. By 1902 Mr. Wattles owned nearly five thousand shares in it. An energetic man, he and his associates now proceeded to reorganize the company and acquire by lease the Council Bluffs street car company and their most precious possession, "the Bridge," a toll bridge and the only highway bridge of any kind that crossed the Missouri at Omaha. This toll bridge—which until the present hour has been an endless bone of contention in Omaha—was popularly regarded as a gold mine. Mr. Wattles and his friends were now ready for riches.

This was the day when electric traction was just rising to its brief prosperity. Charles Yerkes, the traction boss of Chicago, had made a sensational success and he had imitators everywhere. Simultaneously came the rise of the street-car union, the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees, and in August, 1902, an organizer arrived in Omaha. His efforts were not successful.

Whether or not Mr. Wattles and his friends took warning from this first attempt is not clear. But the next year, 1903, there was set up the Omaha Business Men's Association, its membership confidential, and with the prime purpose of keeping Omaha an open-shop town. Through its intermittent activity ever since that time the Association has succeeded in its purpose. Since 1903 there have been few successful strikes in Omaha.

The aim of the Association was "purely defensive, and made necessary . . . by the apparent determination upon the part of the labor organizations of the city to either control or ruin every business enterprise." No record exists of the reflections of Mr. Dennison on this remarkable statement, but neither the age of Mr. Paxton nor that of Mr. Wattles could show any glowing triumphs for the unions. The great Burlington strike of '88—which introduced Pinkerton guards to Nebraska—had been a disastrous failure for the men and a car-shop strike in '94 also.

But the street-car men continued restless and in August, 1909, after several failures to make the union stick, they tried again. In September the men presented their demands for recognition and a contract. It was refused. A committee went to see Mr. Wattles. Would he arbitrate? "There are some things in this world," said Mr. Wattles, "that you cannot arbitrate." Was there intimidation over the question of joining the union? Mr. Wattles denied it. At the end of several hours' discussion Mr. Wattles announced his decision: "Now, I am not a timid man either. . . . I say to the union men, If they quit the employ of this company, there will never be another union man employed by this company . . . I have prepared this company for a strike, and I have men employed waiting to take the place of every man who quits . . . this company will go right along and operate its cars; *if necessary under the protection of government itself.*"

Mr. Wattles was indeed prepared. He already had made arrangements with Waddell and Mahon of New York, the leading strike-breaking firm in the country: 1133 Broadway, 'phone: Madison Square 4582. Just before the strike broke, the executive committee of the Business Men's Association "unanimously resolved . . . that the association approve the attitude of the Street Railway Company and would give that company its support." On Sunday morning, September 19, 1909, the first of the Waddell

and Mahon plug-uglies rolled in—they were not yet known as "nobles" and "finks"—and within two days five hundred of these thugs were in Omaha under the command of Jim Waddell himself. The barricaded car barns, already equipped for a siege with cots and commissary, awaited them. With police protection without and their own firearms within, the gang was ready for action.

It had been said that some of the packing-house superintendents felt uncomfortable when guards were brought in during a strike in 1904. It had seemed like turning gunmen loose on "their neighbors." There was no such feeling now. On the same Sunday afternoon when the Waddell gang arrived these neighbors, motormen and conductors, paraded. Already the guarded cars were rolling through the streets and collisions between the strikers and the Waddell men occurred almost immediately. "In all ordinary conflicts," said Mr. Wattles, "they [the strikebreakers] effectively used the iron switch rods or the trolley controllers on the cars. . . ." "Very little of the money collected by the strikebreakers reached the treasury of the company," Mr. Wattles admitted, "but as a rule, they were a jolly lot of disreputables. . . . They did not know the sensations of fear and were always ready for a fight. . . . It was said that the conductors divided their collections with the motormen, and again with the lieutenants at the barns, who, if all reports were true, were as corrupt as the operating men . . . but it is very difficult to record a word of criticism against these strikebreakers . . . so, whatever their faults might have been, they were forgotten by the officials of the company and by the public generally." Mr. Wattles's consciousness of rectitude never faltered once. "If I wake up on the other shore," he said, "and have it to think all through eternity that I did not violate my solemn obligation to the men in my employ, it will be a happy thought." As the strike went on there were various attempts to negotiate but Mr. Wattles would not arbitrate and he was determined that only those would be hired in the future who would agree to join no union. The strike would be settled on a "yellow dog" basis or not at all. The line-up against the union was solid, all resistance was crushed, and by mid-October the strike was broken. "No compromise was made," said Mr. Wattles triumphantly, "and the strikers were defeated. The union was destroyed."

But it had been costly, doubly so since strikebreakers were thieves. It occurred to Mr. Wattles how wonderful it would be if all the American street-car companies could band together and build up out of their own labor a strikebreaking organization which could be moved with great rapidity anywhere. "Such an organization among the principal street-railway companies of the country would prove an effective standing army," was his feeling. Was it possible that the Omaha banker was ahead of his time? Could an industrial dictator dream of anything better—or cheaper?

V

"The Golden Age of Nebraska" was now approaching its meridian and it was powerfully reflected in Omaha. During these years real-estate investments along Farnam Street increased from five hundred to a thousand per cent. In 1905 Mr. Wattles's bank merged with two others and became the United States National of which he was eventually chairman. "At the close of the fifteenth year after consolidation the dividends paid in cash and stock and the increase in value of the original stock showed an average annual return to the shareholders of twenty-two and one-half per cent for the period." The basis for this prosperity was farm prices. Between 1900 and 1910 the average value per farm in Nebraska had risen from $6,000 to $16,000. Though the prices of hogs, grains, butterfat, and livestock varied from year to year, the averages gave the Nebraska farmers an edge and many of them were in the money.

Concealed in this prosperity were signs

of great changes. By 1910 the attrition of the soil was discernible in the plains region, but not many discerned it. The agricultural schools, by precept and example, had been laboring for years to increase the productivity of the soil but they could only advise. With the rise in land values came an increase in tenantry. The original settlers had been *owners*. Every farm depression had its train of foreclosures, the long drought of the '90s worst of all. By 1900, when farm prices were "stabilized," 36 per cent of the farms of Nebraska were operated by tenants. This rising percentage continued to rise. Furthermore, the rate of population growth was beginning to slow down.

At the same time, through a confused and highly complicated series of actions, the power and influence of the railroads were changing. The day of the empire builders was over. And as it faded, the direct political dictation of the railroads faded also. In 1905, after being beaten in the Republican convention by the Union Pacific-Northwestern forces, Mr. Holdrege of the Burlington began his retreat from active politics. Was such dictation longer necessary? Was capital seeking new fields for exploitation, leaving the railroads not a business, but in some mysterious way, an *institution* that could defy change? Great powers had been given the Interstate Commerce Commission, but the great maze of the rate structure remained to defy them, as it has defied them ever since. Though the railroads were privately owned, their institutional character was inescapable.

An institution, not a utility! Already rigid and with lime in its bones, the railroad rate structure was left to choke and dam the stream of economic life. The Jay Goulds of a later day, the New York bankers and promoters, would find it highly profitable to promote bankruptcies and reorganizations. That would come with the old age of private ownership. But as it was, the institution was safe. In the name of the widow, the orphan, and the insurance company, *in the name of the economy itself,* the railroads must be preserved. What had been predatory and omnipotent had become sacred and immovable. As individuals so often grow to resemble institutions, so also did the railroad families and businesses of Omaha become sacred and immovable. Was it possible that those families that were born with the Union Pacific in the end would die with it?

On the 15th of June, 1914, the Panama Canal was opened. If there were persons in Omaha who realized what the effect would be on Middle-West railroad towns whose prosperity as distribution points depended on favorable differentials, those persons made no great outcry. Did they foresee a time when to ship plows from Moline to the Atlantic coast and then bring them round through the Canal to Pacific ports would be cheaper than to ship directly west via Omaha? They did not. The attention of the world was fixed upon Europe; Liége had fallen and the German army was advancing on Paris. The closing of the Stock Exchange in New York was largely intended to slow down the frantic effort of European investors to liquidate holdings that foreign capital had in America. Finance capital in America had come of age; the end of Nebraska's golden time was in sight.

Yet no one knew it; agriculture was flourishing, farm prices were high, and land prices were rising. It took a long time for the War to reach these people; they enjoyed the prosperity and they were opposed to the War. It was not until Omaha business men discovered that patriotism and profit were joined that the farmers found out what had happened to them.

In 1917 the Non-Partisan League entered the State and began to organize. Omaha business men hired a detective and planted him in the League offices as a spy. The State Council of Defense and various State Administrators of war activities included numbers of Omaha men. This put them in a position where they could denounce as treasonable any move that happened to threaten to interfere

with their private interests. The red scare was raised; League meetings were wrecked, an organizer was mobbed, and threatened with hanging. He barely escaped with his life. It was in the midst of this campaign that the Dennison machine broke down.

VI

Over a period of time there had been disagreements among the Dennison forces. The result was that in May, 1918, the perpetual Mayor, Cowboy Jim Dahlman, was defeated. The forces of reform—an ill-assorted company of disgruntled business men, prohibitionists, preachers, and hard-worked school teachers—won the election and presented the city with a new mayor, a righteous lawyer named Ed Smith Virtue had triumphed; the day of the Third Ward was over.

Mayor Smith had come in on the vice issue, but the unfortunate man discovered that vice was not enough, even though "every little place hidden away from the road is a trap for our boys and girls." The year before, in June, 1917, there had been a building strike, an attempt by some of the long-frustrated labor unions of Omaha to grapple with the war boom and the rising cost of living. With the efficiency and zeal come from long experience, moves were made to smash the strike. "Evidence showed that many employers were anxious to confer but were prevented from doing so by the Business Men's Association, who did not approve of employers meeting with committees." Could it be, was there a possible chance that the Business Men's Association was useful in dominating small business men as well as labor unions?

The Governor, at length, was moved to appoint a committee to investigate and appointed a Chairman who was himself a member of the Association! One morning in June, armed with notebooks and papers, the committee gathered in the City Hall at the top of the hill and prepared to take testimony. They took 1,500 pages of it, but though they begged and besought, not an employer would come. Day after day the long procession of witnesses filed by, telling the same interminable story. Business was booming and some employers quoted with unctuous approval the statement of the Secretary of Labor; it was for the unions "the height of disloyalty to force or bring about a stoppage of our industries in order to force the establishment of standards that they have not been able to force during normal conditions!" Did Mr. Wattles nod with satisfaction?

The Chairman began to get uneasy. He wrote to the Association and asked for mediation. Nothing doing. But the unions claimed that the Association "exists for only two purposes, namely: to prevent organization among the wage earners and to drive the small contractor out of business." The Committee at last threw up the sponge and handed in their report.

This was the state of affairs that faced Mayor Smith; it was a condition that could not be handled by the closing of houses of prostitution. There had been a strike in the packing houses and it failed. In June, 1919, there was a teamster strike and it was broken by strikebreakers. A few days later there was a strike at the stockyards and it failed. The Mayor did not disapprove of strikebreaking; feeling against him among working men became bitter.

Meantime the Mayor and his Police Commissioner were busy purging the town. The morals squad was constantly at work. The effect of this sort of action on the Dennison treasury was disastrous; something would have to be done.

Then there began a most curious press campaign, which increased steadily. The new administration, with its exuberant righteousness, was an easy target—Mayor Ed most of all. He had thought to be a doctor, but "I took account of myself and found that I was naturally of a combative, contentious disposition. That didn't seem to suit the doctor business, so I took to the law." The press campaign got him.

The attacks multiplied, scorching the administration for its laxity in dealing with Negro attacks on white women. Stranger still, these rape cases collapsed upon investigation. A Negro railroad workman was accused and denied the charge. It was necessary to bring the payroll time books all the way from Chicago to prove that he had been over a hundred miles away at the time the assault was supposed to have been committed.

All through the hot summer of 1919 the campaign continued. In the town were soldiers, just home from the War, looking for jobs and finding none. The world had been saved for democracy—hadn't the local papers said so?—but earning a living was something else. And the teamsters, eying the strikebreakers, were boiling. Then on the 11th of September two detectives making a "morals squad" raid on a hotel, shot a Negro bellhop and killed him. Now if the administration, which had inherited a police department which had been staffed and built up in the Dennison days, should by any chance make a misstep at this juncture, who could tell what might happen? And what would happen to reform and the forces of virtue at the next election?

On the night of September 25th a girl named Agnes Lobeck called the police in great distress. She had been walking with a crippled acquaintance, one Millard Hoffman, when suddenly a Negro appeared who beat up Mr. Hoffman and then attacked Miss Lobeck. The next night the police picked up a Negro packing-house worker named Will Brown. Miss Lobeck identified him.

No sooner was Brown in a cell than the extras were on the streets. Another assault! When will these outrages cease! All that night and through the next day the tension grew. Business men shook their heads; it was a God-damned shame. What was Smith up to? Why, his law firm had actually been retained—just a few days ago—to defend another Negro on a similar charge. Housewives discussed the case across their porch rails. A lawyer examined Brown in the jail; he found the man badly twisted with rheumatism and wondered how anyone in such a condition could have assaulted anybody. Hmm!

Saturday night the town was full to overflowing; the bars were busy; the farmers from roundabout were in town, doing their buying. "It is known that at least one party on Saturday night went about to the various pool halls in the south part of the city and announced that a crowd would gather at Bancroft School and from there would march to the courthouse (the jail was on the upper floor) for the purpose of lynching this colored man. These reports were current about the city and were known in certain official circles and just why this prisoner was not moved to the State penitentiary or some other suitable place for safe keeping has never been satisfactorily explained, nor why these officials did not apprise Mayor Smith. . . ."

The next day was Sunday. Shortly after noon a crowd began to gather round the courthouse, hooting and yelling, talking in groups on the street corners. Police kept them on the move occasionally, but nothing further was done. "Shortly after dark, . . . older and more determined men were observed to take their places with the boys. They were composed of the most vicious element in the city . . . these men seemed to have definite work to do. That there were leaders instructed in their part is borne out by the testimony and the events. Some led the way to sporting goods houses, the pawnshops, and the wholesale hardware stores for guns and ammunition. Others gathered up a crowd to gather gasoline for the burning of the courthouse."

Now the firing began; men hooting and yelling, waving pistols and discharging them into the air. On the fringes of the crowd—at a safe distance—the curious gathered to await the fascinating horror. A man was going to be done to death and anybody could watch. A boy on a horse rode back and forth through the

crowd, with a rope laid across his saddle horn.

By eight o'clock the screams of "Give us the nigger" had commenced and the mob was in the lower floor of the courthouse. Snatching open the drawers of filing cases, they deluged them with gasoline and set them afire. At 9:50 the mob seized a fire ladder and raised it toward the jail windows on the top floor. The prisoners screamed to the guards for help, demanding that Brown be surrendered to the mob. He was. And then, at 10 o'clock, down the courthouse stairs and out to meet the mob, came the Mayor—alone! The strike-breaking, vice-purging, righteous-mouthed Mayor, leaving behind the police and the guards who lost their nerve, faced the screaming crowd and demanded that they disperse.

"Lynch the Mayor!" In an instant a rope was found, a noose made and the helpless Ed dragged along the pavement and then hoisted off the ground. Like magic, an automobile shot into the crowd and who but Detective Danbaum rescued the unconscious Mayor and got him into the automobile and away. A miraculous thing! At once the frustrated mob turned back to the surrendered Negro and strung him to a trolley wire.

A horrified sophomore, who was leaving the next day for school, stood on a corner and watched the mob as they milled about the dead and mutilated body and finally flung it in a bonfire. Then, with a thunder clap, the storm which had gathered all evening long broke. The rain fell in torrents, flooding the gutters, washing down the hill toward the old Third Ward, the embers and relics of this corn-belt auto-da-fé. At three o'clock in the morning, when all was over, 700 troops from nearby Fort Omaha arrived.

But the terrible rumor grew that *this mob had been planned,* that the men who went about that Saturday night spreading the word for the lynching were acting under orders. "The interests" of Omaha had been faced by their fellow-townsmen, their "neighbors," who worked for them and wanted a bigger share of the takings. And homecoming soldiers were asking questions they never asked before. And those who sat in the back room of the Budweiser Saloon and looked to the boss for commands had had their income shut off by a bunch of "jesus screamers" in the City Hall who wanted to smother every crap game and lock up every house of prostitution in town. If, by any chance, the hapless Ed Smith and his Police Commissioner should get into water so hot that it boiled over, what would happen to them the next election day? The word "evil" can cover a multitude of sins, but an administrator should be careful that it does not cover gamblers, bootleggers, labor unions, prostitutes, and unemployed veterans at the same time.

On September 30th the Omaha *World-Herald's* editorial page carried the ringing words that stirred the country to admiration and brought the fortunate paper the Pulitzer Prize. ". . . It is over now. Thank God! Omaha henceforth will be as safe for its citizens and as safe for the visitors within its gates as any city in the land. Its respectable and law-abiding people comprising 99 per cent of the population will see to that. . . . May we take home to our hearts, there to be cherished, and never for a moment forgotten, the words of the revered Lincoln: 'Let reverence of the Law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap.' . . . Let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. Let it become the political religion of the nation!"

On the next election day, in May, 1921, the Dennison majorities rolled in; there was thanksgiving in the back room in the Budweiser Saloon and the gang once more had control of the city. *Finis coronat opus!*

VII

On October 30, 1919, just a month after the Omaha riot, the young Non-Partisan League organizer, Beryl Felver, who had been mobbed and almost hung the year

before, sued for damages. The list of defendants included a country editor named Horace M. Davis, Joseph P. McGrath, general agent of the Thiel Detective Agency, and a number of prominent Omaha business men. Among them were Gurdon W. Wattles, who had been honored with appointment as War food administrator of Nebraska, and Mr. James E. Davidson of the Nebraska Power Company.

Though Mr. Davidson had been in Nebraska but a little more than two years, he was already one of the leading citizens of Omaha. He was the resident representative of the latest of the great absentee landlords, the power industry which had its headquarters in New York.

Remote control of public utilities, even in Nebraska, was not a new thing but it did not become common until about the time of the War. Then began the buying up of light and gas plants all over the country by distant holding companies. One of the most powerful of these organizations was the Electric Bond and Share Company; in 1917 it arrived in Nebraska and took over the Omaha Electric Light and Power Company. This utility the Electric Bond and Share reorganized as the Nebraska Power Company and then—at a handsome profit—conveyed a large part of the new securities to its affiliate, the American Power and Light Company.

The whole transaction, with its stock watering, now went through the traditional process. Once more the Middle West was going to be milked for the benefit of distant promoters. On the 31st of May, 1917, the Omaha Electric Light and Power Company closed its books with a fixed capital of $6,432,000. On the next morning, when the Nebraska Power Company was first shown to the world, that fixed capital had more than doubled and become $13,500,000. The excess capitalization of $5,000,000 or more was utilized for the issuance of a huge block of common stock to the American Power and Light Company. It was this huge block of common stock—most of it water—which brought the golden stream of profit to the controlling interests and drained off the excess earnings of the Omaha property, or rather its excess collections from the consumers. Federal Trade Commission examiners found the rate of return to the American Power and Light Company on the ledger value of its common stock investment in Nebraska Power to be 96.8 per cent in 1927! Though rate cuts were conceded from time to time, the cost of production was cut too and profits rose steadily. In 1930 common stock dividends had grown to $1,200,000 a year.

It would not do to set this siphon going in Omaha and forget the responsible men of the town. Though the management of the Power Company was in the hands of utility men and the control exercised from afar off, most of the directors were local business men. Who were they? Mr. Holdrege, in the sunset of his glory as chief of the Burlington west of the Missouri, was one. Mr. George Brandeis, the merchant, became a director a little later. Mr. J. A. C. Kennedy, counsel to the street railway, to the packers, and to numerous railroads, esteemed as perhaps the ablest corporation lawyer in Omaha, was a director also. There were others. So the long, long history of the distant landlord was repeating itself. How many years had gone by since Oliver Ames had bought shares in Joe Millard's infant bank, since the ambitious Andrew Jackson Poppleton had become counsel to the Union Pacific Railway at the age of thirty-three!

In 1928 nine out of fifteen directors were Omaha men. At the price paid, these local directors had received in dividends as high as 160 per cent in a single year and there was "an agreement by which, when a director retires, his stock is purchased by the American Power and Light Company" at 150 per cent in excess of what he paid for it. Rome in her prime does not ignore the local chiefs in Gallic villages.

To be sure, the success of the Nebraska Power Company was not achieved without effort and resolution. In the manu-

facture of power the company was efficiently administered; politically it was no less efficient. The iniquitous idea of public ownership, a bequest of the Populists, was not new in Nebraska. Even in Omaha, after prolonged exertion, a little group had managed to get the city into possession of its own gas and water. Who could tell how much farther these things would go? As the railroads had done in the past, so now the power companies turned to the legislature.

Five absentees had holdings in Nebraska, among them Stone and Webster, Insull's Middle West Utilities, Utilities Power and Light, and United Light and Power. But chief of all was Electric Bond and Share. In November, 1937, this holding company's Nebraska Power produced 60 per cent of the power consumed in the State. Perhaps it was reasonable that this outfit should bear the burden of confining popular government as closely as possible to academic theory. On December 17, 1925, the manager of the Western Public Service Company was writing to Stone and Webster:

> Mr. K. R. MacKinnon, general superintendent of the Nebraska Power Company in Omaha, an Electric Bond and Share Company, also attended the meeting and after the meeting came on up here with Mr. Parks and me. From him I learned that in the past, bills facilitating municipal ownership presented in the State legislature had been fought successfully by the Electric Bond and Share and Insull, but that during the last year or two, Insull had more or less withdrawn his support, leaving the Electric Bond & Share to carry the entire load.

But the Nebraska Power Company must do more. It must not only be powerful and profitable; it must in the very act be high-minded, enlightened, and farsighted. The power companies must show, as one utility man said, "that public utilities are community advertisers, owing to the fact that organized community life is commercially, industrially, and socially built around their services." This one of the Power Company's many tasks was onerous; it was essential that the executive should be a true community builder; and that, Mr. James E. Davidson certainly was.

The utility business ran in the Davidson family. Before his arrival in Omaha, in February, 1917, Mr. Davidson had been the general manager of one of American Power and Light Company's subsidiaries in Portland, Oregon.

He was admirably designed to be a public figure. In business he was astute; numerous persons thought him a genial man. He was indefatigable in his exertions for the Red Cross and other organizations of indubitable merit. He did great service for the Ak-Sar-Ben and the grateful organization made him its King. He was a Shriner and an Elk. More than this, he was intensely interested in the new-found art of public relations, in the building up of his utility as an institution. It was profitable and it was educational. God and Mammon were joined.

Samuel Insull is popularly supposed to have initiated the great power-propaganda campaign of the boom years. Before it was over the changes had been rung on almost every known form of propaganda. In due course these efforts were felt in Nebraska.

There lived in the little town of Ord a man named Horace Davis who was the editor and publisher of a small country paper, the Ord *Journal*. Mr. Davis was an energetic man and, though he lived in a traditionally Populist region, he had never been infected with strange doctrine. A little man, he would be helpful to big business. When the Non-Partisan League came Mr. Davis feverishly engaged himself in helping to combat the red menace. So when the power companies set up the Nebraska Committee of Public Utility Information, Mr. Davis was made its director. "Our committee," he said, "came nearer to being an outgrowth of the movement in opposition to radicalism than any other thing."

Mr. Davis was diligent in spreading the word. He watched the legislature, he drove about the State, he prepared a textbook "used in every high school in the State where there is a gas plant and

every normal school in the State." He worked hard. "We filled orders," he said, "only on written application from teachers, but I will confess that the secretary did some urging to get the applications in." He developed an animated correspondence with one J. B. Sheridan who occupied in the State of Missouri a position similar to Mr. Davis's. "Some time ago," he wrote Sheridan, "the directors agreed that it was unwise to talk much about the free space they grafted from the press, to which I agree heartily." His work as a cultural undercover man was arduous and he could reasonably echo his friend Sheridan's sentiments: "What have the State committees on public utility information done? In four or five short years they have just about changed the entire trend of economic and political thought in the United States. That's all." The tide rolled on. In that same year, 1925, Mr. Davidson was elected President of the National Electric Light Association. Not long after the Nebraska Power Company was awarded a prize for the "Most Constructive Public Relations Campaign carried on by a Light and Power Company in Local Territory."

Mr. Davidson did not take his new responsibilities lightly. On the 15th of August, 1925, he wrote to the chairman of the Association's educational committee:

> I have read with a great deal of interest your letter of July 1 and also those of August 11 and 12 to Mr. Aylesworth about the work of the Education Committee doing everything possible to right the unfortunate situation that now exists in having textbooks that are in the hands of pupils of the schools containing erroneous and unfair information about the economics of our business and particularly those pertaining to electric light and power companies, their financial matters, operations and policies. . . . You have my very best wishes for a successful result in the very important work which you are undertaking.

The educational efforts were redoubled, the Power Company's reputation grew, its profits soared. Yet, while Coolidge prosperity filled the company's coffers, all was not well with Omaha nor with the State. It was mysterious that while the power industry flourished, out in the State economic life drooped and withered. In Omaha itself the quickening influence of the boom was felt briefly and then died out. In 1924 the Burgess-Nash department store failed; a year later a long-established wholesale house followed it. 1925 was the high year for money spent in building; thereafter a decline set in. Still no alarm was felt; "the residents of the cities and towns (of Nebraska) were nearly all prosperous, *except common labor,* and as a result, the volume of business was good." The source of the trouble was on the farms and the trouble was growing more serious.

Perhaps some strange premonitions began to come over Mr. Davis. He still wrote his friend Sheridan he wanted to join him at Hot Springs, he wanted to compare notes, he had just finished reading *Henry Esmond.* But some ferment was in him. "Been to bed and can't sleep," he wrote Sheridan; "some of these times I'm going to get a piece of soft pine and a sharp knife and whittle out a conscience that will let me sleep when other people do." Mr. Sheridan had doubts and was writing to a Nebraska acquaintance: "The bankers in the electrical industry do not appreciate what a fat thing they have had in the past seven years. They do not appreciate the enormous value of the monopoly feature. They do not appreciate that electric light and power properties are not loaded dice to be employed in a craps game in which investors and the public are injured."

Mr. Davis's discontent increased. To a fellow-manipulator of public opinion he wrote:

> They look upon me as . . . a hired man. I have been on the job seven years this month without vacation or a day's loss of time. Have done more single-handed work than any director, as well as being secretary for two organizations on the side, and have drawn less salary with decidedly limited budgets. . . . It is decidedly humiliating to have to keep selling yourself to your own people, who have a right to know if you are delivering and who should and do know, but who do not realize it just because they become so accustomed to things being *quietly done.*

If Mr. Davis was discontented, his friend Mr. Sheridan was grim. "Yea, men are a little breed," he wrote to a friend. "Possession of property breeds liars and cowards. The man who invented private property was a mortal enemy of the human race." And this was the man who, a few years before, had wanted to see a public ownership speaker "thrown in a ditch and to hell with him." Whatever the causes may have been for Mr. Sheridan's turmoil, in the end it was more than he could endure. In April, 1930, he killed himself.

VIII

The suicide of Mr. Sheridan and the frustration of Mr. Davis almost coincided with a historic event—the stock market crash of 1929. This catastrophe in the industrial East had had a long foreshadowing in the West. Independent agriculture was bogging down and there was no sign that it would rise again.

Briefly, this was the situation: The Civil War broke the political power of agriculture. Industry thereafter had at its disposal great subsidies in the shape of tariffs, bounties, and land grants. In addition, huge sums of European capital were poured in. The expansion of industry began and in the case of the Middle West it first took the form of the railroads which brought in settlers and for more than a generation controlled local government. The profit from these ventures was carried East and partly used to pay the interest on European debt. Later came the great packers and the grain speculators and their profit also was carried eastward. Last, in point of time, were the Wall-Street-controlled power companies and the great dairy corporations. The process was one of assisting development and simultaneously milking the Middle West of every possible dollar.

One of the most conservative economists in Nebraska has put the case this way: "The major part of the capital which has been used to develop Nebraska towns has not been brought in from outside the State. . . . In the final analysis the railroads, factories, residences, business blocks, and other improvements of Nebraska have been built quite largely with Nebraska capital. In all probability the capital taken out of the State exceeds in amount the capital brought into the State."

That one result of this exploitation would be the gutting of soil fertility was foreseen by only a handful of persons in the agricultural schools and on the farms. But it was true none the less, and it was possible that the day might come when, deprived of a market and with the soil wealth gone, the Middle West would become, not a desert, but one vast rural slum.

By 1900 American industry was no longer in urgent need of European capital; its plant was established. There ensued a period of fifteen years when, seemingly, agriculture and industry had struck a balance. If anything, farm prices had the edge on manufactures. But actually the big profit for the farmer was in the rise of his land value. A few realized this and began selling out. During those fifteen years events had occurred which pushed agriculture farther below industry than ever.

On the one hand, the individual industrialist had been succeeded in power by the banker. The development of the trusts had hastened the concentration of wealth, and by the time Morgan put together the Steel Corporation in 1901 finance capital was coming into its own. The age of interlocking directorates put the economic control of the United States into the bankers' hands.

Meantime there had been significant developments in agricultural export. The United States ceased to be the great agricultural supplier of the world. Not only were Africa, South America, and Australia exporting foodstuffs and fibers, but American capital was going abroad to assist this competition. The great years of animal and meat export were over by 1908. But Swift and Company were establishing themselves in South America, and while that fact may have brought joy

to the sons of Gustavus Swift, it boded no good for the cattle raisers of the West.

Then came the World War. To supply Europe with food and ammunition both American industry and agriculture were expanded to the limit; the prices of both foodstuffs and farm land soared; Nebraska farmers put under cultivation every acre possible and often mortgaged themselves to the hilt to do it. At the end of the War the huge demand was suddenly cut off; the effect on farm prices was catastrophic, and in no State was the fall in farm income as great as it was in Nebraska. No less great was the fall in land values. A wave of State bank failures began that continued through the twenties. When wheat finally reached the bottom in 1932 it sold for twenty-five cents a bushel, the lowest recorded price in five hundred years.

The Middle West was left after the War with its huge farm development and a constricted market. The East was left with its huge industrial plant, a constricted market, and a huge reservoir of ready money. The collapse of the Middle West began. The East tottered and then straightened up again; capital, outward-bound, was lent abroad, especially to a wrecked Europe, and a part of these loans was spent to buy American goods. But Europe had been damaged beyond repair; the age of the dictators brought with it higher tariff walls. We would not let European goods in and they would take less of ours and they could not pay their debts. In 1929 the whole structure fell with a crash and the world depression began.

The incoming New Deal in 1933 found American industry without a market, American agriculture without a market and with the liquid capital, as of old, draining into the Eastern banks. Through the sale of bonds the New Deal distributed largess to the starving, it shored up private debt with loans, it endeavored haltingly to resuscitate international trade. Thus, it was thought, American consumers might buy goods and food, thus both export and the domestic economy might be rescued. Through crop control, the New Deal cut the agricultural acreage and gave bounties to the farmers. So farm prices might be bolstered. It incidentally extended a hand in protection of labor organization, it expanded the military establishment, it assisted the conservation of natural resources, and it gave aid and encouragement toward the public ownership of power. But Federal largess found its way promptly back to the great Eastern banks and the milking of the Middle West went on much as before. The New Deal could not or dared not get at this concentration of Eastern wealth.

When to all this were added the three terrible drought years of '34, '36, and '37, the Middle West was brought to its knees. In 1937, for the first time in our history, agricultural imports exceeded exports. Dust storms clouded the whole region of the plains; erosion had done its work, tons of topsoil had either been blown away or borne down the Mississippi. Now it was clearly seen that the population was shrinking.

For years the rate of population growth in the Middle West had been slowing down. After the War came the greatest migration of modern times, the move to the Pacific Coast. Those Middle West farmers who had sold out at the height of the boom moved to California to spend their old age. They were followed by busted farmers who hoped to get another start. At the same time another sort of migration was going on all over the country. The cities were sucking in people from the farms. Omaha felt it. As the folk from the farms and country moved, the little Nebraska towns shrank and had trouble in paying the bills for local government. Then in January, 1938, when the Census Bureau published its estimates, Nebraska showed an absolute decline with fewer people in the State than in 1930. If migration had swelled the numbers on the Coast, the great bulk of the population increase was in the sacred "official territory," the region north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi

where the largest part of the nation's manufacturing was done. The Middle West was "drying up"; the exploiting East was doubling back upon itself. Across the broad landscape lay the railroad wrecks; memorials to the forces that broke the power of agriculture so long ago. Of the ten railroads that enter Omaha, seven were insolvent in 1937. The golden age had left a bequest of "more than 47 per cent of Nebraska farms operated by tenants and the majority of these tenants rented the tilled land on a crop share basis."

How was Omaha to face this future? It depended on the farms, and though business could go along on its momentum for a time and live on the fat stored up in the golden age, the fat could not last forever. Into Nebraska in 1937 the Federal Government had poured fifty-seven million dollars, excluding social-security allotments, to help keep an agricultural economy afloat. If it became plain that the future of the farms and the great plains could not be handled through individual effort, what would happen to the little magnates of Omaha? For so long they had ruled the roost with no thought but for their own interest and now they must fight for their control. One of the pillars of the community, breathing stertorously, grunted with longing for the old days of railroad power: "We were like an army; we obeyed orders and got in on the gravy. I used to wear a uniform and I wish to God I was wearing a uniform now." Could retail competition be kept out? Could manufactures be induced to come? Manufactures had never flourished in the State and, discouraged by freight differentials, many had left. Meat packing is the most important manufacturing industry in Nebraska and is fairly stable. Where, at the War peak, more than ten thousand had been employed, by 1935 the number had declined —partly because of speed-ups and technological improvements—to 4,896—fewer than in 1912! The advance and retreat of manufactures from the region could be seen by 1935:

Number of jobs in manufacturing in Omaha

1899	14,000
1919	21,000
1929	16,000
1935	12,000

Years before, the Populists had recognized that whatever the private sentiments of the local banker and the railroad manager might be (numbers of them were interested in tree planting and animal husbandry) they were, functionally, the agents of the distant money power. When to these figures were added the packing-house superintendents, the power-company managers, the representatives of the dairy corporations and their legal support, the local cast of characters for the absentee landlords was complete. These agents in the Middle West, along with the local business leaders, were now confronted with the task of getting what juice they could from a sucked orange. Dennison died in 1934. Vanishing prosperity had removed the need for a political boss and he had no successor. But there was labor. "Labor costs are lower here because Omaha industry must cut some place and labor takes the rap." Shut off a State income tax, prevent homestead tax exemption on the farms, and hold labor down; on such a platform the Omaha interests might fight. And none too soon, for in the autumn of 1933, with a record of thirty years of defeat, the street-car union gathered itself together for one more effort. The promises of the New Deal were ringing in their ears and they had the famous Section 7a to protect them. Could they make a go of it this time? "Omaha is the best open shop city of its size in the United States," trumpeted the Business Men's Association. "In its population of 216,000 persons, less than 3,000 are members of organized labor unions, excluding railway brotherhoods."

IX

Mr. Wattles was no longer President of the Omaha and Council Bluffs Street Railway, but he had worthy successors

and they now prepared for action. Organizing went on, men were fired "for cause" and the union, in the shadow of the Blue Eagle's wing, appealed to the N.R.A. Labor Board in Washington. The company's counsel stated that "for more than a generation our men have been happy" and that "we are very, very interested that our reputation be not impugned." These impressive statements of good will were followed by conferences, but the conferences dragged on and finally, in April, 1934, large numbers of the men struck.

Next day there arrived in Omaha Mr. Richard Blume, Secretary of the Regional Labor Board, whose offices were at Kansas City. There followed a consultation, according to the papers, in the offices of the Associated Retailers, at which there were present Mr. Blume, representatives of the packers, Mr. Davidson of the Power Company, and A. A. Ahner, "industrial relations counsel for the street car company." There was no announcement, however, that Mr. Ahner was an experienced strikebreaker, that he had a reputation as "an employer of thugs, sluggers, and armed guards in his strikebreaking activities, a planter of labor spies in factories and labor organizations . . . and is notorious in the St. Louis industrial area for successful terrorism in his chosen field." No, the men in Omaha did not know this, nor did they know that Mr. Blume was well acquainted with Mr. Ahner.

Mr. Blume, within two days, told the men that their differences would be arbitrated. The arbitration took place, but the men found the award extremely dubious and in July, 1934, they had the bad judgment to strike again. Once more Mr. Blume came to minister to them, but not for the last time! An upheaval in Kansas City dislodged him from his position. When next the Omaha case came up for a Labor Board hearing Mr. Blume, who had twice presided over the case in a quasi-judicial capacity, appeared as co-counsel for the street railway company!

Months went by; the endless shuttling back and forth of appeal and argument went on. In these maneuvers, subsequently reviewed by the National Labor Relations Board, the union did not show to advantage. The company's tactics, on the contrary, were adroitly conceived. In opposition to the union's demand for an election to determine representation for collective bargaining, the company contended that it had actually negotiated with the union and no election was required. The Labor Board upheld the company. On the 20th of April, 1935, the men struck for the third time. A few days before, the Omaha papers had carried announcements by the company that a local protective agency had been hired to "protect the company's property" and that about a hundred men had been employed. This was the Midwest Adjustment Agency, headed by Mr. Ben Danbaum, the detective who had performed the seeming miracle of rescuing the unhappy Mayor Ed Smith from the hands of the mob sixteen years before.

From then on the strike moved swiftly to a crisis. The City Council voted an emergency police fund. A munitions manufacturer, Mr. A. S. Ailes, of the Lake Erie Chemical Company of Cleveland, became alarmed about the situation. Were the Omaha police fully prepared? Enraged street-car motormen might undertake to pillage and sack the helpless city of Omaha. True, Mr. Danbaum's agency was not without arms; its arsenal included two Thompson sub-machine guns, a half-dozen sawed-off shotguns, and other weapons, but who could tell what might happen in an emergency? Mr. Ailes hurriedly wrote to one of his salesmen:

> Enclosed find copy of a letter we have just written to Mr. Danbaum. They apparently have a pretty serious situation on hand and I do not believe that they have near enough gas to handle it. The ordinary inexperienced officials are inclined to look upon an expenditure of $4,000 or $5,000 worth of gas as a huge sum, but at the same time they will spend $45,000 or $50,000 for less effective protection. Gas, in general, as used in Omaha is at the great disadvantage of being present in insuffi-

cient quantities. . . . I trust that while this difficulty continues, you will keep in touch with the Omaha job, because Federal Laboratories will have their whole darn sales force up there within a day or two, and of course they will come along with their usual statements that their gas is far superior to ours and a customer is liable to fall for these stories, if he has not attained the results he would like to get with the gas he has been using. . . . We consigned to them (the police) at Mr. Danbaum's request twenty-four Lightning Universal Tear Gas and K.O. Candles of the burning type, so that they could try out the nauseating effect. . . . We of course, will be anxious for details of what success was attained with our gas.

These handy goods, shipped by chartered airplane, duly arrived in Omaha. Feeling was rising to the flash point. The point was reached, street fighting broke, a man was killed, another fatally wounded, and many injured.

In the midst of the tumult the Governor suddenly acted. He put the city under martial law, shut the street cars up in the barns, and demanded arbitration. Once more the interminable chaffering began and then, when the scabs applied for an injunction preventing the award from being put into effect, the buffaloed Governor washed his hands of the affair and said that "the tram company broke faith immediately after the national guardsmen left Omaha."

A frustrated attempt, through martial law, to settle this thirty-year-old problem had cost the State of Nebraska $34,000. What did the street railway spend? We cannot say. But the City Comptroller on examining the company's financial report for the year found that the most significant item in it was $223,330 for "miscellaneous expenses" as against $17,239 the year before. What was the $223,330 for? Strike breakers? Armed guards? Flowers for those killed during the street fighting or masses said for the repose of their souls? We do not know. The efforts of labor to organize in Omaha continue, the C.I.O. is busy in the packing houses, but the street-car strike is still going on, three years after. The cars are running, the scabs have got their jobs, and Mr. Wattles, having long since passed to that other shore of which he spoke with such feeling in 1909, may rest in peace. His precepts have been gloriously upheld.

X

Now on the parched and harassed plains the rains are falling once more and there is new hope. Along with the attempts of the New Deal to bolster farm prices have gone efforts toward flood control and soil conservation. After years of disappointment, perhaps the Missouri River will be open for barge traffic before much more time is past. Where, in 1933, a number of power projects had been undertaken with Federal assistance, now they are combining with the little municipal plants to form a grid system. This development is largely the result of Senator Norris's years of labor for public power. Finally it is now proposed to buy out—with money acquired through the sale of revenue bonds to New York bankers—the interests of a number of Eastern holding corporations. The Electric Bond and Share and two other absentees remain.

Yet, whatever promise there may be in electric power, the fact cannot be avoided that the chief working occupation of the region is commercial agriculture carried on by individual farmers. The prospects of commercial agriculture are bleak indeed. If the resources available for absentee exploitation diminish, the exploitation continues nevertheless and eastward the attenuated stream of profit pours.

It is now forty-five years since Frederick Jackson Turner read his memorable paper on the closing of the frontier, but though the frontier of Bill Paxton and Count Creighton is gone, the thought that dominated Omaha in that day dominates it still. Surrounded by the ghosts of a vanished past, the local banker murmurs "The railroads have been so good to us." *O Pioneers!*

DUTCH TREAT

BY JOHN GUNTHER

THE headwaiter, a sleek and rosy-cheeked young man, comes first. He stands to the left of your table with an attitude of solicitous instruction. If you are a novice, if you are being introduced to this extraordinary rite for the first time, he wants to see that you acquit yourself well, that you do not shame the traditions of all the sturdy Dutch stomachs that have gone before you. Behind the young headwaiter, who only recently came from Amsterdam, are the boys—Javanese boys—twenty or twenty-five of them. Each carries two silver plates. The headwaiter gives a signal, you brace yourself, the first boy marches forward, and the ceremony of "Rijsttafel" has begun.

"Rijsttafel"—literally rice table—is more than just a meal. It is a ritual, a sacrosanct performance. Its combination of solid nutritive value and colorful, highly flavored spices is symbolic of the contrast between the Dutch and the natives. It is a nice weighty introduction to the Dutch colonial character and, as served in the Hotel Des Indes, Batavia, Java, to the complicated life of the Netherlands Indies.

You have two plates, one hot, one cold. The boys, each bearing two dishes, file past, and the headwaiter tells you which of your plates to use for each of the forty odd dishes.

On the hot plate rice comes first—a neat mound of white dry rice. Atop this rice you pour a bowl of vegetable soup called *Sajoer Lode,* then a chicken curry known as *Curry Sajoer.*

To understand the amount of labor and skill that goes into the "Rijsttafel," consider the ingredients of this one dish—*Curry Sajoer,* which is but one of forty dishes many of them equally complex, and all eaten at the same time.

Take one chicken, the milk of one cocoanut, one tamarind, four *kemiries* (a kind of nut, Aleuritis tribola), one finger-length of roast Indian saffron, two thin slices of *loas* (a sort of ginger), two pieces of garlic, three teaspoons of finely sliced chilies, one spoonful of coriander seeds, and one quarter spoonful of Kümmel. Slice the chicken and broil with the fried spices. When well done add water and such vegetables as cabbage, haricots, and potatoes. Add the cocoanut milk and a teaspoon of raw *tressi,* which is a compound of salted shrimps and dried fish.

You have, then, on your hot plate a steaming heap of rice now soaking with the vegetable soup (which incidentally is full of *tjabbes,* a fierce green chili) and the *Curry Sajoer.* You have no more than thirty seconds to think about it however. Because meantime your cold plate is piling up.

On the cold plate you receive the following: 1. *Tempeh.* It looks like a stick of taffy, but it is made of fermented soya. 2. Salmon, broiled in pimento sauce. 3. A *shashlik,* spitted nuggets of meat (beef, pork, bacon), on a long silver skewer. 4. Croquettes of calves brains. 5. Corn-and-egg fritters. 6. Boiled chicken, hot enough to remove the roof of the mouth. 7. A local fish served whole, like *truite blue.*

While you are trying to master this

constellation of extraordinarily luscious items the boys are still coming along, and the headwaiter is trying to make room on your big hot plate for the other twenty or thirty ingredients of genuine "Rijsttafel."

After the two soups, which by this time have turned the rice into a deliquescent but delicious puddle, come the following dishes, served with bewildering rapidity. The sequence is artful; fruits cool your palate, spices stimulate it, and, deep down, there is always the rice, an assuaging buffer. First fried bananas, then two different kinds of warm cucumbers, then an extraordinary kind of cake made of peanuts.

The recipe for this peanut ambrosia should be preserved. The native name is *rempejeh*. Pound finely together one spoonful of coriander seeds and ¼ garlic. Make into a batter with flour and water, add a beaten egg, pepper, salt, and soup greens. When thoroughly mixed add peanuts and fry in oil.

You are dipping from cold plate to hot plate by this time. There is no rest. The relay of boys is still coming on. Try a bit of salmon from the cold plate, switch over to the bananas, dig down to the rice, nibble at the peanut cake. No time to dawdle. The hot-plate boys are here again. After the bananas and cucumbers they want to give you some protein, and so—the sight is incredible—fillet beefsteaks, grilled just to the texture of a very rare *entrecôte-minute*, arrive. These are accompanied by eggplant, pink onions, and a poached egg. On the cold plate another concoction of peanuts has appeared, and also slices of meat loaf made of chicken and sweetbreads. Back to hot plate in a hurry! Because the boy is bringing a cargo of noodles made from Chinese rice and delicately spiced ears of miniature — excessively tiny — corn. They are so small that they look like yellow pickles.

Then there are the shrimp balls. These are made as follows. Scale, boil, and mince shrimps and add two eggs, one-fourth loaf soaked bread, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste, then a spoonful of finely chopped parsely. Mix thoroughly and fry in oil. These shrimp balls defy the imagination. They are indescribable.

The cold-plate boy is busy now, bringing two kinds of bread—at least you suppose it is bread, but bread of a very peculiar quality. It is not sliced; it looks like puffballs, crinkly, light as half a feather. One variety is the palest imaginable golden-pink in color, the other is a yellowish ochre that, imperceptibly, at the edges, fades into lemon-green. If you could make soufflé out of a piece of Chinese jade, it would look like this. Both these varieties of bread are made of dried fish.

By this time you have eaten a good deal, you do not think you can eat any more. But the headwaiter is encouraging. You need a bit of dynamite now to stimulate the jaded tongue. It comes. The last boy—the twenty-fourth by actual count—arrives with a gigantic plate, segmented into seven arcs, containing seven different condiments. The base of one is shredded liver; of another beans; of another chopped cauliflower. Each will lift the hair from the skull and cause tears to flow.

You cool off, perhaps an hour later, with fruit. Meantime a bit of beer has helped wash the business down.

The fruit demands a Gauguin. The *ramboutins* look like colossal strawberries, a deep crimson red, and covered with long spines like varieties of shell fish. You split them open, and out pop shiny green oval buds, which look and taste like grapes. The Savo-Manilas are built like long potatoes, but inside—once you remove the slippery black pips almost like pecans—is a very pale-green fruitment resembling cantaloup. The *Doekoes* look like walnuts; they are very sweet. The *Djiroeks* are dark-green tangerines hard as apples.

Price of the complete meal—one dollar and eighty cents unless you are *en pension*, when it is cheaper.

The Lion's Mouth

ON THE FLEETNESS OF TIME

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

"Tu ne quaesieris—scire nefas—quem mihi, quem tibi"
—Horace: Book I, Ode 11

LEUCONOË, *no longer grope*
About that silly horoscope;
To know the future, yours and mine,
Is dead against the laws divine.

Better it is for us to bear
To-morrow, be it foul or fair.
Filter your wines, for that is wise.
Who cares when this or that one dies?

Why, even as we converse to-day,
The jealous present slips away.
How futile mortal plot and plan!
Come, seize the present while you can!

PHILOSOPHY OF PUNITIVE ACTION

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

ALL my life I have been a thing-smasher. I don't mean by this that I habitually smash things through unintentional clumsiness. I mean that when things—machines, gadgets, cobblestones, sharp corners, low ceilings—fail to function, trip me up, or come into violent contact with me, I give them a good swift poke or kick or otherwise mete out the punishment that the perversity of inanimate objects so richly deserves. On the other hand, I have seldom struck a fellow-being.

This policy has been instinctive with me as far back as I can remember. When I was a boy of seven or eight our house had a mouse pestilence, and my father staked me to some traps and promised me a bounty of five cents for every mouse I caught. I remember distinctly that I had much more trouble with the mousetraps than I ever did with the mice. The mice of course sometimes sprang the traps and escaped with the bait, but, after all, the mice didn't pretend to be on my side of the contest. The traps did, and that was what made me mad. The flat or single mousetrap is a high-tension hair-trigger affair, and it is apt to snap when you are trying to set it. As a rule I was cautious enough to avoid getting my fingers caught when the traps misfired, but the shock of the sudden unexpected *snap!* annoyed me exceedingly.

One day I was careless enough to permit my finger to get caught in one of these sudden misfires. Without delay I rushed out of the pantry, where the mutiny had occurred, ran through the kitchen, disengaging my finger from the trap as I ran, opened the kitchen door, and threw that trap against the stone wall in our back yard as hard as I could throw it. This didn't help the trap any, but it helped me immeasurably. I knew that from that minute on I was the master of that trap and that I could hurl it against the wall whenever I chose. Childishness? Perhaps, but one of the objects in life is to feel good, and whenever I threw a mousetrap I felt simply dandy. Hard on the trap? Well, was I created for the trap's benefit or the trap for mine?

My cousin still marvels at an event that took place in the Allegheny coal country when I was a lad of sixteen and he considerably younger. My family owned an old model T Ford which I was permitted to drive and in which, on this occasion, he was a passenger. For some reason the car suddenly stalled. I knew it wasn't out of gas. I got out and cranked and

cranked until I was nearly exhausted, but the car refused to start.

I wasn't too exhausted to stand up in front of that car and kick its radiator. With each kick I felt calmer, stronger, and more imbued with the sense of accomplishment. It didn't hurt my feet because I had good heavy shoes on, and it didn't damage the car to any extent. It smashed in a little of the radiator fluting, but I always felt that this gave the car character.

When I had kicked to my heart's content I walked to the nearest garage, not in despair but in triumph, and told them to get the car and fix it. I knew nothing about what makes an automobile go, and I still don't; if I had tried to tinker with it I should have got nowhere, and in the end I'd have walked away defeated, not victorious.

Too many people to-day tinker with perverse inanimate matter instead of punishing it. Most of them aren't qualified to cope with our complicated modern machines and gadgets anyhow, and their tinkering only makes matters worse. If it be objected that violence may also make matters worse, I emphasize that it can't possibly do the machine as much harm as it does good to the person who assaults it. I think tinkering should be left to the professional tinkerers, the repair men, who, goodness knows, need employment in these times. Moreover, by occasionally damaging things we amateurs can create even more employment. This may not be very good economic reasoning, but it's as good as a lot I've seen in recent years.

No overhead beam or sharp corner or low ceiling has ever got away with hitting me in the head. I hit right back, and I hit harder—not with my head or my fist but with the nearest available weapon. In fact that is an important rule for revenge on inanimate objects. The inexperienced person is apt to use his fist on heavy beams or brick walls, with unhappy results; I look round for a big stone, or stick, a massive book, or something of that nature. True, this takes an instant's reflection, and most people, I am afraid, use this instant to regain their temper and decide not to strike at all.

This is wrong. I take great pains to keep my temper lost, so to speak, while I am looking round for something to retaliate with. I remember once barking my shins on a radiator in the dark. I turned on the light, looked round for something to smack the radiator with, and couldn't find a thing in the room that would serve my purpose. So I went out to the tool shed, and got a hammer. I don't like to boast, but if I hadn't found a hammer in the tool shed I am certain that I should have had the patience to go and borrow one from a neighbor. If I ever let any object like that radiator get away with a mean act it would be a sign that my spirit had finally been crushed—as too many people's are, I fear—by the world of inert matter. I don't intend ever to let it be.

Most people who disavow punitive action on inanimate objects are the very ones who when misunderstandings arise between them and other people immediately fly off the handle and indulge in harsh language if not actual physical force. This is all wrong. I have said that few people are equipped to tinker successfully with *things;* but anybody with the power of speech and a modicum of intelligence is perfectly capable of reasoning sensibly with his fellow-beings—if only he weren't too lazy and impatient to do so.

Moreover, most of the things in this world were put in it, or at least formed into their present shape, by human beings and for the good of human beings, and are hence of secondary importance to man himself. Human beings have feelings and a sense of pain, whereas inanimate objects have not. So what is the sense of being patient and considerate with inert matter, created for man's betterment, and cruel to the beings who are, presumably, its masters? I think I have a point there too. Moreover, if you hit a human being he may hit you back even harder. I *know* I have a point *there.*



The Easy Chair



ON MOVING FROM NEW YORK

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE LAW: CURB YOUR DOG. The sign is everywhere in the city but commonest near the habitations of the comfortably placed middle class, a few blocks each way from the Park Blustering, euphemistic, proved futile at every third step you take, the phrase lodges in your mind and comes to stand symbol of something frenetic, nightmarish, at the core of the city's life. When I came to New York two years ago the readers of the *Times* were discussing the condition it tries to cope with, and an editor told me that the topic had evoked more letters than any other broached in the correspondence column during recent years. There were reasons enough that autumn for anger and accusation: war in two hemispheres, violence and starvation in the very streets this placard tries to safeguard, the world and the nation wabbling in their orbits. But the New Yorker, writing to the *Times* about the starving or the murdered or the betrayed, could sustain a civilized patience, the dispassionate liberality of the seeker after truth. What brought him flaming out of his calm, what goaded him to a desperate, last-ditch defense of justice, was a threat against the right of dogs to sewage facilities.

Whatever other freedom might be attained in New York, dogs must be free to follow nature. If the sidewalks were therefore contaminated, if doormats and mud-scrapers found a use not contemplated for them elsewhere, why, the New Yorker would pick his way with care and not complain, a citizen willingly suffering inconvenience on behalf of the common good and the life of the spirit. While he paused to give his dog ease, three blocks nearer the East River the children of the slums were urinating in the gutters because, no crusade having been raised for them, they had no place else to use. That problem, however, if debated at all, could be debated in tranquillity, the mind resuming its liberal calm. And it is diagnostic of New York that, in the manic and compulsive terms that life must adapt to here, the citizen was right. He can postpone the children of the slums, but his dog is central in the tenuous net of illusion and substitution that holds his life together and cannot be endangered without threatening his survival.

The sojourner finds an early pity for the New York dog. Mongrel or bench champion, pulling at the end of a lead along sidewalks that crack and ulcerate his pads, a strap round his jaw, constrained and disarmed, he has lost animality, he is phantasmal. He is a chimera, a creature proper to the visions of sick sleep. It is not only that he would promptly die if left unattended in this environment, from starvation if he escaped the traffic that long: a more monstrous distortion is inflicted on him in that he has been superbly bred for use and then denied it.

These two Borzois pacing down Fifth Avenue on a double lead are grotesque, as bizarre and fabulous as the belling of a beagle over Central Park. I have heard

that music above the taxi horns; I have seen an English sheep dog peering through his fringe across that thin, scrofulous grass, and he seemed a paradox beyond the invention of the comic or the tragic imagination. Innumerable generations of his kind had been sifted in selection of intelligence and of the intricate, magnificently synchronized reflexes and instincts required to do a special job perfectly. So here he was, an autonomous and specialized organism, doubtless a better dog for the job intended than any of his ancestors, searching for a flock that the Park has not got, a flock that would be herded by attendants in uniform if there were one and folded by a photo-electric cell—here he was, and in his blood and nerves coursed God knows what impulses born of Devon and Salisbury but nurtured in New York, and never, in his whole life, to have a moment of function. And as counterpoint, as a poetic complement, once a year the biggest bench show brings in a flock of sheep to nibble tanbark in the Garden, and some of this dog's poor relations, and some authentic, perhaps hallmarked shepherds, to go through a counterfeit and heartbreaking parody of the act for which he was bred.

I have seen Labradors in the Park too, whose otter-tails were meant for rudders in the backwash of waves crackling with ice, waves against which the thick black coats would be a sure protection. And when the winds across Central Park turn chill, the cutest blankets are buckled over the black coats, and if a dog made a heretical, atavistic leap toward the lake there would be a mobilization of the police force to pull him out. But I will remember longest a magnificent Samoyed who had snapped his leash in the Park and broken free momentarily with no muzzle on his nose. In his stance and movement one could see his ancestors, who had herded reindeer on the tundras, beaten off wolves, and dragged sledges through blizzards over frozen snow—never with jaws so strong or teeth so sharp and clean as his, forelegs so straight, chests so deep, haunches so powerful. When he loped about the Park one could see and almost share his ecstasy, and he carried in his mouth an object which he would drop and back away from—then, crouching, he would leap at it as at a gray wolf's throat. I watched him till a feeling of indecency oppressed me and I had to turn away, leaving him, this watchdog with nothing to guard, this hunter with nothing to hunt, this workman with nothing to work at—flinging himself about the resinous grass of Central Park, growling and snorting in his counterfeit ferocity, and worrying his rubber rat.

There are rubber rats for these metropolitan dogs to chew, and composition bones; there are even treadmills for them to run on and so get a prophylactic exercise in the living room, safely away from drafts. There are veterinaries to treat the maladies that attack them, and probably psychiatric clinics where the neuroses begotten in them may be repaired. You pay, if you are the dog's owner and can afford to indulge his asthenias, a stiff price for such services, and you may have his meals served by a caterer. And, equally, if you are a poor man you must feed and protect and nurse your dog, for he can do nothing for himself. And if you own no dogs, you see the pitiful beasts, sniffing the stenches of the streets, cringing when the trucks backfire, promenading with a nurse, docilely awaiting the chemically formulated food that is compounded on behalf of their bones, their teeth, and the proper cell-counts of their blood.

Coming to New York, you work up a really powerful pity for the dogs, splendid and damned, bred perfectly to functions never exercised, living like Dr. Carrel's fragment of chicken tissue in a solution sealed in a test-tube. They are overspecialized beyond adaptation, and their splendid points ominously remind you of the textbook specimens of doom—say the beautiful spiral tusks of the Columbia mammoth. They are parasites, and you remember the degenerations that produced the tapeworm and similar crea-

tures—the organs of locomotion drop away and the organism develops structures for attachment or adhesion, and simplifies its other organs and structures to fit a life cycle distorted and debased. "Hermaphroditism frequently characterizes the parasite," the textbook says, "and in some instances self-impregnation seems to occur. Parasitic plants lose many organs but never the blossoms, which are often of wondrous beauty, as for instance, the orchids." And great stress is laid on alimentation . . . and there are always rubber rats.

But you soon forget the dogs—perhaps first when you happen to glance at the crowds in front of pet-store windows. I have seen them there as late as three-thirty in the morning, peering compulsively at a cat stretched out asleep or a canary with its head tucked under its wing. Or the crowds at the windows of railroad and steamship companies and travel agencies, which sell passage to—anywhere else. Most of all, the windows I have passed twice a day for two years, never without seeing a crowd pressed against them. This week they will be full of paraphernalia for games to be played on lawns, idiotic, futile games—but the citizen's eye lightens and for a moment life breaks free. Next week the windows will be packed with salt-sea objects, all the absurd vestments and gadgets of yachtsmen, fishermen, swimmers, sunbathers—and all day long the citizens pause to hear the sound of water, taste spray on the lips, and see a wide and empty place. It is a drop of digitalis to steady the dragging heart, a grain of barbital to soothe the tortured nerves—for today. And to-morrow the windows will have camp axes in them, pocket compasses, sleeping bags, canoe paddles, fowling pieces, and a hundred other things to allay frustration and help the thinly held sac of living senses survive another day.

New York's most dependable wish-fulfillment for males, a friend of mine called those windows. If they were only that there would be nothing ominous in them. But what one reads in those faces pressed to glass is not a mere phantasy gratified by a moment's peering—it is something fixed and terrible. There is here discharged an energy, a libido, a love, that has been displaced. Life has been dammed off from its function, and it must dig such frustrate channels to flow in. . . . Shop windows are but one item of an immense symptomatology. At every hand one encounters the same deflection and conversion of life's essential energies from true function to substitutes which are most terrible in that they are accepted with delight. Theology tells us that sin sunk to acceptance is depravity, and psychiatry tells us that even a psychosis is an adaptation, a way of staying alive, and four million people are adapted to living with the aorta tied off. . . . But I no longer have to live under that ligature—I'm moving away.

They live, the New Yorkers, in the most splendid respirator, the most praiseworthy glassed-in, air-conditioned, violet-ray-irradiated sickroom. They have been magnificently bred, they have powerful haunches and straight forelegs and jaws evolved for gripping and teeth stronger and sharper and whiter than their ancestors, who used theirs, ever had. And they lope across the greasy grass of Central Park in a counterfeit delight that from a furlong off looks like the real thing, and they hurl themselves at a rubber rat and worry it and shake it as if they were killing a real rat. Use without function. They like it—but I don't. I'm getting out.

I've heard all the assurances, these last few weeks, and I admit them all. But isn't it a beautiful, a spectacular city, and isn't the skyline breath-taking? Why, yes, here and there, though the Grand Teton is still more so and this town's beauty would go better if it didn't smell so bad. But aren't there gorgeous colors at sunset and in winter dusk, and don't you love it when the lights come on? Yes, lovely colors when you can contrive to see them, and if you have forgotten what the desert looks like, if you can remember no countryside and no

other skies, if you are willing to put up with milk for blood and ginger ale for water. And the orchids specialize in blossoms. But aren't the signs above Broadway like fairyland? They would be still better if I didn't know how to read. But where else will you find so many really excellent restaurants, from a corner sea-food bar to the Chambord, from Child's to anything you will? Yes, excellent food, and yes, I like to eat it, though preferably in my own house and not to the point of perversity, and isn't this stress on oral gratifications a trifle alarming, and do you remember how some parasites become just an alimentary canal? But the marvelous police force and the fire protection and the street-cleaning and all the services of government—the theaters, the concerts, the libraries, the museums, the hospitals, the free helps and free shows and all the aids in time of trouble—where else does government give so much, where can one get so much amusement so expert and, if necessary, so cheap—where else are so many graces and diversions available to everyone? Yes, boys, they've built a fine ward for you: you've heard the stories about the lifers who are afraid to leave their cells. It is an opulent life here for those who can afford to pay for it, and surprisingly helpful to those who can't afford to pay, and the attendants or keepers are the most expert in the world, and the shows and assistances the most numerous. And you like it that way, boys, it has come to seem to you more desirable, more natural even, than the way life runs of its own momentum in its own ducts. You like it, and that is why your splendid dogs no longer seem pitiful to me—they can't when I see you chewing your own rubber rats. When you have come to mistake rubber for living fur, sawdust for blood, celluloid for bone—I know the word for it. And no thanks.

So long, boys, I'll be seeing you. I really will, after I've gone, for it is easier to travel five hours on the New Haven than twenty minutes on the subway or in a taxi. I saw you oftener before I came here, as the saying is, to live, than I did afterward. One doesn't see one's friends in New York. One only means to.

So long, Archie. We did have dinner once. That was sixteen months ago, and a good dinner too, as the local ritual and small talk require, and we 'phoned each other now and then, saying we'd do it again, and meaning to, but we never did. The grapevine says you're moving away too, and that has more sense in it than most things the literary sections print. So long, Lee, Elmer, Gene. We did meet occasionally, we did sit for a few minutes talking together, at long intervals, there was some sense of liking and mutual respect continuing across the city blocks that are really few, when you count them, but add up to more than we contrived to bridge. So long, Jim, George, Ernest, Howard, Simeon. Send me a postcard of the grand Empire State, say, or the grass in Central Park, or the Reservoir that people are said to walk round for nature's or sweet hygiene's sake. I'll send you one—of the Frog Pond. I'm getting out. I'm going back to America, to civilization. Civilization is a place where a man can, and does, sit sometimes talking with his friends.

And you may bury my rubber rat. No, you can't bury it for there is no ground to dig a grave in: incinerate it, or run it through one of those gadgets that make a pulp of everything but tin cans. I had my rubber rat: I came here to write about other men's books, and that gives the measure of this maniac town. In this air it seems sensible, it has the town's logic—and it is quite as functional as any dog stretching his legs on a treadmill in a steam-heated room. I'm going away: I'm going to write my own books, and let someone here write about them.

So long, boys; good-by, proud towers. It's a swell place to visit. Especially the Museum of Natural History, which has those fine, white, spiral tusks of the extinct mammoth, those tapeworms with structures for grappling and adhesion.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

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JAPAN AND CHINA: SECOND YEAR

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE war between China and Japan has been in progress for a year. A reckoning is in order.

Soon after the war began I wrote an article for HARPER'S MAGAZINE with the general thesis that, however the war ended, the world would never again be the same. As corollaries I added that it would be a long protracted war without formal decision or definitive conclusion; that the Western Powers would escape being drawn in only by unique good fortune; that, save in the event of outright Chinese victory the war would be the beginning of an international struggle for priority in China more deadly than in the nineteenth century: and, not least, that the war was the beginning of the end of modern Japan. Sweeping as these propositions may have seemed then, they have been substantiated by a year of fighting. Only one of them is still unconfirmed: Europe and the United States have not yet been drawn in. That there will be no intervention is still far from excluded. To the contrary, it is still more likely to come than not.

First of all, it is indeed a long war and the end is not in sight. To that extent the Japanese are losing. Their strategy, their hopes, and their illusions all have been defeated. Their external relations, and still more their internal position, made a quick victory essential. I happened to be in China when the war broke out and in Japan during the first month of hard fighting. With the exception of a few who had lived in China and knew something about the Chinese, the Japanese were almost unanimous in the belief that China would collapse at once. It was more than belief. It was faith, a faith founded on vanity and ignorance: vanity of the empire's invincible military prowess and ignorance of how Chinese think and feel. Japan had already before paid an exorbitant price for an almost congenital incapacity to understand China. And to that weakness the Japanese historian of a hundred years hence may attribute the downfall of the short-lived Japanese empire.

China did not collapse in three months, as the Japanese publicly and privately

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boasted that it would. There was no reason to expect that it would. Only the Japanese were unaware that the Chinese had been embittered by the aggressions of the preceding years to the desperation of the trapped animal and were ready to turn and fight. And while the Japanese were not unaware that the Chinese had been arming to defend themselves, vanity precluded any acknowledgment that with more arms the Chinese could withstand the Japanese army. China would be terrorized, as it always had been. The Chinese government would "reconsider its anti-Japanese attitude" and North China would become an "autonomous" unit unofficially linked to Manchukuo and Japan. And the Japanese went off blithely on what even officially was labelled the China "Incident."

It is not an incident but a major war, in point of loss of life and destruction second only to the World War. Geographically and tactically the Japanese have had magnificent victories. They hold all of North China and nearly all of Central China. And their advance is the measure of their failure. If they had not taken so much territory, if they had not been compelled to take so much territory, they could have counted the war successful. Their object was to deal China a crushing blow with a minimal expenditure of men and materials, dictate a peace ending opposition to Japan's ambitions, and pinch off the North China provinces. They thought the fighting would be over when they had overrun the area around Peiping and Tientsin or, at the most, when they had driven the Chinese central government out of Nanking. Instead, after every victory they have had to undertake another and harder campaign. They have won battles, driven off Chinese armies, and captured cities and provinces, but they have not been able to put Chinese armed forces out of action. They have won everything, in fact, except Chinese acknowledgment of defeat. And until they win that their victories are worthless to them. To the contrary, they are a liability. They impose the necessity of more troops for garrison duty and guarding lines of communication, more men and munitions for further battles. Every mile the Japanese penetrate deeper into China their task becomes more difficult, their position more dangerous.

Even Japanese army leaders no longer attempt to deceive themselves or even their people. They too now know what everybody else knew at the beginning: to conquer any of China it is necessary to conquer all of it. That, in essence, is the burden they have assumed, whether they were conscious of it or not. The war will end if and when they have exterminated the Chinese organized fighting forces and dispersed the guerrilla bands now at large throughout the country and in addition have occupied the whole country. A compromise peace they can have only on terms that will constitute acknowledgment of defeat. That they cannot make even if they were so inclined. It would be a waste of all that has been expended, both in life and in resources. And by what has been expended already Japan has been set back for a decade. More serious, it would expose the army to an enforced accounting at home that would end in dethronement of the army from the rulership of Japan, which it now holds, and might even end in revolution. The Japanese army has staked more in China than a grandiose scheme of imperial conquest. It has staked its own existence. A compromise peace on terms that would be tantamount to the surrender by China of sovereignty over its territory the Japanese are not likely to get. The war has acted as an amalgam in China. Japan has that accomplishment to its credit, dubious as that may be from its point of view. The threat of national extinction has thrown together the hitherto warring factions in China. The excesses of the Japanese troops have given the mass of Chinese, otherwise with little national consciousness, a cause.

Because these excesses count so heavily in the formation of China's attitude toward the war, something must be said

about them. Atrocity reports generally must be discounted by three-quarters. In this war they have been understatements. The sacking of Nanking, Hangchow, Paotingfu, and countless towns and villages have been in the worst early Asiatic tradition. Not only the bombing of open towns and villages but the looting, slaughtering of helpless non-combatants, and raping of women, all now corroborated by unimpeachable evidence, have given a passionate content to China's will to resist.

The Chinese government might conceivably be induced to sign a peace on Japanese terms in order to save something out of the nation's wreck, but it could not put the terms into effect. If it were not actually disavowed and supplanted by another government committed to continuing the war, there would be large bodies of troops carrying on resistance, with the support of a considerable part of the population. But it is unlikely that the Chinese government will be willing to sign any peace in the near future except on terms unacceptable to Japan. China can be expected to go on fighting, resisting at one point as long as possible, then withdrawing to another point and taking up resistance there, with the intent of prolonging the war as much as possible and making it as costly to Japan as possible. A compromise satisfactory to China Japan will not offer; a compromise Japan can accept China will not concede; and a straight-out military victory for Japan is remote. There is little prospect then of an end to the war in the near future.

The future is more easily stated in the negative. What will be is almost impossible to formulate, difficult to conjecture. But given the projection of the lines already set, it is not possible to see an end in positive Japanese victory. Time has defeated Japan. If Japan had not underestimated the enemy but instead had thrust into China with the full force of its trained man-power and modern armament, China might have been crushed before it could gather its scattered powers. But if Japan had not underestimated the enemy it would not have been Japan and there would have been no war. It would not have been a country dragged at the heels of a military clique, insular, semi-feudal in its ignorance of the world, overweening in pride and intoxicated by fantasies of world conquest that the country is not strong enough to sustain. Japan being what it was, contempt of the enemy and miscalculation of his strength were innate. In result Japan finds itself in its present predicament—unable to win the war, unable to drop it, unable to continue it without the danger of fatal exhaustion.

II

The danger is evident and growing week by week. Only one thing staves it off: the aggregate of the instrumentalities of totalitarianism for postponing the incidence of social and economic law. Because there has not been enough experience to appraise those instrumentalities accurately, it is impossible to fix the point at which the danger sweeps over the protective devices of totalitarianism. Of the fact of totalitarianism there is no longer any doubt of course. The national mobilization law so-called is only the open avowal of what already had been set in motion—the centralized control of all the resources and economic activities of the nation and their deflection for war purposes. Broadly speaking, there is no aspect of the material life of the nation not under the control, supervision, or veto power of the government—that is, the army. In this there is nothing of what is called in current slang ideological belief. It is sheer necessity. Without it Japan would now be a self-declared bankrupt, shaken by the crashes of compulsory liquidation.

Government figures no longer have any meaning. They are symbols as abstract as in pure mathematics. Without the unofficial repeal of bookkeeping the government's assets would be worthless. The government exists on bonds the only

security behind which is the chance of victory over China and recovery before another war. It is dubious security. Beyond its normal running expenses Japan has already appropriated for the war nearly ten billion yen—three billion dollars. Even before the war Japan failed to meet its government expenses by twenty-five per cent and had to resort to deficit bond issues. And in the year before the war it was impossible to float all the 700,000,000 yen of deficit bonds because the capital market could not absorb them. But this year it will be necessary to float five billion yen of bonds to pay for the war! It can be done only as a paper transaction. The bonds are issued to the Bank of Japan and government payments made against them. Private banks are compelled to take them up to the limit of their capacity, and there is being introduced, although with euphemisms, a system of compulsory deductions from workers' wages to be turned over to the government as "savings." Japan is not only squandering the wealth accumulated in the past but mortgaging the future. If the war can be finished before the mortgage is called, Japan escapes collapse; if not, Japan collapses. But the war has already become a gamble, with stakes that Japan does not possess.

The test will come in the matter of raw materials. For a large part of the materials that go into the war machine Japan must depend on the outside world. It had laid up reserves for war of course, and the exact status of those reserves can only be guessed. But from the tightening of restrictions on the use of certain materials it can be inferred that they are being depleted to the vanishing point. When they are the crucial pressure will set in. Then Japan's sole reliance will be on its foreign trade. The weak spot in Japan's economy has long been an abnormal dependence on foreign trade. Now it may stand or fall by its exports. And what must be emphasized is that every internal factor working against the country works with greater effect on its foreign trade. In order to conserve the gold support of the currency, which has been dwindling for more than a year, imports are now restricted to materials for military supplies. Not only have small local enterprises been hit, but the export industries have been struck harder. Moreover, under conditions of inflation, which the muzzled press openly admits to exist, prices have risen by almost twenty per cent in the first year of the war, hampering foreign trade still farther. The rise in prices, incidentally, has worked intense hardship on a population already reduced to stringent circumstances. And as for its effect upon foreign trade, exports for the first five months of this year had shrunk by 214,000,000 yen, compared with last year, a decline of some seventeen per cent. By so much Japan's ability to buy military supplies has been reduced. At the same time it had imported goods worth 137,000,000 yen more than it exported—a balance that must be met with gold. In proportion as Japan's exports and gold supply decline its sands run out.

The decline will be at an increasing rate as the war drags on. And the pressure will be harsher as the campaigns on the continent are extended over greater areas and consume more supplies. Without an end to the war within the next year, the point will come when Japan will have neither gold enough nor foreign trade enough to exchange for military materials, to say nothing of maintaining the industries which live by exports. Then only foreign credits can save it from having to acknowledge defeat or enter on a period of breaking up. And it is hard to visualize the source of foreign credits, if not impossible. This is the focal point of the war.

It need not be argued at length that Japan is getting little out of its conquests and can get little so long as the war lasts. As is generally known, Japan holds only ports, provincial centers, and railway lines. A few miles from its garrisons there are partisan and guerrilla bands and Japanese authority does not run. It is immaterial what the resources of the region are unless the region is pacified.

And pacification has not yet begun. In fact, it would require the whole of the Japanese army and more to conquer the country effectively under existing circumstances. No matter what happens, there is no prospect that Japan can reduce its expedition in China to fewer than 250,000 men for at least a year. If it cannot, then the forces that have been analyzed will begin to operate with effects mounting toward catastrophe.

What then? Defeat for the Japanese will not necessarily mean victory for the Chinese. China will have frustrated an invader and saved itself from becoming a Japanese colony, but it cannot return to the status preceding the war. In the first place, all the physical reconstruction, the industrialization and modernization of the previous decade, has been destroyed. This is one of the major tragedies of the war. Also China too is being laid in ruins. If it is not handicapped equally with Japan, that is because it is still only slightly industrialized and loosely organized, less sensitive in all its parts to the dislocations of any one of them. In that sense it has the advantages of its weakness, the immunities of a society not yet complex. But it is being laid waste just the same and it will need a generation to recover. What will happen in the interval, more particularly immediately after the war? That there will be internal stabilization is far from certain.

The Chinese communist army has been newly discovered by the American press and its influence and accomplishments are therefore exaggerated in popular discussion. Guerrilla warfare has been treated as synonymous with communist activity. This is baseless and unfortunate in that it tends to spread the belief that resistance to Japan is disproportionately communistic. But it is true, nevertheless, that the war has given the communists an opportunity to organize large districts, extensive popular support among the masses, and seasoned troops. There are here the makings of complications no less serious than those of the war. It is not unlikely that China will be in upheaval for years. Much will depend on how much of a political mechanism is left at the end of the war, on whether there is more than one such mechanism and, if so, who controls them. If what is now the central government remains intact, then the only threat of factionalism will come in its relations with the communists. How serious that threat is will depend on whether in the meantime the communists have taken over most of the burden of prosecuting the war and then on whether some compromise in social program can be worked out between them. Doctrinal differences as such offer no insuperable obstacle. They seldom do in China. Possessive pride of belief is not in the Chinese. They are too old and too deeply steeped in a humanistic tradition to make ultimate sacrifices for ideologies. But while doctrinal differences may be composed, there will be concrete social conflicts not so easy to appease. The suffering of the Chinese peasantry and unskilled urban workers even before the war was unimaginable to Occidentals. Since then it has been beyond description. If China reverts to the pre-war economic dispensation, with the peasant ground by rackrenting, usury, and market profiteering and the urban worker sweated in new factories at subsistence or less-than-subsistence wages, then the efforts and promises of the communists will bear fruit. China has been thrown off its pivot in any case, and post-war conditions are the same everywhere. Under any circumstances a spontaneous mass rising is not impossible. Unless social conditions are alleviated and an accord worked out with the communists it is more likely than not.

One other contingency must be taken into account. If Japan is repelled and the government left intact—a successful military government accustomed to arbitrary rule under war conditions—there arises the danger of the Man on Horseback. Even if Chiang Kai-shek, who wields preponderant power now, should die there will be other candidates for the saddle. The temptations to dictatorship have been waxing in the Orient too.

They will be fostered by the war and post-war conditions. The transition to a stable government, capable of carrying on both the reconstruction and the organization of modern administration with a measure of democratic participation, without dictatorship or social revolution, will be difficult beyond anything in China's experience, harsh as the last two decades may have been. If carried through successfully it will be a tremendous achievement and, moreover, an achievement providential for the rest of the world. In fact, if not carried through successfully the chance of world peace is not over-bright.

III

I have already said before in HARPER'S that the war in the Far East was not being waged in a vacuum. It may now be said that the form of the final decision may be cast outside the Far East entirely. The course of the past year has made that more probable rather than less. If the war drags out, Japan unable to win and China unable to drive out the Japanese troops and both sides at the point of exhaustion —which now seems the more probable outcome—then the settlement can be dictated by the rest of the world. That statement needs immediate qualification: provided the rest of the world can agree on a settlement. And this is to say that the Far Eastern war is then thrown into the pool of the contemporary world conflict, to be settled according to whether that is settled with or without further war and in the direction in which it is settled.

The division on preferences in the Far East has already begun to form. I do not refer now to the so-called tri-partite anti-communist bloc, because that is so loose as to be almost liquid. No one of the three parties would respect the obligation for twenty-four hours if diplomatic exigencies counseled repudiation. The German-Japanese alliance is a counter against Soviet Russia, and Italy's adhesion is a declaration of solidarity with Germany for European purposes. Until very recently, the German-Japanese treaty notwithstanding, Germany was giving not only comfort but material aid to Japan's enemy. But for Germany's international purposes it is indispensable that Japan's strength be not shattered, though China's good will is invaluable for trade purposes. Therefore there have been indications of Germany's swerving, at least to the point of not helping China to bring about Japan's emasculation. At the same time Soviet Russia, while contributing less to China than many had expected on superficial reasoning or ideological pieties, has been increasing its assistance in the form of supplies. So far the supplies have been paid for, not given; but if necessary they will be given. For it is indispensable to Soviet Russia that Japan be brought as near exhaustion as possible. There are here, then, all the ingredients of a vaster and more terrible Spain. And the presence in China already of a native communist element is a substantial ingredient. If, for example, the Chinese central government and the communists cannot work out an accord, as has already been discussed, and Soviet Russia, whose part in the war has been expanding, should then give the same kind of assistance to the Chinese communists—then there is Spain.

It will be an exact duplicate of Spain so far as the democratic Powers are concerned. America, Great Britain, and France have thus far held aloof from the war in the Far East, though their interests and preferences are clear. A Japanese victory would be for them calamitous: politically, because it would give Japan overweening power and by so much strengthen the fascist coalition; economically, because they would be excluded from China's trade. At the same time they would not welcome too decisive a Chinese victory since then they would lose their special privileges in China. In this regard Great Britain must be considered somewhat apart. Because of its whole imperial position it must have Japanese failure without complete Chinese success. As for the United States, it must have Japanese failure and is not over-worried

by Chinese success. If, then, there should be in China the duplicate of Spain, the three democratic Powers would have exactly the same dilemma as in Spain now: a fascist victory would be directly inimical to them; the alternative to fascist victory would be unpalatable and perhaps serious. But since China would be a second Spain, it would be more difficult to temporize and evade than in the first Spain. Intrinsically the stake would be bigger, and the reinforcement of precedent would be ominous. And the United States would be less inhibited than France and Great Britain. Doctrinal considerations would weigh less than the fear of an all-powerful Japan. Now, as for years before, Great Britain and France could reconcile themselves more easily to Japanese than Russian ascendancy; the United States could reconcile itself more easily to Russian ascendancy. They disagree as to which of the two evils is the lesser.

Now—as when the war began—it may be said that, all moral considerations apart, the world's best interests lie in a clear-cut Chinese victory or at least in a stalemate, with Japan completely exhausted and China left with a government intact and unshattered powers of recuperation. For thus and probably thus alone would the world be spared future conflicts in the Far East. Under those circumstances there would doubtless be turmoil in Japan, perhaps revolution. But the repercussions outside Japan would be slight. A strong China able to defend its own interests would be an insurance against the kind of international skirmishing that took place in the Far East before 1914 and that has set in again east of the Danube. A stalemate, however, that left China as broken as Japan, while less dangerous than a Japanese victory, would also invite such skirmishing.

What certainly cannot be looked for is a period of stability or tranquillity in the Far East. What can be expected is a long war without a decision having finality. Unless the fascist Powers come to Japan's rescue and are not restrained by the others, Japan will not win. It may have the outer semblance of a victory, but a victory that will be actually Pyrrhic and will bleed Japan to death. In the end the outcome of the war, if not actually determined by the West, will follow the form that the whole international conflict takes and reflect the way in which that conflict is resolved. The Far East may indeed precipitate the ultimate determination of the Western conflict; but even if it does not, it will be governed thereby. What can be taken as certain now is that the future of the Far East will be decided as much in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Moscow, and Washington as on the battlefields of the middle Yangtze, a fact that will not add to the simplicity of life in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Moscow, and Washington.

BOATS FOR HIRE

A STORY

BY BUCKLIN MOON

As Joan got out of the car the three cur dogs swirled round her legs, sniffing at her noisily, and she bent to talk them out of their distrust of her. The air was yet cool and she raised her head and let the wind wash her face fresh. Down river and across the grassy hammocks where the river joined the open sea at Mosquito Inlet, the lighthouse tower loomed huge against the early morning sky. She stood for a moment waiting for her father to take out the tackle from the back of the car.

As they turned the corner of the house she saw the woman on the front stoop, standing like something carved in profile, so that her apron failed to hide her swollen body. She was wearing an old sun-bonnet and under the protruding brim her hawklike nose dwarfed the rest of her features into harshness. When she saw them her smile cracked the leathery hardness of her face.

"Toby is nigh onto ready," she called. "He didn't belong to be late, but he'll be along directly. He's done et already and gone to git his tackle. Iffen you and yer daddy wish, come rest a spell on the stoop. Toby won't be noways long."

Joan left her father on the bottom step of the porch and walked slowly down to the water's edge. Behind her she could hear her father asking about the fishing and the woman's reply came to her faintly like the drone of some insect.

"Well, now, hit's been betwixt and between. Mostly though hit's been good. Take the other day, reckon hit was Tuesday last, Toby had out a party and they like to caught a boatful. Now the next time hit might likely not be as good. Jest ain't no ways of tellin. They been ketchin mostly trouts, but they's been some bass too. Then for them as likes hit there's sheepshead and sech. A body jest don't know what is likely to be bitin."

"Then the bluefish haven't started running in the river yet?"

"They's been a smatterin of blues, most ways a stragglin chere and there. Seems them blues is way out yit. Ain't been ary a school in close, leastways none I heered of."

Joan lost interest in what they were saying and looked out over the dark river. She picked up an oyster shell and tried to skip it across the water, but it was not flat enough and sank slowly from sight, fluttering from side to side. Behind her she heard the crunch of shells and she looked round and saw Toby bending over a rowboat which was tied to a stake driven into the sand at the edge of the water. He pushed it free from the mud and it swung clear with the movement of the incoming tide.

"Hello," she called to him, "think we'll have any luck to-day?"

He turned toward her slowly. "Cain't tell," he answered tersely. "We might and then agin we might not."

She waited for him to go on, but he turned his back to her and bent over the

boat again. "Does it look like a good day?" she asked.

He straightened up and looked out over the water. "Reckon the day's all right."

She was half angry at his curtness and unconsciously her hand smoothed the ends of her hair.

"Was that stuff yonder by the stoop all the truck youall brung?"

"Yes."

"Reckon we best to git started then. You kin call your daddy."

She turned toward the house and saw her father coming down the path. Then suddenly she felt something crawl across her canvas shoe and she jumped nervously. She looked down and saw a fiddler crab sidewalking away toward the bank.

"Them fiddlers won't hurt you none, m'am," Toby said.

"I know it," she answered curtly. "I didn't see what it was until after I jumped. I felt something moving across my foot and I thought maybe it was a snake."

She looked at him. He was not laughing, but the look around his eyes irritated her. She started to say something more, but instead got quickly into the boat.

The old outboard motor whined its protest against the tide and the bottom of the flatboat spanked the dark water. Joan tried to avoid looking at Toby, but somehow she kept looking at his seated figure in the stern of the boat. He sat with his arms on the steering lever and the vibration of the motor made his whole upper body tremble, so that even the cigarette in the corner of his mouth stuttered slightly. She twisted in her seat and looked away from him. Suddenly the motor stopped and the bow dropped beneath her.

"Are we going to fish here, Toby?" she asked.

"Yessum."

He reached for her rod and began to thread the end of her line through a sinker, tying a small piece of matchstick with a slipknot several feet above the hook to keep the weight from sliding too far down the line. His hands moved swift as machine parts, the long tapering fingers strong and sure. He reached into the bait pail and took out a live shrimp, hooking it through the base of the long-shaped head, just under the spinal cord.

"All right," he said, "you kin start to fish now."

She waited for him to bait her father's hook, trailing her bait in the water to keep it alive. Then she saw him bait his own hook and with a flick of the wrist the bait shot out lazily, clear and free, to drop less than a foot from the gnarled mangroves that lined the bank. She cast herself and shortly had a strike. She set the hook hard and began to reel in line. After a few moments she was able to bring the fish to the surface and Toby lifted it into the boat. It was a small sand shark, and as it lay flopping at her feet the sun shone on its gray sides so that it seemed silver, and as it turned belly upward, its underside was soft and white as the stomach of a young rabbit. Toby picked it up and cut a long slit up the belly with his pocket knife, then threw it over the side of the boat. She saw it there on the surface, trying to swim down and away from them, its movements slow and uncertain as though it was paralyzed and must learn to swim all over again. The red of its blood, which had seemed so bright before, was now dulled and pulled thin by the water. She turned her head quickly, for although she knew it was a scavenger and must be done away with, she could only remember the beauty of it as it had come fresh from the water.

"Hit won't be overly long," Toby said slowly. "Them other sharks will smell him and come a hoppin. They'll kill him fast."

She nodded dully. The sun was almost overhead. In a short time Toby reeled in his line and said, "There ain't a bit of use to stay chere. Seems like they jest ain't in this spot."

He waited until they reeled in and then pulled up the anchor and started the motor. She felt the wind again at her

face; it was good now that the day had lost all trace of the morning coolness.

Behind them she heard a boat whistle grunt and as she turned the outline of a shrimp boat showed large and gray to the rear. She watched it as it gained on them. At the cabin-house window she could see a young negro boy. He had on a battered straw hat with no top to the crown and there was an unlighted cigar butt screwed hard into the side of his mouth. He looked down at them and grinned as the boat passed. When Toby did not look up he yanked the whistle cord two short blasts and the force of his laughter shook his head from side to side. The wash rocked their boat gently as they swung round to take it broadside. The shrimper turned a bend out of sight and they were alone again, as though they were the only living things on the entire river and the memory of the battered, gray hulk were only something that she had imagined. They passed a tall post with a large white sign nailed near the top. There was a large, black arrow pointing south along the channel and painted across the face in bold red paint were the words: Miami 287 miles.

They nosed toward a narrow opening off the main body of the river. After going up a sort of creek for a few hundred yards they came to a widening in the channel and Toby cut the motor.

"I reckon we might as well fish fer trouts," he said. "This chere is the place I had a party ketch twenty-eight last week."

The sun beat down and prickled her skin. She raised her face to the sky and let it bake for a few moments. Out of the bottom of her eyes she could see Toby's bobber riding the choppy little waves. Suddenly it disappeared from view and he set the hook hard, but the fish was already away with the bait. He looked up at her and grinned.

"Lest we know they's one fish in chere," he said, "but hit shore may be the only one."

Her eyes returned to her own bobber and she looked at it so long it became a blur. Time was something to be endured. The sun was high overhead and she was getting hungry.

The late afternoon breeze that had come up with the change of tide pawed gently at the flour-sack curtains in the kitchen where Toby's mother was sitting. In the distance she heard the sound of a motor. That must be Toby now, she thought, and laughed inwardly. Here he had been out all morning fishing with those two yankees and they hadn't even had decent luck. Six long hours fishing and all they brought back was one sheepshead. It lay now on the table before her, ready for frying, because sheepshead wasn't good enough for some people. She snorted. And yet that very afternoon, after they had come in from the river at noon, Toby had gone fishing again.

Toby's just like his old man, she thought, always fishing. It just didn't seem the kind of work a man ought to do. It was something for spare time and not a way to earn a living. She remembered that she had talked to Toby's father about it before he died, but he had just laughed and said it paid good. But that wasn't what she meant.

Suddenly she came out of the past with a start. Soon Toby would come stomping into the kitchen and likely as not he'd be hungry. If there was no supper ready he'd be cross as an old she bear with young'uns. She got to her feet and walked over to the stove. The skillet lay on the back of the range hot and ready. She rolled the two halves of fish in breadcrumbs and threw them into the hot grease.

Presently she heard a noise behind her and when she turned she saw Toby standing in the middle of the room, so tall that his head nearly touched the ceiling of the low room.

"Have ary luck, Toby?"

"Yeah, I ketched me six nice trouts." He lapsed into silence momentarily, then went on, "Supper near ready?"

"Hit's likely to be five or ten minutes

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more. I didn't rightly expect you so soon, Toby. Reckon though you do git hungry out there. Hit'll be ready directly."

He walked angularly to the chair by the window and sat down, tilting the chair back against the wall. "I been a thinkin," he said slowly. "Reckon as to how we cain't use all them trouts. Jest ain't no ways we kin keep them freshened up. I thought I might take me a couple to them folks I had out this mornin. Shucks, they didn't have no luck noways." He looked up at her out of the corner of his eyes without raising his head. If she heard him she did not show it. He blew smoke at the ceiling. "Seems to me they kind of got a right to a fish fry. They paid me good and I rightly think they belong to have some of them trouts fer eatin."

She swung on her heel and looked at him hard, her hands on her hips and her body bent forward slightly. "Toby," she said slowly. "God be my guide, that ain't the way hit is and you know hit. Maybe I ain't overly smart. I ain't had much of a spell of book larnin but I kin see what I kin see. The only idee you got in takin them folks them trouts is so you kin git another peek at that young gal. Son, you an her ain't likely to git nowheres noways. Iffen I was you I shore wouldn't go. Likely as not you'll git what you ain't lookin fer."

She went to the window and spat. His eyes followed her every move.

"That may and may not be. I said I was goin to take them folks some of them trouts and that's what I'm aimin to do."

"You'll likely be sorry. Shucks, that gal ain't fer you. You and her ain't cut from the same kind of cloth. Don't you do hit, son."

He returned her deep look and shrugged. "Reckon I know my own mind better'n you do. Maybe she ain't fer me, but she shore is a pert little thing, purty as ary picture ever I seen. Maybe I aim to see her and maybe I don't. Like I said, I figure that to be my business. Right now I figure on guttin them trouts. Hit won't take me overly long so you'd best have grub on the table time I'm done."

He got to his feet and walked slowly toward the doorway. The firm set to his jaw told her the futility of saying anything more. The matter was settled in his own mind and no words could sway him. A feeling of frustration came to her and spread quickly over her whole body like a rash.

"You mind what I said," he told her curtly, then turned on his heel.

Now that he was gone the room somehow seemed bigger again.

A long gray streamer of pelicans soared low over the sand dunes. The sea lay muddy-colored as far as the eye could see and a shrimper moved northward toward Matanzas Inlet so slowly that from where Joan was seated on the terrace of the low white house it seemed scarcely to be moving at all. She closed her eyes and saw him—Toby—as he had looked that morning. She remembered the thin, hard look of him and the careless grace of the way he moved. She opened her eyes angrily and flicked her cigarette hard across the lawn toward the bank that browed the beach. Down toward the pink-stucco hotel she watched a late-afternoon bather, and with him she somehow felt the first sharp shock of contact with the cool water. The little sandpipers ran along the edge of the incoming waves on their frail, pipestem legs, the crazy quickness of their movements like those of a child running aimlessly in circles, only to get nowhere. Up the beach she saw a figure walking toward the place where she was seated.

When it came nearer she saw that it was Toby. For a moment she thought of walking into the house so that he would not see her on the bank above him as he passed. But she did not move.

When he was nearly opposite he turned in at the path which led up the bank to the house above. For a moment with the sun at his back, he was like something out of a book, and then he was Toby again. He saw her and grinned.

"I brung youall some trouts," he said, throwing a gunnysack down at the side of her chair. "Seems you deserve of them not ketchin arythin when you fished all mornin."

She asked him to sit down and he sank awkwardly into the deck chair across from where she was sitting. She offered him a cigarette, but he shook his head and lighted one of his own. He sat upright in the chair with his legs drawn up and cramped, so that as he looked out over the water he had the look of something misshapen. She opened the sack and saw the four fish within, the black specks distinct against the graceful, slime-shiny, silver bodies.

"I ketched them down where we was about noon," he said. "I ketched six in all, one right spang after tother. Reckon I warn't out but an hour."

"I must be bad luck," she laughed. "The minute you get rid of me the fish start to bite."

"No, m'am, hit ain't thataway noways. We just was fishin where they warn't." He was silent again and his eyes returned to the water. In a short time he got to his feet. "I best be gittin back home now, Miss Joan. I shore hope you and yer daddy enjoys them trouts."

"Toby."

"M'am?"

"Did you walk all the way up here with those fish?"

"Not all the way, Miss Joan. A man come along in a car and he done toted me better'n half way."

"It's still a long walk and I want you to know how much we appreciate it. It was very sweet of you to think of it."

"Shucks, walkin ain't nothin fer me. Times I gone out huntin quails and I reckon I walked the better part of twenty miles, maybe more."

"Well, you won't have to do it now. You wait here until I leave these fish in the kitchen and I'll run you down in the car."

"Shucks, Miss Joan, I don't want you to put yerself out none fer me."

But she was already gone. Behind him he heard the kitchen door slam faintly.

The houses they passed were faintly blurred. Toby wished she would drive slower so they wouldn't get there so soon. He sneaked a look at her out of the corner of his eyes. He felt like a fool. Here he'd come all that way and the things he had wanted to say had stuck in his throat like something he could neither swallow nor spit up again. He bit his lip so hard it hurt.

There were no houses along the beach now; soon it would be time to turn off on to the river road. The sun was beginning to sink slowly into the gray-green mass of the ocean. Out near shore he could see a school of porpoises feeding. They rolled playfully like young children suddenly and unexpectedly released from some unpleasant task. He pointed them out to Joan and she swung the nose of the car toward the water and stopped. Together they watched without speaking.

Her nearness hurt him. He wanted to say something to show her the way he felt, but he couldn't. Instead he said, "Reckon you and yer daddy'll be headin north right soon."

"In a couple of weeks, Toby."

"I was hopin maybe you and him and me could go fishin agin. I thought the next time I knowed hit was a good day I'd git in touch with youall."

"That's a good idea, Toby. I know Dad would like to go out again. You'll find our telephone number in the book. When the blues start running in the river you call me up."

She lapsed into silence and he was desperately afraid that soon she would start the car and drive off. He could feel himself getting tense the way he felt on his first deer hunt, and if something didn't happen, it didn't matter what, he was going to explode. It was almost dark and her face was soft and indistinct in the dim light. He inched his arm along the back of the seat behind her head. He saw that her eyes were closed. He bent suddenly and kissed her on the

lips. She made no attempt to resist and he felt her hand soft on his cheek. Then she opened her eyes and pushed him away gently. For a moment she was quiet, looking up at the sky above her, but when he bent to kiss her again she resisted and when he tried to draw her to him she reached down and started the motor.

He shut off the ignition and put the key in his pocket. He could feel his blood pumping and when he spoke his voice shook a little. "I ain't even about ready to go yit."

"Give me the key, Toby," she answered in a low even voice. "It's late, and Dad might be worried about me."

"You liked it well enough before," he said gruffly.

"I know it. That's the point. I don't feel that way now."

He could feel his anger rising like a fever and he pulled her to him roughly. "Fight, damn it, that's what I like to see in a woman. Iffen they ain't got no spirit they ain't no durn good."

She laughed and it stung him. "You sound like something out of a storybook, Toby. Give me the key."

Suddenly he knew that he was making a fool of himself and he hated her for it. "I might have knowed hit," he said harshly. "You damn women are all the same. Cain't tell one from tother. Jest let a man come along and you all do the same way—act sweet and invite God knows what by the way you carry on. Do like ary woman in a jookhouse to git a man to boilin. Come that time and you want to git on home. They got a name fer women like that and hit ain't noways purty. I reckon you know what hit is."

He felt the sting of her hand across his face and slowly the burning sensation spread down over his neck. He took the key from his pocket and put it into the ignition lock. Without a word he opened the car door and got out.

"Toby," she called after him, "I didn't mean to do that. I lost my temper and I did it without thinking. I'm really sorry."

"You'd best to git."

"Toby, come back here a minute. I want to talk to you."

"I ain't in no talkin mood. You'd do best to git on home to yer daddy. I ain't never hit no woman, excusin one that sure did need hit, and I ain't wishin to do so now. I wouldn't wish you to stay chere and make me do something I ain't liken to do."

He quickened his steps. Ma was sure as hell right, he thought; I done went and made me out a fool for sure. That litty ole gal didn't fool Ma none, but she sure hooked me. Way she acts you might think she was pure gold and I was a nigger. He had left the lights of the car far behind him now and he didn't turn round to see whether she was still there. He wanted to get as far away as he could. He started to run. He hadn't noticed that the moon had come up behind him.

When Cooney stepped into the moon-flooded clearing from the scrub it was like leaving a dark room. He stood for a moment listening, but everywhere the silence was thick as a blanket. Off toward the river the house stood in dark silhouette against the lighter sky. He started toward the house. An owl broke the silence harshly, and all at once the dogs came to him barking, shattering the night into pieces. He laughed throatily.

"Smiler," he called in a low voice, "whuh de hell wrong wid yuh, huh? Say yuh cain't see ole Cooney yuh kin sure smell um." The bitch came to him fawning and nuzzled his hand with her long nose. He patted her gently and rumpled her ears. "How yuh, gal? Knows ole Cooney now, huh? Oughter, the time yuh been huntin wid Mistah Toby an me."

The bitch heeled as he walked on toward the house. When he came to the back stoop he called in a low voice, "Miz Johnson."

The sound of her heavy footsteps came to him before he could see the flickering light. Then he saw her through the screen door, her shadow cast huge against

the kitchen wall, so that she looked strange and unnatural in the wavering light.

"Who is that callin me?" she asked, peering out the door into the darkness.

"Iz me, Miz Johnson, Cooney."

"What do you want, nigger?"

"Wants tuh see Mistah Toby. Iffen he dere I gots tuh talk wid um, Miz Johnson."

"Toby ain't chere now, Cooney. I reckon though he might be back directly. He's gone up the beach a piece to see some folks."

"Iz all rite I wait out chere, Miz Johnson?"

"I reckon that'll be all right, Cooney."

She went back into the front of the house with the lamp. Cooney walked over to the clump of trees near the road through the scrub and sat down with his back against an old cabbage palm. He drew his knees up to his chest and rested his chin against them. The bitch lay down beside him, nuzzling his leg to get his attention, whining softly and wagging her tail with affection. Absently he fooled with her ears.

It was she, the bitch, who first sensed that someone was coming up the road. Her head came up sharply and she labored up off the ground. Cooney got up beside her and stood with the weight of his body rested against the trunk of the tree. A figure came out of the woods and he knew it was Toby by his walk.

"Toby," he called, "les me an yuh go fishin tomorruh."

"Nigger, you know you're talkin to a white man. You know better'n that."

"Yessuh, Mistah Toby, I'z sorry. I jest forgit. Lissen, Mistah Toby, I knows whey de blues is runnin. I kin go whey de trouts bite de nakid hook. Knows whey dey's a bass weight twenty-one pounds. He just waitin on us, Mistah Toby. De *Mary Lou* done blowed uh rod. Done come clean out de top de ingine, Mistah Toby. Les us go bout de time de sun come out. I gots de day off."

"Go on, nigger," Toby answered angrily, "I ain't got no time to be foolin with no good niggers."

He started to walk away toward the house.

"Whus wrong, Mistah Toby," Cooney asked, half running to keep up. "I ain foolin none. I knows whey dat ole bass iz at. He down by dat big clump uh mangooves tother side de big bar. Dey's a deep pool dere an dat whey he at. Man, I seed him just befoh suppah."

"Nigger, you better git the hell on out of chere, hear?"

"Whuh yuh mad at, Mistah Toby? Somepin I done done? Didn I toot de whissle when I seed yuh in dat boat wid dem two white folkses? I seed dat purty, litty ole gal an' I knowed waivin de han no good. I grob de cord an toot de whissle twict. I yanked er tail hard so yuh look up. Ole Cap like tuh beat me, Mistah Toby, but I done done hit."

He grabbed hold of Toby's arm and looked up at him intently in the dim light. He couldn't understand what was wrong with Toby.

"Nigger, you'd best let go from aholt of me."

The way he said it didn't even sound like Toby's voice. He said things like that lots of times when he was fooling, but something that he, Cooney, could not understand was different now. He looked at Toby again to see if he maybe wasn't just fooling.

Then without warning, Toby shook off his arm roughly and hit him in the face. He went down with the blow, not because it was so hard but more that he had been caught surprised and off balance. He got to his feet slowly and stood rubbing his face.

"Now you better listen to what I'm sayin, nigger. I want you to git on away from chere. I don't aim to have to hit you agin so you best git on home."

"Mistah Toby," Cooney said slowly, "yuh didn belong tuh do dat. Yuh didn belong tuh hit me. I done growed up wid yuh. Knowed yuh since yuh small as me. Done holped yuh an Miz Johnson all muh life. Yer mama neber in de

wuld lets yuh hit me dat away. I goin tuh tell she an she whop yuh good."

Toby looked down at him in anger. "Listen, you nigger bastard, you go to tellin my ole lady I hit you and I'll grob me a stick and beat knots all over the top of your black head. And my ole lady ain't tellin me off none either. You goin to git?"

He reached down at his feet and picked up an oak bough as big around as his wrist. He tapped it against the palm of his hand and looked hard at Cooney until he backed off slowly and turned round and walked off into the scrub. Toby swung the stick hard against a nearby tree and it broke with a loud explosion. He could feel his hand tingling from the sting and he let the piece in his hand fall slowly to the ground. All his anger was suddenly gone and he felt limp and dazed. He turned and looked into the thickness of the dark scrub.

"Cooney," he called, then again, this time louder, "Cooney, come back chere a minute."

But there was no answer. He shrugged his shoulders and started toward the house again. Now that he was himself he was sorry that he had hit Cooney that way. Cooney was a good nigger and he hadn't meant to. It just happened when he wasn't himself and he hadn't even realized what he had done until it was all over. In some way he would have to make it up to Cooney. If he did that, Cooney, niggerwise, would forget all about it.

Hell, he'd go fishing with him in the morning. He'd get up before daylight and walk over to where Cooney lived and wake him up. He'd let him use his old rod and reel now that he'd got that new one from Sears and Roebuck. They'd get that bass too. He knew the one Cooney was talking about; he'd seen it himself. That would make it all right again. He might even let Cooney try his new rod a couple of times or maybe he ought to tell Cooney what had happened. Only he'd make a good story out of it. Cooney, being a nigger, wouldn't know the difference and when he told him about what he had done to that pretty little gal back in the sand dunes, Cooney would sure hoot and holler.

MORGAN AND MORGAN AND LILIENTHAL

THE PERSONALITIES IN THE TVA WRANGLE

BY WILLSON WHITMAN

THREE honest men have been disagreeing in the Tennessee Valley. When the Tennessee Valley Authority was first established it was a question among people who knew the country whether any three men could lick the job before Tennessee could lick them. The first round has now gone to Tennessee. That is, it can be said that a country of strife and contention has infected with its own cantankerousness the foreigners who came in to plan for the public good.

Men always did fight in Tennessee, not only in every war an obstreperous young nation provided, and in a few Indian fights it disapproved, but in private feuds. They fought in the Free State of Franklin which came before the present State. They fought on both sides in the Civil War, all up and down the river on the bloody battlegrounds of Shiloh, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge. Two brothers fought each other politically in the State's own "War of the Roses." And right now public opinion is so divided in Tennessee that they don't even agree on the name of the State. Louisiana may, with one voice, object to "Loo-easy-anna"; Arkansas rises to protect the fair name of Arkansaw. But East Tennesseans live in *Ten*nessee, while West Tennesseans live in Tennes*see*.

Some say that the three directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority were bound to fight because they were all fanatics anyhow: Dr. Arthur E. Morgan was a fanatic about the whole project, Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan is a fanatic about fertilizer, and Mr. David E. Lilienthal is a fanatic about power. This is not strictly accurate. Only Dr. Arthur Morgan displays a genuinely fanatical zeal; the other two are specialists able to confine their feverish enthusiasm to their own fields.

In their complications, the hearings begun in Washington by the joint investigating committee of House and Senate, and continuing in Knoxville as this is written, have seemed to offer an American version of the Russian trials—exactly as the Valley offers this country's best example of "socialistic experiment." There have been charges and countercharges and accusations of "sabotage." Former Chairman Arthur Morgan, who bends backward to be fair to the power companies, was the one to be harsh with a Senator's damage claims and seemed willing to take land away from farmers guilty of misusing it. The other directors were and are wary of the utilities, discreet in their victory over the Senator, and gentle with the erring farmers. They say Mr. Lilienthal is a crusader against the power companies, but it is Dr. Arthur Morgan who looks like a crusader and talks like one.

Dr. Arthur Morgan is a great man born too late. They don't come that way any more, and there are people who would add "Thank God." Sentimental comparisons of the ex-chairman of TVA to a great oak ("Is it Presidential timber?") are accurate in the sense that he is hard-

wood of the forest primeval, so to speak, surviving amid second-growth stuff. But the days of the giants are over.

Specifically, as the star system has gone from the stage, the one-man show is going from the modern world, and people who expect to run the whole works are apt to get into trouble. We have devised various technics for co-operation, and prima donnas who can't mingle with the company play heck.

Dr. Arthur Morgan is one of those. Much of the time he is right about what he wants to do; his trouble is wanting to do it all himself.

This was the real difficulty with the Tennessee Valley directorate, as anyone can discover by disregarding the wild speculations in the newspapers and by looking at, listening to the men concerned. There is no ground for scandal because there was no "conspiracy," no "second Teapot Dome" for anti-New Dealers to lick their chops over. There was a case of incompatibility of temperament which finally came to require a divorce. As is usual in such cases, nobody was wholly blameless and nobody was wholly to blame, and the gossip is wildly exaggerated.

To say that Dr. Arthur Morgan just didn't like Mr. David Lilienthal is to over-simplify, but there is probably more truth in that statement than in any other single statement to be made about the case. Dr. Arthur Morgan, as everyone knows, is a great educator. He did a good job at Antioch and he would be a good influence for a boy in need of influence.

Another piece of the puzzle is that Mr. Lilienthal is so often referred to as "young Mr. Lilienthal." He is in the neighborhood of forty, but one of his chief assets is a boyish smile, and he is of course considerably younger than the other two directors. He might have stood in the student-teacher relationship to Dr. Arthur Morgan, and had he assumed that attitude no doubt he might have stayed in the good graces of the chairman. For, as another young man put it, "It isn't that Dr. Arthur wants yes-men around him. It's only that he can't stand fools."

But Mr. Lilienthal had already had a teacher; he had been one of Dr. Felix Frankfurter's bright boys at Harvard. He had been on the Wisconsin Public Utilities Commission. He had considerable confidence in his own powers. He is a good speaker, and he understands modern publicity; Tupelo, Mississippi, presented a plaque not to the TVA directorate but

> To Hon. David E. Lilienthal
> As a Token of Appreciation
> from the
> Citizens of Tupelo, Miss.
> First City to Sign a
> TVA Contract

Obviously Mr. Lilienthal knew his way round. And eventually, when Dr. Morgan got to the point where he couldn't put up with activities which he didn't like, and which looked to him like insubordination, it occurred to him that people who weren't fools yet wouldn't be guided in the paths of righteousness as he saw it might actually be knaves.

This mere suspicion in the mind of Dr. Morgan, or even privately expressed, might have done no great damage. Mr. Lilienthal is a realist, far less sensitive than the ex-chairman to personal criticism, and indeed prepared for a certain amount of give-and-take. But Dr. Arthur Morgan was not the man to harbor suspicion in silence.

Furthermore, there was a third member of the board, Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan. As the rift between Dr. Arthur Morgan and Mr. Lilienthal widened, Dr. Harcourt Morgan came to occupy a strategic position on the board. "Dr. H. A.," as he is affectionately known in the Valley, is a Canadian accepted in Tennessee as "one of us"—a fact which speaks volumes for his political sense. As President of the University of Tennessee, and before that dean of the college of agriculture, Dr. H. A. made his lifework not academic but practical; he went about the State preaching fertilizers and fighting insect

pests. In Tennessee he is the member of the board whom they trust as a sound man conversant with local conditions, not a wild idealist or a smart Yankee.

It is just possible that, as Mr. Lilienthal was disliked by Dr. Arthur Morgan, Dr. Arthur Morgan was disliked by Dr. H. A. Morgan. Dr. Arthur's flood-control engineering and Dr. H. A.'s warfare on farm pests were both successful. Both men were educators as well, and if from one point of view Dr. H. A. could sit back as being a university president while Dr. Arthur was only the head of a college, it could be argued that Antioch is world-famous while the University of Tennessee is just another State university. Keeping the honors even, the Act creating the Tennessee Valley Authority makes no distinction as to salary or qualifications among the three members, and provides for the conduct of business by a quorum of two. But it does provide that the President shall designate the chairman, and Dr. Arthur Morgan appeared to think the chairmanship carried extra executive responsibility.

Whatever he thought, Dr. H. A. Morgan went so quietly about his business that when the situation in the directorate became acute, as well-informed a person as Congressman Maury Maverick could suggest that Dr. H. A. Morgan had been kept in the doghouse by his fellow-directors. This was promptly denied, not by Dr. H. A. but by Dr. Arthur, who pointed out that since 1936 Dr. H. A. Morgan had voted with Mr. Lilienthal to control the board.

Dr. H. A. Morgan is for conserving and improving the soil; that, in the spendthrift and standpat South, is radicalism in one direction. But anyone who wished to know what he thought of Dr. Arthur Morgan's radical schemes for general improvement in the Valley had only to watch his face as he described those schemes to the Congressional committee. Dr. Arthur Morgan, said the man who had succeeded him as chairman, had begun with notions of training the Valley young folks to go in for dairying. He had suggested a study of the functions of real estate brokerage in an organized society. He had even suggested a separate coinage for the TVA territory. This sort of thing, Dr. Harcourt Morgan's manner indicated, was embarrassing to mention but it was the sort of thing the board had to argue with the visionary first chairman.

II

Now it is difficult to determine just when a man of vision becomes a visionary, but the particular examples of impractical idealism cited were not as crazy as they sound. Dairying did need to be encouraged in an area naturally adapted to it, yet shown by surveys to be far short of its proper consumption of milk; while dairy products are shipped into the South from the Middle States, a horrifying percentage of the children in the Valley get none of these luxuries. If there were more cows in the Valley the use of land for pasture would help solve the erosion problem that is one of the biggest worries of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the herds would even provide some natural fertilizer. It isn't crazy to want to encourage dairying in the Valley, and it may be unfortunate that the TVA act does not specifically authorize such encouragement, so that it could be undertaken only with some risk under a "general welfare" clause.

Social study of the real estate business sounds a trifle academic, but its practical study was inevitable when the Authority was buying and condemning land in the reservoir areas and for other purposes, as well as buying phosphate lands to supply Dr. H. A. Morgan's fertilizer plant. It is possible that if the government was not to be cheated, yet pay a fair price, careful thinking would be needed.

As for the separate coinage, that, obviously, would have occasioned a good deal of criticism. Rabid Republicans have been known to get excited about TVA license plates on TVA cars. But anyone who has looked into the problem

of real wages in the South, or the problem of possible self-sufficiency for a money-poor country anywhere, understands how the idea presented itself. With electric power, the Valley could be made almost self-sufficient and indeed wealthy in goods; while it will take decades of effort to make it part of the financial system of the United States. The situation is that of nations able to support themselves but unable to compete internationally; inevitably one answer to this problem is a separate money system.

Furthermore, it is only fair to point out that the South has now a separate money system. What else would you call the wage and freight differentials and the higher interest rates? Then there is the store "furnish" of the plantations and the private currency of the mills and mines which issue "company scrip." (The Tennessee Valley Authority, for simple practical reasons, issues scrip at construction camps.) There is literally a separate coinage in those Valley States, Mississippi and Alabama, which have a sales tax payable in mill tokens, stamped "luxury tax" but actually levied on the smallest, most necessary purchase. These tokens are tribute to the economic vassalage of the South, which has been received back into the Union politically but not economically. It is tribute paid by sharecroppers and "reliefers" caught in a vicious circle.

A local exchange based frankly on local goods values would be better, and for it there is historic precedent; tobacco, cotton, bacon, rice, corn, beaver and otter skins, rye whiskey and peach brandy were all legal tender in the area, in those pioneer days which the rest of the country, but not the South, has left behind. Galax leaves were until recently used for store trading in the Carolina mountains, and a group of intellectuals in Virginia runs a barter theater.

So even the wildest of Dr. Arthur Morgan's ideas, though doubtless inexpedient, was not the utterly ridiculous fantasy that some would consider it. The interesting thing about Dr. Harcourt Morgan's mention of these ideas at the Congressional hearing was his attitude toward them.

But if Dr. H. A. Morgan is innately conservative, how did he happen to team up with Mr. Lilienthal, known as a radical enthusiast for public-power development? The answer is that Mr. Lilienthal, like Dr. H. A. Morgan, is a specialist who is genuinely radical only in his own field. Indeed, it can be questioned whether Mr. Lilienthal is really radical about power, because cheap power, rather than public power, is what he wants. Exactly the same thing can be said of Dr. Harcourt Morgan's phosphates. And on all other questions, both men are realists rather than idealists; certainly they are not social improvers.

Mr. Lilienthal is a clever lawyer who could conceivably, it has been suggested, have been a lawyer for the utilities instead of the government if he had not come from a progressive State. Once enlisted, he fights with his whole soul on his own side, but he isn't one to worry over cultural problems in remote mountain areas or hair-splitting definitions of the duties of a public servant. In this it is easy to sympathize with Mr. Lilienthal because, as the member of the board concerned with power, he bears the brunt of the fight. The object of TVA may be, as its publicity insists, "water control," but the fight is over power sale. That fight is big enough to engage the attention of several men, and it is too much to expect Mr. Lilienthal, while up to his ears in it, to think of other matters.

To this Dr. Arthur Morgan might reply that, as the only engineer on the board of a dam-building project, he had a big job too; yet he managed to consider the falling sparrows in the Valley. One answer to this is that building power dams, compared with selling the energy they generate in a competitive market, is a big job but a nice quiet one. Another answer is that Dr. Arthur Morgan has a mind that naturally takes to social management, while his fellow-directors haven't.

When we contemplate turning the world over to the engineers it is well to consider that engineering jobs which take men to mountain-tops, where they move other mountains and accomplish seemingly impossible tasks, may foster too much divine detachment in the human mind. The engineer works his wonders with machinery, and myriads of men move like ants upon his errands. But it is only from his high view that they look like ants. To be understood, they must be seen on their own level.

There is an appealing, and revealing, picture of Dr. Arthur Morgan sitting on the floor and looking down at a toy-size model of one of the dams which was sent to Paris. There is no doubt that he understands dams.

More, his high view enabled him to say a great many wise and true things about life in general. The trouble is that, being absolutely true, these observations had to be general and were therefore, however honestly meant, capable of more than one interpretation. In some cases they were deliberately inclusive, as when Dr. Morgan observed that the economic and social policies of America could only be considered "a mixture of despotism, aristocracy, Communism, socialism, and democracy." He defended the mixture, saying, "I think we can explore our way into the essential balance of government rather than theoretically design one and impose it on the locality."

But he also said, "It is my personal view that irreplaceable deposits of natural resources should belong to the public and that their development by private individuals should be under such conditions of public control as would ensure against wasteful expenditure and against charges based upon monopoly of ownership." This relates to the power business but also to the farmer; for we find the statement elsewhere that "Laws of land ownership should be changed so that men shall not be allowed to own and occupy land unless they will manage it in the interest of a permanent agriculture." And that legal change, Dr. Morgan truly added, "would constitute an element of a social revolution."

As to the power business, Dr. Morgan believed sincerely in the yardstick idea and felt that events in the Valley should determine whether "government ownership and operation are superior to private or vice versa." With a statement like that, public-power people could feel that Dr. Morgan was so sure of the outcome that he was willing to make a test, while the adherents of the old system could think him genuinely uncertain. It now appears that he was.

He was, it seems, chiefly concerned with the fundamental rightness of behavior; in 1936, addressing TVA employees in Knoxville, he told them "not ends but means" would endure, and on several other occasions he stated the moral principle elaborated in Mr. Aldous Huxley's latest book. Mr. Huxley visited the Valley and mentions Dr. Morgan with some respect.

The only trouble with high moral principles is that they can be advanced by anybody. The power people, for example, worried a lot over the widows and orphans among their stockholders. They considered themselves "oppressed from all sides by political opportunists." They found TVA publicity a "cruel deception." Mr. Wendell Willkie, president of Commonwealth and Southern, mourned over the plight of a utility system "broken up" and "dismembered, piece by piece."

But a man who lectures on character in government, who feels with Mr. Ford that what we need is more of the professional spirit in industry and more of the trustee attitude in business, cannot bear to be called a political opportunist or a cruel deceiver, much less the sack murderer of a power company. He has what might be called a vanity of virtue. At any rate he has a disposition to take far too seriously the sparring of lawyers and the "Robbery and Murder!" cries of horsepower traders.

The result of Dr. Morgan's tender heart was that when he and Mr. Willkie

debated in print, Miss Dorothy Thompson could note that "The amount of agreement far outweighed the difference."

The speeches and writings of Dr. Arthur Morgan are indeed, in their sweet reasonableness, almost too good to be true; as the man is unquestionably sincere, they suggest that he missed his real calling when he failed to enter the ministry. He has a ministerial way of talking about crime when he means sin, and he excites a certain religious loyalty in people who work for him. He stands out in a crowd, partly by striking appearance and partly by natural stage presence. At the Washington hearing a lady said, "Isn't it *inspiring* to hear a man talk like that!"

If this were all, Dr. Arthur Morgan might be better liked in the Valley, which readily admires preachers. But Dr. Morgan is also an efficient and practical planner, with something of the paternalistic genius of Henry Ford. In sheer originality and firm grasp of the multifarious possibilities of the Valley project, Dr. Arthur Morgan appeared at times to loom head and shoulders above the ordinary run of mankind. There is no denying it. The trouble is that he appeared at other times to lack the sense of proportion which would have enabled him to put first things first, and the elasticity required of those who must co-operate with others.

Dr. Arthur Morgan should have realized that all the things he wanted to do in the Valley would be impossible if the utilities won the power fight. During the critical moments of that fight it was common sense to consider all the activities of the Authority in terms of a siege, and to restrain or postpone such activities as must give aid and comfort to the enemy.

Unfortunately Dr. Arthur's conscience impelled him to save his severest criticism for his own side. In fact this conscience, combined with a Victorian vindictiveness toward any person considered to depart from the path of rectitude, made Dr. Arthur Morgan one to strain at gnats while cheerfully swallowing camels. His attitude in the power battle was suggestive of the teacher informed that the schoolhouse is in flames: "Young man, don't say 'kotched afire,' and never enter a room without knocking."

Rigid standards of right and wrong are admirable when self-applied, but applied to others they can make life impossible. On his appointment Dr. Arthur Morgan filed with Secretary of State Hull an inventory of personal and family property, and announced that he intended to submit a similar statement upon his resignation. While some would consider this a slightly theatrical gesture, it seems a fair way to present a plan which might well be generally imposed for the good of the public service. No less radical a departure from common procedure was the announced policy of the Authority to disregard political recommendations for jobs. This policy, everyone agrees, has been followed; one Congressman said that TVA bent way backward not to take a good man if he made the mistake of speaking to anybody in Washington, while the story goes in the Valley that Dr. Arthur didn't stop with saying "no" to a Senator who urged modification of the rule. He said "Hell, no." On the other hand, Dr. Arthur's judgment of the motives of his fellow-directors was wrong from every angle of policy, of ethics, and of fact.

III

Dr. Arthur Morgan's insistence on the committee investigation is one of the chief charges against his judgment. He asked for it and got it, at the cost of considerable work for lawyers, auditors, engineers, and other experts, of a Congressional junketing trip to the Valley, and of much unfavorable publicity. It is all very well for the theorist to say that he doesn't fear investigation because he has nothing to conceal, but nobody with sense invites mud-slinging in a world governed by publicity. Dr. Arthur Morgan called his fellow-directors hard names, and

whatever the outcome, it will be difficult to erase some of the false impressions already created.

For the overwhelmingly anti-Administration press leaped, naturally, to champion Dr. Arthur Morgan's cause; he became at once the star of the news reels and the pet of the columnists, a Great Engineer and a Quaker, the Last Knight of the Tennessee. Some distant defenders looked hastily at his eagle profile in the halftones, and said here was another Dreyfus case—a comparison easier to sustain had the director under fire been David Eli Lilienthal. Many commentators made much of the fact that the man removed from office was almost sixty years old, omitting to mention that the other Morgan, whom he first accused, is in the seventies. Why worry about such omissions? Few of the papers which carried the joyous story that TVA paid fifteen hundred dollars for a jack, to improve the breed of draft animals in the Valley, bothered to follow with the correction—that the jack purchased was engineering machinery, and the jackass in the case no property of the government.

Perhaps, when he found arrayed on his side the New York *Herald-Tribune* and like-minded papers, and Mr. Garet Garrett of the *Saturday Evening Post,* Dr. Arthur Morgan began to see what he had done. Or perhaps he felt justified that even in the camp of the enemy, in the tents of the Philistines, right could prevail. It is easier to guess that the Philistines, though they may praise, will not long support a man with the virtues as well as the defects of Woodrow Wilson; a man who has been talking for years about how best to make the transition from private to public ownership.

Wilson of course did not ask for a Congressional verdict. But Dr. Morgan's request was in the nature of Solomon's proposal to divide the child; a true parent would not have desired such a thing. So far the hearings have shown only that Dr. Arthur Morgan himself is hard on small farmers, government arbitrators, and his fellow-directors, and remarkably trustful of utilities corporations, Southern courts, and Congressional committees. If the President convicted him of contumacy, his own testimony convicts him of naïveté.

This is too bad, because the character of administrators is quite as important as Dr. Morgan thinks. This brings in the ethical consideration: granted that he believed an airing in Congress and the newspapers to be for the good of the project, should Dr. Morgan, as a means to that end, have made the harsh charges he did make unless he was prepared to substantiate them?

So far he has not done so, and nobody expects that he will. He refused to reveal to the President anything beyond what Senator Norris called "glittering generalities." And when he read his eagerly awaited statement in Washington, a Capitol guard was heard to murmur, "But he didn't say anything except what was in the newspapers."

Along with honesty, capability, firmness of purpose, and goodwill to man, administrators need a lot of horse sense about dealing with people. And Dr. Arthur Morgan's best friends admit that he is a poor judge of people; he himself admits it. Struggle within the directorate made it obvious because, according to no less an authority than Senator Norris, Dr. Arthur Morgan himself recommended the appointment of his co-directors. First chosen by the President, Dr. Arthur, according to Senator Norris, was sent "all over the United States, to look up the qualifications of the people he had in mind to appoint as the other two members of the board." This doubtless gave the chairman a sense of responsibility which occasioned his subsequent plea for Mr. Lilienthal's removal, exactly as the President's appointment of Dr. Morgan impelled Presidential removal of the chairman.

But the fact that Dr. Arthur Morgan was for Mr. Lilienthal in 1933, definitely against him a year later, and pleading against his reappointment in 1936, is a comment on Dr. Morgan's troubles with

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people. It is the belief of an outside observer that a candidate for Mr. Lilienthal's job who got as far as Washington on Dr. Morgan's recommendation, would have been a real mistake.

About Mr. Lilienthal himself there is, for most people, nothing puzzling or difficult. In the North his type is familiar. It is a type which wants action, successful action, and which to some extent may overvalue immediate success. But it is a type honest in essentials, and only intellectual quibbling could complain that the honesty is of the Franklin, or policy, type. Franklin was a very useful public servant, and a man who understands policy is indispensable in dealing with those who practice it.

Dr. Arthur Morgan, however, refuses even to think of policy, and a man who will not consider policy at all can get himself into some funny situations. Consider the Berry marble claims. On their face those claims looked ridiculous, and a court threw them out after newspaper columnists all over the country had commented freely. But Dr. Arthur Morgan thought that for a United States Senator to acquire land leases in the area of a government project and attempt to collect large damages was plain crooked.

So he said so, and he added that the other directors had the same evidence of fraud that he had. This was universally interpreted to mean that the others were in cahoots with the Senator; whereas "the same evidence" meant evidence sufficient to convince Dr. Morgan but not, in the judgment of the other two directors, sufficient to convince a court. They feared that Dr. Arthur Morgan's sense of sin had led him into that difficult terrain between what is deduced and what can be proved.

They favored appraisal by a government commissioner, to be appointed by Secretary Ickes, as being cheaper, quicker, and quieter than any other method, but also easier to predict. Senator Berry was important in Tennessee politics, and his supporters say he still is. Any outsider who tries to understand, much less predict, Tennessee politics is a plain fool.

The funny thing about the Berry case was that if they had not wished to present Senator Berry as a "labor leader" conspiring with administrators of a New Deal project (the Berry labor leadership has been questioned by members of the Pressmen's Union in Chicago, where a local brought suit charging gag rule and asking for an accounting of funds) the case might well have been tried in the newspapers from an opposite angle. It was proposed that a property-holder, deprived of his property by one New Deal agency, should submit to appraisal by a commissioner borrowed from another New Deal department. That way, they could have made the Senator a martyr.

But Dr. Arthur Morgan's attitude was simple. It was that of Bunyan's *Holy War:*

"No dealing with Diabolus
As long as Mansoul stands."

And the trouble is that in defining Diabolus, Dr. Arthur fails to discriminate. He appears almost as much distressed by the wrong behavior of the ignorant small farmer as by the practices of the huge corporations. He characterizes his fellow-directors as rashly as he characterizes Senator Berry.

In fact, when he undertook to explain to a Congressional committee that in charging the other directors with dishonesty he meant no actual diversion of TVA funds, but a tendency to put out favorable publicity and a willingness to treat peaceably with a Senator, he gave himself a tough job. When Mr. Lilienthal, following, testified that the Berry case had been handled "ably, with complete integrity, and—" (slight pause) "*with gloves on,*" he spoke a language more comprehensible to Congressional ears.

From the first statements it was obvious, as it had been all along to those watching progress in the Tennessee Valley, that there could be no question of dishonesty or maladministration. If any errors of judgment appear in the course of the investigation they will be due to the fact that the fight waged from the

first through courts and press propaganda at last succeeded in dividing the directorate. It is easy to make mistakes in a fight. And division within the board meant that instead of three heads to determine any action there was but one; for the two specialists who voted together acted separately.

Congressman Maverick of Texas, TVA's best friend in the House, has already objected to a contract with the Aluminum Company of America, under which a large amount of power is to be supplied for a minimum period of fifteen years.

There were reasons for this contract. For one thing, the hecklers were complaining that expensive TVA power was going to waste—and so it was, while injunction suits tied up sales to municipalities. Another consideration is that the Tennessee dams generate two kinds of power, "firm" or continuous power, which is the only sort suitable for lighting the kitchen, and secondary power which can be used, off and on, by industries. But industries will not contract for secondary power alone; they too must have a certain amount of primary power in order to operate. The Aluminum Company contract calls for 82,000 kilowatts of secondary and only 30,000 kilowatts of primary power.

Besides problems such as this, which had to be decided under stress by board members functioning singly instead of together, the Authority faced other disruptive strains while the headquarters trouble continued. Since 1936 the two board members who voted together had known that the chairman had gone to the President with a plea for the dismissal of one of them. They knew that he had proposed the appointment of a man occupying an administrative position at Muscle Shoals. They did not vote, as they might have voted, to remove this man. But consider the position of his subordinates, in so far as they knew of the situation—which had been discussed in one Washington gossip column.

The situation was doubly bad because it could have been good, as good as those innocent observers thought it who reported that the qualities of the three directors made an admirable balance. So they did, if the three men had got along; if Dr. Arthur Morgan's theory that means determine ends had not seemed, to him, to conflict with Mr. Lilienthal's proof that rates determine cost.

But it can be argued that the first three directors, despite their differences, did a better job than other men would have done; and a great deal of the credit for the early success of the project must in fairness go to Dr. Arthur Morgan. He began, if he could not finish, a great work in the Valley. If he couldn't judge people he had the intelligence to get a personnel department that could, with the result that the Authority has a remarkably high grade of worker. The staff is thoroughly imbued with social-betterment ideas which presumably would not be there if the two realists had acted alone; and there are many innovations which show the "common sense and dash of imagination and courage" which Dr. Arthur Morgan once said were the needed administrative qualities.

In short, Dr. Arthur Morgan has style, and he gave it to the project. Whatever he is blamed for, this should be remembered. Those interested in the welfare of the Tennessee Valley must hope that the qualities which he supplied will be replaced in the directorate, as the Authority replaces the missing phosphates in the soil.

Parenthetically, it might be suggested that the required elements are such as to suggest the advisability of appointing a woman. This idea would shock Dr. Arthur Morgan himself, his rugged individualism not being of the type or the date that can trust feminine competence. The idea would also shock Tennessee, for which reason it might not work. But the sex with social sense and practicality, and without masculine egotism, is the sex insufficiently represented in the Valley, except when a woman judge saved the life of the project at Chattanooga.

That the whole administrative plan will change is another possibility. There has been talk of a "one-man set-up," under which, presumably, a man like Dr. Arthur Morgan could have functioned. But this has obvious disadvantages; and as the giants go we must realize that the hope of democracy is not in its strong men, but in the idea that lesser men, by pooling their talents in amity, may arrive at the strong man's stature. A board of five, also suggested, might be better.

Another idea is that the government projects over the country might be so coordinated as to permit the transfer of administrative talents from different regions. Mr. Lilienthal, who began in Wisconsin, knows well that the utilities fight will go on in some part of the country; Dr. H. A. Morgan, who began in Canada and knows all about the phosphates in Idaho, sees restoration of the soil as a national problem. Both men, trained in the Valley "laboratory," might go out as experts from it while others carry on with the administrative problems there.

Dr. Arthur Morgan was welcomed back to Antioch. And in a hundred years perhaps the Tennessee Valley Authority of that day will name a dam for him—a high dam, up in the hills.

INHIBITION

BY MARGERY MANSFIELD

IT IS May morning and the birds are singing;
I think there are a thousand birds within the trees.
And not a single bird says, "Have I talent?
Is song my future?" Robin's work is digging,
Fishing in the earth's dense sea.
No man alive must eat as hard as birds must
To keep the heart from stopping. Yet the bird is free.

Within the little larynx of man's throat
And the uncharted greatness of his brain,
Is music in a range of rhythm and note
To put a bird to shame.
Yet, "I must sing better than most men or not at all."
We hear and nod.
Man is a musical animal too — degraded,
The only one to ask a price of God.

IN AN AMERICAN FACTORY

BY STOYAN PRIBICHEVICH

I CAME to America in 1934 as a political exile who could hardly speak English. In 1932 I had become involved in Yugoslav university students' riots and in printing pamphlets against King Alexander's dictatorship. I was twenty-seven years of age then, a doctor of political science and a practicing lawyer in Belgrade. Before the political police could seize me I managed to cross the Yugoslav frontier disguised as a peasant. I went to Paris where I spent two years, helping my father—a former member of the Yugoslav cabinet and also an exile—to write a book on democracy. I quarreled with the painters of Montparnasse on art, played the violin, and argued with my exiled countrymen in cafés clouded with tobacco smoke about the perfect democratic society. Then I thought I would visit a relative of mine in New York. I signed under oath a long printed paper in English declaring that I was not a bomb thrower, lunatic, or venereal patient, and landed in Manhattan.

Coming from France, which to me seemed a thoroughly logical country, I was confused by the many incomprehensible contradictions of American life. Yet I found to my astonishment that my American friends thought the French were a crazy people. When they asked me why France has more than twenty political parties, I countered: "Why do you jam Roosevelt, Glass, and Hague all in one party, and Hoover, Borah, and La Guardia together in the other?" I could not understand why the country with the largest workers' population in the world should have no labor party; why centralization should be advocated by liberals, and States' Rights defended by big corporations; why Tom Mooney should be in jail for murder and Al Capone for tax evasion; why aliens should be regarded with contempt by the sons of aliens; why religion should be separated from the state, and Darwin's theory of evolution banned by one State in the name of the Bible; why bishops should oppose child-labor regulation; why gangsters and kidnappers should grow up next door to the strange prophets and utopians of the Share-the-Wealth, Epic, Social Justice, and Old-Age-Pension plans; why the dictatorships of Louisiana and Jersey City should flourish under a democratic federal Constitution.

Only gradually did I begin to grasp the deep significance of American inconsistencies which so strike the set, static mind of a European: to realize that they were mere symptoms of growth, showing a slow trend of the nation toward ever-increasing democracy.

In this country I experienced for the first time the magnificent feeling of absolute personal freedom. No policeman could stop me in the street or in a restaurant and ask me to show him my papers. I could walk about without carrying an identity card in my pocket, change my address without reporting to the police, and slap a cop on the shoulder just because I was feeling fine. Only a European can appreciate the personal freedom a man enjoys in this country.

I decided to stay here—and went back to France to change my legal clothes. I obtained an immigration visa and, toward the end of 1935, returned to America as an immigrant.

I began to look for work. When I had tried to get a job in Europe either I could get no appointment or I was treated rudely. Here I was received very politely by bank directors or the heads of law firms. I was helped out of my overcoat, shown a chair, and offered a cigar. Then I would tell my story to an attentive listener. "Right now there is very little I can do for you," the man behind the desk would say apologetically, "but I shall certainly be glad to get in touch with you if anything should come up." Then he would take my address and telephone number and escort me to the door. It was not until I reached the street that I realized I had not got the job. It is almost a pleasure to be turned down in this country.

Finally I secured work. Despite my four languages and legal training, it was the job of a worker in an Ohio machine shop. It happened this way. Three and a half years ago I met a manufacturer from Cleveland at a party in New York. He teased me, saying that as a newcomer to America I should learn about American life by spending a few months as a worker in his shop. I did not see him again. When, in 1936, I was unable to find a job in New York and found myself penniless, I wrote to him and asked whether he remembered me and his invitation. He replied that he did and renewed his offer. I packed my things and went. Instead of a few months, I spent a whole year in his shop.

II

When one gray, foggy morning in the beginning of 1937 I got off the train in Cleveland, I became dismayed at the thought of what lay before me. I did not know a soul in this city. I had never done physical work before. I wanted to return to New York where I had friends. But there was no more money for another train fare and no way out. As I stood in the cold, damp mist I felt weak for a moment.

"Which is the way to the X Company?" I asked a passer-by. He pointed to a waiting trolley car.

Rolling along the dingy, interminable avenue, I began to whistle. The morning sun pierced through the torn rags of dirty fog, and slowly a feeling of glory descended upon me. I was following the old trail that for forty years before me had been trodden by those countless thousands of immigrants from Yugoslavia who had helped to build America. With a few borrowed dollars in my pocket I was on my way to work in an American factory. "It's a great thing," I said to myself.

It was bitter cold and a heavy snowfall set in as I walked through the gloomy, smoky industrial district to put on overalls for the first time. The huge plant, covering two blocks, all in steel and concrete, was run by electricity. Passing through enormous rooms, I saw countless machines swinging their metal arms through the air like fantastic octopuses, hissing furiously, and drowning in their roar the voices of men. Over them were bending rough, athletic-looking workers, with rolled-up sleeves and black caps, their faces grim and smeared with oil and grease, their eyes intent.

The so-called "turret lathe" was manufactured in this shop. This is a machine which in its turn makes tools and machine parts. You can fabricate almost anything with it, from automobile parts to bullets.

The factory itself was spotless. I had seen orderly European shops, but they had not gleamed with such beautiful cleanliness.

I was assigned to the second shift. Through underground passages I was led to the Assembly, another huge room where the finished parts of turret lathe machines were put together, tested, and taken apart for shipment. The workers cast curious glances at the newcomer.

They were amused at my clumsy attempts to punch the clock and showed me a vacant locker along the left wall where I changed clothes. Then, at four o'clock, the note of the factory bell sounded in my ears, and our shift started off like a regiment toward the machines in the center. Holding our tool boxes in our hands, we waited in line for the foreman to assign us our jobs.

I did rough work on that first night. I swept the floor and picked up waste and dirt with my bare hands. I carried heavy machine parts in my arms or on my shoulders. I screwed big pipes together. A compassionate worker showed me how to hold a file, and with it I smoothed off the edges of five push-button plates. Within fifteen minutes my hands were blistered, my arms impregnated with black metal dust and machine oil, and my mouth full of grease. When I was through at midnight the muscles of my feet, legs, fingers, hands, arms, and back ached terribly. I dragged myself home and slept like a dead man. "How do you feel?" the foreman asked me as we washed up the following night. I shrugged my shoulders. He winked at another worker and laughed: "It'll do him good; in three weeks he'll have muscles like Popeye the Sailor."

The factory reminded me of a European dictatorial state, where bureaucrats plan and order and citizens work and obey. The board of the Company was the government, and the workers were the people, ruled through a centralized hierarchy of officials and controlled by a mechanized system of registration, bookkeeping, time cards, and punch clocks. Like citizens of authoritarian states, we did our individual assignments without knowing their purpose or the general plan of work. I met a worker whose specialty was to assemble gear boxes to the turret lathe machines and who had no idea what the machines were for. The foreman was our supreme visible authority. With his superiors we could not communicate. And the president, with his board members and directors, sat high above us like an invisible, unapproachable god. Watchmen were stationed inside and outside the building to let nobody in or out except on a special permit. We even had our numbers. Mine was 1941.

I was struck by the contrast between the American worker's political freedom and the rigid regimentation of his forty-hour week. The French worker cannot conceive a personal freedom which does not include a certain leisureliness at work. So he must work six days a week if the production is not to lag and the production costs to rise. The American worker pays for his two free days by straining his energies under a mechanized discipline during the other five. A German-American worker, who previously had been employed in an automobile plant, said to me: "What are you talking about? This machine shop is a fine place to work. On my last job, after we'd won the sit-down strike, the Company made us punch our cards even when we went to the toilet!" I have often wondered whether the willingness of the American worker to submit to such regimentation might not be due, not only to his sense of efficiency but also to a general American trait. In spite of their fundamental belief in the democratic form of government, Americans show a certain predilection for personal rule and the "one man" system in their group and business activities. In no other free country are the significant terms "chief" and "boss" so frequently heard.

We were only twenty in our group in the Assembly Room, but we were of fourteen different nationalities: Serbs, Slovenes, Croats, Italians, Hungarians, Rumanians, Czechs, Germans, Poles, Swedes, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen—even Americans. When, later, I was transferred to other departments, I found Slovaks and Lithuanians in addition. Of course only the older men were foreign-born. The young workers were born in this country, mostly of foreign parentage at least on one side.

They hardly spoke the native languages of their parents and cared little about their old countries. During an entire year I never witnessed a nationalistic dispute among these people. There was something humorous about our racial differences in this American shop. We cracked jokes at one another and imitated the various foreign accents in our English speech. There was an Italian who never took offense when called "Spaghetti." A pro-Hitler German laughed every time we grotesqued the Nazi salute and yelled "Heil Hitler!" at him. "Hey, you! You took our country!" shouted a Hungarian at me from his machine one day, referring to Yugoslavia's annexation of southern Hungarian provinces after the World War. "Sure!" I retorted, swinging my hammer; "you had us for a thousand years, and it's our turn now!" We both laughed. And yet I knew that in Europe, or even in their native-quarter saloons, these same fellows would fight bitterly on less provocation.

International politics were a daily topic. Most foreign-born workers thought they were safer and better off here than they would be overseas. Some Italians were pro-Mussolini, and of course had to take a lot of chaffing. The anti-Fascist Italians did not speak to them. The Germans were rather silent about their beliefs, and it was difficult to find out whether they were for or against Hitler. The reasonable guess was that those who would not divulge their opinions intimately disapproved of the Nazi regime. All workers regardless of nationality sympathized with China. And, almost without exception, they hated General Franco intensely. Most were anti-Communist, but many expressed interest in Soviet Russia's economic experiment.

At first my fellow-workers showed annoyance at my ignorance of a mechanic's work, but when they realized I had never been in a shop before they were eager to help me. They showed me how to file, hammer, and scrape. They let me use their tools, air hoses, and trucks. They pulled heavy crane chains for me—and fixed up my mistakes. Their sense of comradeship and co-operation was genuine and magnificent. I profited by it greatly—and so did the Company. A robust Rumanian, after having loaded some eighty pounds on my back one day, said: "So you never work before? I work when I was sixteen!" He obviously considered intellectual occupation as just fooling around. Naturally, they were all curious about my background. No matter how hard I tried to conceal it, I would repeatedly give myself away by some such form of address as "Please," "May I?" or "Thank you." They instinctively regarded such politenesses as the social affectation of an upper class. Correct grammar was also a high-hat pretense to them, and I soon caught myself saying "He don't" or "I says."

Like school children, they loved to throw paper balls and orange peels at one another or to pinch an unsuspecting posterior. After my transfer to the small-tool department I was solemnly escorted to a "weight guesser" who held me on his back, while, surrounded by a roaring crowd of the "brotherhood," I unexpectedly received three burning slaps on my rear. My unpronounceable last name was a cause of great fun. Everybody practiced it with comical variations. My stern-faced foreman was greeted with loud cheers one night when he gave it up and shouted in desperation: "Where's that new fellow, what's his name, Pepperbitch?" Most of my fellow-workers disapproved of drinking but chewed tobacco enthusiastically. Every night in the Assembly I watched, fascinated, a machinist who at regular intervals spat streams of coffee-brown liquid in an arc over his machine and never missed the spittoon.

The stories of some of the immigrant workers were tragic. There was an emaciated Scotchman with a finely chiseled face and trembling hands, who collapsed nearly every week and had to be sent home, his eyes glassy. Years before he had contracted tropical malaria working

for a British company in India. A Swede, with all the symptoms of stomach ulcers, lips tightened, skin earthen, drilled and hammered doggedly. From time to time he crouched down behind his machine to endure silently an intolerable pain. A poor Italian, his wife long dead, had to leave his children without supervision while he worked at night in the shop. Almost every year his eldest daughter brought him an illegitimate child. She had been only sixteen when she had the first one.

A Croat with an ambassador's face had been worth fifty thousand dollars before the depression. Left without a cent, he was prevented by his children from committing suicide, and went to work in the shop. Another Croat was picked up in 1903 at the age of nineteen in a desolate mountain region of Croatia by the agents of an American railroad company, who took him away from his sheep and shipped him off to America. On his arrival in Pennsylvania he was lined up with many others in an open field. The foremen stripped off their coats and examined their muscles as if they had been cattle or African slaves. Still another countryman of mine told me that he came here at the age of thirteen to fell trees with the Negroes in the forests of Virginia. He is a fine machinist now and speaks good English. He made a very significant statement to me: "Nobody knows how many dramas are buried in American shops. Most of our people do not prosper in America because they do not take the trouble to learn English. And they never will as long as they live in racial colonies."

Yet most of the immigrants loved America with a peculiar sense of pride. "We are told to go back where we came from," exclaimed a Serbian worker from California. "No, sir! This is our country. And our affection for it is all the more deep for having watered it with the sweat of our labor. We made this country what it is to-day."

I often hear about the unemployment of men over forty. But in this machine shop wherever skill or experience was needed most men were over forty. And even physically many of them had more resistance than the young fellows.

III

I did not really mind being ignorant of a mechanic's work, I could always ask for help or advice. But unfortunately I belong to that class of persons who become panicky every time they have to hammer a nail or open a stubborn lock. Every worker knew, for instance, how to sharpen a drill on the automatic stone wheel. But in my hands the thing invariably went crooked, and I left part of my skin on the whirling grinder. Stamping numbers on a machine part, I would first hit gently; the number would not come out; then I would gather myself for a terrific whack which, of course, would land right on my knuckles. And the holes I drilled were always cock-eyed. Irritated and impatient, I tried to overcome my subconscious fear of mechanical things by the use of physical force and, naturally, ruined both my work and my hands.

It took me a long time to realize that a mechanic's ability resides in a careful deliberation and calculation of movements rather than in brute strength. I began to observe that my fellow-workers used their hands with caution, sized up every load before lifting it, took care to place their fingers in the right places, and then pushed or pulled with just the required physical energy. When their efforts were unsuccessful they repeated them slowly over and over again. It was a superb lesson in self-control and patience. Like a fine racehorse, a machine wants to be treated firmly, but with kindness and intelligence. "Take your time, my boy," remarked an old Slovene, watching me tighten some screws, "you are going to waste a lot of time hurrying."

I was amazed by the tenderness which the workers showed toward the inanimate objects of their labor. "Oh, she'll be all right again," said a youngster of a

machine he was repairing, and patted it as though it were a sick person. After "tapping"—cutting screw threads in—a big turret one night, I left it dripping with oil on the bench and turned to my next job. Immediately a bushy-haired fellow ran up to me and shouted angrily: "You can't leave her like that! Are you a machinist?" And he neatly wiped it off with his rag. "See?" he said and looked fondly at the shining metal.

I took such rude reprimands without resentment, learning that these men did work of fine quality and that infinite care was the first requirement. Helping to take complicated parts out of the machine "heads" and to replace them, I always had the vivid impression of assisting at an operation on a human body. Even their tools—wrenches, pincers, scrapers, pliers, drills—were similar to a surgeon's or dentist's instruments. A mechanic's work is surgery on metal. In spite of scale and micrometer, the human eye and hand have the final control. No mechanical device can supplant the craftsman's sensitive fingers in fitting a bar to a hole, in feeling the evenness of a slide, or in the finishing touch of smoothing and polishing.

Whenever I got stuck and called for help, unable to find the cause of trouble, my neighbor would shout over the noise: "Find out! Think!" Then he would come closer, look the machine over, and adjust something at the far opposite end which had made my bar in front fit badly. It was this power of quick mechanical diagnosis that my legally, abstractly trained mind could not grasp. But no worker or instructor ever troubled to give me a theoretical explanation of a job. They would say: "Watch me!" then pull a lever, push a button, turn a wheel, and stand back for me to repeat their movements. They would tell me how, but never why.

The invisible control of the worker's activities through bookkeeping and job cards was so ubiquitous and inexorable that the office could at any time find out which worker had put which screw on which part, and on what day. Once I broke a small handle. "You can't get away with that; they'll find it out," said a man who saw me do the damage. "You'd better go to the foreman and report." Every operation, no matter how small, had to be accomplished within the prescribed standard time, marked on special cards. On my first day in the shop I was warned by fellow-workers not to "ring out" my cards before the allotted time was up, or the office would cut down the standard norm for everybody. This had been tacitly agreed by them all to prevent the management from speeding us up. Whoever "rang" less than one hundred per cent time was a scab. Intelligently, the management took no steps against this. But the collective work of a shift could sometimes be speeded up imperceptibly. One week we were told we were to work six days and be paid time and a half for overtime. When Friday came the foreman said he had changed his mind. Asked why, he answered: "The department has caught up." In other words, under his continual gentle urging during that week we had all worked slightly faster, with the result that the shift accomplished six days' work in five days for five days' pay.

Most men disliked the time-card system. "I like to do a good job but I hate to have a time limit for it," said a German scraper to me. It was easy to keep to time norms either in very simple or in very mechanized jobs; but when the quality of each piece depended on the skill of the worker's hands, the uniform time rules became meaningless bureaucratic measures. Once I took three hours and a half to scrape the slides properly and ream the holes on eight parts. Another time I took nine hours. In spite of the time cards the foremen had to give us individual allowances on all quality jobs.

One night as the "pay man" distributed our checks, a bad-tempered Swede flung his on the floor and spat on it. Shaking his fists he roared: "They deduct money for social security, for the community fund, for hospital insurance, and I

have to pay my union dues and the income tax. God damn it, I work for everybody except myself!" "I am afraid," I tried to pacify him, "you'll have to pick up your check anyway."

The workers work hard all their lives and get enough for a living, sometimes a comfortable living, but never enough to stop working. "Once in a shop, always in a shop," was the gloomy refrain in every department. Sitting on wooden boxes or machine levers at lunch or dinner time, we often exchanged confidences and talked about our intimate ambitions. The old workers would shake their heads telling of twenty, thirty years spent in shops. The young ones would dreamingly speak of their hopes for the future. A fine machine operator said bitterly: "I get sick looking at this machine. Shall I run it when I am fifty? What a life!" Another hoped to get an office job some day. Still another dreamed of becoming a schoolteacher. He had finished high school; then he had got married, had had two children, and had gone into the shop instead of to college. Most wanted to go into "business for themselves" some day. Not one wished to remain a shop worker.

Discussing the reasons for the complete failure of the Marxist class ideology in this country, Mr. George Sokolsky said once that the American worker is merely a capitalist without money. I do not think that this is quite correct. My fellow-workers did not like being laborers but they also had no desire to become employers. They wanted to be on their own, neither hired nor hiring. Their attitude toward life was not proletarian nor was it capitalist; it was typically middle-class.

IV

We had an "open shop." Most men were unorganized. Of the rest, a larger part belonged to the AFL, and a smaller to the CIO. The organized workers were not always ready to divulge their affiliations, so that the exact strength of these groups could not be ascertained. Once I met a man who pretended to be a CIO sympathizer and later admitted AFL membership. Some workers actually signed up for both organizations. It was particularly hard to tell whether the unorganized workers were really indifferent or had secret leanings. Only a few expressed themselves outspokenly. Sometimes when I was going to the factory I would pass a couple of men at the gates distributing CIO leaflets. The mimeographed handbills did not assail the rival union directly, but attacked the Company and called upon the workers to join "the only powerful, militant union." Then in all departments AFL notices would appear calling the members to a meeting to discuss "important questions." So it went during my whole year. There was no disturbance, except that one afternoon when I arrived at work I found the day men sitting on the floor smoking. The first shift of the entire plant had gone on a sit-down strike to force the Company to fire a man. Some said that he was a CIO committee man who had gone over to the AFL. Some, that he was a Communist. Some, that he was a Company spy. Some, that they did not know. Whatever the charge against him may have been, he was fired, and the second shift resumed work.

Many unorganized workers felt apathetic toward unionism. They either saw no reason to pay the dues or resented the AFL-CIO strife. "When two unions fight each other," said an old workingman, "it is the Company which profits, not the workers; until they settle their affairs I won't join either of them." But a union member was quick to reply: "*You* are helping the Company if you don't join us to help us fight it out." In the Assembly the CIO seemed to have more sympathizers than the AFL. The Assembly workers were mostly common laborers. They did not know much about "vertical" and "horizontal" unionism, but disliked the upper labor crust and looked upon the CIO as an organization of commoners.

One day I was transferred to the Small

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Tool Department. Here most of the workers looked like real artisans, distinguished, middle-aged, or elderly. Everybody worked at his own machine or bench, quite for himself. There was no such collective activity as in the Assembly. The men had a contempt for "mass psychology." They were not too familiar with one another, did not swear or laugh loudly, and seemed to dislike common manners as well as common labor. They were almost all members of the AFL. An officer of the AFL Local took the trouble to explain to me at length that social distinction between the skilled and unskilled workers was necessary. "We can't mix with those guys; we're a different class of people."

One Saturday the Company took us, a group of young workers, to see an Ohio foundry some forty miles away in the country. In the humid, suffocating air of what looked to me like a subterranean prison, I watched workers covered with dirt and shining with sweat struggling with heavy molds of cast iron. Others, stripped to their waists in the unbearable heat, tended the huge blazing furnace. Horrified that there should be people who spent all their lives doing such work, I spoke to a youthful mechanic. He shrugged his shoulders and replied dryly: "Somebody's got to do it. These fellows are no good for anything else." It dawned upon me that there are as many class differences within American Labor as exist within the nation.

We all believe that youth is by nature revolutionary, and old age conservative. I was surprised, therefore, to observe that social discontent was more frequent among the old than among the young generation in the shop. While the older men attended the union meetings, discussed labor politics, or condemned employers, the young ones talked sports, movies, dancing, and, eventually, Japan. The older fellows were bitter because they had gone through the depression and had no more hope of recovering. They were interested in unionism because they felt a need for protection.

On the whole my fellow-workers were less interested in politics than are European workers. I heard no ideological arguments. While in Europe unionism plays an important part as an instrument of the labor parties in their struggle for political power and control of government, here it was presented to me merely as a paying proposition. "The union," I was told by an AFL man, "will fight for your raise. Therefore the dues you pay are sort of an investment." Questioned about the reasons for the heavy dues in the AFL, an officer explained: "Members don't quit easily an organization to which they have paid large sums of money."

Yet in spite of the complete absence of a Marxian point of view, there was a deep psychological gulf between the labor and the management, that atmosphere of mutual mistrust which is at the bottom of every class antagonism. The office people were inclined to assume that the workers would naturally like to do as little work as possible for as much money as they could get. The workers, on the other hand, were convinced that the management made profits by obtaining the maximum of work for a minimum of pay. In every move of the Company they suspected a trick. Their mental attitude unconsciously adopted the doctrine of class exploitation.

In November, 1937, the management announced a bonus for all the workers then in their employ—and laid off a number of men a few days later. The "layoffs" continued. Every two or three weeks the foremen made the rounds of their departments. We knew that the fellows by whom they stopped to say a few words were working that night for the last time. Within some three months the labor force was cut down to two thirds, and the three-day week became a rule. It was the firm and unanimous belief of all the men that the new depression was caused by a "business sit-down" and forced by the "big shots" to sabotage the President. Indignation and fear grew every day. Fighting for existence, the workers began to mistrust not only

the Company but one another. They lied to one another about their wages. The more skilled resented the less skilled staying on the job. The older ones wanted the younger ones to get out first. Everybody was anxious to punch his time cards one hundred per cent. And many jealously kept their time-saving tricks from others. Yet there was no general feeling of panic. Last January they still believed that the recession was temporary. Then there was the Relief. And those who had savings in banks knew they were safe.

I had been told that before the great depression American workers, like all Americans, were encouraged by the current business philosophy to be spendthrifts and to live like millionaires on the installment plan. On my first day of work I had been amazed at the hundreds of workers' automobiles in the factory parking place—like a bankers' convention. But the American worker's economic psychology is undergoing a great change. Time and again I was warned by the older workmen: "My son, save every cent! You don't know how long you're going to keep your job."

Never in my life have I so often been asked whether I was married and why I was not. Practically everybody in the shop had a wife. The fact that I was a bachelor did not please my fellow-workers and counted definitely against my character. Once I said I did not want to get married. "What are you living for?" a young worker asked me contemptuously. "I was married when I was eighteen," he added defiantly and turned his back on me. Another youngster, who at twenty-four had a six-year-old child, wondered: "What the hell are you waiting for?" This was strange to me, for in Europe I had been brought up to believe that industrialism has a destructive effect on the family life of the working masses. And yet swear words, dirty jokes, and foul expressions were in common use all over the shop. Some fellows kept pornographic booklets and pictures and enjoyed showing them secretly to one another. The rear of the factory bordered on a Negro district, and on sunny afternoons black women—or "brown peachies," as the workers called them—leaned over the window sills or stood on their wooden balconies. Gathered at the factory windows across the street, the workers complimented them with bawdy invitations. But I soon sensed that their obscenity was only an emotional release. Divorce and adultery were rare among them. They just liked to pretend to be over-sexed.

On winter nights lonely pedestrians were exposed to frequent hold-ups in the deserted streets between the plant and my living quarters. Walking home once after midnight in the dim light of the avenue, I saw the slim figure of a young blonde woman emerge from a restaurant ahead of me. A man, rather unsteady on his feet, followed her. I passed them and turned into a dark, narrow street. Soon I heard the light steps of the woman running behind me. Catching up with me, she said, panting: "Would you mind taking me to the next avenue? I'm afraid of this man." She was pretty. "All right," I replied, smiling and wary of a frame-up at the same time, "but this is not the place nor the hour for pretty girls to be." She shivered and said nothing. The man, muttering, was close on our heels, and I carefully watched his shadow on the pavement in front of me. As we reached the corner a black car came swinging round and stopped. There was a man behind the wheel. The young woman hesitated for a moment, whispered: "Thank you!" and rushed into the car. The drunk on the sidewalk swore, I bowed like a disappointed cavalier, and the automobile dashed off in the dark.

The following night I again heard steps behind me—a man's steps. "Do you work for the X Company?" he asked me brusquely. There had been labor troubles in the city, unrest among the workers, and a half-day sit-down strike in our plant.

"Yes," I said, bracing myself.

"Did you pick up the girl last night?" The dark fellow looked searchingly into my eyes.

"Yes," I repeated more defiantly, ready for a fight.

"I was in that car," he continued more softly and looked away. "I also work for the X Company, and she's my wife. You see, she works nights near here, and I usually meet her with the car after work. Last night I was late. She told me you protected her from a man who annoyed her. Thank you."

I relaxed. We walked on together and became friends.

V

At work a curious mental trance would occasionally take possession of me. I came to like monotonous jobs which left my mind free. Sometimes I would gradually lose control over my thoughts. Memories would begin to play before my eyes, and the factory would seem a fantastic vision where I saw workers and machines only through a mist. At such moments my fingers worked with relentless, mechanical speed. Once I turned threads in 270 holes and made altogether more than 6,000 identical arm movements. My mind sank into a complete oblivion of the world, and all night I swam in hallucinations and reveries like a drug addict.

In the fall I was transferred to the Machining Department, a huge white room where countless machines were lined up in impeccably straight rows, and the noise was so hellish that one had to shout into one's neighbor's ear. There I had the thrill of my life starting and stopping the motor, putting my turret lathe into high or low speed, throwing it into reverse, pulling the levers and handles, turning the wheels, and watching the indicators. The docile monster responded sensitively to every touch of my hand and turned out identical finished pieces at equal intervals. It was easy physically, but exhausting mentally. No more dreaming at work. The slightest mistake in the synchronization of movements resulted in a damage to the machine, the product, or my hands. Every day there came a moment when the attention suddenly gave out from overstrain, and an attack of dizziness made things swim before the eyes. I was advised by older workers to stop working for a while at such moments. I have often read that, generally, the two or three first hours of work are the most productive. That is not always true. In the Machining Department we regularly took one or two hours to "warm up." Then, after several hours of efficient work, a short period of mental weakness and distraction would set in. Renewed concentration would follow, and during the last one or two hours we worked at our best and fastest—because subconsciously we strove to get home.

It was fascinating to measure the .001 part of an inch with a micrometer. But it took me some time to learn to read a blue-print drawing and set up the turret lathe machine according to it. Suppose you get a blue print calling for 75 screws which have to be made of a 5/8 hexagonal steel bar. The length of the head must be 5/16 of an inch, and the length of the body, 1 inch and 11/16. The thread must fit the gauge and be 1 inch long. Both ends of the screw have to be polished and have their corners cut off at an angle of 30 degrees. And the width of the narrow round body of the screw must be turned down to 1/2 an inch minus .003 of an inch. Well, I did it one night, set up the machine for the job, figured out everything with scales and micrometers, and made the called-for number of screws in the prescribed time, and the foreman checked and approved my work. But often I got hopelessly stuck. Then the assistant would come along, throw all my pieces into the scrap pan because they were .002 of an inch undersized, and reset the machine for me. It was exceedingly difficult for my theoretically trained mind to acquire a machinist's fine sense for exact physical measurements. A simple mechanical problem seemed more complicated to me than an intricate legal case.

There was a symphony of strange noises in the Machining Department. Some machines beat like the tom-toms of the jungle. Some puffed like locomotives. Some whistled, hissed, or howled. Some hummed or purred gently like cats. The steel under the cutter screamed like a human being, and when the huge machine drill pierced a one-foot iron bar the room resounded with the angry roaring of a lion. The men, grimly earnest, worked in tense concentration. Suddenly somebody would shout: "Hey!" A chorus of men would answer him, yelling at the top of their voices. Then they would fall back into silence for hours. Again a laugh would ring out from a corner. For a moment all the men would stop their work, and the entire place would echo with nerve-racking laughter. At first I felt uneasy every time I saw the men lift their heads from the machines. But later I too was carried away and howled with them. It was fun. But underneath it I recognized the need of relaxation from the mental tyranny of the machine.

VI

Years ago I had an ambition to become a concert violinist. I am glad I never became one. But I kept up violin playing with that zeal and determination that distinguishes the stubborn amateur, and after some months in Cleveland I began to be asked to play the violin at musical parties in the evenings. I found that many workers in the shop were musical. Some sang, some played instruments, some were members of choirs and bands. One night in the Assembly I whistled the leading tune from the first movement of the Beethoven violin concerto. A handsome young Pole looked up: "Do you sing?" "No," I replied, "I fiddle." "I sing," he explained, "and I knew you must be a musician the way you whistle." We talked music all night while I washed the machines with rags dipped in kerosene and he screwed bolts on them.

When my people overseas heard that I had been compelled to work in an American factory they were worried not so much about the physical hardships I should have to endure as about the social humiliation I should have to suffer. Professional and class standards are so set in Europe that an intellectual who resorts to physical work for a living is considered *déclassé*. Here I saw the sons of rich lawyers and business men spend their college vacations working in a shop. America—we all know—has long ceased to be a pioneer country; but ideas often survive the facts, and certain social standards of the pioneer era still persist here. One of them is respect for physical work. In no European country could I come home all dirty from shop work, lay off my working clothes, take a bath, put on a dinner coat, and play the César Franck or the Brahms D-Minor violin-piano Sonata before an audience in evening clothes at some private house.

One day I was asked by a prominent local organization to give a series of lectures on Central Europe and the Balkans. I spotted a few of my fellow-workers among the audience. The day after my last lecture I put on my overalls again; but my anonymity in the shop had been completely killed by the newspaper publicity, and I was afraid the workers might resent me. As I took the elevator I was greeted with hearty shouts: "Hey, Doc!" or "Here comes the Doc!" They were interested to know whether there was more money in lecturing than in machine running. I told them that, for the time being, I would rather stick to my machine.

After a full year spent in the factory I returned to New York. Looking back upon my year-long experience in this American shop, I am fully aware that it does not give a general picture of the American industrial life. One can arrive at a just evaluation of it only by comparing it with industrial conditions elsewhere, here and abroad. We were paid at an average rate of 84 cents an hour. We worked 40 hours a week, in clean, healthy surroundings. We were given time and a half for overtime. We had time for rest, amusements, and cul-

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tural activities. We had a two weeks' vacation with pay. We were treated fairly as men and as workers. The foremen were willing to make exceptions in emergencies and to help out in trouble. Not seldom they would give us time-saving jobs (the so-called "good jobs") when we were behind on our time cards.

But the people whose character left the deepest impression on me were the workers. Humaneness and sympathy were concealed under their brusque ways and manners. On their faces, which sometimes reminded me of those of the peasants in my old country, lines of dishonesty or wickedness were rarely to be found. Many of them came from distant, forlorn corners of the United States, or from faroff, backward countries; they grew into the soil of a new community, excelled at work, and managed to give their children better care than they had enjoyed. When I think how tremendously handicapped they were by lack of means as well as of background and education, I wonder if perhaps they are not more able fellows than I. They were men of simple taste and reasonable, sane attitude toward life. No fanaticism colored their discontent. And their ambitions were undistorted by megalomaniac wishes to make "a career" or do "great things." Their objectives in life were within the limits of the possible. Again and again I feel compelled to reflect upon the question which that young married worker once put to me: "What are you living for?"

THE STORY OF THE DAVIS CUP

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

THIS is the story of the growth of a game. Because lawn tennis is an international sport played in almost every nation on earth the changes both in the game itself and in our attitude toward it are more dramatic than in some purely national pastime. But essentially what is true of this sport can be duplicated in all: the history of lawn tennis is the history of the Olympic Games, of rugby and cricket in England, of intercollegiate football in the United States. With the passing of time and the changes in our habits, with the spread of sport among the people and their consequent expanding interest in records, with the gradual growth of leisure time since 1900, the result was inevitable. Given the increasing importance of games, it was inevitable that first big business and then politics should fasten upon what was once merely an amusing interlude in our lives, and use it for their own ends. "Sport the bitch goddess," Mr. Lewis Mumford calls it today.

I

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

1903: the third year of the Davis Cup. The United States, holder, was playing the British Isles, challenger. From the picket fence which bordered the grounds of the Longwood Cricket Club my brother and I watched the matches of the opening afternoon. Occasionally the driver of a brewery wagon would rein in his horses, lean out and yell "Forty Love" in a high falsetto voice.

On the second day we were cutting Mr. Harmon's lawn. For this we received a quarter apiece, enough to take us in on the final afternoon. (This 1903 match was apparently the first international tennis event at which admission was charged.) To save the Cup the United States must win both matches; but as patriotic youngsters we believed that Bill Larned and Bob Wrenn would each defeat the Dohertys.

Once inside the grounds we discovered that reserved seats were fifty cents extra. They might as well have been fifty dollars. Otherwise you took a chair and sat down opposite the low grandstand, your chin over the green baize fence and almost on the playing surface itself. But all the chairs were gone. Impossible for us to see over the heads in the front row, so we scouted back of the clubhouse—a small, one-storey wooden dressing room—and discovered a small box. This barely supported us if we stood with our arms round each other. From it we could see over the seated front row.

The Saturday crowd kept coming. Soon all grandstand seats were gone. A row of standees pushed in behind us. Boxes like ours were valuable as more persons lined up. Someone poked my brother in the ribs and offered us a dollar for our perch. One dollar! We gasped. Then we looked back to the street where we'd seen the matches of the first afternoon. The club had erected a high green curtain to shut off the view of the courts. We declined the offer.

Both matches began simultaneously. The calls of the umpire and the cheers of the spectators from one court interrupted a tense rally on the adjoining one. Precarious on our flimsy box, we overlooked a sideline of the Larned-Doherty match. There may have been greater players than Laurie Doherty but I was not to see one until the Tilden era. Larned, however, was a giant too. His virile American game, with more punch if less finesse than young Doherty's, kept him in the running until the middle of the fifth set.

The score was four games all, while six black balls were hung on the iron standard of the adjacent court; the two matches were exactly even and the Cup had to be won. On Doherty's service Larned reached gamepoint. The Englishman served and came to the net. Larned passed him and the score was 5–4 in his favor with his own service to follow.

Then Doherty questioned that service. Was it good? The umpire glanced at the linesman. His chair was vacant. The linesman had agreed to take the line until time for the last boat to Nantasket, when he was to be relieved. No one had observed his departure. Play stopped on both courts until Dr. Dwight, the referee, decided to call a let and replay the point. As Doherty served again we leaned forward. So did a dozen others. Crack! Down went the box and seven or eight men on top of us.

Did the commotion upset Larned, hardly five yards away? Or was he bothered by having to play the point again? At any rate he netted the service and the score was deuce. We picked ourselves up, rubbing bruised shins and elbows. We saw little of the rest of the match. Maybe this was just as well. Doherty finally won the game and took the set, 7–5. For the first time England had captured the Davis Cup.

The four-mile walk home was long for a couple of battered twelve-year-old boys. We were battered in body and spirit. Our side had been robbed. That ball was good. Weren't we right on top of the line? Only seven feet from where the shot fell? Nearer even than the umpire. It was good. We knew it was good. A drizzle was falling as we stumbled up the front walk at home and there were tears in the eyes of two tired and disappointed youngsters.

II

TENNIS COMES OF AGE

1914: the thirteenth year of the Davis Cup. In 1903 the matches had been a family affair between teams from the United States and the British Isles. By 1914 three continents were sending teams to fight for the famous salad bowl. That summer teams were competing from France, Belgium, and Germany on the Continent, the British Isles, from the United States (which after years of struggling had regained the Cup) and Canada in North America, and from Australasia representing Australia and New Zealand.

Lawn tennis had also grown. Instead of the sylvan setting of the Longwood Cricket Club under the Massachusetts elms, a larger arena had been provided. By this time the family-party atmosphere had vanished. No need to erect curtains to prevent twelve-year-old boys from watching on the street. The vast stands at the West Side Tennis Club did that. They towered to the sky and offered space for eleven thousand spectators. (At two dollars a seat; the days of a quarter admittance were gone too.) Here the American talent for organization showed at its best. No hasty arrangements with linesmen leaving at their own sweet will, but three days of sport efficiently planned, advertised, and staged.

The Challenge Round that year was a fight between the Australasian veterans, Brookes and Wilding, and two youngsters, Maurice McLoughlin and R. Norris Williams (then a sophomore at Harvard). Twelve thousand fans jammed into the stands and sat on the porches of the clubhouse, the largest number ever to see a match of tennis anywhere in the world. That bleacher at Longwood could have

been placed in one section of the wooden amphitheater.

The crowds had changed. So had the tennis. Instead of the fluent strokes of Larned and the Dohertys, instead of the long rallies, the fencing for position, the game was speeded up. It was faster and more vital. This was also due to the vivid personalities of the players and chiefly to McLoughlin. The first of the long line of Californian champions which has extended to the present day, he popularized lawn tennis in the United States. He was young. He was husky. When he served his adversaries stood watching the ball flash past them. No one was calling "Forty Love" in a high falsetto voice to McLoughlin.

In daring and brilliancy Williams was little behind. For the first few games of his match against Wilding he had the Australian gaping at the boldness of his shots. He could pilot the ball into the tiniest opening, and with a half-volley take it on the rise, opening up the angles of the forecourt, the area between the net and the service line that had never before been exploited. Then leading 4–1, he suddenly lost his precision. Those dazzling shots would be just out. The burly Anzac saw his chance and merely kept the ball in play. The American went to pieces. In less than an hour the first point was marked for the challenging team.

Then appeared the heroes of the day: the red-headed picturesque American boy who was selling tennis to the plain people, and the left-handed veteran Brookes, the cool, crafty, resourceful tactician. McLoughlin's flaming thatch contrasted with the golf cap Brookes pulled down over his eyes. There have been greater matches in Davis Cup history; none so grim or so spectacular. The speed of shot was tremendous. The rallies were few. It was a different game from the poised, polite garden-party tennis of the Dohertys. Tennis had changed as the world was changing.

The goal of both men was the net. Points were quickly won, usually by the volleyer. Service was important and games were even to 8–all. In the 18th game Brookes was 0–40 on the American's service. Three times the redhead served. At the first ace the crowd cheered. At the second they shouted. When he smacked over a third to tie the score, and finally won the game, ending with an untouchable delivery, they stood and yelled like madmen. A new era in sport had arrived.

There was no answer to such tennis. McLoughlin had weak ground shots but he had that service, a mighty weapon. Finally he won the set, 17–15, the longest singles set to be played in a completed match in Davis Cup history. In fact that struggle burned both men out; neither ever played top-class competitive tennis again.

Within the clubhouse afterward talk buzzed of the battle, but a few serious-faced men in one corner of the big room were grouped about a late edition telling of British troops landing at an unnamed port in France. Tony Wilding had been waiting for the end of the Challenge Round; he soon enlisted and a few months afterward was killed in the trenches in France. Meanwhile someone suggested that the war would be over by Christmas. Theodore Roosevelt grunted. "Which Christmas?" he said.

III

DOLLAR DECADE

1927: twenty-second year. In 1903 two nations had battled for the Davis Cup; by 1914 there had been 6 challenging nations; in 1927 there were 25, the largest number so far. Tennis was now a universal game. Save Russia and Turkey, hardly a country was impervious to the prestige value of winning the Cup donated by Dwight F. Davis of St. Louis in 1900. In 1927 teams came from the north of Europe, Denmark, Poland, and Sweden. They came from the Antipodes, from below the Tropic of Capricorn in Africa, from India and Japan, from Italy

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and Greece, from Mexico and Cuba, and even from the Balkan nations.

First the British Isles (now England, because Ireland had become a separate nation) then the United States had dominated international play. Since 1920 when the two Bills, Tilden and Johnston, had won the Cup at Melbourne, they had defended it against all challengers. Against astute Japanese like Kumagae and Shimidzu, against fresh Australian reinforcements, Anderson, Patterson, Hawkes, and Wood. Now a new tennis-playing nation appeared on the sporting horizon. For the first time a Latin country was dangerous.

This was the dollar decade of American sport. The era of million-dollar prize-fight gates, the period when citizens would pay sixty dollars for a ringside seat a hundred yards from the fighters, or twenty dollars to sit behind the goalposts at an Army-Navy football game, the time when Jones and Sande and Ruth and Hagen among others were performing for the multitudes. Not to mention a Philadelphian named Tilden.

No wonder the stands at the Germantown Cricket Club were insufficient to hold the throng who clamored to pay three dollars on the last afternoon of the Challenge Round which brought the young French team against the United States. Twelve thousand were jammed into the seats but three or four thousand more paid to get in, sat Chinese-fashion on the turf near the court or hung to one end of the bleachers to watch Tilden and Lacoste in the opening match of the day.

There were new changes in the game. American organization had finally captured sport. The shelf of the umpire's chair now supported a pair of scissors, a can of talcum powder, a rule book, a penknife, a pair of pliers, a shoe horn, a couple of extra belts, some garters, a bottle of smelling salts, a steel pick for removing dirt from player's spikes, some powdered rosin in a large shaker, safety pins of all sizes, adhesive tape in several widths, aromatic spirits of ammonia, and a cloth for cleaning eyeglasses. Under the chair was a bucket of iced barley water and a box of sawdust, and had Bitsy Grant been playing, there would have been a couple of bottles of Coca Cola.

By this time the linesmen were not, as in 1903, chosen just before the match from prominent spectators who happened to be sitting in the front row. A man would as soon dare to run for the Nantasket boat in the middle of a match and leave his line untenanted as throw a tear gas bomb on the court. Now a Challenge Round necessitated an umpire and thirteen assistants. These men all belonged to an association; they were carefully selected weeks ahead and drilled, trained, and regimented like Prussian guardsmen. One bad decision might possibly cost us the Davis Cup, and the Davis Cup was important. We had come a long way from that informal afternoon's entertainment under the Massachusetts elms in 1903.

The tennis was different also. From the all-court game of the Dohertys and Larned, we had passed to the crafty and penetrating game of Brookes and Wilding, the daring and spectacular strokes of McLoughlin and Williams; now we were watching the powerful games of Tilden and Johnston with no weaknesses, backed by every shot in tennis. We had made the turn of the wheel. Once more we seemed to be in the epoch of the Dohertys, for Tilden was a kind of super-Doherty. But he was past his prime.

The American had more power off the ground than either of the Dohertys. In addition he had an American cannon-ball service, a service perhaps as fast as McLoughlin's, better placed, and one over which he had better control. Moreover, where McLoughlin had a cannon-ball delivery, Tilden had that plus two or three other kinds. In all during that match he made twenty-one service aces. But Lacoste, the French crocodile, had the ability to parry these shots. He possessed one of the greatest tennis brains of all time. First he pulled Tilden far to one side with a spinning service, then made

him grope for a low shot in the corner. Then he would yank him into forecourt and send him chasing back after a perfect lob. The American was always reaching for the ball. He was giving away twelve years to Lacoste. Twelve years is lots in a young man's game.

Then Cochet and Johnston took the court. The crowd rose because Little Bill, then losing his power, was the most popular athlete in the country. The crowd wanted him to win. They were frankly partisan. The Longwood crowd had come for the tennis, the game; they had applauded everyone's good shots. But this was a different crowd, a gallery eager for sensations. Mixed with the players and lovers of the sport were many who came for excitement. They were rooters, the sort of people who howled at the umpire in a World's Series, who yelled at fighters to "knock the big bum out."

The end came in a frenzy of vociferation. They cheered every point Johnston won; every error of Cochet's was greeted with applause. The little Frenchman tried merely to keep the ball in play. His defense was sagacious. Johnston finally beat himself, and Cochet on the final point tossed his bat high in the air. For the first time Latins had beaten Anglo Saxons in their own specialty, on the fields of sport. No more could the French be called a decadent race.

IV

TENNIS ACROSS AN OCEAN

1932: the twenty-second year. There was a cordon of gendarmes thrown wide round the gates of the Stade Roland Garros on the last afternoon of the Challenge Round, and you had to show your tickets to get through that line. Once inside, I climbed to the top of the stadium with César Saerchinger, the European Director of Columbia Broadcasting System. Short-wave transmission had been perfected and for the first time an oral, play-by-play account was going across an ocean. Millions were following each move on that red court in Paris during the afternoon.

By this time France had gone tennis-mad. Every little café had its loud-speaker on the sidewalk and a knot of listeners standing about. "La Coupe" was a household word. Interest was intense, single tickets for the matches cost four hundred francs or sixteen dollars—if you could find a speculator who had one to sell. Dwight Davis, former cabinet minister and donor of the Cup, tried to enter the section of the stadium reserved for players and their friends but was refused admittance and returned to his hotel unnoticed. The Davis Cup had become an event of world-wide importance, but who was this Monsieur Davis?

We climbed the rickety ladder to the broadcasting perch eighty feet in the air behind the court. At Longwood the press had been represented by one man from the Boston *Transcript* and by Fred Mansfield, the umpire, who for the love of the game used to telephone an account of the matches to the *Herald*. At Roland Garros a special section of the stands was devoted to the press, with reporters by the dozen from every capital of Europe, sob sisters, special writers, columnists, and sports authorities from half a dozen nations. There was even a man from Egypt. Meanwhile across the court, our platform—which ran the length of the stands but was only six feet wide without any railings—swayed under its burden of reporters in a new medium. A dozen camera men with their guns trained on the court and twice that number of radio commentators and mechanics filled our narrow perch. Beside me a French youth rippled phrases into his mike, on the other side a German gutturaled the story to Berlin, and farther down the line an Italian was talking. It was a lovely scene. Over the leafy chestnut trees surrounding the Stade, the Eiffel Tower cut the blue sky in the distance. Below, round the reddish court, in the packed stands sat the restless French gallery eager for a triumph in the Coupe. And the four streets bordering the stadium were

solidly jammed with ticketless thousands who saw only one edge of the big electric scoreboard or simply stood listening to the cheers from within.

I had guessed three-thirty as the moment to take the air. We were in luck, for Borotra and Allison, a man from Bayonne and a boy from Austin, Texas, appeared just at that moment following the intermission after the third set. By this time the famous Four Musketeers who had won the Cup at Philadelphia were losing ground. Lacoste was through. Cochet was weakening and Borotra was a veteran too old to withstand the challenge of a generation of young Americans. He dropped the first two sets to the fine volleying of Wilmer Allison. But tennis matches of a Musketeer never went by default. In the third set he became suddenly the Borotra of his prime. In the fourth he went from strength to strength, drawing reserves of courage from his fanatical supporters in the stands. The crowd was almost beyond control as he began to stab his volleys past the tiring American.

"Un peu de silence s'il vous plait," pleaded the umpire vainly. From the swaying platform—so flimsy it might topple any moment—I tried to describe this amazing scene to dispassionate Americans three thousand miles away, to explain what it meant to the French to have their champion come from behind, to portray the emotional crowd in the stands waving the little red-white-and-blue paper parasols which colored the stadium as Borotra won game after game. So we came into the fifth set. Allison, volleying with a firm hand, at last reached matchpoint. Borotra exerted an extra bit of pressure and drew an error. Another matchpoint. Again the Basque saved himself and France, this time with a netcord shot. You could hear his groan of relief from the platform. Now the gallery was beyond control.

"Borocco, Borocco, Borocco," they yelled, their nickname for their favorite. The umpire appealed for quiet but no one paid any attention and it took a gesture of agony from Borotra himself to still them. Then the third matchpoint came up.

Borotra served. A fault. The second service. Over the line. A doublefault and the match was won. Allison tossed his bat high in the air.

No . . . wait a minute. That ball was called good. I was speechless. I forgot I was broadcasting. That ball *good* . . . ? Pandemonium. For some minutes everybody was shouting. Finally order was restored and the match resumed. But the punch was gone from the American's game. Exhausted, he let Borotra storm through to victory. The *Coupe Davis* was saved for France. Ten thousand cushions rained upon the court as the Basque, still wet, came to the box below us, where he was embraced by the President of the Republic.

Our time on the air was up. In fact we had gone half an hour over, but so exciting was the struggle that New York had kept the wires open. Had I described the match correctly? Had I mentioned that decision? Yes, but it was not till six weeks later—when a friend who had listened with a portable set on a Jersey beach told me that he had heard my exclamation as a linesman saved the Cup for France—that I found out. I had described the first sporting event across an ocean and the last victory of France in the Davis Cup.

V

LIFE AND DEATH

1937: the thirty-second year. Possibly the French had been the first to perceive the national prestige attaching to a victory in this world sport. They were by no means the last. By 1937 every nation in Europe laid plans during midwinter for the next summer's campaign. Likely candidates were excused for months on end from their military service. Governments stood ready to furnish unlimited sums for expenses. For by this time money was a necessity if you hoped to capture possession of the Davis Cup.

On what was money spent? First you must have a professional trainer, a Tilden, a Kozeluh, or a Nusslein. These men come high. Then you must find a captain, some older player willing to spend all his time developing champions, and a masseur to keep the team in shape. *En voyage* you must live well. The Dohertys in 1903 stayed at private houses; now Davis Cup stars stop only at Grand Palace Hotels—our team always puts up at Grosvenor House in London. Last year the Germans started their campaign early in May, playing in Milan, Prague, Brussels, and Paris before reaching Wimbledon early in July to take part in the Interzone Final against the United States. You must either transship your side across an ocean or send them jaunting around the capitals of Europe for three or four months. Sometimes gate receipts help out, sometimes not. What does it matter? The Davis Cup is important. Government chiefs realize this—none better than the dictators.

1937 was not a record year for entries because only 24 nations challenged to try to take the Cup from England, the holder; but it was significant as showing the strength of countries hitherto little known as sporting nations. France, holder of the Cup only a few years previously, was badly beaten by Czechoslovakia. The summer before they had lost in the first round to the Yugoslavs. Nor have we heard the last of that country in the matches for the Davis Cup.

In July, 1937, it was the Germans—conquerors of the Czechs—who stepped upon the Center Court at Wimbledon, headed by their blond champion, Gottfried von Cramm, to meet the Americans led by another redheaded Californian named Donald Budge. Three weeks earlier in the English championships Budge had beaten the German rather easily in three straight sets, and he seemed likely enough to repeat when, with the teams even at two matches apiece, the champions of Germany and the United States faced each other in the deciding contest.

By this time we were in an era of shorts, but they were not worn by either Budge or Cramm. Curiously enough, champions seem able to handicap themselves in this way and still conquer all comers in abbreviated garments. Notice also another change since the early days. Instead of the one extra racket which Larned and Doherty each carried on court, Budge and Cramm appeared with seven or eight bats in their arms. So great is the speed of the modern game, so tensely strung are the champions' bats, that three or four may snap a string in the course of a match. Observe that the balls are taken from a frigidaire back of the umpire's chair, where they have been kept at a fixed temperature all night. Originally they were just tennis balls, of any weight, size, bound, or temperature. Now all balls are standardized, conforming to mechanized tests which limit the bounce to 53 inches when dropped on concrete from a height of 100 inches, the weight to 2–2 1/16 ounces, and the compression to between .265 and .290 inches. This shows the point to which the American talent for systematization and organization has taken what was once a friendly match for a Challenge bowl.

The struggle began. Old-timers have said it was the greatest match ever played at Wimbledon. Great is a large word, but probably never had the standard of play on both sides of the net been so high. For points were not lost; they were won. There is a difference. Moreover, they were won several times in each rally. You were watching super-tennis by super-players. Tilden afterward declared it the finest match he had ever seen.

Cramm won the first set. Budge waited for the avalanche to pass. But the second set came and the avalanche persisted. Two sets up for Cramm. Not until the third did a reaction start in the German's game, and Budge working to the net managed to make some winning volleys. Slowly the tide turned. The American won the third set after a fight, and the fourth. Only a player armed at every point, with no physical or moral weakness, could have evened the

score against a champion playing like Cramm.

It was seven o'clock when the fifth set began. The German showed he had a kick left by serving and driving faultlessly. He was soon 4–1. Then Budge became the grand champion. His service in pace and accuracy was hardly inferior to Tilden's at its best. Slowly he fought back and evened the score. In the fourteenth game he had five match-points before he finally won the set and the match. Both players were completely exhausted and so was every single spectator.

One must admit that Budge's tennis that afternoon was a step forward in the game. The technic of sport does not stand still. Nor yet does the power and influence of the Davis Cup. Looking back, some things about that magnificent struggle are clearer. Most champions play better for their country in team matches than in tournaments when they are on their own. But Cramm had never played like that before. Nor ever did again. How explain this?

Possibly because the German was playing for his country and something more. It was common knowledge that Cramm had never been a member of the Nazi party. Despite his efforts in sport for the Fatherland, he had never been in Hitler's good graces. Those who are not for a dictator are against him. What a chance Cramm had at Wimbledon! Imagine his triumphal return to Berlin, that emblem of world supremacy in sport by his side. Germany on top. First the Olympic Games, then the Davis Cup. Would the Führer not forgive anything of the man who was the artisan of the first German victory in this international event?

But he failed. Cramm failed by a few inches which separated the ball from the baseline in several critical rallies in the critical games of the last set. By a shot or two in the alley, and not just inside the court, by a few inches on the wrong side, once when he was leading 4–2 and again at 4–3. By the merest fraction of a second in the timing of his racket.

Accordingly this summer he is in disgrace, a prisoner in his native land. Do you suppose that if those few balls had been inside the court in the last set, if Cramm had captured the Davis Cup, he would now be in a concentration camp? If so you misunderstand the mentality of dictators.

This is 1938. Tennis has changed and so has the world in which we live. Thanks to the press, to radio, to easy means of communication, and to widespread interest in athletics, the Davis Cup has been "sold" to the entire world. Today it is a matter of growing national importance. President Lebrun, Foreign Secretary Sir Samuel Hoare, and Secretary of State Cordell Hull have all presided in recent years at the drawings for the Davis Cup and set the governmental kiss of approval upon the contest. It has become a test of national superiority.

Longwood is no longer prominent in the sport. One hears little about it now; can that be because Longwood is still a club primarily for people who want to play and do not care overmuch for the prominence attaching to Davis Cup matches? And what will the Davis Cup be in 1960? Will there be a national holiday, will the President and his Cabinet attend the Challenge Round, will the Stock Exchange close as the matches between the United States and Japan are played and televised to hundreds of millions of fans in a waiting world? Will they be played in a double-decked Rose Bowl seating half a million spectators, and will the star of the Japanese team commit hara-kiri on the center court rather than return defeated to be killed in Japan by an angry populace?

Impossible? Absurd? Perhaps. But who in 1903 would have visualized the changes which the machine age has wrought in what was once a pastime and nothing more? Anyhow one thing is certain. In 1960 no small twelve-year-olders will watch the Challenge Round —except maybe the Sistie and Buzzie of that period.

ON BEING KEPT BY A CAT

BY ELMER DAVIS

THE lamented Freddie Mortimer of the *New York Times* was once moved to scorn by an item among the Lost and Found notices—an advertisement for a lost cat whose collar bore the inscription, "This is So-and-so's cat." Nothing, Mortimer contended, could be less accurate; the only identification that could truthfully be inscribed on any cat's collar would be, "This is this cat's cat."

Madame Michelet (quoted by the learned Van Vechten, whose *The Tiger in the House* is practically the *Golden Bough* of cat lore) once computed that she had owned a hundred cats. "Say rather," her husband corrected, "that a hundred cats have owned you." Possibly he was jealous of the creatures who had usurped his rightful place as the domestic pet, but anybody with much feline experience knows he was right—especially people who do not keep servants, and must refuse invitations for week-ends because somebody has to stay at home to take care of the member of the family who cannot open ice-box doors. To the question often asked by the inexpert, "Do you keep a cat?" the proper answer is "No, a cat keeps me."

It is true that the courts have held that a cat is property, an opinion not concurred in by certain resort hotels which will take a cat for a dollar a day European plan; they make no such charge for your trunk. This seems to be one of the many instances in which business is more realistic than the law; the theory that a cat is property must be set down as one of those splendid flights of wishful thinking in which judges occasionally indulge. It would be pleasant to believe that somebody who is broke and looking for a job has equal power in contracting for wages with a prospective employer, so the courts have often held that this is so; it would be agreeable to a judge who is not used to having his injunctions disregarded to believe that the most independent of all creatures is subject to human control. But the doctrine breaks down under analysis.

Scholarly and subtle men have written much of late about the distinctions between various kinds of property. There are consumption goods—clothes, for instance—which we all possess; and there are the means of production which are owned by capitalists, but owned in different ways. I am, in economic terminology, a handicraft artisan owning my own means of production—a typewriter, with which I earn my living; I am also on an infinitesimal scale a capitalist. But my "ownership" of, say, 1/435,000th part of the General Motors Corporation does not enable me to do anything with that tiny fraction of a great institution except to sell it if I choose. Henry Ford owns and uses the Ford Motor Company as I own and use my typewriter; but all I "own" in General Motors is a claim on a little of its profit, if men over whose actions I have no control manage it well enough to make a profit.

Obviously, the cat who for some years has made his home with my family falls into none of what I must apologize for calling these categories of property. He

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is not consumption goods but a consumer, and a fairly heavy consumer at that; nor does he produce anything except an intense satisfaction in those who associate with him. Nothing else of utility to human beings, at least; he makes what a cat doubtless regards as profits, and seems to think I have a claim on a share of them. Whenever he kills a mouse in the apartment, or a snake at his summer home in the country, he proudly brings it back to the family, perhaps supposing that we might like to eat some of it. But even then I stand in much the same economic relation to him as to Mr. Alfred P. Sloan.

Reverse the situation, and the true property relation becomes apparent. I am to the cat what my typewriter is to me, or the Ford Motor Company to Henry Ford—his means of production; in the course of time he will eat up all the money I get for these observations. If he is not my sole proprietor, at least he owns enough stock in me to make his wishes influential; and as for the members of the family who do most of the work of caring for him he seems to regard them as his employees. If they do not work for him as and when he wants them to work he expresses his opinion—though more politely than Mr. Tom Girdler expresses his opinion in a similar situation.

This economic analysis of course does not apply to the alley cat, the free-lance cat who earns his living by his own exertions without exploiting the labor of others. But the house cat, the pet cat, so far from being property, is a capitalist, a member of the owner class, even if he catches a mouse now and then for sport. His mousing is comparable to the farming practiced by retired gentlemen of wealth, who do for amusement what their ancestors did because they had to. And when so many people are asking what the capitalist gives in return for what he gets, the cat too must stand examination.

II

"Probably the least useful of domestic animals," was the verdict of C. E. Browne and the late G. Stanley Hall, writing in the *Pedagogical Seminary;* which implies a very narrow concept of utility. The cat does not produce material wealth, nor acquire it unless he has to; and even then no more than he needs. But was Rembrandt the least useful of Dutchmen, or Bach of Germans? What Rembrandt and Bach produced (from the point of view of the sociologist, if not of the economist) was pleasure in others, and pleasure of a high order. That is what the cat produces too—the pleasure that comes from observing in many cats an astonishing beauty, and in practically all cats the perfection of grace; the still higher pleasure derived from contemplation of the most dignified and independent of living creatures. Tiberius Gracchus so admired the cat's independence that he put an image of a cat in the Temple of Liberty at Rome, as freedom's best symbol; at least so say Hall and Browne—Plutarch does not mention it. I do not know the explanation of Lenin's well-known fondness for cats; but perhaps he got an ironic satisfaction from the companionship of the only beings in Russia whom he could not boss.

The independence of course is far more conspicuous in alley cats, the most vigorous of all practitioners, in a civilized environment, of private initiative and rugged individualism. This ought to make the alley cat the favorite animal of the conservative rich; yet I suspect that if you took a census of these gentry you would find that most of them prefer the docile dog; their definition of individualism is usually "individualism for me." The cat, on the other hand, seems to be widely preferred by artists and writers—a tribe which with rare exceptions is almost fanatically individualistic and values individualism and independence in its friends, human or animal.

But any cat is a potential alley cat; the most pampered of domestic pets could get along on his own if he had to. My cat (the possessive is used, here and hereinafter, purely for identification) is a silver Persian, who in his urban apartment

leads a placid and sedentary life for nine months of the year. But when he goes to the country in June he is perfectly at home in woods and fields and fights everything in sight. The cat's high sense of enlightened self-interest leads him to live on his income if he can—but because it is pleasanter, not because he must. The tendency is not unknown among human beings.

Besides the free-lance alley cat and the capitalistic house cat there is a third economic group—the salaried cats, in public or private employ. Mostly they are maintained to keep down rats and mice, though in the War many served in the trenches or in submarines, to give gas alarms. In this class there are economic gradations, just as among human salaried employees; I suppose that from the feline point of view cats employed in meat markets rank highest—the movie stars or corporation presidents of the cat world. They experience all the vicissitudes of salaried employees too; lately the Mayor of Boston, in a drive for economy, slashed the salaries of the cats employed in the Public Library from $10 a year apiece to $9.85, for which relief Boston taxpayers were presumably grateful.

The cat makes the best of any situation in which he finds himself, but he is shrewd enough as a rule to prefer the pleasanter modes of life; I have known alley cats so jealous of their independence that they refused employment in groceries, but such resolution is rare. An illustration is the history of my friend Amos, a big brindle tom who used to live with an elderly couple in New York. The husband died, the wife decided to give up housekeeping and go live with her children, who for some reason had no room for Amos; so she put him in the Bide-a-Wee Home pending adoption. It happened that about that time a certain club discovered to its horror that there were rats in the basement, and the Board of Governors empowered the manager to add a cat to the payroll. He went to the Bide-a-Wee Home, saw Amos and admired him (as who would not?) and employed him—after an exchange of references; for the lady who had been associated with Amos wanted to be sure that he joined the right club. Amos came, he looked round, and evidently decided that this was not the club for him. The next day he vanished; but six weeks later he reappeared, looking somewhat bedraggled, and has been there ever since.

So far as the history of that interlude can be reconstructed, Amos went back home and discovered that home was not there any more; whereupon he decided to become an alley cat. He evidently succeeded in supporting himself by free-lancing; but like many a human being in the same situation, he finally concluded that it was too much of a strain and he had better go back to a salaried job; the job at the club might not be just what he wanted, but if it was the best proposition in sight he might as well take it. By now Amos enjoys club life; he knows the most comfortable chairs, and any of his fellow-members who dared to turn him out of his seat would hear from the House Committee. And he certainly earns his salary. Soon he had killed the last rat in the basement; then he began visiting the club across the street and killing their rats, proudly bringing them back to his own club to show that he was on the job. And now that both clubs are thoroughly deratted he has added the bank round the corner to his territory—appearing every morning as soon as it opens, with a face that asks the clearly legible question, "Any rats to-day? Anything a cat can do around here?"

Amos, it is obvious, has the instinct of workmanship, the delight in doing a job for its own sake; but he preferred the ease of the old home so long as he could get it. The American dream of the workman turning capitalist, and living in comfort without working any more, was familiar to every cat before America was ever heard of.

III

For the house cat has known better days, which may still linger in his racial memory; in Egypt he was once a god.

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Not that by any means all domestic cats of to-day are of Egyptian ancestry, any more than all Southerners are descended from the great ante-bellum plantation owners. But every Southerner literate enough to know the tradition cherishes the memory of the old white-pillared mansion that was burned by Sherman's army; and so it may be that every cat, even if all his ancestors came from Central Europe, likes to think that once his people were gods in Egypt.

The cat race, with its Manx and Siamese and Persian and all the other varieties, plainly has as many different kinds of ancestors as the German "race." The long-haired cats, the experts are inclined to think, are descended from the manul of Central Asia. I know this creature only from photographs, but he seems to have a formidable, even menacing dignity that would have made him a good playmate for Genghis Khan. As for short-haired cats, they come down from various wild species, European, Asiatic, African, and even American; there were domesticated cats in Mexico and Central America before the first Europeans came.

But the cat as a domestic institution of Western culture first arose in Egypt, where there was a temple to the cat-goddess at Bubastis as early as 1500 B.C. Long before that Egyptian mythology told of the Great Cat, the celestial cat who kills the snake that sometimes tries to swallow the sun. It is fairly certain that the first house cats in Europe were imported from Egypt—probably smuggled out, since the Egyptians did not like to let the sacred animals go. (Diodorus reports that in the days of Egyptian imperialism, armies campaigning abroad used to gather up all the cats they met and send them back to Egypt, where they would be treated with the proper respect.) It was in Egypt that the Greeks first encountered the cat—the *ailouros* they called him, the tail-waver; and it is as an Egyptian animal, though apparently not unknown to Greek readers, that he is first mentioned in European literature, by Herodotus.

Soon after Herodotus's day cats appeared in both Greece and Italy. Richard Engelmann, in the annual of the Imperial German Archæological Institute, mentions an Athenian vase of the classic period with a picture of a boy going to school, and his pedagogue (the accompanying slave) holding a cat on a leash. Italian vases of a not much later date show women playing with cats who look just like the cats of to-day. But apparently, says Engelmann, the exportation from Egypt was difficult and dangerous; cats in Europe were rare till the Christian era—and not long after that they ceased to be gods in Egypt.

When they fell they fell a long way—as far as Lucifer. In Christian Europe cats, particularly black cats, had the misfortune to be regarded as incarnations of the devil; and some people cannot get rid of that superstition to this day, though no doubt they would furiously deny that their dislike of cats is a hangover from witch-fearing ancestors. "Probably no other domestic animal," wrote Hall and Browne, "has been so loved and hated, so petted and persecuted." Even now, few people are neutral about cats; and a good deal of exaggeration can be found in arguments both for them and against them. There are people who have an instinctive horror of all cats—probably an atavistic memory of the great cats of the primal jungle, comparable to the much more common horror of snakes; there are those who cannot forget their demonology; and there are those who say they hate cats because they love dogs. You may like both of course; but people who crave the dog's uncritical devotion and are afraid to meet the coolly detached judgment of the cat, who does not like you unless he finds you worthy of liking, are making a damning admission. Leaving aside all these pathological types, people who say they dislike all cats have simply happened to know the wrong cats.

Not all cats are adorable any more than they are all detestable. "Each individual cat," says Van Vechten, "differs in as many ways as possible from each other indi-

vidual cat." This may be too sweeping, but generalizations about all cats are as rash as generalizations about all human beings. All cats have tails? Not the Manx cats. All cats have fur? There were hairless cats in Aztec Mexico. Still less can you generalize about the character of "the cat." I have been intimately associated with some fifteen or twenty tail-wavers; the majority were admirable—for character or intelligence or both; but several of them were disagreeable or even stupid. My present feline associate, General Gray, was given to the family (by the wife of a biped General Gray) as replacement for a cat who had been killed. He is one of the best I have ever known, but so was his predecessor; and a cat replaces another cat only to the extent that a wife replaces another wife. She may fill the same place in the household, but you have to get used to an utterly different personality. And those who know cats tend to judge them by the same criteria as human friends. I am ashamed to admit that probably the most intelligent cat I ever knew elicited my respect but not my affection. She was industrious, clever, virtuous; but she lacked charm.

Hall and Browne analyzed the results of a questionnaire in which eight hundred school children told why they liked cats; reasoning that as children anthropomorphize cats and so did primitive man, they might get some light on the early relations of the two species. (As a matter of fact only very young children, or those who do not know cats well, anthropomorphize them.) Most of the children were sure the cat loved them, not just his home, and they were probably right; to anyone who knows cats, the dogma of cat haters that the cat is attached only to places, not to persons, is a malignant myth. He likes places but he can feel great affection for persons too—affection as disinterested as human affections are likely to be. (This is true of most cats anyway; nothing is true of all cats.)

Van Vechten truly observes that "walking is distasteful to the cat unless he has a purpose in view"; but all one summer General Gray accompanied my then small daughter on her evening walks—long walks, some of them—with no purpose in view but the enjoyment of her company. Once in a while when I am working he comes in and rolls for me—not because he wants anything, but because he feels that high contentment which a cat can express only by rolling. He could roll wherever he happened to be; I can think of no reason for his coming from another room to roll in my office, except that he feels so happy that he wants to share his happiness with me.

Most of the eight hundred children said they liked cats because they were nice to play with, only a few because they were intelligent; children are apt to value their human elders by the same standard. As for the intellectuals who admire cats for their intelligence, their philosophic disposition, cat haters would say that this is precisely the same as the children's reaction. Each group reads into the cat the qualities it most appreciates, whether he really has them or not. In some cases this is true. People who are devoted to any pet incline to exaggerate its cleverness; less of that nonsense has been talked about cats than about babies. But many cat stories that seem absurd to ailourophobes are plausible enough to anybody who knows cats, as those who hate them do not. The Associated Press lately seemed to find an element of romance in the story of a cat in Maine which had lost a leg in a trap. His human associate fitted him with a wooden peg—and must have fitted him well, for any cat would spend hours trying to get that sort of contraption off before he ventured to walk on it; and when the cat caught a rat he held it down with his other forepaw and beat it to death with his wooden leg. Fiction? Not wholly. He may have killed the rat, eventually, with his teeth; but any cat who caught a rat would slap it round a bit, and it would be a natural muscular reflex to swing on it with the arm that happened to have a wooden peg attached.

Stories of cats' manipulative skill about the house may also be exaggerated, but there is more in them than those ignorant of the species may realize. E. L. Thorndike, the psychologist, has been scornful of this type of cat story. Thousands of cats, he says, have gone to the door, found it shut, and turned away frustrated, without getting any publicity; but let one single cat reach up and paw the door knob, and immediately he figures in all the books on animal intelligence. Maybe so; but most cats understand how a door is opened even if they cannot do it themselves. A good many cats are either naturally imitative, or else clever enough to try what they have seen human beings attempt with success. I know a cat who dials the telephone, but that is probably mere imitation; her family does not pretend that she has ever lifted the receiver off of the hook or actually succeeded in getting a number.

But sometimes it looks like imitation in the hope of success. My cat has never tried to turn a door knob; he can pull a screen door open from outside, with his claws, but when he comes to a wooden door that is closed he simply sits down and scratches at the crack. (He never scratches at the wrong crack, the one where the hinges are.) Experience has taught him that sometimes the door is off the latch, in which case he can pull it open—and also that if he says he wants to get out, and any of the human members of the family are present, the door is likely to be opened for him. He likes to drink water out of the bathtub; if somebody runs a little for him he drinks as much as he wants and then pulls out the plug. That may be the accidental result of a mere impulse to play with a shiny chain; but it seems plausible that he has seen other people pull the plug when they are through with the water in the bathtub, and knows what will happen if he pulls it.

This is no proof of any great mechanical skill in even this one particular cat, to say nothing of the entire species; it is merely observed evidence of more general intelligence than enemies of the cat are willing to admit. Some of them indeed admit almost nothing—not even those reflective qualities for which the cat is most esteemed by connoisseurs.

IV

The most vigorous attempt to debunk the cat which has come to my attention—its unfavorable conclusions all buttressed by laboratory experiment—is a book published in 1928 by Georgina Gates, then assistant professor at Barnard College, entitled *The Modern Cat: a Study in Comparative Psychology*. Perhaps none of the science of that romantic year need be taken too seriously; much of the physics of 1928 seems to be only antique heresy now, while as for the economics of 1928—! However, let the cat answer the indictment, which is comprehensive enough. The cat has few ideas; she "sees no colors, distinguishes no pitches"; objects are ill defined to her, she "lives in a blur," with no memories and no anticipations. "She is no philosopher," says Dr. Gates, "no mechanician, no student or critic of human affairs; merely a distant relative, poverty-stricken with respect to the most valuable of all possessions, but cherished for her air of aloofness and that aura of mystery which surrounds her." In short, a poor relation of our noble species.

Now, with all respect to the scientific approach, this seems to me to betray very little knowledge of cats outside the laboratory; and it anthropomorphizes the cat more thoroughly than do even the youngest children. It implies that what is useful or pleasant to us must be useful or pleasant to cats too, and that they are deficient in so far as they lack it. The cat is condemned for not being a successful human being. How many human beings could be successful cats?

Certain experiments are cited as proof that the cat is tone-deaf and color-blind. Color-blindness is a considerable misfortune to men and women but much less serious for the cat, who does not have to watch traffic lights; who has other senses to help him distinguish objects and other

pleasures to replace those which color gives us. The charge of tone-deafness rests on the researches of an earnest investigator who found that cats could not distinguish (or at least did not find it worth while to show that they distinguished) between different notes on the piano. So what? Why should a cat be interested in the notes of the piano? When he wants music he makes his own.

Anybody who knows cats outside the laboratory knows that their hearing is far superior to ours. Even if they cannot distinguish between the notes of the piano (I remain unconvinced of that), they can detect and identify countless sounds too faint for the human ear, or too obscure for the human understanding. The widespread belief that cats are "psychic" is partly a residue of old superstition, but partly it rests on the observed fact that cats are sensitive to certain impressions which human senses miss. Probably their better hearing is responsible for most of this, their sensitiveness to electricity for the rest of it—a sense which most human beings wholly lack. In the sense of smell the cat's superiority is still greater. It tells him much that we learn by sight, much that we get by conversation or reading, and probably some things we never get at all. Those who despise the cat for his alleged insensitiveness to the notes of the piano might ask themselves what he would say of a species so dull, so crude, so poverty-stricken that its language actually has no word for the nasal equivalent of color-blindness; which is as insensitive to the innumerable delicate distinctions of scent that the cat perceives as he may (or may not) be to the different tones of musical instruments.

"The cat lives in a blur," does he? Well, he does not act in a blur; when he has something to do, somewhere to go, he goes and does it with speed and precision. At a distance, in broad daylight, his vision is probably less precise than ours; but he identifies such objects, and at such distances, as his needs require, by the coordination of other senses. And at night—! Stumble over a cat in the dark and he will be surprised, though unless you step on a foot or a tail he will be too courteous to express indignation. Turn on the light, and you can read in his eyes as much pity and disdain for a poor creature who cannot see in the dark as scientists feel for a poor creature who does not know (or care about) the difference between G sharp and B flat. Dr. Gates remarks that if you put a cat in front of a mirror he will not recognize his own reflection, probably will not realize that this is the image of a cat. Which is true. But if there is another cat, a strange cat, near by the chances are that he will know it before you do; certainly he will if the other cat is round a corner, or if it is dark.

Most of this depreciation of the cat is sheer anthropomorphizing. We have enormously developed one sense at the expense of all the rest; by far the greater part of the material used by the human mind is collected, in one way or another, by the eye. Unfavorable judgments on the cat's perceptive powers by members of a species whose other senses are far weaker (in the case of smell, almost atrophied) are as uninformed, as uncomprehending, as the ideas of a celibate on matrimony.

Nobody who knows cats believes that they have no memories or anticipations; they remember and anticipate much that we do not care about and are indifferent to much that interests us; but why not? It is their business to be cats, ours to be human. But what about the most valuable of all possessions, in which the cat is said to be so poverty-stricken? This is reasoning power; the cat's deficiency in which is proved, to Dr. Gates's satisfaction, by one of Thorndike's experiments. He took twelve alley cats, put them before a complicated set of boxes to find a devious way to food, and timed them. Only one found the way easily; as a group they were faster than raccoons, but slower than monkeys or Columbia students.

One must respect the findings of a properly conducted experiment, but need not accept all the conclusions drawn from it. Any educated alley cat (and those who learn slowly die young) knows that food

comes in garbage cans, not in trick boxes. Confronted with a novel situation, food in an unfamiliar container, the cats were slow to adapt themselves to their environment. But it does not appear that Thorndike was so inhumane as to push them to the verge of starvation; if he had, probably every one of those cats would have got the food before it starved, which after all is the passing grade for an alley cat. Finding one's way out of mechanical complications is, it must be remembered, more of a human than a feline necessity; and more of a human (or, as the experiment suggests, a simian) aptitude.

But the unfavorable conclusions were based chiefly on the way the cats went at it; they pawed round apparently at random, sometimes trying the wrong way over and over. "Man learns, the cat scrambles," Dr. Gates concludes; but she admits that a Columbia professor who did not know how to swim, if he fell into so unfamiliar an environment as deep water, would flounder as awkwardly as Thorndike's cats. "The cat uses man's second-best procedure, hit-or-miss struggling," instead of coolly, patiently reasoning his way out. How many men do any better? Pick up the first twelve human beings you meet, put them into a human situation of equivalent novelty and complexity, and most of them would scramble too.

In justice to Dr. Gates, it must be remembered that this was written in 1928, when the human race seemed to have some grounds for complacency; she could hardly foresee that another decade would teach us that we are not much better off than Thorndike's cats. There is plenty of food in the world, plenty of everything we need; but mankind has got itself into a complicated set of boxes—psychological and emotional—and does not seem able to find the way through. Some men are patiently trying to think it out; but most of what is going on looks like hit-or-miss floundering, and often a stubborn persistence in what is obviously the wrong way.

I will give the psychologists another illustration of the cat's defects as a reasoner, demanding no payment except the privilege of asking, "So what?" The cats in the New York Aquarium, employed to keep out rats, have been taught not to eat the fish. On arrival they are given electric eels to play with, and after they have had a few shocks they conclude that anything in the Aquarium tanks (or more probably anything with the Aquarium smell) is electrified too. Or, as Mark Twain once summarized it, a cat who has once sat on a hot stove will never sit on a cold stove.

And the human race? Most of the shoestring speculators of 1929 had resolved by 1932 that they would never fool with the stock market again. Yet a good deal of money has been made in the stock market since 1932. We all despise the people who don't know what we know. My cat has been trained not to catch birds; but each summer when he arrives at his country home he meets a new generation of birds who do not know that he will let them alone. As he lies peacefully under a bush and listens to their frightened shriekings all about him he wears an expression of utter contempt —such contempt as a psychologist might feel for a cat who was slow to find his way through a set of trick boxes.

V

The fact is that ailourology, like anthropology, is a social science; and we have all learned by now that the exact technic of the physical sciences has only a limited application in such fields. Dr. Gates indeed appears to suspect this; after her long debunking of the cat she qualifies by quoting Virginia Roderick's conclusion that "there is no answer to most questions about the cat; she has kept herself wrapped in mystery for some three thousand years, and there's no use trying to solve her now." At any rate the insight of the artist will come much nearer a solution than the meticulous experiments of the laboratory scientist. Anyone who knows cats will acknowledge that the one best thing ever written about them, the concentrated quintessence of so

much ailourology as we know, is Kipling's "The Cat Who Walked by Himself." What that cat thought, what any cat thinks as he walks in the wet wild woods by his wild lone, waving his wild tail, no one can surely say. Not just what we should be thinking, certainly—but perhaps something not altogether alien to our ideas and feelings.

That cats experience the simpler emotions—desire, anger, fear, contentment—no one would deny; but they can have more complex emotions too, both good and bad. My cat, given three seconds to get ready, can run any dog out of the yard; but once a dog tearing in at high speed came on him unexpectedly from behind a bush, and General Gray behaved as other veteran troops have behaved in a similar situation. He ran; and being a cat, he ran up a tree. There he halted and collected himself and looked down at that dog; and you could see the shame in his face, the sense of an imperative obligation to retrieve his self-respect. A moment later he came down the tree and chased the dog out of the yard, as usual.

Not only the cat's intellectual but his emotional range is a good deal wider than can be measured by laboratory methods. This does not prove that he is a philosopher, but still less can the scientists prove that he is not. He looks philosophic, he behaves philosophically in his own affairs; he can act with speed and power when he needs to but he avoids all waste exertion, all effort that has no purpose *to a cat;* when there is time he weighs his decisions —no cat ever went through a door held open for him without measured pondering of the arguments for and against the step; he does what he wants to in so far as he can, and except in peril of his life wastes no energy on the impossible. What he thinks of human doings no one knows; but we can occasionally make plausible guesses. One of the most engaging tail-wavers in literature is Viktor Scheffel's black tom cat Hiddigeigei. Only a character of fiction, to be sure; you may say it is Scheffel, not Hiddigeigei speaking when he concludes some derogatory observations on human behavior:

Menschentun ist bloss Verkehrtes,
Menschentun ist Ach und Krach.
Im Bewusstsein seines Wertes
Sitzt der Kater auf dem Dach.

But so I have seen a Persian cat on the roof watch the guests stumble out from a cocktail party across the road; if his verdict was not the same as Hiddigeigei's, then you can read nothing in a face.

Those who know cats best, at any rate, feel that they have a sort of wisdom denied to us. Why let yourself be kept by a cat? Because there is little human companionship so satisfying as that of a friend of superhuman dignity and poise, who looks wise, behaves wisely in his own affairs, and regards your tribulations with an affectionate—and silent—sympathy.

The late Clarence Day once speculated on what the world would be like if the species that became dominant had been super-cats instead of super-monkeys. Life would be, he concluded, much more brilliant and beautiful and exciting. How did it happen that this noble species fell behind a tribe of feeble chatterers who in the Tertiary jungles could have been no more than an inconsiderable nuisance? The cats were too philosophic, he concluded, and too individualistic; the simians progressed by their insatiable curiosity and their capacity for co-operation. But this was written some twenty or twenty-five years ago; super-simian co-operation is not conspicuous at present, and simian curiosity has led to the finding out of many inventions such as submarines and bombing planes. Cats fight, but for reasons that usually make more sense than ours; and they stop fighting when they have settled the point immediately at issue; they have not risen to the concept of totalitarian war. They may yet get a chance to see what they can make of the world; unless, as Harlow Shapley once suggested, we simians leave our planet in such condition that it will be a fit inheritance for no species but the cockroach.

THE DOCTORS FACE REVOLT

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

In these sounding and furious 30's one of the topics which has continually called forth at least its due share of sound and fury is the organization of medical service. The term "socialized medicine" has become a fighting phrase. Like most such phrases, it means a variety of things to those who argue. For some it is compulsory health insurance, for others a system of tax-supported medicine in which physicians are employees of the state, for still others merely some variant or development of our present contract practice. The only thing on which the disputants have agreed is that, whatever it is, it is either a panacea for most of the troubles to which the human body is heir or a bogey which is devilishly sure to destroy all the proud gains of medical science.

It is not hard to explain the emotionalism of the lay arguers. They feel terribly dependent upon the medical care which most of them find difficult or impossible to pay for. In the frontier stage of American civilization people felt no such dependence upon the medical profession as they do now. Every neighborhood had its midwife. Mothers learned resourcefulness in the presence of croup or accident. Fewer people lived to meet the infirmities of old age. More diseases were regarded as hopeless and therefore something to require resignation to the Divine Will rather than the services of a doctor. Diagnosis was crude, and treatment likely to consist of a few pills and a command to "get lots of sleep and fresh air." The concept of public health was new and, except for smallpox vaccination, the idea of preventive medicine was scarcely born. By and large, one "had the doctor" only in case of a serious accident or critical illness.

The mere statement of this attitude is enough to show how it differs from that of to-day. People have been trained (largely by the profession itself) to feel that medical service is a human necessity and that modern medicine has wonderful facilities waiting to be used. The technics of diagnosis and treatment have been improved in so many directions that the layman has come to feel that relief from almost any physical ailment is available if only he has access to it. As the technics have improved they have inevitably become more expensive: it costs more to make X-rays and blood analyses than it does to count a pulse and look at a tongue. Still more important, at least a fraction of the population has now been trained to the belief that in the field of medicine a stitch in time may save not only nine other stitches but sometimes death itself, and so are made resentful when they cannot see the way to take that first stitch.

I know a young woman suffering from a complaint whose treatment will swallow up most of her annual salary. Recently I heard her fling out, "Surely if there is such a thing as a right, it is the right to keep our bodies up to working efficiency without having to wreck our whole scheme of existence." Then she burst into a perfect tirade, not against her doctors, for she was grateful to them and

felt that for the time they were spending they were not overcharging, but against the way medical service is organized. Her attitude is fairly typical. From feeling dependent upon a vitally important service, it is only a step to feeling that the service is a *right,* and then only half a step to violent personal resentment when the right is obstructed.

The progression of feeling may be illogical and it may lead to unfortunate consequences, but it is the way human nature works—and there is never any point in quarreling with human nature. So long as a majority of American families find a doctor's bill either something they can't hope to pay or something that will entail a nightmare of sacrifice and scrimping they are going to keep on feeling that "something must be done about it." They may be a bit vague about the precise working-out of "socialized medicine," but it sounds good to them. Sooner or later, if we may judge by the free schools, free land, old-age pensions, and other facts which Americans once got to thinking of as their *right,* they will push it into legislative form.

That type of emotionalism is not hard to understand. It is as human as the tendency to make oneself comfortable and as American as ham and eggs. Legislators and occupational groups have always had to deal with it and they always will.

What is hard to understand is the emotionalism with which organized medicine has met it. Doctors are men of science, not economists or theologians. They don't argue with disease. They see human nature in its least attractive manifestations and they don't argue with it. But listen to this: "We have been precipitated into a war to the finish. The final battleground is the county medical society. See to it that each fighting unit is recruited up to wartime strength. See to it that your defenses are solid and your armament complete. Strengthen the personnel of the Public Relations Committee and the Committee on Public Health Legislation. Show the public that your interests are their interests. If we go down, let us go down fighting. Let it not be said by future generations that we sold our priceless birthright for a mess of pottage, but rather that we stood and fought for the highest quality of medical service it was possible to give the people." That is no soap-box orator enlivening a street corner, but the Chairman of the Committee on Medical Economics of the Pennsylvania Medical Society.

And here is a sentence from an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association:* "The problems of medical care have been during the past ten years like a seething volcano, constantly emptying great masses of fire in the form of hastily considered, dangerous schemes and plans which the medical profession and community alike had to avoid or perish." The language is positively sulphurous.

Nor are these isolated examples. One of the most striking facts about the whole controversy is the intensely emotional tone which the leadership of organized medicine adopts in its opposition to any change from the traditional, individualistic, fee-for-service system. Whenever doctors begin to write or speak on "medical economics" they are likely to sound this note of last-ditch fighting against impending doom.

They know the limitations of the fee-for-service system. They know that almost a third of American families cannot possibly pay the fee and that at least another third find a serious illness or the "run of sickness" which is apt to happen in any family one of the major economic catastrophes of life. They know also that under this system people tend to put off going to a doctor until the trouble becomes severe and perhaps incurable. And they know that even in 1929 a third of American physicians had a net income of less than twenty-five hundred dollars—not enough to keep up their professional efficiency, and that the percentage is undoubtedly higher now. The medical profession knows and is concerned about these facts, though their distastefulness

sometimes leads it to play them down in an argument.

But, on the other hand, enough impartial studies have been made of the European systems of compulsory health insurance and tax-supported medicine to show that they also have their defects. Rightly or wrongly, most American physicians believe that a system of medicine modeled on one or a combination of the European plans would entail political control, increase malingering, and tend to break down the doctor-patient relationship. These are serious charges, which if true would lessen the quality of medical service which the profession can now give those who are able to pay for it.

The doctors may be excused perhaps for fearing the imperfections of a medical system they do not know more than those of the system they are used to working with. That sort of conservatism is only human. It is hard, however, to understand their present tactics. Fearing "socialized medicine" as they do, one would expect them to welcome any sort of experimentation with the problem of providing good medical service for low-income groups without benefit of politicians or taxes. In fact, one might expect them to regard a community trying such an experiment as a laboratory and to encourage by every possible means the physicians who are willing to pioneer in such experiments. That would seem to be the reasonable course of procedure for a group of scientifically trained men who saw their profession threatened with anything as horrendous as state medicine appears to the present leadership of organized medicine.

What has actually happened has been very different.

II

Here and there over the country are scattered a series of interesting experiments in group practice and group prepayment—as distinguished from state medicine—these are not under state auspices and are not financed by taxation. The form of organization and amount of service offered have varied in different communities, but in every case the aim has been to bring the cost of medical service within the reach of low-income groups. The general method has also been the same: a contract to furnish medical service, usually combined with hospital service, to a large number of families on a pre-payment basis. By thus spreading the cost of illness over the year and over a large group of people, most of whom are much more often well than sick, these pioneering organizations seem to be proving that it is possible for every family above the level of indigence to pay for a good grade of medical care and at the same time free itself from the gnawing worry, "What if some of us should get sick?"

From the professional point of view there are advantages. This type of organization can be made to help solve the sore problem of the relationship of the general practitioner to the increasingly numerous and complex medical specialities. (I know families who see five or six different specialists more or less regularly, but no doctor knows anything about the family as a whole or even about the individual patient as a physical unit. I have never talked with either a general practitioner or specialist who did not bewail this situation.) The plan has economic advantages also. The doctors are being paid for working with groups whose care has hitherto been partly or mostly charity work. In all of the organizations I know of the staff physicians are on a salary scale which places them among the more opulent half of their profession, besides being freed from the worry of overhead and collections. Above all, the staff retain absolute control of all the professional phases of the service, so that they can make their relationship to their patients whatever they choose. In a word, here is a type of organization which if developed and perfected might serve as an alternative to state medicine.

Instead, organized medicine has chosen to regard these experiments as "entering

wedges" toward state medicine, and has fought them by every weapon which came to hand.

One of the best known of these projects is Trinity Hospital at Little Rock, Arkansas. In 1931, when the depression was beginning to make severe inroads into every physician's practice, six doctors who had been practicing as a group launched a plan whereby they offered to give practically complete medical care and up to six weeks' hospitalization on the following pre-payment rates: $2 a month for a person enrolled as one of a group, $2.50 a month for any individual, or $5 a month for a family of any size, with a 10 per cent discount for cash. Immediately such an outcry was raised by the local medical society that the Trinity staff resigned their membership and thus automatically forfeited their membership in the American Medical Association. In addition, they were deprived of their memberships in the special medical societies which doctors prize so dearly. As a group they lost three memberships in the American College of Surgeons, two in the Southern Surgical Association, and three in other societies of this sort.

To the physician this is a much worse penalty than it can possibly sound to a layman, for it puts him outside the pale, amounts almost to professional ostracism, and in some cities has been the excuse for denying him hospital facilities, which of course is a tremendous handicap. The Trinity staff had their own hospital. Even so they have had to endure seven years of professional obloquy. Their hospital was denied approval by the American College of Surgeons and was dropped from the hospital list in the directory of the American Medical Association. They were prevented from obtaining liability insurance with some companies and have had to face a boycott directed against the business firms whose employees became subscribers. But in spite of the opposition the organization has grown until it now serves more than 5,000 people, ranging in economic status from bankers to $10-a-week factory girls.

In the case of the Ross-Loos Clinic in Los Angeles the opposition was even stiffer. The history of this venture is sufficiently interesting to be worth sketching. Early in 1929 the Los Angeles Bureau of Water and Power approached two excellently trained local physicians, Dr. Donald E. Ross and Dr. H. Clifford Loos, with the request that they organize some sort of a clinic that would provide the 2,000 employees of the Bureau with medical and hospital service on a monthly payment basis. The service was opened in April. Employees of Los Angeles County and the Santa Monica and Los Angeles Fire Departments soon enrolled, so that by December the Clinic had expanded to a staff of eight doctors and almost 4,000 subscribers. It has continued to grow until it now has 65 doctors on the staff and is serving 17,500 subscribers or a total of more than 50,000 people. Among them are oil-field workers, school teachers, various groups of municipal employees, and the faculties of the University of Southern California, University of California, California Institute of Technology, and Occidental College. The steady growth of the Clinic and the character of many of its subscribing groups are proof that the quality of service offered is good.

The service rate does not emphasize the family group as it does in Trinity Hospital. The rate is $2 per month to the *subscriber,* with reduced rates for services to his dependents. For his $24 a year the subscriber is entitled to all his medical and surgical work with the exception of treatment for venereal disease, hypodermic medication, and radium and deep-X-ray treatments. He also receives whatever medicines or drugs are prescribed and up to 90 days' hospitalization when it is advisable. An idea of the rates available for dependents of subscribers may be obtained from the following:

Office consultation or treatment....	$ .50
Residence calls.....	1.00
Minor operations performed in hospital	7.50

Major operations	$25.00
Confinement cases, including pre- and post-natal care	20.00

Other charges are in proportion.

At first the Los Angeles County Medical Association paid little attention to the new project, but when its success became marked, Drs. Ross and Loos were summarily expelled from the Association for "unethical conduct." The doctors appealed their case to the California State Medical Society, submitting ample evidence to show that they had never solicited patients or groups and had indulged in no fee-splitting, and that the staff had been adequately paid. But the State Association upheld the County Association. Then an appeal was taken to the Council of the American Medical Association, which decided that since the doctors had obviously not had a fair trial the County Association must reinstate them in membership. But opposition still continues, and the Clinic must be always on guard against physicians who cannot tolerate any change from the fee-for-service system, but who are perpetually trembling before the prospect of state medicine.

The experience of the Milwaukee Medical Center has been still more bitter. It came into being in exactly the same fashion as had the Ross-Loos Clinic—in response to a request for service by a group of working people, in this case the employees of the International Harvester Company. It was organized in April, 1936, and twenty months later had a staff of 7 physicians and a membership of 2,500 or about 7,500 patients. It differs from the Trinity Hospital plan in that it does not provide hospitalization (the rates are considerably less, $3 per month per family) and from the Ross-Loos Clinic in that the entire family is covered in the service. But it is like both in that the complete administrative control is in the hands of the staff physicians. No layman and certainly no politician has a look-in here.

But from the moment of its organization the Medical Center faced savage opposition. Taking a leaf from the book of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, the local Society filed specific charges against the doctors of the Center. This time there would be no reversal on the grounds that the accused did not know what they were being tried for. The charges were: "conduct tending to defeat the purposes of the County Society," "solicitation and advertising," "contract practice contrary to sound public policy," and an attempt to circumvent a recently passed Wisconsin statute permitting only county medical societies to practice contract medicine as they might see fit for the care of indigents and persons in the low-income groups. When the doctors of the Center publicly refuted these charges their answer was considered to constitute advertising and they were expelled. Their appeal to the State society was denied. Then, just as Dr. Ross and Dr. Loos had done, they appealed to the Council of the A.M.A. Decision on the appeal was delayed for ten months, and when it finally came it upheld the local medical society. Meantime, during the course of the appeals, hospital affiliations were denied the members of the staff in all but two of Milwaukee's hospitals on the excuse that in order to enjoy the privileges of hospital connections a physician must be a member of the Medical Society!

When the news of the Council's action reached Milwaukee a few weeks ago there was a small furor. Wisconsin, it must not be forgotten, is Wisconsin—the home of the La Follettes, advanced social legislation, a lusty co-operative movement, and thoroughly articulate farmers and industrial workers. Altogether it was a very poor scene for the medical societies to choose for action of this sort. Numerous groups found angry voices at once. Organized labor has been especially vocal and has assured the Center a hospital in case other hospitals are denied it. The story is not all told yet. Nobody can predict just how it will end, but two things at least are sure: The Center got an amount of favorable publicity

which should assure its existence, and organized medicine earned for itself an amount of lively popular hatred which probably brings the prospect of state medicine several steps nearer.

III

From the standpoint of the social scientist the co-operative hospital and health service at Elk City, Oklahoma is extremely interesting, not only because it is the first of its sort but because most students of the problem of making medical service available to all sectors of the population have concluded that in rural areas some form of state medicine is inevitable. Particularly in sparsely settled areas insufficient income is available for the residents to provide their own hospital facilities, specialists, and technicians, or even to attract first-class general practitioners. (According to the study made by the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, the average income of rural practitioners is less than half as large as the average for their metropolitan colleagues.) The problem of supplying medical service to rural districts has long been a headache for everyone concerned. It would seem that anyone willing to experiment with it in a practical fashion would be considered a benefactor by the medical profession.

Elk City is a sun-baked, wind-burned little town of 5,500 down in cotton-growing Southwestern Oklahoma. Like its sister communities in western Kansas, Texas, and Nebraska, it has been plagued with a long series of years of short crops, low prices, and severe dust storms. Financially and geographically it would be hard to find a more unpromising locality for an experiment in group medicine. It had, however, one advantage. Under the sponsorship of the Farmers' Union a thriving co-operative movement had grown up. The farmers were used to ginning and marketing their cotton co-operatively and buying their farm supplies through consumer co-ops. When in 1929 Doctor M. Shadid, a prominent local physician, proposed to them that they organize a co-operative health service and build themselves a hospital, they were ready to go along with him. A total of 2,500 shares in the Association have now been sold at $50 apiece, and the hospital is seven years old.

In the projects at Little Rock, Los Angeles, and Milwaukee both administrative and professional control are vested in the medical staff or the heads of the clinic. The patients enroll, pay their fees, and accept their service. They respect and like their doctor or dislike and finally leave him just as they do in private practice, but they have no direct voice in the organization. At Community Hospital they do. They own the physical property, and all business arrangements are administered by a board of directors elected by and from the membership. Responsibility for all professional phases of the work remains of course with the staff.

In spite of every obstacle which Nature, the depression, and organized medicine could put in its way, the project has succeeded. The hospital has twice had to be enlarged and a third addition is in process. The staff now includes five doctors and a dentist. This year the annual dues of $24 were paid by 1,235 family-members, better than 90 per cent of whom are farmers scattered over two or three of the thinly-settled counties. For its $2 a month a family is entitled to all its medical and surgical care and laboratory examinations. Its children are immunized for diphtheria and smallpox, and its dental examinations and extractions are free. If one of its number must be hospitalized, the charge is a flat $2 per day plus a fee for the use of the operating room in surgical cases. Thus an appendectomy costs round $40, and for about $30 a baby can be ushered into the world in a well-appointed delivery room with the standard pre- and post-natal care for himself and his mother. The members are urged to have annual check-ups, and every one of them I talked with when I visited the place assured me that he seeks

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medical advice earlier than he ever did "before we got our hospital." The staff incomes, net because there is no overhead, range from $3,000 to $8,000.

Such is the Hospital itself. The fight waged against it by the local and State medical societies has been little short of spectacular. At first the local society was inclined to ridicule the idea that such a hairbrained scheme could be worked out, but when the brick walls began actually to go up the war was on. The Society was allowed to lapse for a time and when it was revived Dr. Shadid was so sure that he would be excluded that he did not bother to re-apply. That of course threw him out of the State and national associations. But the doctors had caught a Tartar. Dr. Shadid has what amounts to a positive genius for controversy. He never misses a trick. The battle of the hospital to exist and of the staff physicians to retain their licenses moved speedily into State politics. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, then Governor, put in his oar by announcing that he would dismiss the Medical Board if it revoked any Elk City licenses. Newspapers over the State began to play up the story and national magazines to send down writers. Oklahoma farmers recalled all their ancient grievances and swung into the fray. After Governor Murray was off the scene, the Medical Board refused to renew the temporary license of the eye-ear-nose-and-throat specialist at Community Hospital, and suddenly four members of the staff decided the battle was lost and left. The remaining three doctors (under the circumstances it was impossible to recruit a staff) worked like slaves to carry on. Lawsuits came along. The Medical Board ordered Doctor Shadid to appear and show why his license should not be revoked on charges of "fleecing the public" and "capping and steering"—this last being Oklahomese for solicitation of patients. This trial involved the existence of the Hospital, because if his license could be revoked, so could that of any other doctor who desired to practice in a similar institution. The right of the Board to try the case was appealed to the State Supreme Court, which finally ruled against the Board. The trial will be conducted sometime next fall in the local District Court, where it is a foregone conclusion that the license will not be revoked.

Meantime the doctors had sought legislation which would outlaw such organizations as Community Hospital; and the Farmers' Union, labor unions, and Veterans of Industry countered by trying to get an amendment that would specifically exclude co-operative and non-profit organizations from the steerage provisions. They were originally enacted to catch the quacks who posed as specialists in men's diseases and hired solicitors to "steer" patients to them—certainly a very different sort of situation from that of well-trained, reputable physicians engaged in group practice. The legislative fight is still on, but everyone who knows anything about Oklahoma politics believes that sooner or later the Farmers' Union will have its way.

From the point of view of the medical societies the net results of the long strife have been exceedingly sorry. The Hospital has had so much State and national publicity that groups of farmers and villagers all over the nation have heard of it and have begun to ponder the possibility of organizing similar associations. The organized profession has acquired so much ill-will among thousands of ordinary Oklahomans that they would vote for socialized medicine on the theory that if the doctors are against it it must be a good thing. Worse still, in all the tremendously important future discussion of the merits of various forms of medical organization, these people are going to discount the sincerity of doctors when they speak of their concern lest the quality of medical service be depreciated.

IV

Perhaps one more illustration is in order. Last year the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, after a study had showed

that illness among its employees was costing it $100,000 annually, set up a co-operative health service called Group Health Association, to serve the employees of the Corporation and other governmental employees who might wish to use it. Individual membership dues were set at $26.40 a year and family membership at $39.60, or $3.30 a month. For this amount an employee and his family would receive their medical and surgical examinations and treatments, whatever home care should be necessary, their operations and maternity care, and up to 21 days of hospitalization. The organization was closely patterned after Stanacola Employees Medical and Hospital Association, which since 1930 had been in existence in Baton Rouge. This association had never encountered any opposition worth mentioning. In fact, at the very time when Group Health Association was being set up the medical director of the Stanacola group was president of his local medical society.

No such calm sailing was in store for the new Association—perhaps because its potential membership is so large. (Already employees of the Departments of Agriculture and Justice, the Securities Exchange Commission, and the Bureau of Standards have been made eligible to membership.) At any rate even before the plan began to operate, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* ran a long article bitterly attacking it as illegal, as an introduction of the "check-off" system among federal employees, and as a threat to the quality of medical service. Of these arguments the first received most emphasis. The Association was declared to be illegal because, while really an insurance association paying its indemnity in the form of medical and hospital service rather than cash, it had been incorporated under another provision of the District of Columbia Code, and because the Group Health Association would be practicing medicine without a license. Most of the article is highly legalistic in tone, but near the end there are two sentences in an entirely different vein. In the light of what happened later, they are most interesting: "In any event, medical service under the Association would be likely to be handicapped by difficulty likely to be experienced in *obtaining the best consultant service and hospital accommodations.* Physicians who sell their services to an organization like Group Health Association for resale to the patient are *certain to lose professional status.*" (Italics mine.)

There was first of all an attempt to block the appropriation of the $40,000 which HOLC sought to allocate for the use of the Association. That failed. The Legislative Council of the Senate held that the Association was legal, and the House Appropriations Committee approved the appropriation. But at about the same time the Corporation Counsel and District Attorney ruled that the new association was illegal. Late in last January Group Health filed a petition with the federal district court asking for a decree on its legality.

Meantime the fight proceeded on other fronts. The opposition of the Medical Society was so strong that it became impossible to get together a staff of physicians from Washington. And the hospitals of the district were closed to the physicians who were secured. This of course was a body blow. A doctor who for years had been on the courtesy staff of Emergency Hospital suddenly found himself barred. A patient ready for an operation had to be sent home because his surgeon was on the Group Health staff. More recently, the staff pediatrician was expelled from the District of Columbia Medical Society because he had not secured the Society's approval of his contract.

As I write, the issue is not settled. Presumably if the federal court finds that the HOLC lawyers tripped up and the organization is legally faulty, it will have to be re-incorporated. It may have to buy or build its own hospital. In either case a considerable delay will ensue. Beyond that the medical society will gain

nothing; for if the experience of the last few years, and indeed of all American history, has proved anything, it is that when the people really make up their minds they want something, no legal machinery can prevent their getting it. Even the Supreme Court comes to heel. The delay doesn't matter. What does matter seriously is the whetting of tempers and the turning of popular suspicion and hatred against the professional class most closely concerned with American health.

V

The medical societies apparently have not realized the depth of the general feeling that something is wrong with our medical system. The people themselves have not read the reports of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, and they do not know that the findings of the California Medical Economic Survey were so disturbing that the California Medical Association felt it best to suppress them. Probably they did not even read the shocking figures assembled by the W.P.A. survey of the nation's health during the years 1935–36. They do not know the actual percentage of people who need medical care and are not receiving it. They only know that all about them are ailments which are not being treated. But the people never need to know actual percentages in order to feel that conditions are unsatisfactory and to be deeply resentful when an organized profession resists any change from the *status quo*. Something very like a patients' revolt is in the making.

Within the profession are many individuals who see how bad have been the tactics of opposition. Scores of physicians in good standing are beginning to say openly that the profession must not oppose "valid experimentation in meeting social needs." At the next annual convention of the A.M.A. these voices will undoubtedly be heard. If they cannot soon prevail sufficiently to end the fruitless, senseless opposition to new types of organization the loss to everyone concerned will be serious.

The European systems of compulsory health insurance and tax-supported medicine are far from perfect. But if we get a "socialized medicine" on a wave of popular resentment, especially if it is set up by legislators keeping a weather eye out for its effect on partisan politics, our chances of avoiding the European mistakes are practically nil. We shall be lucky if in addition we do not make some blunders strictly American. For that reason we shall in the next few years need popular confidence in the medical profession as we have never needed it.

The doctors know this. Why they court popular suspicion and antagonism by fighting experiments in new, nonpolitical forms of organization is almost beyond comprehension.

HOW THE SCANDINAVIANS DO IT

THREE COUNTRIES WHERE LABOR RULES DEMOCRATICALLY

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

To govern from the left—moderately left, that is—in an era of dictatorships requires a sense of balance that a tightrope walker might envy. Both within and without the country there are critics on either side of the tight wire who hope, more or less actively, to see a fall. Three countries in the world to-day, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, are so governed.

In the north of Europe labor rules by the methods of democracy. These labor governments are in power by the votes of the mass of the workers, the farmers, and a minority of the middle-class. Always they are faced with the essential problem of democracy: granted the primary need to raise living standards by a wider distribution of goods, what is the degree of social action that will mean real progress toward the goal and yet retain the good will (to say nothing of the votes) of a diverse majority? The difficulties of the task these labor ministers face from day to day could hardly be exaggerated. Decisions vital to policy are inevitably conditioned by the will to survive, and the result has been, in the view of some critics, too great a dilution of policy and program.

In Denmark the mere fact of survival seems little short of miraculous. Since 1929 the Social-Democratic government of Prime Minister Stauning has been in power, supported by the votes of the Radical Lefts, a party bearing some resemblance to the Radical-Socialist party of France if only in the fact that it is neither radical nor very far to the left. During the period that the Stauning government has been in power the Danes have been confronted with a major shift in world trade, which has meant drastic adjustments at home. And yet in two elections, in 1932 and in 1935, the Social-Democrats have increased their majority. Out of twelve members of the cabinet to-day, only three are Radical Lefts; the others laborites.

Actually Denmark is in a most unhappy position. The long shadow of Nazi Germany lies dark over the land. To survive at all it has been necessary, in the interpretation of the government in power, to accept what amounts virtually to German hegemony. Outwardly there has been no change, or at least no change that the foreign visitor is made immediately aware of. But in the other Scandinavian countries they are acutely conscious of the unhappy plight of the Danes.

Critics of the present regime in Denmark see many unfortunate parallels between the Social-Democratic party that governs the country to-day and the Social-Democratic party that flourished in neighboring Germany prior to the advent of Hitler. Like its German counterpart, it has been built upon a trade-union bureaucracy. Over a period of thirty years, during which the party has gradually widened the sphere of its influence from municipal to central government, a legion of bureaucrats and public office-holders have come into being. At a time

of crisis when radical adjustments are plainly necessary, they tend to think in terms of survival, clinging to the perquisites and privileges of the office-holder, of those who have a vested interest in the *status quo*. Deeply rooted in the past, the organization of the Social-Democratic party is thorough and painstaking.

Party leaders are aware of mounting dissatisfaction, numerically small but, nevertheless, highly articulate, and particularly among the young. There has been a serious attempt to modernize party practices and above all to enlarge the scope of the party, enlisting middle-class support. The mistakes of the German Social-Democracy are too recent to be ignored; that deadly sectarianism, the stubborn identification of the "proletariat" with a class that was in reality a privileged class, preoccupation with empty doctrine and empty form. Social-Democrats in Denmark are aware of what these symptoms mean and they are trying to make over their party; but it is difficult to throw off the habits, and particularly the habits of thought, of half a century.

II

This is demonstrated in the way in which the government has met the recurring crises of the past ten years. What has happened to Denmark, where life was so intelligently and precisely ordered, seems cruel indeed. Blame for the fact that Germany has established something very like a protectorate over her small neighbor must be placed in considerable degree on Great Britain. It goes back to the narrow and inconceivably stupid policy of empire self-sufficiency typified by the phrase, "Buy British!"

In Denmark the principal industry is farming. It has been developed to such a point of efficiency and standardization that even an American motor manufacturer might learn something from a Danish farm co-operative. Three-fourths of the products that the Danes send into world trade are from the farms. This farm export has been essential to maintain the high standard of living prevailing in both rural and urban areas.

When the laborites came into power in Denmark in 1929, on a platform of mild reformism, they were confronted almost at once with a sharp disparity between the price of farm products and the price of manufactured products. And ever since the Danes have had to sell their bacon, eggs, and butter in a cheap world market and buy manufactured consumers goods in a dear market. The result has been a scramble, often a desperate scramble, for foreign exchange and foreign credits.

As though this situation were not difficult enough in itself, the Beaverbrooks of Great Britain have succeeded through their "Buy British" campaign in cutting Danish exports to Britain to nearly half of what they had been in normal, pre-depression years. Hard pressed for foreign credits in the face of this loss, the Social-Democratic government has lived in fear of further losses. The export trade to Germany has taken on as a consequence an overwhelming significance. The mere hint of a threat to curtail or abolish this trade has in numerous instances been sufficient to bring the government to terms.

For example, in 1934 there was a strike in the slaughterhouses. When it had gone on for a week, a telegram came from British trade interests demanding to know whether or not the strike would interfere with shipments of Danish bacon. There was an implied threat that Britain would turn elsewhere for food imports should the conflict effect the flow of trade between the two countries. The government thereupon rushed through a measure outlawing the strike. The trade with Great Britain was an absolute necessity and nothing could be allowed to interfere with it.

The pressure from Germany is almost constant, under the threat that trade will be curtailed. If a particularly sharp attack on Hitler or the Nazis appears in *Politiken,* which is banned from Ger-

many, the Foreign Office is very likely to hear of it. Not directly perhaps from the Wilhelmstrasse; but German interests will make representations to Danish interests, and the protest is forwarded to Dr. Munch, the Foreign Minister. Poor Dr. Munch, a radical-left, is made very unhappy by these protests.

What he does on these occasions is to call the important journalists together in his office for tea. They gather politely and solemnly, knowing very well the reason for the meeting. The conversation is general until at last Dr. Munch raises the question which all in the room have known was the occasion for their presence. The article in *Politiken,* says the Foreign Minister, has caused a great deal of unpleasantness. Wilhelmstrasse is distinctly annoyed and has expressed its annoyance through the firm of X which has, in turn, passed the word on to the Danish firm of Y. Everyone knows, the good doctor goes on, how vital is the trade with Germany, how dependent the whole national economy is upon this trade. Of course there is nothing like a censorship in Denmark, but isn't it possible to avoid writing that kind of an article? Particularly when the situation is so delicate? Dr. Munch looks round at the assembled journalists appealingly. There is a faintly murmured response which seems to mean neither an affirmative nor a negative and the conversation, to the great relief of everyone, passes back to polite generalities.

These little sessions in Dr. Munch's spacious rose-and-gilt office are a kind of symbol of the foreboding fears that obsess the Danes to-day. And it is not as though they were infrequent; they have occurred during recent years as often as once a month. Another unhappy sign is the praise for the Danish military establishment that appears in German army and navy journals. The indication clearly is that Denmark has come to terms with her powerful neighbor.

It must be remembered of course that the Danes live on the very doorstep of Nazi Germany. Any increase in armaments looking to an alliance with Sweden, Norway, and Finland would in all probability be interpreted by the Germans as a hostile act. Trade reprisals might follow. Perhaps it was inevitable from the first that this small country should pass under the influence of a Germany bent on remaking Europe. Prime Minister Stauning thunders against the threat of Communist Russia almost as though he were himself a member in good standing of Hitler's government.

There are clever young people on the left, not Communists so much as left Socialists, who insist that another and bolder line might just possibly have saved the country from such a complete capitulation to Nazi power. They argue that the Stauning government might have extended credits to private firms to encourage the expansion of domestic industry and in so doing might have made the national economy somewhat less dependent on imports from and exports to Britain and Germany. There was no effort to make any fundamental readjustment of the economy. Once the fact of dependence upon German trade was accepted as inevitable, all the consequences of what amounts almost to German hegemony followed.

The scarcity of foreign credits has made it necessary to put sharp restrictions on purchases abroad. There is a more or less rigid quota on motor cars, not only as to the number that can be imported but on the price range as well. And the same thing applies in other fields of manufacture. On the preferred list of imports absolute necessities come first, such necessities as fertilizer and chemicals. Denmark, it must be remembered, is a country almost entirely without mineral resources.

Not only geographically but intellectually and emotionally the Danes are much more intimately a part of Europe than their first cousins in Norway and Sweden. Even the casual traveler is made aware of this in going from the Scandinavian peninsula to the little country that lies across the narrow gray sound.

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Copenhagen is a far more sophisticated city than Stockholm. There is about it a quality of gaiety—almost nervous gaiety, one is inclined to say—that is lacking in the placid capital of the Swedes.

This is reflected in a measure in the government. The Danish Social-Democrats are far more given to airs and graces than their Swedish counterparts. Prime Minister Stauning is noted for his gray top hats and the splendor of his waistcoats. He lives far more nearly in the manner of the *haute bourgeoisie* than Per Albin Hansson, who each night takes the street car to his little home in suburban Äppelviken, outside Stockholm. Stauning is fond of being seen at the opera and at Copenhagen's brilliant restaurants.

These outward manifestations may seem trivial but they are not without significance. Socialist ministers, they live in a world of opulent blandishments. This is what happens. Minister Blank and his wife are invited to the beautiful country place of the Count and Countess X. There are half a dozen guests, charming people. The appointments are perfect, the week-end a great success. "Don't you think," says one of the Danish guests to the American visitor, "that Countess X was clever to invite Minister Blank?" Hospitable and kindly, yes, but clever? "Clever of course for he has seen how attractive and graceful our life is, and when it comes to a new tax bill to destroy us he will find it more difficult to approve."

Having failed to win by ballots, the upper class seeks to convert the victors. The example of Great Britain and the labor ministers who succumbed to snobbism is still very recent. There are so many rewards that the owning class can hold out and they have, in European civilization at least, the weight of age and tradition on their side.

A story—whether apocryphal or not is of no importance since it fits his character—is told about one of the first labor ministers in Sweden, in the cabinet of Hjalmar Branting. At a large official reception he was approached by a very patronizing aristocrat whose chief pride is the fact that his title antedates that of King Gustav by several centuries. "I understand," he said after a few minutes of conversation, "that you began life as a cobbler. How very extraordinary!" "Yes, that is correct," said the minister, "a very good trade. But I'm afraid you wouldn't care for it. And therefore it's good you didn't begin life as a cobbler. Because if you had, you would still be a cobbler." This was said in an amiable, matter-of-fact way.

III

While the Social-Democratic parties of Denmark and Sweden are nominally socialist, they have become in reality parties of reform. One hears little of socialization even at election time. The Social-Democrats have fostered all the reforms —old-age pensions, workmen's compensation insurance, mass housing, state medicine, unemployment relief, and public works—that mark the efforts of democracy to adjust to the modern world. The Social-Democrats have had this field almost entirely to themselves and in the interpretation of Ernst Wigforss, Minister of Finance in the Swedish Cabinet, it is the real reason for their success. The conservatives in Sweden and Denmark have not yet learned the strategy that the Tories of Great Britain have been practicing for many years; that is, to pass out social benefits (in moderation) while the parties on the left are talking about them.

During four years of steadily increasing prosperity, from 1933 to 1936, the Social-Democrats were in power in Sweden. In the elections that were held in the fall of the latter year they obtained for the first time a clear majority, polling well over half of the total vote cast. The methods used in that election are revealing of the nature of the party.

During the entire campaign, for at least two months prior to election day, there was a constant flow of propaganda that was simple, direct, and yet appealing and

shrewd. Huge posters, pamphlets, special newspapers, motion picture films, all emphasized the same claim: the workers' party is for a job for everyone, security, better homes, better schools, larger old-age pensions, a higher standard of living. In a thousand concrete ways this theme was illustrated. A smiling woman with a child on her arm looks out from the doorway of a state-subsidized home. "Healthy Homes for Poor Children," is the legend; "Vote with the Workers Party." Another poster says: "Three Just Demands—Healthy Homes for Children—Larger Pensions for the Aged—A Job and Security For All."

As political parties all over the world have done since the beginning of time, the Social-Democrats capitalized on the rise in prosperity that had occurred during their term in office. A striking poster dramatized the statistics of unemployment in Sweden, England, Holland, and France for the four years from 1933 to 1936. The sharp decrease in Sweden stood out in striking contrast to what had happened in the other three countries. Both Holland and France showed a marked rise in unemployment during the period. The legend beneath was: "The decline of unemployment in Sweden is without parallel. Our land finds itself in a class by itself. Why? It is the result of a sensible policy pursued in the crisis."

One of the most striking posters informed the voters that the Workers Party obtained a fifty per cent increase in old-age pensions in 1935. And it was only the "bourgeois parties," the legend went on, that prevented another increase in 1936. This and other pension posters were illustrated with the photograph of a sweet old man and woman, their beaming smiles called forth apparently by a larger allowance. A whole series of posters set forth the public works carried out by the Social-Democrats; so many thousand homes modernized with state funds, so many thousand dwellings built with state subsidies, so many bridges constructed, so many hundred kilometers on the state railway electrified, so many grade crossings eliminated, harbors improved, and so on. As a matter of fact it would be an impressive list for a much larger and more populous country.

The election propaganda of the Social-Democrats is not of course all of this elementary type. Considerable emphasis is placed upon the concentration of ownership in a comparatively few hands. A pamphlet widely circulated during the campaign was "The Dominion of High Finance" by Frans Severin, one of the foremost economists and thinkers in the party. In this pamphlet Severin pointed to the numerous interlocking directorates through which certain bankers controlled a large portion of Swedish industry.

When the vote was counted it was seen that the hopes of even the most enthusiastic laborites had been outstripped. The Social-Democrats polled slightly more than half of the popular vote, obtaining for the first time a sufficient number of seats to constitute a clear majority in both houses. The leaders of the party decided, however, against forming an independent government. Instead, they agreed to continue their collaboration with the farmers, both farm party and labor party to accept joint responsibility for policies laid down.

That is the government which now rules Sweden. At times, one suspects, the Social-Democrats would welcome a somewhat more vigorous opposition. On the left the syndicalist party is melting away. The principal party of the Right spends most of its time viewing with shocked alarm—which mitigates its usefulness. Perhaps the most effective line of opposition is that taken by the liberal People's Party.

Although this party has polled at recent elections only a small percentage of the vote, it has been reanimated by its leaders. Men such as Gustaf H. Anderson Rasjön and Professor Bertil Ohlin have denounced the Social-Democrats for not going far enough with their reforms. At a big rally in the north of Sweden in the summer of 1937 Professor Ohlin berated the government for its timidity, and ad-

vocated at the same time a series of drastic changes in education, public works, and a number of other fields. Here of course he came up against the Swedish temperament, which does not take to sudden and startling innovations.

The strategy of the liberals shows an insight into the dilemma of the party in power. It is a question of how fast and how far to go. There are individuals within the Social-Democratic party, among them some of the keenest and most intelligent young leaders, who feel that the present period of prosperity and peace is passing with too little accomplished. They hold that more drastic measures are necessary if the party is to retain its mass following in the next crisis.

Those who are responsible for policy are naturally reluctant to disturb the present tranquillity. Business in the summer of 1938 was still at a comparatively high level and unemployment at a minimum. The budget was overbalanced and the national debt rapidly contracting. In view of all this the government abated its demands for social and economic reforms. Unofficially a breathing spell was declared. But in the view of younger and more ardent party members it was the time for action rather than delay.

There were of course some social laws. One was the measure granting a twelve-day holiday with full pay to all manual workers in the country. Within the past two years trade-union contracts have stipulated annual holidays of less than six working days for sixty per cent of all workers; only twenty-six per cent had six days and only six per cent twelve days. In certain respects therefore the new law is a radical one. The customary holiday of white-collar workers is two weeks, lengthened to three after a certain term of service, and finally to a month. Civil servants have a month holiday and, through an agreement made between the newspapers and the union of journalists, all newspaper editorial workers have a similar vacation with pay after they have been employed a year.

IV

What critics of the present cautious policy want is an attack on certain fundamental problems, particularly those centering in housing. Ground rents and building costs are still so high that overcrowding is inevitable. There are state subsidies to co-operative building societies, particularly for families with many children. The City of Stockholm has its own ingenious plan of small-house construction. But there has been no far-reaching effort to get at the basic causes of the housing dilemma.

It is curious how all over the world one comes up against this business of housing. Partly it is traceable to the World War. In Stockholm, as in almost every other large city in Europe and America, there was an acute war-time shortage of dwellings and property values soared. They have never come down to anything like the pre-war level. A tax structure is based in part upon inflated land values; services and institutions are built upon these values, and change becomes increasingly difficult.

Another factor is the high hourly wage rate that prevails in the building industry in Sweden, as in the United States and Great Britain. Yet the annual wage of building workers is often very low. A study of employment in the building industry made by the carpenters' union showed that no building carpenters worked the total number of hours possible in a year (2,400), and only a comparatively few worked 2,300 hours in the year. Some averaged as few as 600 and even 400 hours.

But leaders of the building unions insist that an annual wage is for practical reasons impossible. To begin with, there can be no control over the factor of the weather. Nor will it be possible to control the volume of building from year to year, the pessimists say. Conservative trade unionists in the building industry are against anything that seems to threaten even a small part of their province. They oppose the Stockholm plan

of small-house construction, which requires a certain number of contributed hours of labor on the part of the family acquiring the dwelling. Building workers contend that this spare-time labor on the part of householders deprives them of work and tends to jeopardize the union wage scale. It is from the co-operative building society, H.S.B., that the principal drive for an annual wage in the industry has come. A national committee has been named by the government to report on the problem of rationalization of the whole building industry, and action will wait for the report of that committee.

Members of the government, and particularly the Prime Minister, Per Albin Hansson, are sensitive to criticism that their policy has been too cautious. When Norman Thomas and other American socialists come to see Per Albin they invariably ask him when the government is to begin the socialization of the nation's industries. And what he tells them, not without a certain impatience, is that the government is building socialism into the fabric of the country's life every day.

In Per Albin's cabinet there is little faith in the prosperity of recent years. If the long threatening war does not finally break and bring with it a crisis, then the new depression that has struck America, and to a lesser degree Great Britain, will certainly make itself felt in Sweden. In anticipation of an almost inevitable down-swing, the government has been preparing detailed plans for public works that could be initiated rapidly in the face of growing needs. Not only is there a first line of defense, but preparations are being made to meet a depression of even greater severity than that of 1933.

There are political observers who ascribe no small share of the laborites' success to Per Albin's abilities as a vote-getter. He has a large personal following that extends into the middle-class. And he is acutely conscious of the need for middle-class support. A certain antagonism toward organized labor, and particularly toward building workers, exists in Sweden. From anti-labor newspapers, and from other sources too one hears of the mythical "third party," the public in the role of innocent bystander in strikes and lockouts. One is told seriously that a man does not dare to paint his own house or repair his own roof. Among professional people and small shopkeepers one can hear numerous stories of innocent victims of labor's drastic blockades and boycotts. This class is jealous of labor's solidarity and the power that comes from that solidarity.

In general, however, it would seem that there is little rancor. This is not to say that the right—the upper class, finance, and industry—did not make every effort possible to prevent the Socialist government from being returned to power. But once the election returns were in they accepted the result calmly. The top men in finance and industry are rather inclined to the view that the whole structure of social services built up by the left has been possible only because of the skill with which they, the right, have organized industry, and especially export industry.

We in Sweden, they say, have rationalized our plants and our whole industrial process to a degree greater than in any other European country, unless it be Germany. We have brought unit production costs lower and lower and that is the reason why we can pay higher wages and sustain through taxation the burden of social services. And they argue that there is tangible evidence to support this view. They point to the fact that the wages of unionized workers in Sweden's wood-pulp industry are more than thirty-five per cent higher than the wages of non-union workers in Finland; yet the two countries compete in the same world market. (Actually of course the wood-pulp market is allocated between country and country by a kind of gentleman's agreement.) For contrast Swedish bankers and industrialists cite the example of France. One reason, and an important reason, why *l'expérience Blum* came

to such an unfortunate end, they say, is because French industry has never been rationalized, brought up to an efficient level with wage scales correspondingly high.

About Per Albin there is something so solid and reassuring that it would be difficult to convert him into the traditional caricature of a Red. He is very fond of bridge, long motor trips, and bowling. And, a conscientious man, he works steadily and tirelessly at his job. Above all he recognizes his political responsibility as head of the party. Friends and admirers sought to prevail upon him to visit America at the time of the tercentenary celebration of the landing of the Swedes in Delaware. But there were municipal elections through the month of June and, while they were not vital to the government's position, nevertheless Per Albin wanted the party to make a good showing.

What invariably astonishes the visitor from America is the almost total absence from the political scene of the kind of character assassination that we seem to take for granted. A man's private life, even though he hold public office, is his own. He may be living in sin or ten times divorced and if he is an honest and upright man the general public will not know of it. At the start of their careers many of the young laborites, in protest against the official church, declined to go through a marriage ceremony and simply set up housekeeping without benefit of ceremonial ties. This has had no bearing whatsoever on their political advancement.

V

In Sweden and in Norway, as in Denmark, it is the threat of war in northern Europe that disturbs the sleep of those who are responsible for government. Outwardly, plans for the preservation of a joint neutrality are going forward. Privately, there are grave doubts whether it will be possible in the next war to preserve any neutrality anywhere.

One complicating factor is the enormously rich store of iron in the north of Sweden. For more than thirty years Germany has been the principal customer for iron ore from the Kiruna mines. Next in line, but purchasing much smaller amounts, has been Great Britain. As the European armament race grew fiercer, however, the British looked about for new mineral resources. General Franco in Spain, at the instigation of Berlin, was preventing the exportation of Spanish ore to England. A new source of iron became an acute necessity for the British and they turned to Sweden.

They came up against the ancient relationship existing between the Germans and the Swedish company that holds a monopoly of the right to exploit the northern mines. Pressure was applied from Germany and the Grangesberg-Oxelosund Company told the British politely that it would be impossible to increase the amounts of ore then being sent to Great Britain. Promptly the British protested to the Swedish government, which by law controls the volume of ore to be taken out of the Kiruna mines and receives half of all the profits. Meanwhile Germany had hinted that any interference with the traditional arrangement whereby nearly fifty per cent of all German needs have been supplied from the mines in Lapland might mean the permanent loss of Sweden's best customer.

However empty this threat may have been, it was an unhappy moment for Sweden, caught between two hostile forces. The Swedes want to keep the peace with Germany if that is possible without loss of self-respect. A way out of the dilemma over the iron from Kiruna was found through a face-saving law allowing the company to increase the volume taken each year from the mines. And so, for the time being at least, both sides of the great European divide were appeased.

But this can scarcely be regarded as a permanent solution and there must be times when, for all the wealth that they have brought, the Swedes wish that the great stores of iron had never been found in the north. The Germans have inti-

mated that they would expect the line of ore boats which go from Luleå, on the Swedish coast, to Hamburg to continue even though a war should come that would involve the Baltic. Sweden is told in the official German naval journal that she has no use whatsoever for an army; let her spend her money for a navy and in time of war that navy can collaborate with the German fleet. This fits in perfectly with the views of high-ranking Swedish naval officers who make propaganda for a big navy after the fashion of naval officers all over the world.

Thus far this propaganda has not been markedly successful. While there has been extraordinary agreement among all classes and parties on the government's sizable budgetary increase for national defense, the advocates of a big navy have won few adherents. Elaborate preparations are being made to defend Stockholm from air raids. Coast defenses up and down the whole rugged shoreline are being strengthened.

As with the Lapland mines, the European arms race has aroused intense interest in the output of the Bofors munitions works, ranked by many military observers as the foremost munitions plant in the world. The orders at Bofors increased from $6,000,000 in 1933 to $18,000,000 at the end of 1935, $27,250,000 by 1936, and $37,500,000 in 1937, with capacity production contracted for three years in advance. It was in February of 1936 that Bofors presented to the Swedish navy the forty-millimeter automatic anti-aircraft gun, surpassing anything that had been hitherto developed for protection from raiding planes.

This gun became the immediate object of intense interest by all the powers. Early in 1937 the Bofors company turned down a large order from Britain for the new anti-aircraft guns. The German connection with this firm through the Krupp interests that had at one time dominated it was still strong even though, financially, there had been an official separation. But the British persisted, realizing that the new type of gun would be the best possible defense for London, and six months later Bofors accepted a $7,500,000 order with more important contracts to be let later.

In the present armament madness there is little that is consistent or rational. Alfred Nobel bequeathed his profits from the explosives industry to a fund from which awards for peace and the arts of peace are made. Similarly, Axel Wennergren, who controls Bofors, in 1937 set aside about seven million dollars to finance scientists, economists, and sociologists in their exploration of the ills that beset humanity. For his gift Wennergren and his wife were decorated by King Gustaf with the order of the North Star. The workers at Bofors are more strongly pacifist than any other group in Sweden, it is said, just as the miners at Kiruna, which supplies Germany with half of her iron ore, have given more proportionately to the Spanish government than workers anywhere else.

The war that is feared in Scandinavia is a war between Germany and Russia. In the event of such a war the Russians could not allow the ore boats to continue to go from Luleå to Hamburg. Sweden, and perhaps Norway too, would find it all but impossible to remain neutral. Weird rumors of Russian airplanes spying in the north are given circulation in the sensational Stockholm newspapers. Scarcely a winter passes without a spy scare out of the Arctic Circle. These alarms, which seem to have little basis in truth, are indicative of the forces beneath the surface that are making for war.

When they talk of neutrality in Scandinavia they are aware of what the cost may be. During the World War Norway lost more than two thousand seamen on Norwegian vessels sunk by mines or submarines. When Dr. Halvdan Koht, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, discusses neutrality it is in terms of inevitable sacrifices, sacrifices far greater than those called forth by the last war. Norway, Dr. Koht insists, could, with the co-operation of the other Scandinavian countries, exist for a considerable period of time

without imports. But rubber, oil, gasoline? We could keep a certain number of motor cars in service with illuminating gas, says Dr. Koht. It was what we did in 1917 and 1918. Life would be hard, it would be a struggle, but it would be possible to live.

VI

The labor government of Norway is embarked on an extremely interesting experiment. While the Social-Democrats have retained some of the old forms, symbols, and shibboleths, they have put behind them the revolutionary past. They do not like to be reminded of this, seeking by a kind of rationalization to avoid the full implications of the new course they have chosen to follow. Nevertheless it is true.

Party leaders in Norway became convinced that the disaster to labor in Germany and Austria came about through the failure of the left to realize what were the realities outside the closed sphere of Socialist and Marxist dogma. They decided that the process of socialization should not wait upon an arbitrary formula. In convention in 1933 the party voted to enter the forthcoming election campaign under the slogan: Labor majority and labor government. In 1935 the Socialists obtained sufficient votes to enable them to form a minority government which has remained in office ever since, collaborating alternately with the farmer and the liberal parties.

Under the guidance of such men as Johan Nygaardsvold, Prime Minister, the brilliant Martin Tranmael, editor of *Arbeiderbladet,* and Ole Colbjörnsen, economic adviser to the party, a very interesting policy has been evolved. It is based on the conviction that labor's first task, if the party is to remain in power and effect any significant changes, is to win over the middle-class. The middle-class must be convinced that its advantage lies with labor. This was where German and Austrian socialists made their mistake. They thought in terms of a proletariat, narrowly defined, a trade union monopoly, ignoring middle-class low-income groups, white-collar workers, and farmers, who had far less than this official proletariat. It is not enough merely to fight for higher trade-union wages. We must consider the whole economy and our place in that economy, Norwegian laborites argued. Benefits must go to farmers and fishermen—the middle-class in Norway—even though in the beginning this may mean sacrifices by labor. The national economy, at the outset at least, will be neither capitalist nor socialist.

At the start Norway's labor government has been concerned not so much with the long-time program as with improving the status of various classes and groups. But in order to raise standards of living it is necessary, in the view of Norwegian labor party leaders, to expand the national economy. Here too they look abroad for an example of what not to do. Leon Blum, in the view of Norwegian laborites, attempted to pass out higher wages and government benefits in a static economy; it simply could not be done; inevitably Blum fell in the summer of 1937.

Therefore in Norway labor is subsidizing private industry, seeking to establish some measure of control in return for loans. A government-controlled industrial bank has been created to finance the development of industries, and particularly industries in new fields. New factories have been financed with government funds for the manufacture of rayon from wood pulp. Large sums have been advanced to leading shipbuilding firms in order that the industry may be modernized. This coincides of course with a phase in the industrialization of a country which up until thirty years ago was almost entirely rural. Wherever it is possible, foreign capital is being retired, and foreign investors who formerly found an outlet for surplus money in the development of Norwegian industry, now discover that their capital is not wanted. With the aid of a labor government Norway's own

industrialists are acquiring the industries initiated by foreigners.

Benefits have been handed out directly through national legislation. At the insistence of the labor majority, parliament passed an old-age-insurance act guaranteeing pensions to the needy aged. New state insurance laws covering the crippled and the blind have been adopted. The labor government is determined too to put through an unemployment insurance law. At present the unemployed receive aid from local communities under an ancient Poor Law Act.

All this, it is scarcely necessary to add, has cost large sums of money. To meet the demands for a greatly increased national revenue the labor government adopted, of all things, a uniform two per cent national sales tax. This falls hardest on workers in the cities of course. But the workers should expect to carry the burden in the beginning, Socialist leaders argued in defense of this extraordinary step. Later, when the party has won over a comfortable majority of the voters, including a substantial section of the middle-class, the tax burden can be shifted. Nevertheless the sales tax was difficult to accept, and only the stubborn stand of the Farmers' Party against any increase in the national debt forced the Socialists at last to seek this way out.

Labor's bold policy in Norway risks certain hazards. To the casual visitor it seems that the Norwegian experiment parallels in a rather alarming way *l'expérience Blum*. Prices rose through 1937 with startling rapidity, approaching close to the 1928 level. One heard a great deal of grumbling among the middle-class and particularly in professional groups. If the benefits passed out by the government were to be nullified by upward price trends, then this was merely another example of boot-strap economics.

But the enthusiasm of those who have formulated the new policy will allow of no doubts, and certainly Norway is today highly prosperous. Younger men, particularly party leaders such as Ole Colbjörnsen, are supremely confident that they will be able to avoid the pitfalls which have caused labor's downfall elsewhere in Europe.

Colbjörnsen is one of the most interesting men to come to power in Scandinavia. Of a family of hardy peasant farmers, he developed early a genius for mathematics, and it was assumed as he passed rapidly through the lower schools and the university that he would eventually become a professor. Instead, he turned his attention to politics and became a Communist at a time when the labor party in Norway was affiliated with the Third International. While still very young he was invited to come to Russia. There his rise was spectacular and in his late twenties he became commissar of the wood industry. Disagreeing over details of policy, especially in the international field, he left Russia and renounced politics forever. His unquestioned brilliance won him a position with private business not long after his return to his native land and in a comparatively short time he became the London agent of a large Norwegian firm, a position of no little importance.

Colbjörnsen could not, however, stay out of politics for long. Returning to Norway, he was drawn into the effort to reshape the direction of the Social-Democratic party. Along with other leaders, he had come under the influence of the Belgian Socialist, Henri De Man, whose critique of the doctrines of the neo-Marxists seemed to Colbjörnsen to make sense. De Man's *The Psychology of Socialism* has had considerable influence in Norway.

The new approach to socialism, in the view of such ardent young men as Colbjörnsen, is far more realistic if only because it presumes a transition period in which the middle-class is converted—not by words so much as by a demonstration of labor's good intentions—to the need for drastic changes in the economy. Speaking in rapid English with scarcely a trace of accent, this earnest young Norwegian dissects the past and looks forward hopefully to the future.

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There are skeptics, it might be added, who are doubtful of the new headlong policy. And they include some of the older and more conservative men within the government. These older leaders, including Prime Minister Nygaardsvold himself, have taken the public positions, allowing the younger men to formulate policy behind the scenes. But occasionally caution and timidity have prevailed in the party councils.

Then too, there is a militant rank and file who have shown their disapproval of certain phases of the present policy as representing an abandonment of the revolutionary principles of the past.

But for the present the Social-Democrats are unquestionably in the ascendency. On the extreme left the Communists have dwindled in numbers to less than 5,000 and it is understood that Moscow has approved a merger with the labor party. Relations with the farmers' party, at one time extremely conservative and anti-labor, have steadily improved. There is every external evidence that the new policy of co-operation is producing the results it was intended to produce.

VII

The overwhelming task is to chart the course of the national economy in a world torn by war and the threat of war. The Scandinavian countries have in recent years drawn away from the League of Nations and the reason is not hard to find. In Norway, for example, the government carried out sanctions against Italy during the Ethiopian war in all earnestness. The result was the loss of a large part of the fisheries trade, a serious blow financially. And in the final showdown England pulled out, so that the whole effort was no more than a bluff.

In Sweden and Norway they have come to feel that "collective security" is no more than a dangerous illusion. The sternest efforts are being made to preserve every appearance of neutrality. While it is true that public opinion is largely on the side of the Loyalist government in Spain and substantial sums have been raised for hospitals and the relief of the civilian population, the recruiting of soldiers for the war is forbidden. Communist recruiting centers have been broken up by the police. Recruiting is against the policy of non-intervention to which Sweden subscribed. And the Swedes believe in obeying the letter of the law.

In the summer of 1937 the suggestion that the Scandinavian peninsula, like the Iberian peninsula, might be destroyed by foreign invaders was regarded as too ludicrous even for consideration. It could not happen in Sweden. But the cold pogrom of threat and terror with which the Nazis liquidated Austria was something different. This was nearer at hand, it involved a small and helpless people. True, there was the racial kinship. But why could not the same thing happen in that area of mixed population awarded to Denmark at the close of the World War? It was a frightening object lesson, close at hand.

One reason of course why Sweden and Norway have drawn away from the Continent in what amounts almost to a defensive alliance is the deadly paralysis that has come upon British foreign policy. In recent years they have seen Britain vacillate painfully and awkwardly, doing nothing and doing it very badly. From this quarter there has been no guidance, no support whatsoever.

Primarily, however, the desire for neutrality comes out of a profound realization of the cost of war. Neutrality means, as these countries in the north know very well, tremendous sacrifices, an adjustment of the entire economy. But the cost is nothing as compared to the cost of the war. There is here in the north no fearful burden of war debt and that, the Scandinavians know too is one reason—an important reason—why they have been able to work toward a decent social order and a large measure of peace in the chaos of post-war Europe.

AMERICA'S GLOBE-TROTTING SALESMEN

BY CARL CROW

NO MATTER what flag the ship is flying nor for what foreign port she is bound, there is always a liberal representation of American passengers on board; for we are the world's most restless and persistent gadabouts. On all of the main-traveled routes the passenger list will probably contain more names of Americans than of all other nationalities combined. With other nations travel to distant foreign places is a rare and unusual adventure; with Americans it is a national hobby pursued for pleasure, for education, and for business.

American travelers come from every State and represent many vocations, but the purpose of their travel separates them into three classes so distinct that experienced ship officers are usually able to sort them out as they climb the gangplank. One class is always liberally represented in the smoking room where, if the bar steward does not know how to make American cocktails, they soon give him a course of intensive training. They are the prosperous tourists who make an hilarious, never-ending birthday party out of every ocean voyage they take. They have planted the name "American Bar" in almost every large city and many small ones all over the world, and have made hot cakes and maple syrup a breakfast dish familiar to ship cooks of many nationalities. They usually travel with a great deal of luggage and all of their furs and diamonds, much to the annoyance of the shipping company officials, who have had to make floating hotels out of their ships and set up new standards of catering. They are so numerous and so under foot that many British and Continentals think they represent all American travelers, and they are looked on as characteristic Americans—the national type.

Another, more inconspicuous, class will seldom be seen in the smoking room. In fair weather they will be found tucked up in steamer chairs, always with a book—often a guide book. In bad weather they are busy in the writing room or waiting for the library steward to unlock the doors to the bookshelves. They are the serious travelers—often schoolteachers who have saved for years to meet the expenses of the trip and are determined to get the most out of it. They find joy enough in escape from the humdrum routine of teaching and to them the deck games are wildly exciting. Sometimes they are accompanied by bright-eyed students whose papas have given them a year of travel before they settle down to the serious business of conquering the world. Few of the teachers or students will be found on the luxury boats, but they are predominant in the intermediate or cabin-class boats whose solid but unostentatious comforts are shunned by the wealthy.

The third kind of American traveler is found on all classes of boats but is the most inconspicuous of the lot and is often unnoticed by the others. He cannot be put in any single economic bracket. He may have an expensive suite on a palatial liner and be accompanied by a secretary, or he may have a small cabin without

bath in one of the cheaper boats. He may even be traveling second class, or, as the steamship companies prefer to call it, special or tourist class. No matter in what class he is traveling, the other passengers will usually see little of him, but the clicking of his typewriter behind a stateroom door will be a constant reminder of his presence.

While other travelers get acquainted with the bar or the library steward, he is more likely to be on friendly terms with the wireless room staff, for he usually sends and receives a great many messages. During the hours when other passengers play or study he is hard at work. He is the globe-trotting American salesman—a familiar figure in every important port in the world. He sells all the products of American manufacturers from tractors to toothbrushes, from lipsticks to laundry machinery. He covers the world much more thoroughly than any of our well-traveled newspaper correspondents and is a much more important figure in American business than most of his fellow-countrymen realize.

His many trips take him past all the famous sights of the world but he seldom has time to see them. When he is in Cairo he is too busy with his customers to bother about visiting the Pyramids, but if a demand for the product he is selling should develop five hundred miles up the Nile, he will get there by the quickest possible route. If he were not the active, persistent, aggressive salesman that he is there would be more idle factory wheels in America.

II

For more than a century we have boasted about the cleverness of the American manufacturer and the skill of the American workman whose products are to be found in all the countries of the world. The sun never sets on American toothbrushes or safety razor blades or on hundreds of other American products. So much, in fact, has been said about our manufacturing that many think the world is clamoring for our products; that the comfortable volume of world trade which we enjoy is a tribute to the genius of our manufacturers. It is comforting and reassuring to think that we are so confoundedly clever. But sales either at home or abroad do not naturally and inevitably follow the production of a superior piece of merchandise, and goods are not necessarily superior just because they are made in America, much as we should like to believe that they are. It is quite true that American manufactured articles are above the average in quality but they are also, in almost all cases, above the average in price. There are very few which do not face serious price competition from several points of the compass.

Without the work of the salesmen these goods would not be sold, and the job of selling them in foreign fields is just as important as that of selling at home, for it brings millions of dollars of foreign money to us and keeps many thousands of Americans employed. American selesmen are busy in all parts of the world getting names signed on dotted lines. When the totals are added up the figures are of impressive size. At the present time American sales abroad amount to more than ten million dollars for every banking day.

American manufacturers had barely begun to build up their business in the foreign field before they were faced by serious problems arising from the fact that their costs of production are higher than in other countries, following as a logical sequence the fact that the American workman receives higher wages. In very few lines could our manufacturer meet competition in the matter of price, nor was his selling problem simplified by the possession of overseas colonies, an advantage held by his principal competitors. The old theory was that foreign trade was possible only through the possession of colonies where the goods could be sold with the minimum of effort or with no effort at all and always with tariff barriers which would keep alien competition within reasonable bounds.

A secondary theory was that wages should be kept low so as to hold down the costs of production. It may be remarked that neither of these theories has been entirely abandoned by our principal competitors.

Faced by this problem, the American manufacturer soon gave up the attempt to compete on a basis of price and set out to make better goods, put them up in more attractive packages, and send salesmen to the foreign field. By employing these tactics he built up a large and profitable foreign trade long before mass production enabled him, in many lines, to level down the peaks of high production costs. But he still sells on the basis of quality rather than price and salesmen are as essential to him as engineers or workmen.

The combination of quality manufacture and well-organized salesmanship has proven successful and, although it has not placed American goods beyond the menace of competition, it has shown that, even in what are known as cheap markets, quality goods can be sold at a high price.

A friend of mine who is a traveling salesman covering the equatorial route from Manila to Colombo once checked up and found no less than fifty-eight different brands of imported toothpaste competing for that market, to say nothing of a number of powders and liquid dentifrices and a few local products. This is essentially a cheap territory, for the natives have a low purchasing power and one would naturally assume that there would be no demand for any but the lower-priced brands of any competing lines. The American group of toothpastes are higher priced than any others. And yet they do the bulk of the business and are to be found in every important shop. In one or two of these Far Eastern countries the most popular toothpaste is a brand which is looked on as high priced even in America.

It is not only in toothpastes but in many other more important pieces of American merchandise that the American salesman succeeds in selling quality goods. Knowing that he is licked at the start in any competition based on price, he always approaches his sales problem from a different angle. A little less than twenty years ago the Chinese government let it be known that it was in the market for half a dozen new express trains, and every important manufacturer of railway equipment sent salesmen to Peking. A few companies kept representatives living there but these were supplemented by assistants; for when a government starts buying railway equipment the order is likely to run into very big figures and no chance of making the sale can be overlooked. These governmental orders are always as complicated as a political convention and involve a good deal more than getting a single name on the sales contract. The sale cannot be made to any one individual but must have the approval of a board, with the details settled by any number of bureau heads. In this case the sale had to be made to the Ministry of Communications—a ministry with the usual ramifications of Chinese politics and the further complexity of a number of advisers of different nationalities, each of whom had a certain amount of influence and some of whom could be bribed. The European salesmen brought pocketfuls of pencil-sharpeners with them, for they anticipated a lot of competition and were prepared to start by quoting a low price—but not so low that they could not shave it a little lower if that were necessary or could not provide a margin for the payment of a few commissions.

Only one of this cosmopolitan collection of supersalesmen approached his problem from a different angle. He was one of several Americans who were out to capture this contract and, either by accident or design, he was late in getting to Peking. After each of the other salesmen had proved to everyone concerned how cheaply he could supply the express trains, and had shown how one luxury and convenience after another could be eliminated, this American began talking beauty and quality. He had photographs and technical descriptions of the

world's most famous and luxurious trains—the kind of trains on which wealthy Chinese officials of that period usually traveled when they went abroad. His argument was that, as China was equipping her most important trunk railway there was no reason why she should not have the best. He suggested the "face" which this would give China in the eyes of foreign travelers, the satisfaction the ministry officials themselves would enjoy from the operation of trains of this class.

While the other salesmen had eliminated so much from their specifications that they could talk about little except price, he had a hundred attractive features to talk about and to show in pictures. The train equipment he proposed would have been superior in any setting and it stood out in very sharp contrast with the trains his competitors were trying to sell. He never knew just what detail turned the trick, but eventually he walked away with the contract and without the payment of any bribes. In fact, before he was through, he sold them all the bedding for the sleeping cars and all the silver and linen for the diners. The total order was a little more than five million five hundred thousand dollars.

At the Department of Commerce in Washington they tell the story of how one American salesman finally closed the sale of a line of tractors to the owner of a Mexican hacienda, when by all the laws of chance and circumstance he should have failed. The contract provided that one tractor was to be delivered at the hacienda, and when it had been satisfactorily demonstrated delivery would be taken of the entire fleet. As the salesman was not familiar with the operation of tractors, he was not quite sure in his own mind how he would demonstrate it, but, like a good salesman, was confident that he could solve that problem when the time came.

Fortunately for him, the customer was away from home when the tractor was delivered. This gave him a whole day in which to experiment. He read through the catalogue and book of instructions and turned the starting crank, but nothing happened. Nothing continued to happen with discouraging persistence, and the customer was due the following noon. Finally he sent a long telegram to the factory describing in detail just what he had done and asking very urgently for advice. He knew subconsciously that there was something obvious and important which he had overlooked but he couldn't think what it was. Then he employed local workmen to haul the tractor to the top of a nearby hill and demonstrated to his own satisfaction that as soon as the brakes were released the machine would coast down the hill and could be brought to a stop in front of a small café. That stratagem did not solve his problem, but it did give him a breathing spell and a margin of safety if the reply to his telegram should be delayed.

The hacienda owner arrived on time. The telegram did not. The salesman delayed matters as long as he could but the sight of the shiny new tractor on top of the hill fascinated the Mexican and he wanted to see it run. With some misgivings the salesman fumbled with the starting crank and then climbed into the seat and loosened the brakes. It worked. Like a ship being launched, the tractor started slowly and then gathered speed and was finally brought to a halt in front of the café. To a casual observer it was as impressive and convincing as a three-point landing. But not to the salesman. He had taken a couple of tricks but the game was still to be won.

The Mexican thought the occasion called for a drink and the salesman agreed. He would have agreed to anything that would delay matters until he received a reply to his telegram. There were more drinks. There was even a lengthy and, to him, tedious discussion of Mexican politics. Finally the message came. It read:

"Before cranking, fill tank with gasoline and turn ignition switch."

With these two simple formalities attended to, the tractor was driven to the

top of the hill; they had another drink, and the hacienda owner increased his order. What had been a doubtful game had turned into a grand slam.

III

The successful salesman in foreign lands often has to think of new ways to use American products. When the old-fashioned rubber-bulb type of automobile horn went completely out of style in America some salesman conceived the idea of selling the surplus stocks to China as equipment for rickshas. He did more than get rid of the old, unsaleable stock, for he established a vogue and the horn became standard equipment for all private rickshas whose owners made any claim to social distinction. American manufacturers continued to make them for China until cheaper Japanese competition drove them from the market. For many years before tomato juice became a common adjunct to the American breakfast table, the natives of Mongolia were drinking American catchup with gusto. A case of catchup was an appropriate present for a prince—taking the same rank as a case of champagne in other lands. The salesman who introduced this vogue for catchup may have been the one who sold certain Mongol tribes the idea that, as the wearing of a hat was nothing but a bit of ostentation, one might as well be consistent and wear two or more hats—one on the top of the other. Think what a boon it would be to hat manufacturers if that Mongolian fashion should become popular in America!

But probably the most difficult sales problem ever solved by an American salesman was the matter of sleigh bells in Manila. After Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila Bay, American merchants and manufacturers immediately began thinking of the possibilities of this new market and there was, on the part of some of them, a great deal more haste than judgment in embracing its opportunities. One Seattle firm which had been very successful in Alaskan trade wasted no time about picking out a line of goods for sale in Manila. They simply duplicated a typical shipment to Alaska and then sent a salesman out to dispose of the cargo.

The salesman found no particular difficulty about disposing of most of the articles, but there was obviously no demand for the five or six tons of sleigh bells which sweltered in this strange climate. There were no sleighs in Manila, but the salesman noted—as everyone must note—that the place was full of *caramatas* and *calasas,* two types of high-wheeled, gaudily decorated passenger vehicles which performed the functions of the hansom cab of that period.

He approached the authorities in a matter of a safety campaign, suggesting that some provision should be made for the protection of pedestrians against these vehicles which dashed through the crowded streets at a pace of three or four miles an hour giving no hint of their coming other than the noise made by iron tires on the cobbles. The municipal authorities were duly convinced and a police regulation soon set forth in the English, Spanish, and Togolog languages a solemn injunction that all ponies pulling *caramatas* and *calasas* should be belled. This has resulted in a much bigger tropical market for sleigh bells than the salesman anticipated. The ordinance requires only two bells on each pony, but the drivers are proud of them and festoon their steeds like the reindeers of an opulent Santa Claus. Furthermore, sleigh bells became the fashion and now they are found in remote provincial villages where no police regulations require them.

The American traveling salesman does a good deal more than sell goods. In his letters to the factory from all parts of the world he tells what other manufacturers are doing, what people in the territory he is visiting want to buy, how changes in packaging or design will add to the saleability of the goods. It was an American fountain-pen salesman who dis-

covered that in one Far Eastern country the demand was for fountain pens with clips on the side so that the pen could be seen when carried in the pocket; but that in a neighboring country the demand was entirely for pens with clips flush with the top so that the pen would be effectively concealed when in the pocket. The pen users in the first country carried fountain pens as ornaments or evidences of wealth and wanted them as conspicuous as possible. In the second country they did not dare tempt the many petty thieves by a display of this sort.

It is natural that American manufacturers should visualize a market under American conditions, and the salesman tells them how things must be changed. To give but one of many examples, Americans find it difficult to imagine a home where a tap of scalding hot water is not always available. A great many safety razors are built with the idea that they can be cleaned by holding them under a hot-water tap, which is all very well if you have a tap. But if you have to depend on the lukewarm shaving water which is the rule in many parts of the world, then this type of razor is all very wrong.

Another salesman discovered that some natives of Africa prefer to buy flour packed in bags of gaudy colors, as the bags are used to make shirts or skirts. In China the old flour bags are made into sails for junks, as a strong fabric is desirable. In many places toilet soap is judged solely by its perfume and modestly scented soap will not sell. It wasn't until salesmen began sending back their reports that motor-car manufacturers learned that while the rule of the road in America is to drive to the right, the left-hand drive is the rule in many other parts of the world.

American salesmen and those who have agencies for the sale of American goods abroad are constantly complaining that the American manufacturer will not alter his highly standardized methods in order to meet the local demands in the foreign field, and they point to the example of the British and the German manufacturers. But the British make the same complaint about their manufacturers and tell of the adaptability of the Americans and the Germans; and any importer of German goods is ready to talk to you by the hour about the handicaps he has to face because of the stubborn conservatism of the German manufacturers!

From the point of view of the enthusiastic salesman, anything which prevents a sale is to be condemned. If a prospective customer says he would place a big order if he could have his mousetraps decorated with pictures of green cheese, the salesman naturally thinks an order should be made up to meet that specification. He would not be a good salesman if his mind did not work that way. A customer may always be right but he is never quite so convincingly right as when he is still a prospective customer. But in these recriminations about the stubbornness and stupidity of manufacturers the American salesman—contrary to popular belief—actually has less to complain about than any others. The American manufacturer is always willing to make changes if he can do it without offering too much violence to his ideal of mass production.

Certainly no one could be more enterprising than the Americans in the matter of packaging and the use of foreign-language labels. Spanish is the language most generally used because of the important South American trade, but there is not one of thirty-three languages in which the principal newspapers of the world are printed that does not appear on the labels of American proprietary articles. With the constant suggestions and criticism of salesmen before them, the American manufacturers lead the world in attractive and useful packaging. German packaging is clumsy and often stupid. Many German manufacturers use English text in their circulars or labels but they appear to rely entirely on their own knowledge of the language, with the result that the English text almost invariably betrays its alien origin. This is also true of

other languages used by the Germans. The Englishman sells to all the world but his thoughts are centered in the English-speaking colonies. The French manufacturer, with a few exceptions, shows a lofty disdain for any customers who do not read French. The American is the most cosmopolitan of them all. He sells his products in every currency in the world and presents his sales argument in every language. Americans have no pride nor confidence in their knowledge of foreign languages so they turn these translation jobs over to experts.

IV

The American salesman who packs his sample case and starts on his first trip abroad usually has a great many disappointments and disillusionments coming to him. These will be multiplied enormously if the manufacturer he represents is also making his first venture in the export field. The old tradition about selling goods to the Indians still persists. The legendary transaction by which title to the island of Manhattan changed hands for a collection of strings of beads still colors the imagination of Americans. But the days of miracles are over. No matter what the American salesman is trying to sell he will almost invariably find that some competitor is there before him. There are some mountain peaks which have not been scaled and some of the earth's surface which remains to be explored, but there are no virgin fields of trade. Only occasionally does a new invention or a new development in manufacturing give a salesman a golden opportunity. The first who were able to offer American radio sets sent back more orders than the newly organized radio manufacturers could fill. But the halcyon period did not continue for more than a year or so.

The electric refrigerator offered another golden opportunity. One smart salesman was on a trip through the Indian Ocean and by chance picked up an old newspaper a fellow-passenger had left in the reading room, and read about the development of apartment houses in several cities in South Africa. It immediately occurred to him that the building of apartment houses meant an opportunity to sell electric refrigerators. A few radio messages convinced his export manager, and he was rerouted to Johannesburg. He had nothing but a catalogue to show prospective purchasers and the refrigerator he had to sell was not one of the well-known makes—in fact few people in America had ever heard of it; but he was the first in the field and soon he was sending back orders in carload lots. The fact that he ran across this discarded newspaper on a steamer in the Indian Ocean has given his company a business which already runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars and has established a market for them which will be profitable for many years to come.

Most of the American export trade is centered in New York and there hundreds of export managers direct the activities of the salesmen, with maps of the world before them and colored tacks showing where every unit of the sales force is to be found at any given time. A few generations ago the British had such a predominant position in the foreign trade of the world that it was assumed by many that foreign trade was a British prerogative, an assumption that the British did nothing to discourage. The American manufacturer looking for foreign sales turned naturally to British representation. Now this has been changed. A great many manufacturers maintain general sales offices in London, but they are staffed and directed by Americans.

In some large concerns there are so many men in the field that a single export manager cannot direct their activities and there are a number of regional export managers, one for South America, one for Europe, etc. Many of them carry on correspondence daily in Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German. There are a number of translation bureaus which take care of work of this sort. If

any inquiry about the price of motor-car tires should be received in the Siamese language it would be translated and answered in the same language just as a matter of daily routine.

Every important city in the world is marked by colored tacks on the maps in the sales manager's office. He routes his salesmen over every steamer lane. Most of them go to South America and get back to New York at least once a year for an annual sales conference. I know of several salesmen who cover the whole world alone. One of them sells sawmill equipment. When he leaves his home in California his list of calls embraces a route which will take him more than two years to cover. His wife travels with him and acts as his secretary. After two years on the road they come back home for a year and then start out again. Most salesmen who cover the Far Eastern territory are sent out on three-year tours. That, in fact, is the usual arrangement. One manufacturer of paint and building supplies covers the world with four salesmen, one each for Europe, South America, Asia, and Africa. Once in three years they meet for a sales conference in New York and are able to exchange experiences about selling paint in almost every country in the world.

Americans were the first to organize a world sales force and they were also the first to make use of modern advertising methods in foreign fields. There are in New York at least half a dozen good-sized advertising agencies which place no advertising at all in America but will plan and place campaigns in any foreign country. One of them regularly places advertising in 534 newspapers in 73 countries, and the sales message is presented in no less than 33 different languages!

It is only when the total figures of American sales abroad are broken down into the different classifications that the importance of the salesman is understood. With the world's largest storehouse of raw material at our command it is natural that our raw-material sales should run to very large figures. But it is actually small in comparison to the sales of manufactured and semi-manufactured articles. According to figures compiled by the Department of Commerce, the volume of sales abroad is divided as follows:

Wholly manufactured goods	55 per cent
Semi-manufactured goods	24 per cent
Wholly unmanufactured goods	21 per cent

It does not require salesmanship or packaging or advertising to sell raw materials. Foreign customers come here and make their purchases, usually on a cash and carry basis. It is the sales of these raw materials, with violent price changes, which account to a large extent for the fluctuation in the annual volume of our foreign trade. For example, in 1932 we sold about 20 per cent more raw cotton than in 1929, but got less than half as much money for it. The value of the raw cotton sold in 1936 was only a fraction more than in 1929, but the sales of electrical apparatus more than doubled and the sales of photographic equipment and supplies almost doubled.

America's globe-trotting salesman does a good deal more than make a living for himself and keep the factory he represents busy with orders for American goods. By his activities he keeps our balance of trade on a healthy basis, levels out the valleys of the production charts in many a factory, and enables us to pay for the goods and raw materials which we import. When we realize that of the millions of dollars represented by his daily sales a very large part goes into factory payrolls, it is easy to understand what new problems of unemployment would face us if he ever fell down on his job.

BROTHERS TO THE GODS

GERMANS, ENGLISHMEN, AND FRENCHMEN AS COLONISTS

BY A. H. YOUNG-O'BRIEN

THE Calabar River was steel-gray and still as oil beneath a sweltering afternoon sun. A crowd of whites, immaculate in ducks and colored frocks, and a chattering throng of natives in every stage of costume from breechclout to white chiefs' robes, watched a tiny speck in the brilliant blue sky. The speck became a British seaplane, banked, swooped, and glided to a perfect landing on the water.

"Wah! White man and God—brothers!" muttered a river chief.

I was disappointed, having expected roaring astonishment. But gradually the significance of the old man's calm acceptance of the miracle came to me.

It is rather pathetic that the millions of natives under white dominion in Africa accept their positions so readily. One wonders, however, how long this acceptance will last. The natives are learning that all whites are not the same, that what is law under one government is crime under another. The boundaries along the West African coast were not plotted with regard to the ancient ethnic frontiers, so that in many cases brothers are subjects of different powers; living under different conditions and sometimes, contradictory laws. Yet others have served under three governments, three different systems of administration, and three vastly dissimilar types of white officials.

The Cameroons—on the west coast of Africa—once ruled by the Duala chiefs, has been subject to German, British, and French methods of colonial administration, and, therefore, offers an interesting opportunity to compare them.

In 1884 this region became part of a German trade protectorate, and in 1885 the Germans set up a governor in Duala and established control over the whole of the Cameroons. For thirty years the white dominion here was German.

It has been said that the German rule was notorious for its savage atrocities. Yet, although punishment for the pettiest misdemeanors was unbelievably severe, the Germans were just from the native point of view. After all, the natives had had few laws themselves before the coming of the whites, and punishment for infractions was usually death; so the German rule must have seemed almost benevolent to many of the tribes. Africans have a highly developed sense of justice; they do not mind severity, but will sulk for days if punished unfairly. The Germans appreciated this. For example:

A servant, having stolen the equivalent of twenty marks from his white master, was liable, if the booty had been removed from a closed receptacle, to execution. If, however, it had been taken from a table or from plain view, the native was soundly flogged with a twisted, elephant-hide bulala, and his master severely reprimanded and sometimes actually punished for placing temptation in the way of the native.

The Germans regarded their subjects as nonentities, beneath consideration except for their use to the Fatherland. Officials, traders, even missionaries had natives beaten or sent to police offices for floggings for disrespectfulness. It has been reported officially that a District Commissioner Friecher von Ludingshausen was attended on his walks by an orderly armed with a cudgel and under orders to club anybody who did not uncover to his master.

Trekking through the "Big Bush" the blond, shaven-headed Teutons pressed natives from their villages as porters. On arrival at a town the chief was required to parade with his men and women with offerings of food and amusement for the white man; otherwise he was flogged.

Van Hagen, famous military official in South Cameroons, had an awesome reputation. He would strip, stain his skin, and lurk in outlying villages to listen to talk around the palavar houses. (He understood the native dialects perfectly.) He would return to his headquarters at Ebolowa, send for those he had heard speaking seditiously, accuse them, and repeat, to their horror, the very words they had used; then punish them with great severity.

The result was that South Cameroons became the most docile and well-managed territory in the German African possessions. Beautiful houses were built; roads extending over many days' march were constructed and maintained. Every village was a uniform, double row of neat bark and palm-leaf huts, standing back twenty meters from an immaculately swept road which was maintained for several kilometers on each side of the village. Two railways were constructed with compulsory labor, each village supplying men to work for certain periods until the line was completed.

Well might the people of Cameroons regard the Germans as the brothers of the gods. Their lofty indifference, their studied rudeness to chief and bushman alike, their sudden rages, their swift and brutal punishments, their ferocious, bellowed laughter and their imperious appropriation of anything that they fancied, from produce to women, was comparable to the conduct of the gods worshipped through the village fetishes: the gods of wind, rain, thunder, lightning, hunger, and pain: gods whose sudden rages destroyed all before them, whose uncertain tempers could be anticipated by none, who had to be avoided or placated by prayer and sacrifice.

When war broke out in 1914, French and British troops soon entered the Cameroons territory, and after a strenuous campaign, drove the Germans out of the country into Rio Muni, a Spanish colony to the south. Many chiefs and over fourteen thousand natives accompanied them, some of whom were eventually interned in Fernando Po, an island about sixty miles from the mouth of the Cameroon River. On this retreat, driven by shortage of ammunition, the Germans confiscated the metal ornaments worn by the natives.

The Bulu women wear snug-fitting, heavy brass collars, weighing as much as fourteen pounds. These collars are slipped on the slim necks of girl children and there they stay until their wearers die. They are so heavily cast that it is said to be impossible to remove them without causing the death of the wearers. In 1919 I saw in the storeroom of the German fort in Ebolowa, thousands of these brass collars. Some of them had been broken as though torn apart by tremendous force. But many were not broken.

II

The British occupied the Duala territory between 1914 and 1916.

The British policy of colonial rule is one of indirect administration. Loyal chiefs are given letters of appointment which provide that they shall rule justly and in accordance with the laws of the protectorate and that they shall be guided by the advice of Resident officers. It is the declared policy of the Government to restore to the chiefs the prestige and authority they had enjoyed before German

control and which they had lost through conquest. This policy is based on the principle of recognizing and developing native institutions subject to British control; the belief being that every system of government, if it is to be permanent and progressive, must have its roots in the framework of indigenous society.

The native attitude toward British rule was one of mistrust, then surprise, then delight. But the older, more conservative chiefs began to wonder.

Men trained in other British West African colonies were sent to Duala—men who were appalled by the severity of the German laws which permitted of chaining prisoners and allowed floggings for the smallest offenses. These new white men enforced the laws, but with much lighter punishments.

Bland, public-school—varsity types strolled through the mango-shaded streets of Duala or trekked into tangled bush paths, absentmindedly replying to the timid salutes of passing natives but ignoring those who did not uncover. Some of the bolder spirits began to think that these new white men were afraid. They quickly learned their mistake. The British did not fly into berserk rages as the Germans had, but calmly arrested evildoers; pushed into mobs of howling, armed savages to grab them by the ears, or, just as calmly, ignored them. The tribesmen were astounded to see bronzed, keen-faced men, younger usually than the Germans, starting off on expeditions with no more than a corporal's guard of green-fezzed Yoruba police instead of a bristling retinue of troops.

British officials regarded the Cameroons natives as curious beggars. Not dangerous of course unless led astray by some silly ass. Rather, comic people who came dashing at you with a spear, then ran off howling if you gave them a good boot in the backside.

Native women ceased to hide in the forest when the white men passed. They stood, their lustrous eyes smiling shyly, just a little piqued, for the Britishers seldom noticed them.

Natives, like other human beings, regard what they do not understand with some unease, so the laughing, easy-going British officials were watched very carefully and their words considered with great respect. Who knew when the smiling young faces might become bleak and the clean-shaven lips rap orders to take a chief from his town to a prison from which he might not return for many moons? Of course the Englisi were white men, and therefore gods; but different somehow from the burly, square-headed Germani; they did not roar with rage and flog all who came near. They did not beat a chief before his people, then laugh at his shame. The salute was not a magic that mollified them. They were calm, even polite, interfering seldom with the business of the towns; rather shy about the women, and apt to play games with the little pot-bellied babies. If two were together they fought with their hands bound with leather bags, it was reported, beating each other's heads and never at all stabbing with knives or shooting with their guns, but laughing even as they fought. What kind of gods fought even though they were friends? What must they do to their enemies? *E ké!*

Captain M. was an Assistant Police Commissioner, young, and regarded by his superiors as lacking in responsibility and reverence. He went about his duties calmly, almost lazily, but managed to solve the many problems confronting him with great dispatch and no fuss whatever.

Dangerous criminals had been placed in the Duala jail with several hundred other prisoners. Somehow they managed to get hold of a number of machetes, and immediately chased the guards out of the yard and incited the other prisoners to squalling, stamping riot. The prison superintendent left his quarters inside the walls about ten jumps ahead of a brawny, white-eyed Fulani armed with a razor-edged cutlass. For an hour there was pandemonium. Natives milled about the walls, peering through the two gates into the yard where screaming, bloodthirsty maniacs wheeled, brandishing their

weapons and vowing slaughter to all whites. A very senior military officer, suffering from liver and dramatics, ordered machine-guns to be mounted on the walls and, through an interpreter, harangued the rioters, threatening to fire on them if they did not immediately lay down their weapons and return to their cells. Those Fulanis, however, were Moslems and fanatical, so the threat only stirred them to greater fury.

At the height of the palavar, M. strolled up to look the situation over. Peering through the outside and inside gates, he saw the prisoners milling like mad beasts, shaking their machetes and swearing death and destruction to everybody. Ordering a perspiring guard to give up his keys, M. opened the outside gate, locked it behind him, and advanced to the inside one, giving on the prison yard. The Fulanis ganged about the gate screaming threats and daring him to open it. But, unarmed, he unlocked the gate and stepped inside.

By this time the other whites had noticed him and were shouting to him to retire. As he locked the gate behind him there fell a silence among the prisoners. The unarmed ones backed, leaving a space in which swaggered some fifty sweating, panting blacks, each with a gleaming machete in his fist. They were like beasts, watching this slight, compact figure in khaki helmet, bush-shirt, and shorts that, unarmed, walked up to them. They waited for one tiny sign of fear that would be the signal to hack him to shreds. Whites on the walls watched too, fingers itching on shotgun and rifle triggers. Yoruba machine-gunners squatted behind their tripods, squinting through their sights and waiting the order to fire. Then we saw M. put his hand out and take the machete from the ringleader, a great shaven-headed, scar-faced ruffian, about six feet six inches tall, naked as he was born and crawling with muscle. Then the white man stepped back and pointed to the ground.

For a long, breathless, dry-mouthed moment those glaring savages hesitated; then their weapons thudded and clattered on to the sand. A sort of groan went up from the other prisoners and they scuttled back to their cells. The ringleaders stood in a silent beaten line while M. kicked the machetes into a heap and walked out of the yard. In fifteen minutes every cell was locked and cutlasses removed.

M.'s action did not do him much good. You see, the officer who had given orders for machine-guns to be mounted was his senior, as was the prison superintendent. Very bad form for a junior official to employ so much initiative.

Such is the kind of man sent out to maintain peace in the British colonies: a man carefully trained in the strict discipline of the English public school to regard the whole job as a sort of game that must be played strictly according to the rules of sportsmanship. He considers the natives with whom he works as amusing and interesting people situated in the social class somewhere between a good bird dog and a favorite horse. They are to be patted and rewarded when they are good; carefully and patiently trained to be good Africans, not Europeans; and dispassionately punished when they commit crimes.

The natives did not at first understand the British system of rule. They recognized that the Germans were as gods; the British had driven them away, and must therefore be stronger; yet the new white men were gentle. They began to like those beardless youths who grinned amiably at them; and in liking them cheated in little matters, as a schoolboy will cheat a master while still liking him, knowing that punishment will not be severe.

III

At a convention signed in London in March, 1916, France and England arranged a provisional division of the Cameroons between them, pending a more definite settlement; after which the British evacuated Duala, which they had occupied between 1914 and 1916. The French took over.

Bismarck said: The British have colonies and colonists; the Germans have colonists but no colonies; the French have colonies but no colonists.

The Frenchman believes in the supremacy of French culture just as the Englishman believes in the superiority of English civilization. The Englishman is convinced, however, that his preëminence is so innate that it cannot possibly be acquired by other peoples, and therefore he has not attempted to force his institutions upon the natives. The French, on the other hand, believe so strongly in the merits of their culture that they wish to develop it throughout the world. While the British government policy in Africa follows a plan of cultural and political self-determination, the French have attempted the wholesale imposition of an outside culture upon another people.

The importance of France's African colonies lies in the man power they can supply to the mother country. The population of the colonies added to that of France totals one hundred millions, thus giving her a numerical advantage over the sixty-five millions of Germany. It is necessary for French security to mobilize her colonial troops rapidly in time of war and upon this necessity rested her insistence upon naval parity with Italy at the London Conference of 1930. For the same purpose a Trans-Saharan railway, of no economic value, has been proposed.

The role of the native is to fight and produce for the mother country like a good Frenchman. The belief is that the native will become civilized by this process so that he, in helping France, helps himself. To quote M. Albert Sarraut, the theory is "a doctrine of colonization starting from a conception of power or profit for the metropolis, but instinctively impregnated with altruism."

In theory educated natives become naturalized citizens of France with the same status as her European citizens, while the mass of the people are classed as subjects. In Senegal, the oldest French possession in Africa, citizenship is the right by birth of every native.

In the French colonies there are two distinct systems of administration—law courts, taxes and obligations to the government. There is the rough and ready system applied to the mass of illiterate "subject" natives wherein they are subject to the *indigénat* system which grants to Administrators the right to punish them without trial and without appeal for any one of fifty offenses, including "committing any act of a nature to weaken respect for French authority." Another obligation imposed on "subject" natives is the *prestation,* a form of labor tax under which males are obliged to furnish the government with a number of days' free labor every year. The "citizen" class are not subject to the *indigénat* system, and they may avoid the *prestation* by paying the government a fee. After an objection by the Mandate commission the government agreed to allow the natives of Cameroons and Togo to redeem their *prestation* period by the payment of eight francs in Togo and twenty francs in Cameroons.

Most significant of all is the privileged position of "citizens" with regard to military conscription. While "subjects" are called upon for three years' service which is spent in France, "citizens" are enrolled in a special formation whose period of service is the same as for European French citizens and which does not leave the colony. While there is no military conscription in Cameroons, the government conscripts labor for public services.

There is no color bar in French colonies. Frenchmen not only have native mistresses, but they marry native wives. In the Dakar market European women sell to natives. Restaurants and stores employ white women to wait on natives and Europeans alike. Many artisans and unskilled laborers have been imported to French colonies to work with native laborers. The willingness of the whites to perform work done by natives increases the belief of both in racial equality.

Yet with all the preaching of racial equality, it is noticed that the French have not turned any colonies over to the

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blacks or even permitted them equality with Europeans in the administration of their country; there are fewer natives in the administration in French than in British colonies. This situation has caused great bitterness. The educated natives of Togo and the Cameroons who have experienced both German and British rule are particularly insistent in their demands for a change in government. This hostility is illustrated in a document submitted to the administration by pastors of the Native Church of Duala, Cameroons, in 1921.

"It is better to die under the English administration or even under the German administration, or even under the Americans, than to die under the French administration which has acted so villainously in Duala."

Even now a number of natives frankly state that they prefer German to French rule. Others admit that the Germans were extremely severe, but they would welcome the return of the British who occupied Duala between 1914 and 1916.

During the World War a total of 845,000 natives served in the French army, 181,000 of whom were Senegalese. Some of the best-known men in the French military have earned renown in the colonial troops, such as Generals Mangin, Gallieni, and Lyautey. Senegalese troops won a reputation as fighters when most of them were volunteers. In 1917 there were thirty-one battalions of Senegalese on the Somme. For years the Senegalese were regarded as the most effective branch of the colonial military. Now the Advisory Commission of the Colonies ranks the Algerians and Tunisians ahead of the Senegalese. This ranking is due in part to the fact that the Senegalese present less resistance to cold than do the natives of Algeria and Tunis. In one unit of 11,000 Senegalese 7,500 died of cold in 1917.

Under expertly trained officers, the French African troops present pictures of keen, alert smartness. Every colony has its native battalion and in every company there is a section of Senegalese designed to indicate to the others the advantages of smartness and discipline. It may be fairly stated that through the aid of Senegalese troops France built up, and to-day holds, an empire which probably never would have been won by European soldiers alone.

In its peacetime policy, however, France is following a less militaristic program in her mandates than elsewhere. There are no detachments of colonial troops in the territory, and the natives are not subject to conscription.

France is trying to develop the resources of the French Colonial Empire so as to free France from dependence on outside sources of supply. As a result of what is called the *mise en valeur* campaign, the values of exports increased over two hundred per cent in three years. In the mandates France has also made serious efforts to improve the individual, economic, and cultural welfare of the natives. These efforts are most apparent in medical work; a report shows that the number of natives treated in four years increased over one hundred per cent. And agricultural commissions are established for the purpose of indicating to native farmers the best methods for their crop cultivation.

But with memories of German arrogance and British nonchalance in his mind, the native is puzzled by the French. He sees high officials parading arm in arm with their native mistresses. He wonders why subordinate white officials salute superior black functionaries. (Men from Martinique or Senegal, but nevertheless the same color as himself.) He watches French officials trekking through the bush, unshaven and wearing striped cotton pajamas such as he himself can buy in a trading store; and is gradually reasoning that perhaps white men are not brothers to gods.

One wonders whether the placid, childlike native will continue to accept with good humor the restrictions placed upon him by strangers whose sole claim for mastery is the need for expansion.

WHAT WOULD GERMANY FIGHT WITH?

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

"Germany does not want war. All she wants is the fruits of victory."—Jules Cambon.

GERMANY, as she says, may not want war. Certainly the plain people whom I know in Germany do not want it; they had enough the last time to do them for life. The youth might perhaps welcome a "skirmish or two" for a little excitement and to prove their mettle. But they are not looking for another Verdun or Passchendaele. Nor has another "total" European war any place in the plans of the Nazi leaders; they are quite sure that they can get everything they want with a strong show of force and an occasional well-timed *coup*.

Nevertheless, powerful forces are sweeping Germany along a course which, unless her Nazi leadership should unexpectedly be deposed, must in no distant future involve her in war: Hitler's reckless foreign policy; the boundless ambitions of the pan-Germans; everything which together goes to make up the "dynamic" of the Nazi movement, the fervor into which the youth has been whipped, the elation over the great victory in Austria, the discontent which has been stirred up in the German border populations; and the gearing of the country's entire economy to war production, which the Nazis cannot slacken off—even if they wanted to—without precipitating disastrous unemployment with its political consequences, nor change back to peacetime export production without a vast foreign loan which they have no prospect of obtaining.

Saner heads in Germany, watching these forces at work, and at the same time noting the reappearance of all the old, favorite delusions of French degeneracy and disunity, British disinterestedness, Russian disorganization and slowness, the insignificance of the opposition likely to be put up by small countries, and German invincibility, are appalled. Especially are they aghast at the rapidly gaining readiness among Nazi and radical military circles to gamble everything should one of their startling *coups* land them into trouble on a *Blitzkrieg* or "lightning war." This is of course that sudden, overpowering attack, delivered without notice, of which we have heard so much in recent years, and which is supposed to blast the enemy's air force out of the skies, cripple his industry and transport, completely smash his civilian morale, and bring about his speedy capitulation. "Give me 20,000 airplanes," is said to be Goering's confident boast, "and I'll be master of Europe in a week!"

All the experience of the Great War and of the Spanish and Chinese Wars cries out against this mad theory of the *Blitzkrieg*. Moderate Germans able to speak out warn that any war started in the heart of Europe would develop into a long desperate one, which Germany has not the supplies to fight, and in which she must find herself in the end overwhelmingly opposed. Schacht in the economic sphere, Von Neurath in the diplomatic, and Von Fritsch in the military sphere—men perhaps no less ambitious for Germany's expansion but wishing to go about

it more carefully—have done their utmost to stem the fatal drift. One can only suppose that they have failed, for all have been deposed in recent months. Germany has since then twice gambled with war and peace. Was she bluffing, as it almost seemed, in her threats against Czechoslovakia in May? Can her threats be safely defied in the same way in future? *What is behind them in the way of the sinews of war?*

The warnings of the moderates mentioned above, and of many others less prominently placed, serve us well in this connection. For there is nothing they have stressed so much as Germany's shortage of vital raw materials. In articles in publications to which they had access, chiefly the *Militär Wochenblatt* (*Military Weekly*), organ of the conservative element of the Reichswehr and almost unique in Germany in standing beyond the reach of Goebbels' censorial pencil, *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* (*German Economist*), which has enjoyed Dr. Schacht's patronage, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, owned by powerful Rhineland industrial interests, and conveniently far from the Wilhelmstrasse, they have discussed the quantities of iron, oil, food, and other materials necessary for a major war, and the actual supplies which Germany possesses.

I shall draw upon the most significant of these articles; some I came across in Germany, many I owe to the vigilance of Joachim Haniel, Economic Editor of the Paris weekly *Das Neue Tagebuch*, and still others to German friends anxious to do anything to help prevent war. To complete the picture I shall also draw upon numerous other sources, most of which are mentioned. The figures given have been checked with all possible care, although this is not made easy by the smoke-screen of secrecy which the Nazis try to maintain round many of the subjects treated, especially the food supply. Where there is a chance of error I have attempted to leave it on the conservative side. Nevertheless, I leave it for the reader to decide whether *this essentially German warning against war* is not impressive.

No one would claim, for example, that propaganda and beating one's breast have in any way replaced iron or oil as vital necessities of modern warfare. The *Militär Wochenblatt* points out that *Greater Germany controls to-day only one-fifth of the iron ore production which Germany plus Austria-Hungary controlled in 1914.* That is what the loss of Lorraine has meant to Germany. As it is, Germany to-day mines 6 million tons a year of rather inferior ore (25–30 per cent iron content), and has acquired another 2½ million tons a year production of the same quality in Austria. This, together with the usual proportion of scrap, would make only 5 million out of the 26½ million tons of steel a year which the expert of the *Deutsche Bergwerks Zeitung* (*German Mining Journal*) calculates Germany would need in a future war. That this is not an over-estimate is evidenced by the fact that Germany is already consuming 20 million tons a year in "peace-time" (the production of which taxes her mills to capacity).

Most of Germany's armaments are made, however, not from the inferior German ore, but from the high-grade Swedish ore, 65–70 per cent rich in iron, scooped out of the mountains of Lapland. Germany is at present importing 9 million tons a year of this. But only a third is shipped down the German-controlled Baltic route, from Lulea at the top of the Gulf of Bothnia. The shipping facilities for the rest are at Narvik, on the extreme northern coast of Norway; from here the ore is carried directly to the mouth of the Rhine and thence by barge to the Ruhr blast furnaces. For her further supply Germany is dependent on some 7 million tons of moderately good ore from Lorraine, about 2 million of somewhat better Bilbao and Rif ore from Franco Spain, and very small quantities of Yugoslavian and even Brazilian ore. After scouring every backyard in the country, Germany still has to import a large part of the 5 to 6 million tons of scrap she needs each year.

Goering's Four Year Plan Bureau announced last July that something was going to be done about Germany's iron dependence. The nation's low-grade iron deposits were to be opened up on an enormous scale. New mines to produce 20 million tons of ore a year would be sunk, and gigantic steel mills to turn out a million tons of steel a year each erected over them. The Hermann Goering Iron Works was ostentatiously founded to do the job, a great blare of publicity was made in the papers, and workers despatched to clear the fields and prepare the model workers' settlements. A call was sent out to private iron and steel companies to subscribe the capital.

But nothing, not Herr Goering's hearty back-slapping, his bluff talk about "the Fatherland," nor his cajolery, could bring Germany's iron magnates to sink much money in the enterprise. Their Rhine-Ruhr mines, conveniently situated to their coke supply, with ore 25–30 per cent rich in iron and sufficient at the present rate of development (6 million tons a year) to last for 60 years, are made commercially feasible only through state subsidy. Now it was proposed to open up deposits (the "Dogger" ore in Baden and the "Gitter" ore in the Harz) from five to ten times as distant from their coke supply, running only 12–17 per cent iron content, and of a quantity sufficient to last, at the proposed rate of exploitation, only from 15 to 20 years.

Furthermore, no such quality of ore has ever been commercially worked; by any process in use to-day the smelting of 12–17 per cent ore would require fantastic quantities of coke and lime. Even a call to prostrate themselves before that potent god, the German Inventive Genius—in this case a rumored wonderful new acid-smelting process of Professors Paschke and Peetz—failed to budge the hard-bitten steel men. All they could see was that out of an immense expenditure of capital and labor was to come a relatively insignificant amount of iron, an amount which could be bought from Sweden for little more than the maintenance cost of the vast complex of mines, blast furnaces, and mills, all to be left as worthless scrap in a few years by the exhaustion of the ore. It just didn't make sense.

Little was heard of the Hermann Goering Iron Works all winter long. A day or two after the seizure of Austria, however, its capital was suddenly expanded from a nominal 5 million to a very tidy 400 million marks (160 million dollars). Reason: Germany had acquired a much more promising ore bed, at Hirtenberg, in Styria; according to Goering "an inexhaustible supply of exceptionally rich ore." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* quietly corrected him a few days later by printing the exact figures: 242 million tons of 28 per cent rich ore. That is, sufficient to cover Germany's present iron consumption for 5½ years.

The Austrian mines, however, are developed on no scale to make such deliveries. Actually, their production has run in late years from 200,000 tons to a high last year of 1,800,000 tons, which went chiefly to Italy. This production is said to be readily expandable, especially if it proves possible, as is hoped, to develop open-pit mining. But it is hardly likely to be pushed beyond 5 or 6 million tons a year (out of which Italy will have to be taken care of as long as she is a friend). The rail transportation problem presented by even such a supply, until the Rhine-Danube Canal is finished some dozen years hence, is no minor one. The mines are 700 miles from the Ruhr mills. To judge from Swedish experience, that would mean 10 trains of 45 cars leaving the mines every day in the year for a twenty-four-hour run to the mills, as many running back empty, and many more in the shop. The State Railways reported in March that they were already 3 per cent short of cars to move the goods being offered them.

Perhaps in the end the only solution for Germany's iron problem will prove to be that suggested by an incorrigible German wit, the melting down of the Rome-Berlin Axis!

II

Germany's situation in regard to oil, life-blood of her planes, tanks, trucks, tractors, and warships, is even worse. The *Deutsche Wehr,* organ of the Nazi wing of the General Staff and often in caustic controversy with the conservative *Militär Wochenblatt,* published in its January, 1936, number a carefully detailed calculation of Germany's oil needs in war. To supply a modern army of 300 divisions, which would include 30 motorized divisions and dispose of 10,500 tanks, 140,000 motor trucks, 40,000 passenger cars, and 60,000 motorcycles, would require 5½ million tons of gas, oil, and grease a year. An air force of 9,000 planes, made up of 6,500 single-engined machines, 500 twin-engined, 500 triple-engined, 250 four-engined, and 1,200 sport-type planes, would take another 1¾ million tons. A further 2 million tons is allowed for the Navy and 3½ million for industry and transport behind the lines. The *Deutsche Wehr's* total is thus 12¾ million tons a year.

This estimate was revised upward by *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* (which, through its connection with Schacht, has remained the soundest German economic journal). It gave in its April 16, 1937, number an estimate of 15 to 20 million tons. Supposing we take the middle figure of 17½ million tons (just for comparison, a French expert, Berthelot, has given the figure for France as 12 to 15 million tons). Germany's production from natural wells is half a million tons a year; according to *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* of March 4, 1938, she is securing half a million tons of benzol as a by-product of the coking process, making 200,000 tons of fuel alcohol, and *780,000 tons of synthetic gasoline from coal* (with plant for another half-million tons under construction), thus giving her a total home production of 2,060,000 tons. This is one-third of her present consumption, or just *one-ninth of her estimated war requirements.* Can she make up the difference by extending her oil-from-coal plant?

This would mean increasing her present oil-from-coal production by twenty times. What staggering amounts of labor, coal, and capital such a development would require may be gathered from the recent report on making Britain self-sufficient in oil presented to the British Government by the Falmouth Commission. *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* has not failed to convey these findings to the German technical world. The report gives as the experience of the Imperial Chemical Industries (who are operating a large new oil-from-coal plant at Billingham, England, as a commercial proposition, under the relatively low protection of 16 cents a gallon) that the production of 150,000 tons a year of synthetic gasoline requires 600,000 tons of coal, the labor of 6,000 men in mines, transport, and factory, and a capital outlay of £40 million. Such a plant will produce at a cost of £2 million oil which could be bought on the world market for less than a third of that sum. These figures are backed up very closely by Germany's own experience with her first 780,000 tons of synthetic production, which required a capital investment of 640 million marks, quite exclusive of the extensions necessitated in mine, transport, and power facilities (for these factories are heavy power users).

According to this, then, to make herself self-sufficient in oil in wartime Germany would have to invest 16 billion marks —a quarter of her national income—in plant. She would have to divert 65 million tons of anthracite—not far from half her production—from normal business channels, or extend her mines by 50 per cent. If she followed her present practice of using lignite, three times the quantity of coal would be required. And she would have to provide over half a million workers to man the industry. *But that means sacrificing 15 army corps!* For that reason alone it is safe to say that Germany will never be able to afford the luxury of producing all her oil at home.

Already the experts of the *Militär Wochenblatt* are concerning themselves with the demands of modern technical warfare on the nation's man-power. They reckon (as quoted in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for July 14, 1937) that it will take 8 men working in a factory to keep a machine gun or anti-tank gun in the field, 40 men for a tank, and 60 men for a pursuit plane. At this rate, they conclude, *Germany will be able to put only 5½ to 6 million men in arms in a future war, as against 10 million in the last one.* They find this an alarming consideration. By comparison, their prospective opponents appear much better situated. Russia has a limitless supply of both combatants and workers. France will be able to draw on British industry, and Britain on Dominion and U. S. industry. In this light France, with only half the man-power, might be able to put perhaps three-quarters as many soldiers as Germany into the field in another war.

In face of these facts the Nazis have quietly reversed their policy in regard to female labor in industry. If there was any slogan which they shouted to the heavens in 1933, it was that "woman's place is in the home" raising children and looking after her men-folks. The Government Marriage Loan to young couples was made conditional on the woman leaving her job and promising not to go back to work as long as her husband was able to support her. But by last summer one could read (*Berliner Börsen Zeitung,* August 6, 1937) the cool pronouncement of the Herr Direktor of the Reich Bureau for Labor Supply and Unemployment Insurance that a supply of some 700,000 "idle" women existed which could be drawn on by industry. Neither did too much concern need to be shown in the choice of jobs for them, "as it has been proven that the modern, sport-hardened woman is fitted for incomparably more and harder work than was formerly assumed."

Shortly afterward followed the simple announcement of the Marriage Bureau that in the future loans would not be made conditional on the woman leaving her job or promising not to take one. *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* stated (August 13, 1937) that 1,200,000 more women were already employed in insured occupations than in the first Hitler year, 1933; and the *Völkischer Beobachter* completed the picture with the information that the number of women working in German trade and industry in 1937 was 5,856,000, compared to "over 6 million" in 1928–29.

A very serious aspect of the labor situation, and one which is bound to influence the development of the Four Year Plan's highly complicated synthetic production industries, is the shortage of *engineers.* The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of February 10, 1938, in a long and earnest discussion of the subject states that Germany was 5,000 engineers short in 1937, and, in view of the low registration of students, will be 30,000–35,000 short by 1942. Against 12,880 students enrolled in the Mining Engineering schools in the winter of 1930–31, there were only 6,397 in 1935–36; against 13,281 in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering in 1930–31, only 7,118 in 1935–36. The registration for the 1937–38 term must obviously have been still lower, or it would have been quoted to prove that things were improving—such opportunities are *never* passed up in Nazi Germany.

The 1938 official Statistical Yearbook reveals an even sharper recession in the registration at the technical universities: from 20,431 in 1932 the numbers sank to 13,099 in 1934, and 9,602 in 1937. To combat this shortage it is suggested that the two-year military service period be postponed for engineering students until some unspecified time after graduation, that the study-period be made shorter and the exams easier. But there is no attempt to grapple with its causes: the tremendous attraction which the army officer's career exercises over German youth, and the huge demand for these; or the counter-attraction of the

easy and lucrative Party-official career, which requires no special training of any sort.

III

If the outlook for self-sufficiency in iron and oil is pretty dark, at least it must be brighter, one would think, in rubber. What of that wonderful stubstitute, *Buna,* of which we have heard so much? All I have ever learned in Germany bears out what has been written about its excellent quality; tires made of *Buna* are even said to wear longer than those of natural rubber and to be more resistant to attack from gasoline and oil. Zischka tells in his book *Wissenschaft Bricht Monopol* (*Science Smashes Monopoly*) of a test carried out by the Reichswehr in 1935 with 40 vehicles equipped with *Buna* tires. With two shifts of drivers, they were run constantly, day and night, over good roads and bad. At the end the *Buna* tires were found to have averaged over 30,000 miles apiece.

But here, as in the case of all the other *Ersatz* goods, the synthetic product costs far more than the natural article. Natural rubber is selling about 12 to 15 cents a pound these days; *Buna* cost $1.00 a pound in 1936, and still costs, according to a publication of the Reichsbank last January, 65–70 cents. Information about the *quantity* of *Buna* which is being produced has been extremely meager. The German economic writer Johannes Stoye, discussing in his excellent little book *Die Geschlossene Deutsche Volkswirtschaft* (*The German Closed Economy*) Germany's dependence on the world for various raw materials, indicates that one-fourteenth of the 72,000 tons of rubber consumed in Germany in 1935 was produced at home. I have never heard or read of any other than the single *Buna* factory operated by the Dye Trust at Zschopau, just south of Leipzig. Zischka says that plans for another were being prepared (end of 1936). In May, 1937, Governmental decree established a duty equivalent to 30 cents a pound on imports of natural rubber, to pay for the erection of further *Buna* plants. The London *Times* Frankfurt correspondent writes on February 8th this year that *Buna* production is expected to reach 24,000 tons a year "soon." That sounds like a rather optimistic prediction, but even if it were true, far from making Germany self-sufficient, *it would not catch up the increase in consumption in the past three years.* The goal of self-sufficiency here, as in oil and iron, is a steadily receding mirage which evades Germany's most strenuous efforts to reach it.

IV

Last of the "big four" raw materials in which Germany is striving hardest for self-sufficiency is cotton—or more properly, textile thread. The situation here is in some respects the exact opposite of that prevailing in rubber. As far as quantity goes, Germany has progressed far, but the quality remains persistently unsatisfactory. Germany is now providing one-fifth of her present (rigidly throttled) consumption of textile threads from rayon and *Vistra* (also known as *Zellwolle* or staple fiber), made from wood fiber. In addition, she has increased her flax crop seven times over since 1932, raised her wool production by a third, and ransacked the nation's attics for waste rags to reclaim. Taken altogether, out of an annual consumption of 850,000 tons, she is at present producing at home 100,000 tons of *Vistra,* 65,000 tons of rayon, about 60,000 tons of reclaimed waste, 35,000 tons of flax, and 15,000 tons of wool. Total: 275,000 tons, or *almost a third of her requirements.* Can she make up the rest through more rayon and *Vistra?*

Undoubtedly she will increase her supplies of these. More plants are building and there is talk of doubling *Vistra* production again in 1938, as was done in 1937 and 1936. But self-sufficiency? There are two great difficulties here. The main one is that the production of *Vistra* is based almost entirely on imported woods (which Germany is buying

chiefly from Russia, Czechoslovakia, and, to a lesser extent, Finland). Even if present experiments should be successful in producing a good quality of *Vistra* out of German fir and beech, the supply of these woods from the German forests would prove an insuperable obstacle. These have been cropped at one and a half times the normal rate for several years now, just to supply the country's fuel needs and the unprecedented demand for wood for construction purposes. To "timid" forestry experts who expressed alarm over this depredation Chief Forester Goering's answer was: "You say I am using up too much of Germany's forests. But if I have struck deep into them so far, I shall strike two or three times as deep yet, for I had better destroy the forests than the nation."

Some relief came to the beautiful German forests lately through the acquisition of Austria, which added 25 per cent to Germany's forest area. It is an appreciable help but falls far short of making Germany self-sufficient in wood supplies. Cropped at the same excessive rate as her own, Austria's forests will relieve Germany of just half of her present wood imports. There is no question of covering even to-day's *Vistra* production, much less such a production as would make Germany self-sufficient in textiles.

The other difficulty is that *Vistra* is not a complete substitute, but has to be mixed with about 75 per cent natural cotton or wool to give a cloth with satisfactory wearing qualities. A Berlin textile manufacturer poured out his woes to me on this subject last winter. Sheets, towels and pillow-cases made out of even a 25 per cent *Vistra* mixture would not stand laundering in hot water, and were despairingly short-lived. Suits, overcoats, and dresses of the *Vistra*-mixed material lacked warmth and were ruined by a heavy shower. Underclothing soon developed a clammy feeling, much like that of rubber next to the skin, soaked up perspiration and—smelled! Above all, the substitute was quite unequal to the heavy service demanded of army uniforms; the percentage of *Vistra* in these has had to be reduced to 16.

Then they were having a lot of trouble with the buying public. Memories of the last war die hard; the people instinctively reject *Ersatz* and resent paying out their hard-earned money for it. Nor could they be brought to do so until the supplies of old-quality cotton and woolen goods had been completely exhausted, as they were by last fall. How irate housewives who find after the first washing that their new sheets are *Ersatz* and try to get their money back are handled I learned from a friend. She had trotted hers right back to Wertheim's, the large Berlin department store (long since "Aryanized" but still valuing the "goodwill" attached to the Jewish name!), and demanded her money back. The clerk had said, yes, it was possible to have her money refunded; all that was necessary was for her and her husband to sign the slip. My friend took the slip. It read: "We, the undersigned, refuse to accept German quality merchandise." She didn't press the matter any farther. One doesn't, in Germany.

Many are the stories with which Germans attempt to pass off their chagrin at having to accept *Ersatz* clothing. Perhaps the best relates of a couple sitting quietly at home of an evening, being disturbed by an insistent slight scratching noise. "What's that?" the wife asks. "Oh, it's nothing. Just the wood-worms boring in my new overcoat."

Besides these, the major raw materials most dramatized by the so-called Four Year Plan (which is not a plan, and has no definite time limit for achievement), one or two others should be briefly mentioned. Required in smaller quantities, they are not necessarily less vital in war. The first is aluminum, which, besides its well-known adaptation to kitchen utensils, is also used in making airplanes. Aluminum may be produced out of almost any given chunk of the earth's crust; therefore Germany has, potentially, a limitless supply. It is only com-

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mercially obtainable, however, from the ore bauxite. Germany has very little of this, mining at home less than a twentieth part of her present consumption, which runs over a million tons a year. The rest she buys from France, who controls 40 per cent of the world supply, Hungary and Yugoslavia. She has experimented successfully—but not economically—with producing aluminum out of certain domestic clays which she possesses in abundant quantities. That she has not pressed on with the experiment may possibly be due to hopes which she entertains of gaining control of the nearby Hungarian and Yugoslavian bauxite deposits, which would just nicely fill her needs.

Germany is no better off for the other non-ferrous metals, except magnesite, a component of high-grade steel, of which the timely "home-coming" of Austria yielded her one of the world's main sources. She has no nickel at all (but could get about a quarter of her wartime requirements from Greece if she could establish the connection). She is able to supply only one-tenth of her peace-time copper needs (she is busy replacing the latter with aluminum wherever possible), a quarter of her lead, and two-thirds of her zinc.

V

Here then is Germany's position in those notable war materials, iron, oil, rubber, cotton, and the non-ferrous metals. *Yet I venture to say there is another which will influence her decision to risk a major war more than all these put together, and that is food.* The word should really be printed in great block letters, for it hovers constantly in the mind of every German over twenty-five when mention is made of war. The attempt of many Nazi leaders and writers to mislead the Hitler Youth, young Storm Troopers, airmen, and soldiers who will have to fight the next war about the role played by the food situation in the loss of the last one has drawn a series of furious articles from the *Militär Wochenblatt.* One of these the *Frankfurter Zeitung* had the temerity to reproduce during the Mussolini visit to Berlin last fall. The author is the retired General Marx, Inspector of Cavalry in the Reichswehr Ministry up to 1930 and a well-recognized authority in German military circles. He joins outright battle with the contention of the leading Nazi military writer, General von Metzsch, that "it was not hunger, not lack of food, but merely a lack of spirit and the right kind of propaganda" that defeated Germany in 1914–18.

"If ever we have to fight through a great struggle in the same circumstances again," writes General Marx, "in which the enemy has six times the ammunition we have, is able to feed and equip his troops incomparably better and give them twice the opportunity to rest, while on our side the food consists during the last years only of soggy bread, turnips and dried vegetables—if then the youth not only stand up, but conquer, in spite of the fact that in the fourth year another Great Power with millions of fresh soldiers joins the fight against them—then, *but only then,* will I admit: Herr General von Metzsch was right, we lost in 1918 only because of lack of spirit, not food supplies!

"Naturally I consider it entirely possible that this could be done. We may desire it; we may hope for it; we may believe in it—but *certain of it* we cannot be. And as long as we are not certain of it I believe we should proceed more cautiously, and not always go round saying that if we had only had better leadership or better propaganda we should have, in spite of the Americans and in spite of the collapse of our allies, the Austrians and Bulgarians, not only have held on in 1918, but won.

"Which is better," the old General (who shared his men's rations all through the War) passionately concludes, "to bring up the youth certain that *they* would have turned the trick in 1914–18, that defeat was only due to lack of spirit, or to tell them plainly: 'The men of

1914–18 made the mightiest military effort in history. But their final collapse was made inevitable by starvation, overexertion, and the bleeding of the nation white'?"

The moral concealed in this polemic was, as every intelligent German reader understood: *neither have we the food to go to war to-day.* To the visitor to Germany of last winter indeed nothing was so striking as the deterioration in the quality and the shrinkage in the supply of food. The situation was really what one might have expected after a year of war. Everyone felt that it would be a miracle if the country came through to the next harvest without bread cards, and on this subject many repeated the cryptic saying of Dr. Schacht that "you can end a war with food cards, but you can't begin one with them."

The bread was gray and soggy. Doctors spoke of the trouble children had in digesting it. Butter was scarce, and what you bought in the city was likely to be mixed with one-third whale oil. Cream was virtually unobtainable even in the best cafés. Good cuts of meat were dear and scarce, and usually decidedly stringy. The choice of vegetables had narrowed mostly to potatoes, cabbage, sauerkraut, split peas, and the lowly turnip and kohlrabi. There was little fruit but homegrown grapes and scrub pears and apples in season; lemons, oranges, and bananas had practically vanished from the shelves of working-class stores.

That is what one saw, and tasted. The broader figures for the nation's supply, as near as they are obtainable, appear to be as follows. With an average harvest, by placing her wheat and rye crops under police surveillance (as was done last year) to see that none is fed to stock or poultry, by grinding the grain rough and mixing in corn and potato flour, and by prohibiting the sale of bread until it is a day old (and hence slices thinner), Germany can provide nine-tenths of her bread requirements at home. But Germany raises no such supplies of fodder for her livestock. Since the War she has imported most of her fodder, and the edict—enforcible by jail sentence—against the use of any homegrown wheat or rye for this purpose has only made the situation worse.

The last three harvests have besides not been favorable. Because they were busy buying other things, the authorities failed to make them up adequately through importation. So, after exhausting every shift, they must now (according to an official bulletin reproduced in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of March 24, 1938) import 3½ million tons of grain to tide Germany over to the 1938 harvest. If this is done it will make, together with the 2½ million tons already imported in this crop year, an all-time import high for Germany (in pre-Hitler years the importation ran between 2 and 3 million tons).

The potato crop, on the other hand, has reached record proportions in the last two years. Besides providing plenty of this homely staple for human consumption, this has permitted the pig population to flourish exceedingly. That has been one reassuring factor in the food situation. Pork forms two-thirds of the German meat diet, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the maintenance of an ample supply of pork sausage is a chief national concern. Herr Darré indeed goes so far as to attribute the loss of the last war to the "pig murder" of 1917. His zeal to send Germany into the next war with a plenitude of pigs led him to launch his great Garbage Plan a year or so ago.

Housewives were called on in the name of patriotism to provide for the pig by setting aside in special cans all edible kitchen garbage. The municipalities were then to collect this and fatten half-grown pigs on it. The goal of the Garbage Plan was a million extra pigs—so much clear gain for Germany's food supply. It was a fine plan. The only trouble seems to have been that the building of the municipal stables, collection of the garbage, and feeding it to the pigs all cost considerable labor and money. Then it

turned out that the country had enough and to waste of the fodder which the garbage was to replace, potatoes, but a great scarcity of the imported grain and oilcake which represents the other half of a German pig's nourishment. The splendid organization and the patriotic effort of the great Garbage Plan succeeded in giving Germany 200,000 extra pigs. Unfortunately, however, it turned out last winter that three or four million of the regular pig population (which stood at 25½ million in the September 1937 count) had to be slaughtered for lack of imported fodder. The *Kölnische Zeitung* admits that there will be a serious shortage of pork throughout 1938.

Germany's most serious food shortage, however, lies in dairy products and fats in general. A quarter of her cheese, butter, and eggs comes from the outside world, mainly Holland and Denmark. Only in skimmed milk has she a sufficiency at home, and this again depends on imported fodder. Despite fat-rationing cards, making soap from coal, and every other dodge, half of Germany's fats must still be bought abroad. She is now, for instance, taking the entire output of the Norwegian whaling industry (besides sending out several new fleets of her own). But it is purposeless to go on. A fair enough idea may be had from the foregoing of what five years of *Guns before Butter* economy have done to the German food supply.

A revealing light is cast on the background of the German food shortage by an article from Herr Direktor Rieke of the Food Ministry in *Die Landgemeinde* (*Rural Review*) for November last, quoted in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of December 5, 1937. Herr Rieke deals with *the extensive tracts of agricultural land, amounting to about 5 per cent of the whole, which have been withdrawn from cultivation* in recent years. In the year 1935 alone, 1,120,000 out of Germany's 63,000,000 acres of arable land were expropriated for public purposes. The much-agitated Herr Direktor does not disclose the figures for the other Hitler years (which probably means that they were serious), but goes on to predict a further withdrawal of 145,000 acres a year in the period 1937–40. Instead of this decrease, he points out, Germany ought to have an increase of half a million acres a year to feed her population growth of 450,000. Why should soil be taken out of cultivation at a time when the country's food situation becomes annually worse? For what other purpose, indeed, than the provision of land for new airfields, maneuver grounds, the great, broad strategical highways, and forbidden zones round fortifications and along the frontiers? *Cannon before Butter* with a vengeance!

VI

Germany, we have shown, lacks adequate supplies of almost every kind to feed her guns and her people in a large-scale war. But let us be wary. To make the case conclusive, several possibilities should be taken care of. Might she not have sufficient supplies secretly stowed away to last her through a campaign? Or a secret war chest of gold and foreign exchange with which she could buy supplies from neutrals, as she did in the last war (if there really will be any neutrals in the next war)? Or, finally, may she not have plans prepared to seize, by a series of lightning moves at the outset of a war, sources of supplies in neighboring countries?

It is hard at any rate to see how Germany can have laid away any considerable supply of raw materials. All through the past five years her imports have remained throttled down to the lowest Depression level (for the simple reason that her export trade has never climbed above that level), while the German industrial machine has speeded up from a production index of 54 to one of 118, armament industry actually from 35 to 135. This machine has had to be fed. Can there have been much raw material left over to store? *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* (April 1, 1938) records, it is true, a

two months' supply of cotton on hand on January 1st this year. But there can't be much iron in storage when two big Hapag passenger liners, the *St. Louis* and the *New York,* were sent hot-foot over to New York last October to load scrap and rush it back to the German blast furnaces.

Much the same argument applies to the possible accumulation by Germany of a large secret gold hoard. If Dr. Schacht had had his way this would probably have been done. More than a year ago, when the Four Year Plan madness was just getting under way, he warned in *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* (March 12, 1937) that "since no country possesses in its soil a *complete* supply of vital raw materials, and thus remains to a greater or less extent dependent on the outside world for supplies during a war of long duration, the greatest attention should be paid to export trade. . . . In a future war it is not to be expected that neutral, even friendly, countries would carry out deliveries which were not based on an established business connection, and which were not paid for by gold, foreign exchange, or desirable goods-in-trade. *In this way, gold may well prove to be the most important of all war materials.*"

How much gold has Germany got? If the official Reichsbank report were taken at its face value: 75 million marks (30 million dollars). That would cover Germany's imports for just 6 days! It has been widely believed for years, however, that the Nazis had saved or were building up a secret war chest. In an ingenious calculation in which he places the regular monthly commercial reports of German exports and imports of gold alongside the Reichsbank reports, Haniel of *Das Neue Tagebuch* comes to the conclusion that Germany might have possessed by mid-1937 a total gold store of 520 million marks. To this must now be added the 250 millions in gold and the further 250 millions in foreign exchange picked up in the raid on Austria. With such a hoard—if she really has it—Germany could pay cash for her imports for nine weeks. How much in the way of additional foreign exchange, or foreign securities expropriated from her nationals, or German-owned property in neutral countries, Germany could bring to swell this figure is hard to reckon. But so much of this has been realized on in her Rake's Progress of the past five years that it can no longer be considerable. Certainly her situation in this regard is in the sharpest contrast to the vast resources with which she entered the war of 1914.

The final possibility is that Germany plans to seize immediately on the outbreak of war foreign supplies of the vital materials she needs. Temptingly near to her borders and relatively unprotected lies, for instance, the Swiss gold reserve, equal to over a billion marks, at Berne. Or, just as convenient and unprotected and perhaps even more tempting, there is Denmark, bursting with butter and bacon. Swedish military people told me last fall that they fully expected to see Germany march into Denmark within the first two days of the outbreak of another war.

In the matter of iron Germany has the choice between the mines of Lorraine, just across the border from the Saar—and just behind the Maginot Line—or those of Swedish Lapland, 1,000 miles up the Baltic. Despite the relative distances, there is hardly any doubt as to which she would choose. Her Navy, while not big enough to challenge Britain seriously on the North Sea, gives her the complete control of the Baltic necessary for the Lapland stroke. There is of course the alternative of "persuading" Sweden to keep up deliveries, gold or no gold, by a show of force. But in that case Germany would run the risk of having Russia forestall her and seize control of the mines for herself. The Swedes, as I have satisfied myself on the spot, are preparing in a general way against these eventualities, although the nation does not yet actually take them in earnest. They have completed a strategical rail link to the north well

back in the interior, have strengthened the fortress of Boden, which defends the mines, and are building up their air force.

The source to which Germany looks for her oil supply at least is no secret: Rumania. But the seizure of the Rumanian oil wells might not prove such an easy task as is sometimes conceived. They lie 600 miles from Vienna, right at the far end of the theater in which the war would presumably be waged. To seize them Germany would have to carry out a rapid move across Hungary and Rumanian Transylvania, and over the Transylvania Alps. Then the Rumanians, if they saw defeat coming, might damage the wells before yielding them up, as they did in the Great War. (If anyone fancies that the Rumanians are going to be *allies* of the Germans in the next war, let them read the Treaty of Bucharest, 1918. It virtually expropriated the wealth of Rumania for 90 years.) Considering these factors, Germany might decide against attempting to *secure* her source of supply, and rely on intimidation to induce Rumania to maintain deliveries unpaid. But if she did this she would run the same risk of being forestalled by Russia as in the case of the Lapland iron.

It is entirely possible that Germany could carry out these moves. Let us suppose for a moment that she did. She would have secured the iron, oil, food, and gold with which to fight a big war. But she would be defending a line of communications, and perhaps of battle, stretching from Lapland to the Black Sea. She would have aroused against herself not only Czechoslovakia and France, but Rumania and Yugoslavia, probably Britain, certainly ultimately Russia, and perhaps Scandinavia and Poland—though I have yet to meet the man who can predict confidently what the latter country will do. Even the entry of Italy and Hungary on Germany's side could not affect the outcome of such a struggle. And, except for Hungary's food surplus, these allies would bring no help to Germany in the way of supplies; in a long war they would be more likely to become a dead burden on her.

Such, we believe, is Germany's position. We can show that she lacks supplies for a big war. We can display her difficulty in seizing adequate sources without provoking overwhelming opposition against her. We can demonstrate that saner heads in Germany understand all this perfectly well and have tried their utmost to temper German policy accordingly. *But we can't prove that Germany will not drive on to war nevertheless.* Because those saner heads—who doubtless would pursue the same expansionist ends, but in a quieter way—are not in control of Germany to-day.

The Lion's Mouth

THE MOOD OF CRISIS

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

THE other day in a Midwestern city I saw a headline of billboard proportions: EUROPE'S WAR FEAR GROWS. Printed on green paper, which made it all the more startling, the newspaper lay on top of a stack of morning editions waiting to be sent to the graveyard of dead news. I picked up the paper and studied the story. It wasn't a news story at all of course, but merely a rumor garnished with journalese. Eight hours after it was printed it already looked silly, having been replaced by other crises, just as insubstantial, in the afternoon editions.

When that headline first smote the attention of two hundred thousand people, though, it was a different matter. On the city's breakfast tables it had looked urgent—a sort of warrant served upon attention, to remind men and women that they live in a troubled and insecure world which waits in dread for the clap of doom.

It seemed to me, as I thought about this headline, that the fears which beset the average man to-day are not wholly the result of grievous problems confronting him but also of the method our press and public leaders have chosen to present these problems.

The first public address I ever heard was delivered by the late Senator Vardaman of Mississippi. He was, to my twelve-year-old mind, a statesman. His words rolled forth with the eloquence of conviction. I cannot for the life of me recall what he said, but I do remember the title of the address, a title sonorously repeated throughout the course of the evening. It was "The Impending Conflict." And if I do not remember what the late Senator said, I have an even vaguer notion of what "The Impending Conflict" was. I remember though that it seemed dreadful at the time—a sort of Damoclean catastrophe about to befall us—and that it threw me into a panic.

Nowadays we seem to approach every problem as if it were an emergency and every situation as if it were crucial. Kept in a chronic state of excitement by headlines, rumors, columnists, and politicians, we have acquired the habit of thinking and behaving almost solely in terms of crisis. We tend to lose the long-range view of human society and consequently in both world and local affairs we are led to favor policies that are vigorous but shortsighted, heroic but unsound.

It would be fatuous to deny that we have passed through a series of crises or that there are others yet to come. It would be even more foolish to make light of the magnificent way in which we have responded to them. But the danger, it seems to me, is that we are getting to a point where we rely wholly on emergency psychology. We have got the habit of crisis. Our entry into the World War accustomed us to the idea of adjourning ordinary democratic processes for the duration of the emergency and substituting energy instead. The depression revived the practice. To-day we continue to proceed on the emergency basis, forgetting that disaster is as likely to follow from panic as from the emergency that creates it.

The contemporary approach to social problems is one common to calamity-howlers and camp-meeting exhorters. It seeks to scare people into action. The liberals, the grim advocates of abrupt change, and the die-hard opponents of change all feel called upon to electrify the atmosphere, and often our leaders

make use of the same emergency gibberish by means of which the dictators of modern Europe, orators all, have stirred their peoples to a sense of doom.

In this they are abetted by press and radio. As Walter S. Gifford has said:

> Normal happenings ordinarily do not rate headlines. The result is that morning, noon, and night we are confronted with battle, murder, and sudden death, desperate possibilities and impending crises. Never before have the dangerous possibilities inherent in being alive been so constantly brought to one's attention through eye and ear. Any day you can feed your fears on the possibility of universal war or the dissolution of society due to the mismanagement of gold or a half-dozen other dire threats.

There is a parable which illustrates perfectly the way in which monster headlines create an impression out of all proportion to the events they portray. It is said that a young newspaper man who did not like the conservative way in which his boss ran the paper pleaded for a chance to try his hand. One day when the boss was to be out of town he decided that the young man should have his innings. There happened to be a particularly lush ax murder that day and the young man played it up for all it was worth. When the boss returned he proudly displayed the front page.

"What do you think of it?" the journeyman asked.

"Well," said the boss, rubbing his chin, "it's not bad, but I was saving that type for the Second Coming."

News and headlines are now followed up by the high-pitched and threatening prophecies of hired opinion-mongers. These opinion mongers are not confined to the press. The radio and the voices on the news reels are not less insistent that the hobgoblins will get us. Here the commentators write their own headlines. Listen to the stark overdramatization of the news any night. The voice conveys what even headlines cannot—a tone of disaster. These fellows are harbingers of news as well as reporters and they manage to suggest with a sort of professional breathlessness tidings that make us feel a dreadful *immediacy*. Our time sense is speeded up immoderately and doomsday seems to be just round the corner.

Now all of this, I submit, has a profound if somewhat intangible effect on our day-to-day thinking about society. In a panic, whether it originates with a fire or a national election, there is no agreement on a sense of values. It is not uncommon for neighbors and amateurs at a fire to carry a mattress down the stairs and throw heirlooms out the second-storey window. The tendency is to clutch and preserve the first thing that's handy, to be in action, whether the end is clear or not.

This type of behavior has been present in our social life of late. Some of our well-intentioned worthies have been engaged in carrying the Constitution tenderly down the stairs and throwing human life out the window. They have been determined to get out of the emergency with something to show—no great matter what it is. There is a general feeling that the house is on fire, that the old home of most of our cherished ideas is being consumed before our eyes—and we want to *save* something. The desire is of course commendable; but once we accustom ourselves to looking upon society as a thing to be salvaged by volunteer firemen we suspend intelligence and give ourselves over to heroics. If we insist upon regarding society as a house we should see that the foundations of it have hardly been laid as yet; our greatest need is not to put out its imagined fires but to fireproof it against future emergencies.

Our exaggerated sense of crisis though persists in holding up before us the fear of ultimate doom. Even those who do not see the salvation of society in terms of a five-alarm fire sit about expecting minor incidents to set off the threatened conflagration any moment. By this token, the very word "incident" has taken on, particularly in diplomatic circles, a meaning exactly opposite to its real one. In headlines and dispatches an incident is no longer an incident but an occur-

rence freighted and charged with danger, a portent of conflict.

The liberals of course are quite as much under the spell of emergency as the conservatives and even more hell-bent on saving the world before it is too late. They yield to the emergency demand of thinking fast. Theirs is the frantic effort to do good *instantly*. At times they slip into the argot of the football game and their general program leaves the impression that there are only two minutes left to play. It means quick headwork and fast teamwork and trick plays.

I talked recently with an astute observer who had just returned from a jog round the country. He had covered most points and most classes and he told me that the word he heard most frequently on the lips of the American people was the word "hideout."

On every hand one encounters the fancy that it would be well to lay hold upon a piece of good earth, in the fastness of New England preferably, against the impending conflict. It's not that the average fellow who yaps about a "hideout" has any practical intention of going to one, hewing wood and drawing water, and doing without club soda. It's simply that the desire to get away from it all, to go into the woods and escape the exactions of citizenship, has become a fixed part of our frame of mind. You find this time and again in the uncertainty which lays plans or builds hopes for escape if "worse comes to worst."

We are, it is true, an incredibly complacent people if left to our fleshpots. We have had a continent for a playground and, up to a few years back, pretty nearly anything we decided we had to have. Those who saw that this situation could not last and that soon we must begin to face problems which have confronted other nations for centuries, that we must revise our standard of living and come down to the level of other peoples —those who saw this set about to jar us into a recognition of the facts. They can be excused for their efforts as well as admired for their foresight. They have given us a social consciousness highly to be desired. But this end has been accomplished now, and the next step must be to work out an approach which will retain a sense of crisis and at the same time develop that long-range view which will give us reflective sobriety and reduce our social blood pressure.

It is time now for our leaders, both liberal and conservative, to stop using the methods of an outmoded evangelism. The very complexity and maze of issues confronting us nationally, and the intricacy of even the simplest matter before us locally, demand dispassionate, factual treatment—simple language, unemotional opinion, reasoned and not lunging argument. A leadership in this country which is to escape the absurdities of European hog-calling must stop talking to us as if we were sinners in the hands of an angry God and begin to rest its case on the appeal to common sense.

The next best thing will be for the common run of us to change our attitude toward what we hear and read. We can —and must—shut ourselves off from the alarums that are dinned constantly in our ears. There is such a thing as soundproofing the mind. It would be a profitable exercise to take a red pencil and circle in the press to-day every word that has scarehead or clamorous implications. And it would be no less profitable to make a mental note and strike from all public addresses the phrases that smack of the spellbinder's whither-are-we-drifting lingo.

Schopenhauer described the newspaper as the second-hand in the clock of history. To follow it slavishly is to get a sense of speed in events out of all proportion to their true pace. It is rather a pity that contemporary history cannot be done in slow-motion pictures. The retarding of movement would make the significance of what is happening far more enlightening than the impression we get from the present flickers. A slowing down of our perceptions would show us that many things which are called crises are only

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climaxes. The total view of the incidents in any one generation differs markedly from the impression we get if we keep our eyes screwed unceasingly upon what is taking place before us.

There is a passage in the late James Harvey Robinson's book, *The Mind in the Making*, which ought to be of assistance to us in the new approach we need:

> To get a vivid notion of human achievement, let us imagine a single generation of men have in a single lifetime of 50 years managed to pass through the entire progress of the race. On this scale it would require 49 years to enable our generation to give up their habits of wandering hunters and settle down to till the ground, domesticate animals, and weave garments. Six months later, or half through their 50th year, they would have invented writing. The printing press would be only a fortnight old and for only two or three days would men have been traveling on railroad trains. Within the last few hours would they have learned to fly. A week ago they were burning and burying alive those who differed from the ruling party in regard to salvation.

This long view of the world's struggle —a view that can be acquired only through patient practice—is the basis of all rational attention to world problems.

There is no alternative to the prevailing hysteria but an informed sobriety which thinks in terms of centuries and not of four-year-periods. This sobriety may well be compounded in part of dread. It will not be the lackadaisical and cavalier attitude that has provoked the exhortations of our extremists. It will retain the healthy note of alarm that has been sounded, but it will reduce the present tension which carries from one crisis to another. It calls for a Mark Hopkins and not a Paul Revere; the ability to distinguish between a bona fide crisis and a headline.

TWELVE AND A HALF THOUSAND TONS OF GOLD

BY BRAYTON F. WILSON

Is Uncle Sam stuck with thirteen billion dollars' worth of gold? Has he successfully cornered about half of the world's monetary gold only to be left holding the bag? With some twelve and one-half thousand tons avoirdupois of the much-sought-after metal in the government's vaults in New York and Washington and buried in Kentucky under the protection of the Army, has the United States forced itself into the position where it must either admit that it has made a bad bargain or continue to make things worse by accepting more and more of the yellow metal in exchange for more and more dollars?

With these dollars which have been received for the gold shipped into the country Japan has been able to buy shiploads of scrap iron and steel, tankers of oil, and bale upon bale of cotton; Russia has bought machine tools and war supplies; and England has bought raw materials for her industries. With these dollars thousands of automobiles now running in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia have been paid for. So far we have been well satisfied with the exchange of our raw materials and of our finished goods for a stream of gold which pours into the government's underground vaults.

Is the world-famed and childlike generosity of the American people so great that they are quite willing to continue to ship out the products of their land and of their effort to foreigners in exchange for a metal which they bury away in the ground? Or do we assume that we can in our turn use this gold to buy goods from foreigners? Do we believe that the countries which are now more than glad to give us gold in exchange for our products will take it back in any great volume when it means giving us in exchange the raw materials and products which they need?

Our country is now the only one of the world that can long afford to give out more useful products than are received in exchange and settle the difference by taking gold. The long reign of the once mighty metal over the thoughts and actions of men will be over as soon as we attempt to make substantial use of our gold in buying the products of foreign countries. The governments of the

world have at last learned that they do not need gold for their internal economy. Even in the United States gold coins no longer pass from hand to hand. Nevertheless, every gold mine is working at capacity because we will exchange the products of our soil and our factories for the dollars which the government gives for gold. It makes no difference whether the gold is from South Dakota, Alaska, Russia, or the Transvaal.

Perhaps the American people are willing to continue to ship goods abroad in return for something which they bury away permanently beyond sight and touch simply for the joy of providing useful goods and mighty war machines to others. We certainly could not hope to sell twelve and one-half thousand tons of gold to jewelers, dentists, and industrial users without knocking the bottom out of the market. Or perhaps we believe that we can reverse the process whenever we wish and ship back the gold in return for goods of foreign manufacture.

Whether the country is at peace or at war, the use of any large part of this gold to buy goods abroad is unlikely. In time of peace the gold will not be spent for imports because of our fanatical devotion to a favorable balance of trade. An excess of exports over imports, or of what we are giving over what we are receiving, has for long been considered essential to the national well-being. A politically convincing hue and cry would arise if, in any ordinary times, we should attempt to use our gold to buy from abroad goods which might otherwise have been made in this country or which might have been paid for with purchasing power secured by our own exports to foreign countries. It is unlikely that the other nations would take back gold in payment for goods. Even if they would, it would be political suicide for any Administration of the United States to permit extensive import of goods into the United States in exchange for gold. The chances of our getting rid of any large part of the vast hoard of yellow metal in payment for goods from abroad is almost nil. Imagine the protests of those who would see the goods from foreign factories going into the hands of people who might otherwise have been their customers.

The reaction in this country to any great influx of foreign goods without a corresponding increase in exports was shown by the opposition to the early attempts of the European nations to pay reparations and war debts. When Germany tried to raise money for this purpose by increased shipments to this country the howls for protection by those whose businesses might have been harmed raised the tariff and other legal barriers which kept foreign goods out and our gold in. It is highly improbable that any government in Washington could withstand the pressure in a similar situation and the same thing would happen again.

The United States is now virtually the only country of the world whose currency is directly tied to gold. Germany has learned through sad experience to avoid the pitfalls of inflation without renewing its subserviency to gold. England also controls her currency without depending upon gold. Even in the United States we have long since given up any thought that there must be a close connection between the amount of gold and the amount of money in circulation. Although the past few years have witnessed an impressive increase in the tonnage of gold in the vaults of our government, prices have not risen as it was expected that they would. Progressive deflation has given ample proof that less and less money is in use. For transactions within the nation the amount of gold held has ceased to have any traceable effect upon the amount of money and upon prices. We have learned that money for internal purposes need not be tied to gold, but in international trade gold has not as yet lost its importance. In the United States we continue to add ton after ton to an already unprecedented hoard on the blissful assumption that it will continue to be acceptable for foreign payments should we want to buy heavily from abroad.

But the facts point to the conclusion

that gold will be accepted in international trade only so long as the United States is willing to go on adding to its accumulated hoard by exchanging its products for the steadily increasing output of the Soviet, South African, and Australian mines. As long as we indicate readiness to accept gold for goods other countries will be willing to add to their stocks of gold—so long but no longer.

The general abandonment of the old-fashioned gold standard has done away with the need of gold for internal monetary uses. The acceptance of gold in payment for the export of goods which might well be used at home is now based on the hope that it could later be used in payment abroad for goods not obtainable otherwise. As long as the United States continues freely to buy gold with dollars this hope will be justified. The war chests of England and France have been accumulated largely with the prospect of using the gold in them to pay for supplies in case of war. Germany, on the contrary, is devoting small effort to building up a gold reserve for war because she realizes that in all probability there will be no markets open to her in which gold will be as strong a talking point as the diplomacy of force. Of the countries which might possibly be neutral in another general conflict the United States is the one most likely to have available supplies of food, clothing, and munitions of war. It is primarily for use in our markets that the war chests of the former allies are intended.

If Great Britain and France expect their relatively small gold funds to be valuable in case of need can we not rely even more upon our unequalled gold reserves in time of war? Even though the fact that we are devoted to a favorable balance of trade may prevent us from spending our gold in time of peace, can we not spend it when we want in time of war? The answer to this query introduces the second factor which makes it unlikely that we can ever use our vast gold stock: that is the improbability that a foreign nation will sell us any considerable amount of war supplies for gold.

If we should start a rearmament program of such magnitude that it was desirable to purchase large quantities of munitions abroad there is every probability that the other countries of the world would be even busier rearming than they are now. They would be anxious to buy cotton, wheat, iron, steel, and other essential raw materials of war from us. Faced themselves with the vital problem of building up their military strength as rapidly as possible, they would not be willing to ship us war materials in exchange for gold which everyone else was trying to get rid of. Certainly it would be difficult to convince Russia even at the present time that it would be to her advantage to sell us airplanes for gold. She well knows that in case of war her airplanes will be of use to her. The gold would be a gamble. If she were shut off from other nations, or if they needed all their war materials, the gold would be useless.

The people of the United States have been largely supporting the tens of thousands of Russians and of South Africans engaged in the mining and treatment of gold ore. We have maintained an artificially high price for gold and then have proceeded to purchase it at this price in any amounts offered. It has made no difference whether the metal came from mines in this country or from Siberia, South Africa, or Australia. We have already seen the efforts to maintain artificial prices in coffee, sugar, copper, rubber, and pepper end disastrously. Nevertheless we maintain the price of gold. To maintain it we must continue to buy with dollars all of it that is offered and to give in exchange for these dollars our raw materials and the products of our factories.

Only so long as we are willing to add to the tons of the yellow metal buried in Washington, New York, and Kentucky will gold be accepted at anything like its present price by other nations. We send away shiny new automobiles, steel, wheat, cotton, copper, and oil in exchange for something which we do not now use and,

in all probability, never can use and which we bury deep within the ground from which it came. When we cease to do so the value of gold will be determined entirely by its limited usefulness in the arts and in industry. Gold will cease to be a precious metal.

Uncle Sam can continue to play the part of fairy godfather to the gold miners of five continents by paying them thirty-five dollars an ounce or he can cease to add useless ounce upon useless ounce to the useless tons already hidden away so carefully. Perhaps the fairy-godfather act would continue to blind our eyes. Perhaps we should not see that for each ounce of gold bought from abroad, foreigners received thirty-five dollars for purchases from America. Or perhaps we should not realize that in time of our need the other nations could not sell us goods sorely needed by them in exchange for tons of useless metal.

Uncle Sam is holding the bag. He must either face this fact and all that it implies, or get a bigger bag.

The Easy Chair

LETTER FROM AMERICA

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

SUMMER began hot and wet in upper New England, after an early spring which had turned cold again as the days lengthened. The sugar crop was indifferent bad this year, but June made a good growing season, and one heard no complaint from the hillside farmers. Gardeners from the city, coaxing delphiniums up through the glacial detritus, were bitter about the insects which the heat bred opulently, and golfers cursed the warm rains that fell too often and always on week-ends. There seemed to be an unusual number of those alien voices this year, overcrowing the Yankee twang with the syncopated rhythms of New York speech and the heathenish vowels Bostonians are addicted to. But, under the immigration, the community was foursquare and plumb. During the winter something had addled the chimes of the town clock, and either thrift or indifference had kept it off the warrant for town meeting, and so it would go on striking the wrong hour till next March, which would be time enough for repairs anyway. One could lie awake serene and reassured, hearing at two A.M. twelve forthright strokes boom out across the countryside and float dimly back from the hills.

The Easy Chair had a job of work to finish those early weeks and had to finish it under pressure of time and editorial urgency. But neither pressure nor urgency could live past mid-afternoon, when it was possible to walk down to the village common where people talked as reposefully as if the world had not slid five-sixths down the steep place where the spray blows upward, or drive out to some of the accustomed places where the accustomed activities were going on. That is why there was a larger number of those alien voices, no doubt; that is why more and more of us come here as time goes on and, it may be, have let our gratitude advertise the place too well.

Or one could drive an hour or so into the hills and revisit the village industries that have come to be an even warmer comfort. Sheep are coming back to the hill farms, slowly and under the menace of the farm dog which will never be withdrawn, and the little woolen mills are doing very well. They are perched above the falls that turned them a century and more ago, though they are powered by electricity now. The dams and millraces and spillways are still stout, the flumes still watertight; they were built for eternity, but half a dozen revolutions, economic and technological, came in between, and their use now is to give an appearance of formal design to water plants and climbing vines, to make swimming holes for boys, and to furnish meditation to archeologists like the Easy Chair, who brings to them the love his professional friends feel for the vestiges of Ur. Only the millraces are archeological, however: the mills defy fate and the economists by prospering, and the accustomed energy moves in the worn arc.

The Easy Chair's visits to one mill in particular have not been pious pilgrim-

ages but expeditions of pure thrift, a motive understood locally and approved. Blankets, bedspreads, throws, motor robes bought here while the women were buying tweeds and homespuns for skirts, have furnished the Easy Chair's house. Honest stuff, flawlessly woven, simply colored, gravely beautiful in design, it has been much admired by guests who usually suppose it to have been custom-made in some expensive metropolitan store, whereas it costs a little less than the products of the large mills but gives the hill farmers a union wage and makes the town secure.

An hour farther on, at the southern end of a Green Mountain gap, you come to a small, an almost microscopic mill that makes wooden bowls. Women go quite mad here over salad bowls, nut bowls, fruit bowls, bowls that may be used for ashtrays or sewing baskets or mixing pans, bowls of birdseye maple, straight-grained maple, beech, birch, or buttonwood. Heaven knows how many birthdays and wedding anniversaries are spontaneously remembered on the premises during the tourist season, and more than once the Easy Chair's rumble seat has been filled in anticipation of Christmas, months away. Once more it may be thrift that prompts extravagance; for one pays a dollar and a half for the identical bowl that one sees priced at eight or ten dollars in a Madison Avenue window. But it may also be the integrity of sound wood and solid craftsmanship. Like the blankets, the bowls are above pretentiousness; they have the beauty of any product of skill faithfully applied to honest materials. This small mill has not undergone the final revolution, being powered by a steam-engine that burns the waste left over from the turning. It employs perhaps a dozen men all told, hill farmers. That is an infinitesimal payroll and the farmers have not embraced the dogmas of Henry Ford. But the township is mostly mountainside fit only for growing juniper and ferns, and the town is the solider because the dozen have driven this stake in more productive soil.

Something over an hour's drive beyond the bowl factory you come to a mill that begets even longer meditations, a larger, busier, more bustling place, though small still and incongruously set down under the main ridge of the Green Mountains on the edge of a village as beautiful as its setting. A rudimentary publicity has given a trademarked name to the woodenware made here, and if modernity has in so far overcome Vermont propriety, the shop in which the kitchenware and tableware are turned lacks no mechanical appliance that might increase efficiency. One notes that blowers carry away the fumes of paint and varnish—and one feels something of a shock on observing that the paint is sprayed on. That shock is wasted, mistaken: the ware does not suffer from mechanization. The Easy Chair has warmed the hearts of several hostesses with these salad plates, and in the shadow of Mt. Mansfield Vermont has made a blend of Yankee craftsmanship and mass production that casts a significant shadow, a shadow that may grow longer. Even more than that, for this industry feeds on the very waste of another one. From the splints and chips and even the roots of lumbered-over hillsides, from gnarled third growth useless for any other conceivable purpose except stovewood and sugar-boiling, it produces a simple woodenware that has the same integrity as the blankets and the bowls. Helped neither by government subsidy nor the horseplay and ritual of luncheon-club endeavor, the town has found a new solidity, employment for some of its sons, and a credit balance. The Yankee handyman has transformed himself and entered a new phase.

Meanwhile in houses and sheds off the village common the handicrafts maintain a succession that has been unbroken for three centuries, and are finding a good market. The State of New Hampshire has organized the home crafts, providing agents and salesmen and depots and, where they are wanted, even teachers. The products have been discovered by a good many people, some of them more

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desirable than others, and the stuff is moving briskly. Ironwork and joinery, knitted wear and crazy quilts, mittens, butter tubs, sugar buckets, fire tongs, weathervanes—it is simple country stuff and it has integrity. The people who make it are glad to add a few more coins to the bag of egg-money. They would be astonished to hear that they are a portent —and uproarious to hear that they are artists.

The antiquarians who have been seeking out this country stuff for many years have never been troublesome, for they not only like it but are quite clear about its origins and uses; even the collectors have not been objectionable, for some of them like it and all know quite accurately what it is. But the fashion magazines which now begin to treat it as something analogous to bush-sculpture which Park Avenue approves are downright poisonous, and it will probably prove impossible to stand the intellectuals, who have lately begun to adopt it as their heir, to interpret it, and to incorporate it in their vocational hallucinations. The WPA Art Project's finest job is its Index of American Design, which has invaluably served us all by seeking out and recording the homely cultures of our past. But, with only a few score of its many thousand drawings and photographs made public, it has already launched the well-informed, the literary, the philosophers and æstheticians of the fifteen-cent weeklies, on another ecstasy. They too love the country stuff with a discoverer's fervor, but they embrace Grandfather's bootjack and Great-aunt Hester's tea-cosy and Uncle Henry's barber pole and woodshed-hinges too prayerfully and too innocently to conceal an emetic condescension. The Index of Design has given them another way to express the leprous snobbery which they are accustomed to think of as love of the people, and they are going to be hard to bear till the fad has spent its force.

To be sure those who, like the Easy Chair, find diversion in charting the course of sentiments among the well-informed may take pleasure in seeing this one swing a hundred and eighty degrees to point due south where ten years ago it was pointing north. Nothing, ten years ago, was quite so poverty-stricken, you will remember, as the American imagination, and nothing quite so dour, graceless, and ugly as the American home and the American community. Life had few graces in this hemisphere and what few there were carried no taint of an English heritage, though Mexican blood might be granted some warmth, and there was of course the tropical beauty of African slavery. But the historic Americans were Anglo-Saxon Puritans, an uncouth race, in process of becoming Pioneers, an uncouther one. The spirit starved over three centuries and three million square miles. Art had no habitation here and beauty was not loved but slain. In his lust for material things the American had strangled joy in its crib and smashed joy's objects. There was not a trace of folk art or literature; there was nothing the stunted imagination might feed on. There was only the vast American curiosity shop, the lumber room littered with ugly articles through which oppressively moved the American pioneer-Puritan-materialist who had no love, no pleasure, no workmanship, no skill, and no toleration for these things. In the upper levels this barbarian consciously destroyed loveliness and warred on skill because he knew they threatened his efficiency somehow; on the lower level he was just a peasant but a dull one, mind you, no such admirable peasant as one found in France. It is the enemy of craftsmanship who has lately pushed Bennington ware and pine chests out of an ordinary mortal's reach, and it is the peasant who has become the artist.

This was the master-idea of a whole generation of critics: this poverty of the American imagination, this atrophy of the American sense of beauty, this hatred of skill. A whole generation lived well —and bought Connecticut farmhouses and filled them with hand-hewn beams, Sandwich and Stiegel glass, walnut furni-

ture, and Currier & Ives prints—by telling us in books and from the lecture platform that our grandparents were a coarse lot, though there was hope for us since we appeared willing to hear instruction. The pre-Repeal Critic who informed you that what principally distinguished American life and history was the complete absence of all craftsmanship, skill, and folk art, which was to say the absence of the only compost in which civilization might sprout, was pretty funny. But he is funnier now, discovering dynamic symmetry in Aunt Martha's milk skimmer, abstract design in her patchwork quilt. He is funniest of all when he accepts both notions at the same time, the beauty-hating peasant and the lowly artist through whose fingers beauty came to be. Six months ago a gentleman who had written several books which pointed out the dead-level sameness of American life greeted the New England guidebooks of the Writers' Project with an honest surprise. He had had no idea, he said, that our communities differed so from one another. And his colleagues, rapturously surprised to find eagles and locomotives woven into quilts and landscapes painted on tavern signs, have begun to inform us that we have been artists all along. Funny enough, especially here among the people who have always made these articles and make them still—here where it would be interesting to import an intellectual and see what would happen when he told them they were artists and spoke of them as the folk. It springs from an infrangible innocence, and that probably has its source in a simple inability to use one's hands competently in the ordinary routine of life. One career in contemporary literature, it is on record for the whole world to see, resulted from a boy's failure to make the freshman football team at Princeton. Probably the barrenness of American life during the Prohibition era and its universal æsthetic sense of this year sprang, as ideas, from heartbreak in Kokomo, when someone was not allowed to pitch on the high-school nine, or frustration in Lincoln School, when he could not progress from finger paints to higher things. The interpretation of the American folk soul may consist of the ataxia that shapes intellectuals functionally. Whatever the cause, the result is condescension, and this ecstatic flight follows the same alley where, unhappily, most of the literary and the critical end. They love the people and would work the most amazing renovations of society on their behalf, but they can stand them only by degrading them to the folk, and the renovations are planned to keep the power of coercion in the hands of the intellectuals.

Why yes, it has always taken skill to live in America, and the simpler the community the more skill it has taken, and in places where the conditions of life remain hard, in the deserts and the high plains and the mountains no less obviously than on the hill farms of New England, it takes skill yet. And, yes, any intelligent person would rather make the implements of his daily life out of the materials best adapted to them than out of inferior materials, and would prefer to work those materials in the ways clearly indicated by their attributes, and, for the sake for serviceability and convenience and longevity, would rather make them simply than ornately. And, yes, the moderately sensible prefer color to drabness and like to fill blank spaces with graceful figures. Form, color, and design are no miracle, and above all are no mysticism, and there is no such thing, there never has been such a thing, as the American folk. There are and have been a lot of people who were short of money but long on sense and skill, which exactly reverses the formula of the literary who interpret them, and who have had a variety of religions but never made a religion of handicrafts. When the solemn fascism of the intellectuals is established it might be a good idea to forbid anyone to buy a Shaker desk till he has proved that he can change a tire on the Ford he takes it away in, and forbid anyone to interpret the Americans till he has lived among them for a while.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

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Harpers Magazine

EIGHT POEMS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

SAY THAT WE SAW SPAIN DIE

SAY that we saw Spain die. O splendid bull, how well you fought!
Lost from the first.
. . . the tossed, the replaced, the watchful torero with gesture elegant and spry,
Before the dark, the tiring but the unglazed eye deploying the bright cape,
Which hid for once not air, but the enemy indeed, the authentic shape,
A thousand of him, interminably into the ring released . . . the turning beast at length between converging colors caught.

Save for the weapons of its skull, a bull
Unarmed, considering, weighing, charging
Almost a world, itself without ally.

Say that we saw the shoulders more than the mind confused, so profusely
Bleeding from so many more than the accustomed barbs, the game gone vulgar, the rules abused.

Say that we saw Spain die from loss of blood, a rustic reason, in a reinforced
And proud punctilious land, no espada ——
A hundred men unhorsed,
A hundred horses gored, and the afternoon aging, and the crowd growing restless (all, all so much later than planned),
And the big head heavy, sliding forward in the sand, and the tongue dry with sand—no espada
Toward that hot neck, for the delicate and final thrust, having dared trust forth his hand.

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TO A CALVINIST IN BALI

You that are sprung of northern stock,
And nothing lavish—born and bred
With tablets at your foot and head,
And CULPA carven in the rock,

Sense with delight but not with ease
The fragrance of the quinine trees,
The kembang-spatu's *lolling flame*
With solemn envy kin to shame.

Ah, be content!—the scorpion's tail
Atones for much; without avail
Under the sizzling solar pan
Our sleeping servant pulls the fan.

Even in this island richly blest,
Where Beauty walks with naked breast,
Earth is too harsh for Heaven to be
One little hour in jeopardy.

MORTAL FLESH, IS NOT YOUR PLACE IN THE GROUND?

Mortal flesh, is not your place in the ground?—Why do you stare so
At the bright planet serene in the clear green evening sky above the many-colored streakèd clouds?—
Your brows drawn together as if to chide, your mouth set as if in anger.

Learn to love blackness while there is yet time, blackness
Unpatterned, blackness without horizons.

Beautiful are the trees in autumn, the emerald pines
Dark among the light-red leaves of the maple and the dark-red
Leaves of the white oak and the indigo long
Leaves of the white ash.
But why do you stand so, staring with stern face of ecstasy at the autumn leaves,
At the boughs hung with banners along the road as if a procession were about to pass?

Learn to love roots instead, that soon above your head shall be as branches.

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THREE SONNETS IN TETRAMETER

I

See how these masses mill and swarm
And troop and muster and assail:
God! we could keep this planet warm
By friction, if the sun should fail.
Mercury, Saturn, Venus, Mars:
If no prow cuts your arid seas,
Then in your weightless air no wars
Explode with such catastrophes
As rock our planet all but loose
From its frayed mooring to the sun.
Law will not sanction such abuse
Forever; when the mischief's done . . .
Planets, rejoice!—on which at night
Rains but the twelve-ton meteorite.

II

No further from me than my hand
Is China that I loved so well;
Love does not help to understand
The logic of the bursting shell.
Perfect in dream above me yet
Shines the white cone of Fuji-San.
I wake in fear, and weep and sweat . . .
Weep for Yoshida, for Japan.
Logic alone, all love laid by,
Must calm this crazed and plunging star:
Sorrowful news for such as I,
Who hoped—with men just as they are,
Sinful and loving—to secure
A human peace that might endure.

III

His stalk the dark delphinium
Unthorned into the tending hand
Releases . . . yet that hour will come;
And must, in such a spiny land.
The silky powdery mignonette
Before these gathering dews are gone
May pierce me . . . does the rose regret
The day she did her armour on?
In that the foul supplants the fair,
The coarse defeats the twice-refined,
Is food for thought, but not despair:
All will be easier when the mind,
To meet the brutal age has grown
An iron cortex of its own.

SONNET

Now that the west is washed of clouds and clear,
The sun gone under and his beams laid by,
You, that require a quarter of the sky
To shine alone in: prick the dusk, appear,
Beautiful Venus! The dense atmosphere
Cannot diffuse your rays; you blaze so high,
Lighting with loveliness a crisp and dry
Cold evening in the autumn of the year.

The pilot standing by his broken plane
In the unheard-of mountains, looks on you,
And warms his heart a moment at your light—
Renignant planet, sweet, familiar sight—
Thinking he may be found, he may again
See home, breaks the stale, buttered crust in two.

SONNET

Thou famished grave, I will not fill thee yet,
Roar though thou dost, I am too happy here;
Gnaw thine own sides, fast on; I have no fear
Of thy dark project, but my heart is set
On living—I have heroes to beget
Before I die; I will not come anear
Thy dismal jaws for many a splendid year:
Till I be old, I aim not to be eat.

I cannot starve thee out; I am thy prey
And thou shalt have me; but I dare defend
That I can stave thee off; and I dare say,
What with the life I lead, the force I spend,
I'll be but bones and jewels on that day,
And leave thee hungry even in the end.



BARNUM IN MODERN DRESS

BY ELMER DAVIS

On April 30th of next year New York will open its first world's fair; and though it has been in preparation since 1935, some of us New Yorkers have not yet got used to the idea. This sort of thing seems out of our line; let Chicago have the world's fairs so long as we can have the world's series. But slowly it is dawning on us that this will be no ordinary fair. "Unique and incomparable," says its president; the first one ever built, according to its official announcement, on a "constructive world concept." This formal theme is Building the World of Tomorrow; but our Fair is also to be devoted to the Creation of a Better and a Fuller Life, the Discernment and Pursuit of the Public Good, and the cause of World Peace. These are spacious purposes but it will be a spacious enterprise —the biggest world's fair ever held, perhaps the best, and certainly the most expensive.

This institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man—Grover Aloysius Whalen, president of the World's Fair Corporation; a man with a long record of service in municipal government and private business, but best known as America's greatest greeter. He was the organizer and active head of the Mayor's Committee for the Reception of Distinguished Guests; he promoted those stupendous welcomes to our city amid showers of ticker tape and cheering crowds, which were bestowed on Kings, Queens, Princes, Presidents, Cardinals, Field Marshals, Prime Ministers, Transatlantic flyers, and Channel swimmers. Now he has the biggest greeter's job of his life—to welcome to New York next year millions of his fellow-countrymen (and Europeans too, unless Europe is blowing itself off the map by that time) and to send them home feeling that they have got their money's worth.

He is the man for the job; the Fair has enlisted the best artistic and executive talent in New York but it bears the stamp of Whalen's personality; and few citizens would deny that if our town is to have a world's fair he is the man to put it over. "A greater showman than Barnum," said one who used to work with him; and such a man is useful in these times. The dictators have discovered that you can make people forget the scarcity of bread if you give them enough circuses; the democracies, doing the best they can to meet the first need, are apt to fall short when it comes to the second. But London has the British royal family, and New York has Whalen; Hitler and Mussolini may give bigger shows, but if he had their budgets to play with he could probably teach them something. Once, at a testimonial dinner for Whalen (this peculiar New York institution has been eaten oftener in his honor than in anyone else's) the chairman observed, "When New York wants a hard job done we have the habit of saying, 'Grover, you're elected.' He never says no, and he always accomplishes more than we had hoped."

By and large, that is true. It is also true that he always spends more money than they had expected. Not his money, their money.

II

Whalen was born in 1886 on the lower East Side, the son of a well-to-do contractor. People who remember the old gentleman say that he loved parades. He drove a pair of smart horses; and when there was a parade in which he was to have a place Michael Whalen managed to arrive at the very last moment before it started, driving all along the waiting line in solitary splendor and bowing to the crowds. It is a pity he could not have lived to see his son outdo him as Alexander outdid Philip. But he died while Grover was in law school, and the son had to quit his studies to go into the family business. He did well and married well—into the social stratum that used to be known as the lace-curtain Irish—and was a rising young business man when the municipal campaign of 1917 came along.

New York had been groaning for four years under a reform administration and wanted to get back to normalcy. Whalen, who had been born into Tammany democracy as he was born into the Catholic faith, organized a Business Men's League which was active in the campaign that elected John F. Hylan Mayor, and was rewarded by appointment as the Mayor's secretary. A good many New Yorkers found Hylan as Mayor what Henry Adams found Grant as President—"a defiance of first principles; he should have been extinct for ages." Nevertheless, when the War was over it fell to this survival of an earlier geological epoch to receive officially more distinguished foreigners than New York had seen for decades; and Hylan at least knew enough to turn the job over to somebody who could do it Of his reception committee Rodman Wanamaker was chairman, but Whalen was vice-chairman and active head; he provided the ideas and the energy, Wanamaker furnished the front and took care of the deficit. If the route of Whalen's ceremonial parades took the distinguished visitors right between the two buildings of Wanamaker's store, Wanamaker had earned it.

Whalen said later that the purpose of these greetings was "to portray New York in a true light; to show the world that it is not a cold and indifferent city, but has a warm heart and a sympathetic hand." The distinguished guests were often pretty limp by the time the warm heart and sympathetic hand had been working on them all the way up from the Battery to the Waldorf-Astoria, for they were never let off anything; the King and Queen of the Belgians, coming in quietly under technical incognito, had to be ferried back from the Waldorf to the Battery the next morning to go through the regular routine. But it was an impressive show and little was left to chance; at one reception Whalen had more than a thousand people working under eighty-two squad leaders, drilled by long rehearsals to take their proper part in the ritual of welcome. The throwing of ticker tape from office windows seems to have been the accidental inspiration of some clerk in a broker's office; but it was Whalen's fertile mind that decided to stage all the triumphal progresses at the hour when lower Broadway was full of people going out to lunch, so that however unfamiliar to the public the distinguished visitor might be he always encountered a crowd.

These displays, which familiarized the town with visiting celebrities, also made New York aware of Whalen, by personal observation or newspaper photographs—Whalen and his silk hat and morning coat with the white carnation (not, as often said, a gardenia) in the buttonhole; heading the committee that went down the bay in the tug *Macom* to meet the distinguished guests, and seldom out of the picture thereafter. To-day he would probably be recognized on the street by more persons than any other New Yorker except Al Smith, Babe Ruth, and Jack Dempsey. The guests became aware of him too; out of his service as greeter he harvested a crop of foreign decorations and an extensive and useful acquaintance among the great.

But these receptions which made

Whalen famous were only interludes in a departmental job; in 1919 he had been appointed city Commissioner of Plant and Structures, in charge of bridges, ferries, and ultimately of some bus lines. In that post he displayed the qualities that have distinguished him ever since—a violent energy (not always certain of its direction), a fertile imagination, and indifference to expense; though the great extravagances of the Hylan administration lay outside his department. In 1922 an investigation disclosed that some of the bus lines over which he had jurisdiction were owned through dummies by Tammany politicians; but when this was called to the Commissioner's attention he replied loftily, "I am not interested in that feature of bus operation." In the curious world of political business and business-like politics which the average citizen never explores, he knows his way round; but he has held office in some rather smelly periods, and come out without any stain on his personal integrity.

To say that he was one of the assets of the Hylan administration may be damning him with faint praise. But he was; indeed he became too much of an asset for Hylan's comfort. In 1924 Whalen resigned to assist Wanamaker, his nominal chief on the reception committee, in the operation of his department stores. He said he owed it to his family to make the change (the Wanamaker salary was several times as much as he was getting), but he had been uncomfortable in office for some time. Hylan had been sniping at him and was reputed to be jealous of his prominence and popularity. There was to be a city election the next year, Hylan was going to try for a third term, and Whalen looked like a dangerous rival.

But Whalen was happy in his new job and new offices (more sumptuous, after he had decorated them, than anything in the City Hall), and it was Jimmie Walker who beat Hylan in the primary of 1925. Whalen supported him, thereby incurring accusations of ingratitude that seem undeserved. Men who know him well say that he has a livelier appreciation of favors to come than of those that are past, but that is a common habit of politicians; and what he had done for Hylan was more than Hylan had done for him. Under Walker he continued to receive distinguished guests; the inflow of visiting royalty had dried up but there were new heroes and heroines whom New York delighted to honor—Lindbergh, Gertrude Ederle, and other flyers and swimmers now forgotten. Whalen's welcomes were more elaborate than ever; but Wanamaker died early in 1928, and with that unfailing guarantor gone, the committee usually had to pass the hat to make up a deficit that could hardly be put on the city budget. They always made it up, however; for those were the boom years, when plenty of rich men were eager to come up with a contribution that might earn a little good will at the City Hall without offending the most delicate sense of ethics. (Later, when hard times came on, not even Whalen could find such men.)

Between receptions meanwhile Whalen was running a department store and picking up ideas which he is now using in world's fair promotion; and was gradually acquiring those memberships on the boards of civic and philanthropic enterprises which mark a man as a Leading Citizen. But at the end of 1928 he was drafted into the public service again, into what was traditionally the hardest and most thankless job in the city government—the Commissionership of Police. The summons was a tribute to the man as New York knew him; he may not have been just the Commissioner we needed, but he was exactly the Commissioner that Jimmie Walker needed.

III

Mr. Arnold Rothstein, reputed to be our leading racketeer, had been murdered, and the police were not finding out who had murdered him. Most citizens, if they could have found the murderer, would have pinned a medal on him;

but they felt that something was wrong if the police couldn't turn him up. The Police Commissioner, able and honest but miscast, worried himself into a nervous breakdown; the department was disturbed and uneasy; the situation called for a man who could Do Things, and do them so spectacularly that people would forget whatever was not done.

Whalen filled the bill. He did not catch the murderers of Rothstein, or of other prominent racketeers killed during his incumbency; but he announced so frequently that he was on the point of catching them that most people probably took the will for the deed. There were other problems before the police besides unsolved murders; one of them being the theater-district traffic, which always tended to snarl up before and after the show. Philip D. Hoyt, a deputy police commissioner who was the department's traffic expert, had evolved a plan for straightening it out; but it took Whalen's genius to make the new system a big front-page story. On the evening it was put into operation Times Square was packed with an expectant crowd brought out by the preliminary ballyhoo; when Whalen arrived (complete with white carnation) at the police booth in the middle of the square from which he was to direct his men like an old-fashioned general on the battlefield, even the sober *Times* compared the scene to one of his own receptions of a distinguished guest. But this time he was guest as well as host, star of the show as well as producer. The crowd roared welcome, flashlights blazed and newsreel cameras whirred, the Commissioner waved his hat and took a bow; and Jimmie Walker, hearing of the uproar at dinner, had to come over in a hurry to get in on the tail end of the publicity.

Between one thing and another, Commissioner Whalen was seldom absent from the front page. Now it was a general shakeup of high police officials, now a new uniform for the department, designed by the Commissioner (he loves to design uniforms); now the opening of a Police College for the advanced education of his men (the unfeeling educational authorities of the State refused to let him call it a college, but it did some good work, though it cost a lot of money); now an illegal raid on a birth-control clinic (but Whalen denied responsibility for that, and the whole affair was hastily dropped); now a crusade against the Communists; now the smashing by axe squads of what he called "the speakeasies that breed crime," which fortunately did not include any that were frequented by persons of prominence. In fact, about the only way in which he never achieved front-page publicity was by catching the perpetrators of front-page murders.

There never was a Police Commissioner like him. On his desk stood a bronze statuette of Napoleon, and his methods were Napoleonic even if his achievements fell somewhat short. He took office in semi-formal morning dress and thereafter set a new sartorial standard for Headquarters; but though he was always doing something with violent energy he always looked immaculate and unruffled. In the Headquarters barber shop he had a personal chair, the best on the market, in which he was shaved every morning and in which nobody else was ever shaved at all. When weather permitted he always rode in an open car—a police car of course, with a police chauffeur and siren. Whenever he got out the chauffeur had to come round and occupy the seat vacated by the Commissioner, to keep it warm in winter, to keep it cool when the rays of the sun beat down. The button of the siren was placed where Whalen could reach it, and he blew his own horn as he went along. (An irreverent citizen who once gave him the Bronx cheer as he drove past was promptly arrested, but released with the warning that it would have gone hard with him if the Commissioner had cared to prosecute.) He used to attend all the big fires in person and sometimes annoyed the firemen by telling them how to put them out.

In short, while he may not have made any touchdowns, he gained an unprece-

dented amount of yardage in newspaper columns—far more than Mayor Walker was getting. And as Walker's second term rolled on, and he too like Hylan began to think about a third, he felt about Whalen as Hylan had felt in his day. The fellow was getting all the publicity, biting the hand that fed him; a useful subordinate threatened to become a dangerous rival. So once again a Mayor began quarreling with Commissioner Whalen, and once again Wanamaker's, which had only lent him to the city, was the way out. In May, 1930 Whalen resigned and went back to the store.

Newspaper comment on his service as Police Commissioner seems lacking in gratitude to a man who had been the biggest producer of raw material for newspaper city rooms. The *Times* praised him tepidly, but added that "if he had been a perfect Commissioner he would probably never have been appointed." The *World* said that "no one else can hope to equal his record in starting things that he cannot finish," and pronounced him "almost all superstructure." Now that may have been true of Whalen as Police Commissioner; it is very far from true of Whalen in general. Even as Police Commissioner it is the testimony of men who were there before him and were there after him that he left the force better off than he found it—with a more efficient organization, a healthier morale. There have been better Commissioners since; but what good he did lives after him, and his extravagances begin to blend with all the other fantastic things that people were doing in that last boom year.

The bronze statuette of Napoleon moved out of Headquarters when he did; the glittering barber's chair in which he used to sit enthroned was sent, eventually, to the Municipal Lodging House. Tramps are shaved in it now.

IV

In 1930 Whalen may have looked to some people like the next Mayor of New York; but times grew harder, politically as well as economically. The scandals of the Walker administration brought on an investigation; Walker resigned and the next year the Democratic city organization split wide open, the other four county machines, with New Deal backing, fighting Tammany. Whalen, who had got out of the Walker administration with his hands clean, was often mentioned as a possible candidate in 1933; but with the party divided and discredited it was a good time for a man with a store to keep to go on keeping it. In due time La Guardia beat both Democratic candidates; and Whalen was left in the happy position of a man who knew that many people thought he would be a good mayor, but who did not have to undertake the tough job of being a good mayor among the debris left by sixteen years of Hylan and Walker.

He had other civic functions to perform in those years, one of which has left painful memories—painful to him, more painful to others. In 1932 he was made chairman of the local committee for celebration of the Washington bicentennial. In that desperate year people were looking for almost anything that might make work and start business up again; Whalen's committee undertook to do it, on a small scale, by a process since become familiar—spending the money and trusting to a pickup in business to meet the bills. They built a replica of Mount Vernon in Prospect Park, Brooklyn; and one of Federal Hall, where Washington was inaugurated in the little old New York of 1789, in Bryant Park, Manhattan. They did make some work, but it needed more than that to prime even a local pump in 1932; and this time when the hat was passed to make up one of Whalen's deficits very little was dropped into it. That committee left bills running up into a good many thousands of dollars, and some of them are unpaid even yet.

But 1933 was a happier story—the year of recovery, and of the NRA that was supposed to make recovery permanent. When it was proposed to put over NRA

by a nation-wide ballyhoo. Whalen, who was chairman of the New York NRA committee, was right at home. He got up in honor of the Blue Eagle the greatest parade ever seen in New York—a quarter of a million people marching, a million and a half looking on. If the ghost of Michael Whalen was permitted to drive a team of spectral horses down the length of that parade he certainly must have been proud of his boy.

NRA and other civic activities were keeping Whalen in the newspapers, but once again he was beginning to be unhappy in his job. He and Rodman Wanamaker had got along like Ludendorff and Hindenburg; but Wanamaker was dead, and the Philadelphian who managed his estate was a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph. Whalen, however, has a talent that was also Woodrow Wilson's; when he has to get out of an uncomfortable situation he can always find an exit leading upward. Repeal had come, and the newly legalized liquor industry needed executives (or at least front men) with good standing in politics as well as in business. In January, 1934, Whalen left Wanamaker's to become chairman of Schenley Products; from which he resigned three years later to make a full-time job of the World's Fair.

V

He was the man for the moment; but the way had been prepared for him by a sequence of the right men at other moments.

The idea of a world's fair in New York to celebrate the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration may have occurred to various citizens, but the man who worked it out in detail and made it stick was an engineer named Joseph F. Shadgen, born in Luxemburg and educated at Louvain. He was interested in city planning; he was unemployed, with an incentive to start something; he had a little money in the bank, so he could take time to start it right. Obviously the first thing was to find the right location for the Fair, otherwise the idea would be smothered in the wrangles of rival real estate dealers. The site Shadgen finally chose was a surprise to most New Yorkers—the swampy and malodorous banks of a little stream in the semi-suburban borough of Queens, politely known as the Flushing River but actually, thanks to the tidal flow from polluted harbor waters, not much better than an open sewer. But he had eliminated seven locations before he picked that one, which had more space than anything near the center of the city, and better traffic connections than anything else available in outlying districts. Also, it was to be made over some day into a park, and the city already owned about half the area.

The next thing was to find sponsors who could sell the idea to a somewhat skeptical town. Here Shadgen called in his friend Edward F. Roosevelt, through whose connections he approached and converted several men of consequence—notably George McAneny. At present head of a mortgage company, McAneny has a long record of distinguished service in municipal government and civic reform. He knows everybody, has the confidence of everybody; he was the ideal chairman for the committee of leading citizens which announced the project of the Fair in September, 1935. (Whalen, as a leading citizen, was in it too; but at first he was in the background.)

In that announcement nothing was said about building the world of to-morrow, or the creation of a better and a fuller life; it was only predicted that the Fair would "aid materially in stimulating industrial recovery." A less impressive concept than some that have since emanated from the Theme Committee; but even in 1935 it was a good reason for having a Fair, and it is a still better reason now. More immediate stimulation was anticipated by interests near the chosen site; there went up a joyful whoop that the Fair would "give a new lease of life to Queens real estate." In general this was justified, but owners of land con-

demned to round out the Fair site found their high expectations of unearned increment deflated; the court allowed them less than a third as much as they had asked.

These local aspects, however, were relatively unimportant; the McAneny committee, itself pretty widely representative, had got virtually every important interest in New York committed to support of the Fair before the announcement. Also, city and State and Federal governments are making their contribution in the form of public improvements around the site. A non-profit (and hence non-taxable) corporation was organized; if it makes a profit the money is to be divided between city and State for relief and education, and the site of the Fair is to revert to the city as a park. This gives our vigilant Park Commissioner, Robert Moses, a lively interest in the enterprise; and it was Moses who first had the courage to point out that McAneny, indispensable at first, had outlived his usefulness.

Among McAneny's many virtues speed is not included; newspaper cartoonists have called him Mañana Mac. In April, 1936 Moses complained that "weaknesses in the management" of the Fair threatened to postpone its opening for a year. Others felt the same way, so presently McAneny was promoted to the chairmanship of the corporation and Whalen was elected as its president. At first he was a dollar-a-year man, retaining the Schenley connection; but after the Fair corporation had sold twenty-odd million dollars' worth of bonds and become big-time business, he resigned from Schenley's to devote all his time to the new job, at a salary generally believed to be $75,000 a year, with $25,000 for expenses. When this figure was published Fair officials refused either to confirm or deny it on the ground that the Fair corporation was privately financed and hence, presumably, its salary list was nobody's business. That theory is open to debate, considering the intensive campaign by which the bonds were sold; in any case such reticence seems pointless, for Whalen has got salaries of that order before, and if he puts the Fair over he will have earned it.

Even as a dollar-a-year man he made things move. San Francisco is also to have a world's fair in 1939, projected before New York's, and early recognized by the International Bureau of Expositions in Paris as *the* Fair of the year. Soon after Whalen took charge, a commissioner of the California Fair visited New York and patronizingly remarked that there would be no conflict, as our show could not open till 1940. Whalen snapped back that the New York Fair would open as planned on April 30, 1939—and at the rate it is going now he could open it in the middle of March if he wanted to. As for international recognition, Whalen presently went to Paris and gave a lot of dinners; and when he came back, the New York Fair had been recognized by the International Bureau of Expositions.

Meanwhile what was once a swamp along Flushing River has been decontaminated and stiffened up with a whole forest of deep-driven piles; a park is sprouting on it, and in the park a small city of amazing buildings is going up. Almost a minor capital, for the Fair Corporation is beginning to take on some of the aspects of a sovereign state. Before its Administration Building flies, alongside the national flag, the Fair's own flag of blue and orange, with a third staff for the flag of whatever nation or State has a delegation on the grounds that day; and that third staff is seldom unused. Get past the uniformed attendants in the Fair's Capitol and you will meet men of national and international renown. Admiral W. H. Standley, retired, once Chief of Naval Operations, is head of the Fair's foreign relations; Major-General Dennis E. Nolan, retired, who led Whalen's NRA parade in 1933, directs the Division of State Participation; the Fair even has a Chief of Protocol borrowed from the State Department, to see that distinguished foreigners are received with proper ceremonial.

Edward F. Roosevelt, stepfather of the Fair, is there too, as Latin-American

Commissioner. But Shadgen, only begetter of the idea? That is another story. Shadgen has no influential connections, and people say he doesn't know how to play ball; he disliked some aspects of the Fair's management, and was tactless enough to say so. For a while he was employed at $625 a month, but he says they gave him nothing to do but sharpen pencils and eventually they fired him. "He didn't fit at all," said a Fair official who forgot that but for Shadgen the rest of them would have had nothing to fit into. Now he is suing the management, but many people hope there will be a treaty of peace long before the Fair opens. It would be a pity if it turned out to be a good thing for everybody but its inventor.

VI

The plan of the Fair (described by Mr. Gardner Harding in the January HARPER'S) and its rainbow color scheme are not Whalen's work; they are supervised by a Board of Design—architects, engineers, landscape artists—about as competent as you can get. Whalen's personality is most conspicuously stamped on the Fair in the promotion and the scale of expenditure.

A hundred-million-dollar enterprise requires not only executives who are worth high salaries (though no other salary anywhere near approaches Whalen's) but offices of some impressiveness; yet Fair headquarters would hardly be quite so magnificent if anybody but Whalen were in charge. A whole floor of the Empire State Building is occupied by its sumptuously furnished offices; including a directors' room whose cream-leather chairs are worthy of that World Directorate of which utopists dream. Those offices will soon be given up, however, and everything transferred to the Administration Building on the grounds. A very handsome building, except for the strip-tease lady over the front door, who, I believe, represents the Future throwing off the trammeling garments of the Past. (The Future has never managed to do that yet, but there is no harm in hoping.) Within, the executive offices look like a Hollywood scene representing a super-luxury hotel; the walls of the state dining room are covered with sheet copper, with great floral pieces of copper on the table; corridors and offices, hung with architects' paintings of Fair buildings, give the effect of a modernist art gallery.

That building cost $930,000—quite a lot of money to spend on something that will have to be torn down in a couple of years. But private exhibitors will spend more than that on structures that are going to be torn down in a couple of years, and some of the Fair's more flamboyant trappings have been donated by exhibitors—the copper sheeting of the dining-room wall; the scarlet-and-silver motor trucks that lately visited the capital of every State, carrying the keys of our city to the Governor; and even the keys they carried. Contracts are let to the lowest bidder; there have been squawks, and suits, by unsuccessful competitors, but no more than might be expected in an enterprise of this size. Last year a city Civil Service Commissioner called the Fair a "patronage mill," and there have been other complaints that Whalen was taking care of too many organization Democrats starved by five years of a reform administration in the City Hall. But the holders of the top jobs all seem to have been selected for their ability; and certainly the artistic side of the Fair is in the hands of the best men who could be found.

Anyway, this is essentially a pump-priming job, not to be confined within the rigid budgetary black-and-red of an ordinary business; if purchasers of the Fair bonds get their money back with four per cent interest they will be getting all that was promised, all that they expect aside from a boost in business around town. It has been computed that the Fair will pay if it draws fifty million admissions—or fifteen million people, on the theory that the average visitor pays his way in about three times. No Fair ever drew quite so large a crowd, but the immense population of the metropolitan

district is counted on to supply close to a third of the total. That leaves ten or eleven million individuals from outside the vicinity of New York who must come to see the Fair if it is to be a success; and it is going to take quite a lot of work to bring them in, even if our Fair has the luck to open, as did Chicago's Century of Progress, just in time to catch the flood tide of a business upturn.

When Whalen took charge of the Fair he said that his job was "execution, not promotion"; but being Whalen, he couldn't help doing both. The execution to date seems an excellent job; but persons who lack his far-ranging vision are beginning to be afraid that the Fair is being over-promoted. New York automobile license plates now bear the legend, "New York World's Fair 1939"; to make room for it the numbers have had to be reduced in size, and are consequently harder to identify when you are trying to find out who hit you as he drives away. But on the whole, that is probably good publicity, carried wherever a New York car takes a vacation party. And the sleeves of the players on our three big-league ball clubs are familiarizing baseball crowds everywhere with the insignia of the Fair—a connected spike and ball, the famous Trylon and Perisphere.

Neither the names, the objects themselves, nor the rather pretentious philosophy that has been woven about them have quite sold themselves yet to the public. The Trylon, a steel-framed spike eight hundred feet high, is called the Voice of the Fair; according to present plans its loudspeaker system will be used only for announcements, and the ear will not be assailed by the incessant din all over the grounds that made life miserable at the Century of Progress. The Perisphere, a steel-and-stucco globe two hundred feet high, is the Theme Center; within it will be what Fair publicity calls "a vast panorama showing all the elements of society co-ordinated in a better World of To-morrow." To avoid the congestion that might be caused by people stopping too long to look at this novel spectacle, Whalen has improved on an idea of Barnum's. It may be remembered that when Barnum's Museum got too crowded he put up a sign reading "This way to the Egress"; and a simple public which thought an egress was something like a tigress went right on out. Whalen's customers are more sophisticated; but they enter the Perisphere on an escalator that discharges them on a moving platform; the platform carries them around, and when they have seen the panorama, out is the only place that they can go.

The Trylon and Perisphere were needed (at least something was needed) to provide a focus for the eye at the axis of the Fair grounds, and give visitors a chance to get their bearings; and they make a convenient emblem for badges and so on. Much more appalling designs were considered, and discarded. But we may all be pretty sick of the spike and ball before April 30, 1939. Says the Fair's official bulletin: "Women everywhere will be wearing World's Fair dresses, carrying World's Fair compacts; men will sport (sic) World's Fair neckties, use World's Fair match boxes and playing cards; wrapping paper will bear World's Fair designs, automobiles will reflect World's Fair motifs, and hundreds of other items of daily use will show the influence of the 1939 Exposition." All too true. The Bulletin's cover gives half a dozen sample designs for World's Fair dress goods; already you can buy a complete set of table silver embellished with the Trylon and Perisphere; a ten-cent-store chain lately bought fifty thousand dozen women's hats decorated with the spike and ball.

Whalen argues that people living at a distance have to get ready for a trip to New York well in advance, and that this design-in-merchandise promotion will get them used to the idea early. Also, he used to keep a store, and is said to believe that merchandise publicity reaches a public untouched by newspaper publicity. Further, the Fair gets a royalty on all merchandise using its designs, which may help balance its budget—and may not.

For it seems possible that a man who this year has seen the spike and ball on his match clips and playing cards, on cocktail glasses and coffee spoons, on the paper that wraps his purchases at the store, and on his wife's hats, dresses, and underwear, may decide when 1939 comes round that he has had an eyeful of the Fair and doesn't need to go at all.

The Fair's philosophy too arouses some qualms. Whalen says it had to have a philosophy; "when I went to Europe I found them cold to the Fair—they thought it was just another fair. I had to show them it was different." But these various constructive world concepts had been announced for home consumption long before he ever started warming Europe up. The philosophy as he expounds it in private—the Fair as a picture of a century and a half of American progress, of the possibilities of the American future, of the economic interdependence of all nations—makes more sense than some of the press releases that have gone out over his name. But he has laid down the rule that he alone speaks officially for the Fair; consequently he has often been quoted as the author of phrases which probably were born in the too fertile brains of his publicity staff.

For instance: "The Fair will have more than front; it will have warmth, depth." Especially warmth; the Fair grounds are in a valley, and Long Island gets hot in summer time. "The conception of the Perisphere apparently hung on uprushing jets of water is a happy interpretation of the festive quality inherent in an exposition." Or a symbol of the precarious stability of the World of To-morrow. Announcements of the nocturnal fire-and-water, color-and-sound spectacles that will be given on the lake in the Fair grounds promise "the nearest approach to chaos that Man can contrive for the purpose of sheer entertainment." Some of us feel that Man is contriving enough chaos for other purposes at present, and that the Fair might give us a rest.

The aspect of the Fair's philosophy that seems to fascinate Whalen just now is its influence in the promotion of world peace. Every important nation intends to exhibit there except Spain and China, otherwise engaged at the moment, and Germany, which lately withdrew on the pretext of poverty. Whalen expects foreign governments to send military detachments as part of their exhibits, and says that "the massing of fifty thousand American and foreign troops" at the opening will be a "gesture of peace." Maybe so; but even with Germany, Spain, and China out of it, they had better keep some of those detachments pretty far apart.

On last April 30th there was a preview of Fair preparations, including a motorized parade. Whalen said that underlying the display was the idea of peace on earth, good will to men; but about half the parade was provided by the army—tanks, armored cars, field guns, anti-aircraft batteries, truckloads of infantry. A somewhat cynical military man remarked that he could imagine no better preview of the World of To-morrow.

VII

So it would seem that Whalen has his blank spots. Undoubtedly he Does Things; but he sometimes seems a little foggy as to why he is doing them, or whether he might not better be doing something else. Yet he seems the best equipped of New Yorkers to carry through so un-New-Yorkish an enterprise as a world's fair; in this respect or that, others might do a better job, but take it as a whole and perhaps no one else could do it at all. The Fair's calendars, its inter-office memoranda sheets, bear the warning legend, "Time Tears On." Some people have laughed at that, but Whalen tears on too; the Fair was far behind schedule when he took charge and is well ahead of it now. That is characteristic of Whalen; and so is his inability to see the danger that he may promote it to death before it opens.

Few men about town have so impressive a front. At fifty-two his figure is still trim and athletic—he rides a good

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deal and plays a good deal of handball, even having his private handball courts built in at Wanamaker's and Schenley's; his hair is still plentiful and raven black, and so is his full, curling mustache—"the most carefully groomed mustache in New York," Courtenay Terrett called it. So grave a reporter as Ernest Lindley has said that with only a little change of emphasis, Whalen could look like a cop on the strong-arm squad; with a little change in the other direction, like Mr. Justice Holmes. His taste in dress is rich perhaps but not florid; he became famous as a greeter in silk hat and cutaway but later preferred a derby and semi-formal dress. At the Fair he affects a blue costume, suit, shirt, and tie of symphonically blended shades, that impresses visitors as a sort of uniform.

But perhap it is his brisk bearing, acquired at a military school, that gives that impression. An artist who painted his portrait when he was Police Commissioner was received by Whalen at home, in black pajamas trimmed with red—"like a uniform symbolic of grim duty and civic power," his visitor put it. This and other eulogistic remarks were published in the police magazine, issued under the sponsorship of Commissioner Whalen. At about the same time a biographer wrote that "his polished manners have always attracted attention, equaled and balanced by his true spirit of democracy." This in an authorized biography, which was given away to callers at his office.

All of which may throw some light on the man behind the front, or rather on the question whether there is another man behind the front. Perhaps the front goes right on through, and he is what he seems. But among men who have known him a long time he seems to be generally liked; they may be amused by him but they respect his abilities. And amid his refulgences he has his disarming simplicities; if he is the sort of man who keeps a statuette of Napoleon on his desk, he is also the sort of man who derives an ingenuous pleasure from being shaved in a setting of adequate splendor.

His ambitions, at any rate, do not seem to be Napoleonic; perhaps he usually gets too much fun out of whatever he is doing to look very far ahead; but despite his good standing with the various Democratic factions, and with business men who would distrust the ordinary organization politician, he is not known to look to any office higher than that of Mayor. The governorship would be too drab, perhaps; Albany is too small a stage for the sort of show he produces. As for higher honors, people have learned to look to the occupant of the White House for bread rather than circuses.

Only once did he enter the race for Mayor, or indeed for any elective office; and that adventure was brief and infelicitous. Early in 1937, when as usual he was "mentioned" for the Democratic nomination for Mayor, he said he was too busy with the Fair; but in July he accepted an invitation to enter the primary, saying that he could not refuse "this call from the party." Unhappily it turned out to be a call from only part of the party—the Roosevelt-Farley faction that had fought Tammany in 1933 to the disaster of both. Whalen, on good terms with both factions, seems to have thought he would be unopposed; and there was a moment when he might have got Tammany's support. But the moment was allowed to slip, and Al Smith trotted out Senator Copeland as the anti-Roosevelt candidate. Whalen, seeing that he was in for a bitter primary fight and a probable licking by La Guardia afterward, hastily withdrew and went back to his Fair, where there was nobody to fight him. A wise decision; if the Fair is a success, and if business is still so bad in 1941 as to discredit whoever is in office, he may be Mayor yet. A Whalen administration would be a good show if the city budget could stand it.

Meanwhile he will give you a good show next year, and the visitor who doesn't see Whalen and his white carnation will not have seen half of it. But you'll probably see him; it was never his habit to lurk in the background.

F.O.B. DETROIT

A STORY

BY WESSEL SMITTER

Russ and I were waiting in the crowded employment office at the Holt automobile factory when one of the clerks came out with a piece of paper.

"Any of you fellows here ever run a manipulator?" he asked.

Not a man answered.

"What's a manipulator?" Russ whispered.

"A kind of derrick," I said. "Used for handling hunks of hot steel."

"Let's grab it," he said.

"Wait a minute—" I warned him. "You don't know what you're getting into."

"If it's a machine," he said, "I can run it." Russ is a big fellow and confident.

The clerk looked the men over. He noticed Russ.

"Anybody here," he said, "that's had experience running electric cranes?"

"That manipulator job—" said Russ, "I'll take it. I'd like this man here to swamp for me."

"Ever run one?" the clerk asked.

"No, but I've run donkey engines and loaders. I'm a good learner. It won't take me long to get what I don't know."

The fellow scratched his head.

"All right," he said. "We'll give you a try. Where's your helper?"

"Right here." And he pointed to me.

I had a job. It all happened so quick I didn't know whether to be glad or not.

We went up and filled out our cards.

"What's the matter?" said Russ. "You look disgusted. You think I stuck my foot into something, don't you?"

"Not your foot," I said. "Your neck. You got any sort of idea the kind of job you grabbed off for us?"

"No. You?"

"No. All I know—I've seen it a couple of times on my way through the drop forge. They use it handling big steel. It's so complicated they have to get a factory man every time it breaks down."

"Swell," he said. "We're going to have fun. We're going to learn something."

"But that outfit's complicated," I said. "More gears and levers than you ever saw. Got an iron claw that picks up ten-ton billets of steel and sticks 'em into the furnaces. Pulls 'em out when they get hot and holds 'em under steam hammers as high as a two-storey building. I'd be scared to climb up on it. Suppose the thing got out of control. Then what?"

"They give a man a chance to learn, don't they? They don't expect him to get up there and run it the first day, do they?"

"Oh, sure. They let you learn. Even if you could run it, they wouldn't let you, the first day."

"O-keh," he said. "That's all that matters."

Early the next morning I was in the drop forge, near the time clock, waiting for Russ. The night shift was still on and the heavy production machinery was running full blast. Rows of furnaces were shooting out flames and smoke

round the door; hammers and presses were pounding out front axles, gear blanks, and such. The floor of the building covered five or six acres and the ground trembled and shook.

Over in a far corner of the building the top of the manipulator loomed up through the smoke like a battleship's turret, the big boom, or arm, sticking out like a ship's gun.

Russ came in and we went up to the machine. It was as big as a locomotive, and higher—mounted on a carriage that ran over steel rails, wide apart, laid in the concrete floor. On the carriage were other rails that ran crosswise and the superstructure ran on these so that the machine could run in four directions. From the upper part of the machine a big arm, or boom, projected that turned with the superstructure. The arm could be raised or lowered, shortened or made longer, turned or pivoted in any direction and on the end there was a claw with two curved iron fingers big enough to go round a bass drum. Steel ladders ran up the sides of the machine, and from where we stood we could see the tops of two rows of brass control levers. I think the machine weighed sixty tons.

"That's her," I said. "Still want to run it?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "She's a honey. I think we're gonna get along swell. There's room here, room to work."

At the end of the long floor were piles of cold steel, all sizes and shapes. Along one side were the furnaces, some of them under slow heat, grumbling and purring. On the other side were the heavy presses and hammers reaching up into the smoky heights of the building. Overhead, forty or fifty feet above the floor, a traveling bridge crane rumbled back and forth, carrying bundles of steel in cable slings to the production machines. The operator stuck his head out of the steel cage as he rode past and looked us over.

A timekeep gave us our cards and our badges and told us where to punch in and then let out a yell for Johnson, our straw boss. Johnson came up and he was short and the skin on his face was like leather. He had no eyebrows and he looked at us a minute with smoke-colored eyes and said:

"Gotcha cards?"

"Yeh."

"Gotcha badges?"

"Yeh."

"Follow me."

The three of us walked over to the floor where the machine stood and here Johnson had a little desk on high legs, but no stool. A lot of blueprints were stuck in a wall cabinet and he pulled out one and began looking at it. Russ had started walking off toward the machine when Johnson said:

"Hey! Stick around here, will you?"

He studied the blueprints again and I motioned to Russ to take it easy and wait and we stood there watching the men drifting in. And then the bell rang and a couple of fellows started oiling the machines; the steam was turned on in the hammers and the big pistons began warming up—sliding up and down in long easy strokes, not quite touching the anvils below. Some little colored lights over the furnaces changed from green to orange and then to red; the flames backfired a couple of times and then settled down to a steady roar.

Johnson raised up again, and called for one of the fellows working on the machine to come over. The man wasn't dressed like a Holt worker. He had on a good suit with a pair of coveralls over it and a temporary badge.

"Barney, here," said Johnson, "is from the factory. He'll break you fellas in. Ride around with him," he said to Russ. "Keep your eyes open and don't be afraid to ask questions. I don't expect you'll try to handle no jobs the first coupla weeks."

"And this man," he said, pointing to me, "will take Hank's place. Introjuice 'em togedda and let Hank show him the work."

"O-keh," said Barney. "And what's the schedule?"

"Load five and six. I'll mark some steel pretty soon. An 'en we'll pull num-

ber three and work it up under number one hammer."

The three of us went to the machine. I got introduced to Hank.

After a while Barney finished his oiling, threw in the master switch on the wall, and then he and Russ climbed up on the rig and they rolled down the wide tracks to the end of the bay. In a minute or two they came back, electric horn blowing, and in the big claw sticking out ahead of the rig there was a billet of cold steel that weighed maybe four or five tons. They stopped in front of number five furnace; Barney maneuvered into position; aimed for the door and gave Hank a signal. Hank cut off the air, pressed a button, and the heavy door of the furnace slid up toward the ceiling. Barney's hands fairly played a tune on the levers. The long arm reached in with its load—the claw opened and the steel was laid on the furnace floor. The arm retracted and as Hank pressed another button that closed the door, the flames curled and twisted round the steel.

"Always cut off the air befo' opening the furnace," said Hank. "If you was to forget—the flames might shoot out and singe the hair off yo' buddy. I sho' don't like this job. Half the time I'm trying to remember if I forgot to do something I should—the rest of the time I'm worried les' I did something I shouldn't. I'll be mighty glad when you gets this job learnt and I can go back to the foundry. There I knock sand out of molds. Don't have to rack my brains about nothin'."

There wasn't much to his job—opening and closing the doors; watching to see that the track was kept clear; cutting out the switch in emergencies, and a few things like that.

Barney and Russ loaded the furnaces and then they rolled up to number one and got ready to do some forging. The biggest steam hammer in the factory was there—a pair of shears that had a bite of a thousand tons. What they did to the big billets was likely to give you an idea that steel is about as tough and hard as new cheese, which is all wrong, even when it's been in the fire a long time and is up to white heat.

Barney pulled the hot billet of steel out of the furnace, got a firm hold, and swung the boom round in front of the hammer. There were experts on the job now. Johnson, who directed the work and made all signals; the hammer man, who controlled the force of the giant blows; and Barney, who ran the manipulator. His job was to get the steel up on the anvil; to turn it and tip it—to hold it in position while the hammer got in its work.

Johnson signaled to get the steel up on the anvil. The hammer got into motion. Not striking, yet—but getting ready. Warming up for the signal. That up-and-down motion of the hammer between the smooth slides, that oily flow of movement, gave you an idea of what steam could do: of the power that was held in reserve behind the long piston, of the kind of blows that would come when Johnson gave the signal and the hammer man came down hard on the throttle.

The hammer stopped, poised to strike, and the job was all Barney's. The white-hot billet had to be just so on the anvil—had to be just right for the hammer. A slight turn—a little to the right—a little back maybe. Slight movements, these were, that had to be done quickly. No time to fool, no time to waste, because the steel was all the time losing heat. Five tons of hot steel is something alive, something vicious, waiting for a chance to strike you if you lose control.

Barney was clever, all right. He knew the job, knew the machine, knew the signals. And the last was not the least part of the business. Johnson made them all with his right thumb; mysterious little jerks and twitches—jabs over his shoulder—past his ear—downward. The brass levers snapped back and forth, switches flashed, circuit breakers popped out and slammed back into place, rheostats smoked. I wondered what Russ was thinking about standing up there next to Barney. Plenty, I guessed.

The steel was battered and pounded,

was dropped to the floor, turned over. The iron claw grabbed a new hold and slammed it back on the anvil for more. The hammer crashed down in full strokes. Fire sprayed out in a circular shower and rained to the floor. The ground shook. Not light shakes—heavy and deep—transmitted through a foundation of solid concrete, sixty feet down.

They were unable to finish the work in one heat and the steel was put back into the furnace. Afterward, Russ and Barney came down for a drink. Their shirts were soaked.

"How's she going?" I asked Russ.

"Fine and dandy," he said.

"Be a long two weeks for you," I said. "Riding around up there, doing nothing."

"Don't worry," he said. "In a week I'll be runnin' the thing. See if I won't."

The bell rang and we stopped for lunch, and while eating, Russ asked Barney a lot of questions about the job and the rig. About backlash and overloads, dynamic brakes and magnetic clutches. Barney answered the questions, but not with any great show of enthusiasm. He was a traveling mechanic for the company that made the machine and he'd been round quite a bit and he was full of talk about the towns he'd been in. When Russ asked a question he answered short and then swung the talk to girls he'd met in Pittsburgh or Fort Worth.

He was telling about a girl in Cincinnati who never warmed up right unless she was riding round on a steamboat with a band playing, when Russ interrupted again.

"If one of the rheostats burned out," he asked, "how would you go about to fix it?"

"Now listen," said Barney, "it's lunch time. It's time off. They're not paying you now for asking questions. Let's wait till the bell rings."

"I know, but if you don't mind—"

"All you have to learn is how to punch those levers. If the rheostat breaks down they'll get the electricians to fix it. If you get drunk and bust up the rig—like the other fellow did—they'll send for me."

"I savvy. But just the same I want to know."

"All right then. You've got two weeks to learn. You don't need two weeks. In two days I could turn the job over to you—if I wanted to. You're the kind that learns quick. But what's the use? Make the thing look easy and they'll figure anybody can run it. Then how you gonna hold 'em up for a raise?"

"I hadn't thought about that."

"Well, now's the time to be thinking about it. Look at the job you'll be handling! Look at the responsibility! Ruin one of these blocks and it's five hundred bucks. Wreck the machine, and it's thousands. Kill a guy—and you're washed up. They've taken the seat off the rig so you can't sit. They won't let you smoke a cigarette to steady your nerves. And what do you get? Five bucks. Five lousy bucks. They's sweepers here in this outfit gets more'n that."

"The time to think about all those things," said Russ, "is later. Right now I'm trying to get the job learnt."

The bell rang and we went back to work.

At the end of the week Russ took over the controls. Barney rode on the machine a couple of days doing nothing; hung about on the floor a couple more, and then left for Cleveland. By the end of the third week Russ was pretty good—good enough to coast along on the job and take it easy if he'd wanted to. But that wasn't his idea. He kept learning.

We'd moved into the same boardinghouse and one night, up in the room while fiddling with his guitar but not really playing, he got an idea.

"Listen," he said, "a pianist doesn't stop to look for the keys when he's playing. What's to hinder a man learning to run that rig the same way? Learning to work the levers without looking at them? There's only a dozen."

"What's your idea?" I said. "Take a little nap now and then?"

"No. Keep my eyes on the steel. On

Johnson. Wouldn't have to stop to look for the controls, for positions."

"Could be done, I guess. Only thing is—"

"Sure it could be done."

"Only thing is there's a slight difference between playing a piano and running that rig. When the pianist hits the wrong key there's a sour note but no one gets hurt. You hit the wrong control—you may accidentally drop a hunk of steel on somebody's head."

What I said didn't discourage him. The idea stuck. He hauled a couple of two-by-fours up in the room and rigged up a contraption with two rows of sticks the size and shape of the levers. They were spaced accurately and, like the controls on the rig, could be moved back and forth into various positions. Blindfolded, he practiced night after night. That was all right with me, except that I lost some sleep. But when he started practicing on the rig itself, I watched my step and gave him plenty of clearance, with him looking off into space and paying no attention to what lever he struck.

It wasn't long before the white-collars up front began taking notice of what was going on on the floor. You'd see one of them hurrying along down the aisle as though he was late to a circus, and then he'd see Russ up there on the rig handling steel as though it was cordwood, and he'd slow down; come to a stop near a pillar and clean forget what he'd been in such a hurry about. And then one day they changed the routing of the gangs of tourists that came through the factory and had them all bother us. If it happened that Russ was handling a piece of steel under the big hammer—they saw something. It gave them something to remember and tell the brother Masons about in Sioux Center or Oshkosh.

One time Herman, who ran the overhead crane and chewed tobacco, spat down from his cage and hit the claw on the machine. Russ was carrying a piece of cold steel. He stopped the rig, lowered the boom, and got Herman's shirt from the cabinet and wiped off the rig.

That night, at the clock, they had some words. Not much—but sharp. It left bad feelings in both.

A day or two later Herman started being careless with his loads—swinging in close as he went over the rig. Russ got up on his ear.

"Tell your man up there," he said to Herman's helper, "if he does that again I'll reach up there and pull him down to the floor."

"Take it easy," I said. "No use getting him sore at you. There's some big jobs coming up. You're going to need his help."

What we called a big job was anything over ten tons, which was the limit capacity of the rig. Anything over, Russ couldn't handle alone and Herman helped. A sling was wrapped round the steel and Herman let down his hook and tied on to it, easing some of the strain off the rig. Co-operation between the two had to be smooth; it was no job for a couple of soreheads to work on together.

The bell rang and Herman came down for lunch. Russ went up to him and made himself plain.

"Listen here," he said, "throw another load of steel over my head—and you and I are going to tangle. One of us is going to the hospital. Understand?"

Herman never opened his mouth. It had some effect on him. For a few days he kept his loads in the clear, and then he began swinging them in close again. Not close enough so that Russ could get down to business and do something about it, but still close enough to make him uncomfortable. He spoke to Johnson about it.

"I t'ot you tol' him," said Johnson. "He tol' me you was givin' him orders what to do. He don't need two bosses."

"I did tell him," said Russ. "Now I'm telling you. If he drops something—hits me—don't try to tell 'em up there it was an accident. See? Because Bennie, here, will be there to prove what I said."

"What's a matta—" said Johnson, "you

getting nervous or somethin'? For eight years he's been slinging steel ova guys hets. He's neva hit nobody yet."

A couple of days later Johnson lined out a job for us that looked tough right from the start. It was a piece of steel half as big as a Holt car and marked "experimental." It was a die job and was the lower block of a set of dies that together would weigh thirty tons. They were to be used for stamping out from a single piece of metal the whole top and a part of the sides of the two-door car body.

Getting it into the furnace was a job for both rigs. Easing it off the floor, Herman helped and took most of the strain; Russ steadied. The eight steel lines coming down from the drums on Herman's rig were as stiff as iron rods with the tension. Herman had most of the load; Russ had the responsibility. Herman could raise and lower and move the load in four different directions; Russ had control over every motion that a man has in his shoulder, elbow, and wrist. It was nice teamwork. Smooth and steady the load was raised from the floor and moved up the bay to number one furnace. And then came the ticklish job of getting the steel through the door without wrecking the furnace. Herman got into position—cut off his power, and went dead. "All yours," Johnson signaled to Russ. He eased her in, his hands stroking the levers. Herman still had a dead-gravity load. Russ pushed her gently, easing her in; there wasn't one inch to spare. The front end of the steel touched the floor of the furnace. Herman dropped off and Russ gave her a clean push through the door. He pulled out.

It was nice work, but the hard part—the work under the hammer—was still to come. Johnson spoke to Russ. "Betta check your rig over right afta dinner. I want everything to go extra smooth—see? Once I sta't flattennin' her out you'll never get her back through that door. We gotta do it all in one heat and there's plenty of forge work on that baby before she sta'ts freezing."

Anything that wasn't red-hot to Johnson was cold. A piece of steel that didn't lick the grease off the floor wasn't even warm to the touch.

"I never let a job down yet," said Russ. "Guess I won't this one. Better talk to Herman."

"Herman's doing all right, ain't he?"

"So far," said Russ.

All the forenoon the steel soaked in the furnace. It took up a lot of heat even before starting to turn red, and after that a lot more. We had lunch and then Russ and I worked on the machine. I swiped while he oiled and checked over camshafts and gears. His big, gentle hands slid over the journals; the way he felt of the bearings was like a caress. "We'll sling her up there," he said. "We'll twist her tail any old way the Swede says. We'll make her behave."

About two-thirty Johnson said he was ready. We took the hooks off Herman's crane and rigged on a sling. The big hammer was cut in on the high-pressure steam and began warming up. Johnson cleared space for action and gave Russ right-of-way on the floor. Russ put on his green goggles, sloshed water on the front of his shirt, and climbed up on the rig. We were ready to start.

A cold piece of steel is one thing; a hot piece of steel is something else. Cold steel is like a wild animal that is dead; hot steel is like one that is alive and dangerous—there is energy in it. Energy to make the breath stick in your throat—to scorch the inside of your lungs if you breathe through your mouth. Yet you have to work close or you lose control.

Russ dragged the steel halfway out of the furnace and clasped on. We wrapped the sling around and, even with long irons, the job was too hot to be fun. Herman picked up his share of the load and they swung her across the floor to the hammer. A minute later they had her up on the iron and the anvil took Herman's load. Russ had it all.

Johnson's signals were fast: "Left turn—a little—lower the front end a hair—a bit more—too much—o-keh—hold her."

The hammer rapped out ten or fifteen

blows. Fire sprayed; the ground trembled and an empty milk bottle that someone had left on a switch-box crashed to the floor. One end, the upper side, was beveled off, fairly smooth.

A new position. "Shove her up," Johnson signaled. Herman picked up the load for a minute; Russ pushed her over; once again there were signals. Russ's eyes were on Johnson; his hands on the levers were a sight that was beautiful to see. His shirt was steaming and the red light from the steel was on his face.

Once more the hammer—the upper right side was beveled. Once more a quick change; the hammer again—the left side was finished. Then Johnson signaled: "Pull her off—reverse end positions."

"Judast priest!" I said, "that's gonna make the job tough."

A string of visitors came in and lined up to watch. The guide started his spiel and began telling the crowd all about steel, the number of kinds used in making a car, the cost of the rig.

We lowered off to the floor, switched ends and shifted Herman's rigging while Johnson snapped some measurements with long-handled calipers and the scalers cleaned off the anvil.

"Pick her up!" Johnson signaled. And it was then Herman started his monkey business. He lit into his load with a snap. Russ lost his bite and was helpless.

"What's a madda!" Johnson bellowed. "Can't you fellas come up togedda? Take it easy!"

Herman couldn't have heard what he said. Russ kept his mouth shut and worked out a new hold. The job was harder for him, now; he had the end that was beveled. There were no corners—no rough surfaces to bite into.

"Easy now," Johnson signaled. "Bring her up—"

This time they got her off the floor—were starting to raise her—when Herman jerked. Once more Russ lost his hold. He was beginning to get angry. He motioned for Johnson to come up but Johnson ignored him.

"Get it up there!" he signaled. "Stop horsin' around—she's gettin' cold!" That time they both jerked. She slipped out of Herman's sling and rolled to the floor.

Russ slid down the ladder and went up to Johnson.

"Pull him off," he said. "Give me the floor. I can't work with that fellow—he's trying to queer me."

"You're crazy," said Johnson. "You can't handle 'er."

"I'll handle her," said Russ. "Get him out-a here. I'll shorten my boom—get leverage."

"And burn yourself up."

"What-a you care? We're losing our heat. She's getting cold."

"O-keh," said Johnson. "She's yours—you asked for it."

He waved Herman off the floor.

Russ passed me.

"Keep everybody off the track behind me," he snapped. "I'm gonna move—shoot in and grab—back out for air. Throw me a spray when I come past." He swung up.

There was action without waiting for signals from Johnson. Russ shortened his boom a full quarter. The steel lay on its side. He bit into it—slammed it over—backed away—came from another angle and turned it again. He was after a good hold and got it. He shortened the boom another foot. He could have spit on the steel.

"What's 'e tryin' to do," said Johnson, "get 'er up in his lap?"

Russ began raising the load. Slowly, it came up from the floor. The gears growled; the motors groaned with resentment. Circuit breakers popped out with the sound of explosions and were sent back with a flash. Switches snapped and gave off little corkscrews of blue smoke. The machine responded against a gigantic resistance but you felt that it was not the electrical current that turned the wheels and raised the steel—it was the strength, the speed, and the expert control of those powerful hands on the levers.

He got it up on the anvil and the fancy work started. Johnson stepped in again and for once his signals were clear.

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There was no sling to worry about now—no clumsy helper. Russ crouched low behind the controls. The heat must have been fierce, and when the heavy blows fell he was in the red rain of hot iron.

The guide stood in line with his gang—forgot his spiel and looked on. The scalers, better able to appreciate what they saw, stopped work and looked as hard as the others. Three times he got the steel in position; three times the hammer battered and pounded. Then he balanced the steel on the anvil, unclamped, and shot back for a breath of cool air.

The paint on the forward end of the machine was beginning to blister. The oil on the open gears smoked and the steel ladder was hot to the touch.

I handed him a clean pair of goggles and one of the scalers threw up some gloves.

"It won't get you nowhere," I hollered, "if you burn yourself up."

"Don't worry," he said. "This time we'll finish her off."

He rolled in again. Johnson signaled. There was a high spot near the center to work down.

This time it was even more difficult to hold. It was beveled all the way round. He got it, but the first light blow of the hammer loosened it up. It was a struggle again to get the right hold and all the time the steel was up there on the anvil. He turned and tilted and once or twice it threatened to get away and slide to the floor. But he got it, and the hammer did its last work.

"O-keh—" Johnson signaled. "All done."

The crowd broke out and applauded.

As I've said, Herman, the fellow who ran the overhead crane, chewed tobacco. You'd see him up there near the ceiling coasting along in his iron cage with his head sticking out, a cud in his cheek the size of a duck egg, and every once in a while sending a long, thin squirt down to the floor. He hardly ever hit anybody and almost never hit Russ's rig, but Russ was worried. At night after work he'd go round the machine, looking it over.

"What's that?" he'd say. "Looks mighty suspicious to me."

"Aw, get out," I'd say. "It's a little iron rust or some water."

From day to day he worked himself up about it something fierce and nothing I said made any difference. And then one day he sent in a long complaint to the safety department, and a couple of days later a general order came through: no more tobacco chewing by crane operators while on duty. Herman was sore as a boil. He knew who was to blame.

Herman took it out on Russ by starting to swing in his loads. All that afternoon he kept swinging closer and once, when Johnson wasn't on the floor, he pulled one straight over the rig. Russ got up on his ear, and that night, after Herman climbed down from the crane, Russ warned him again.

"I'm telling you once more," he said. "Keep your loads in the clear. Swing another load over my head and I'll reach up there and pull you and your cage down to the floor so quick you won't know what's happened."

"Boosh-wah," said Herman. "Tell it to the safety committee, why doncha?"

I had a chance to talk to Herman at the tool crib.

"Better take it serious," I said. "When he gets his hands on them levers—he'll do anything—he ain't human."

"That's all right," he said. "Me—I'm hot-headed too. If he wants to start something—I'm for it."

The next day it happened. It was about three in the afternoon. Johnson was up at the desk talking to Riley. Russ had a piece of cold stuff and was getting in position to load number three. I had the air off and was raising the door when Herman came down the bay with a stack of front axle blanks, three or four tons of them. The load came down the bay in a straight line for Russ. I figured Herman was going to throw a little scare into Russ—figured he'd come up close and then swing his load to the other side of

the bay. But he didn't. He came straight on—the load swinging a little at the end of the long cables. He was close—getting closer—without cutting speed. Thirty feet—twenty—coming straight over. But no. Russ dropped his load to the floor and shot backward. He stopped, raised his boom like a snake getting ready to strike, and stood his ground. Herman came straight into it. Russ shot out his boom, the iron claw open for business, smashed into Herman's load, and the front axle blanks clattered and rained to the floor. The racket was something terrific. Iron chips flew in every direction; dust rose thick from the floor; scalers and hammer men scattered. I ducked for a pillar.

The fight was on. Herman rolled back and pulled his hooks up—got into position. Now they were empty—ready to hit. Russ drew in his boom. The big claw snapped open—aimed at the cage—came at Herman. But Herman struck first—dropped his hooks like a swinging plummet in a long curve. It was a good shot. He got a grappling hold on the undercarriage of the rig. He drew tight. A couple of pulls and he'd turn the rig over. But Russ was too quick. He slashed his boom round against the steel cables and wiped himself clear. Snarling steel rope filled the air. In a wild swing Herman's hooks struck the top of a furnace. Bricks rained to the floor. Somewhere a steam line let go. Noise was terrific.

Herman shot back and rolled in his line—came in again, maneuvering for a direct overhead drop, trying to keep Russ on the defensive. But Russ went at him. He shot out his boom—full length—straight for the cage. Herman kicked back—not a second too soon. Another two feet and Russ would have had him down on the floor. Herman dropped the hooks; Russ struck as they fell and sent them spinning, and they crashed against the big hammer. But they were open and on the rebound they hit the undercarriage of the rig—closed up and held. Herman gave her the juice—all he had. His lines tightened. Once more Russ tried to slash himself clear—struck out. It was no good. The steel lines tightened still more. Russ swung his boom—raised and lowered—trying to cut through. Fire leaped from the cables as steel sheared on steel. No use. The rig—one side—began to raise from the floor. He'd go over! To save himself he aimed his boom for the crane—shot out to full length—clamped onto the bridge. It held. Herman was powerless to move him. The two machines were deadlocked to a standstill.

It was then I thought about throwing out the master switches like I'm supposed to do in emergencies. Both switches were up there on the wall pillar and I cut Herman out first, and when I did, Russ settled back to the floor.

And then I got busy. Fellows were running all around, looking up, still not sure whether the building would come down or not. Scalers with brick dust on their clothes began showing up on the floor looking scared.

I went up to a couple.

"Listen," I said. "You fellows. I don't care who you're for. But if one gets fired—they both go. We gotta make them think it was an accident. I'll do the talking."

I had to do some powerful lying. But what could I do? There was Johnson and he had the two men down on the floor, and there was Riley and a whole bunch of others and they wanted to know everything. And after I got started, there was no way of changing my story—no place to stop; and I got in deeper and deeper; and I told them that the two machines had just accidentally come together, and that in trying to untangle they had got scrambled up something awful. Russ was still fighting mad, but looking at him you might have thought that he was just scared, and I was afraid that he would lay into Herman right there while I was talking, though a fist-fight, I guess, would have been pretty tame after the way they had been going at it. And there were the two machines,

still standing there with death grips on each other, in what you might call a compromising position—axle blanks and broken bricks scattered all over the floor and smoke pouring from the hole in the furnace. If Johnson or Riley had had a lick of sense in their heads they wouldn't have had to ask any question, but what it came down to, I guess, is what I told Russ. They just couldn't imagine that there would ever be two fellows so dumb and hot-headed that they would try to run off a fight with a bridge crane and a manipulator.

The pow-wow ended up with me getting it in the neck from Johnson.

"When you saw what was happening," he said, "why'n-cha do sumpt'ing? Why'n-cha t'row out the switch right away, 'stead of standin' there with your hands in your pockets?"

One day in May, when times were bad in Detroit, Johnson called Russ and me over and gave us a couple of slips.

"Take these," he said, "and go up to the transfer department and see if ya can get yaself a couple new jobs. I can't use ya no more."

"What's the matter?" said Russ.

"It's nottin' the matta," said Johnson. "It's just what I'm tellin' ya—I can't use ya no more."

"Why not?"

" 'Cause I can't. We got a new way figured out for making dies. We ain't gonna forge 'em no more."

Johnson was fooling round with some blueprints—filing some away—throwing some in the can.

"Who's gonna run the rig?" asked Russ.

"Nobody."

"What's gonna happen to it?"

"They'll feed it to the open-hearths. Melt it up and make some new Holts. In a couple days you'll see it standin' out there in the bone-yard. The big hammer goes too. No more poundin' and bangin'. It ain't civilized to make dies like that."

"Ain't civilized? How are you gonna make dies if you don't forge them?"

"We're gonna type 'em."

"Type them?"

"That's what I said."

"It sounds crazy."

"Might be it sounds crazy to you."

Johnson went on with his work.

"But why junk the rig?"

"It's obsolete, I tol' ya. Odda companies use old-fashion tools. We can't afford to."

"Then why not sell it?"

"Because the Holt Motor Company ain't in the second-hand business."

Johnson put on his coat.

"Betta get going," he said. "They'll be closin' up." Then he left.

I had to wash up and when I got back to the floor Russ was fooling with the rig. He had a piece of rag in his hand—too small to do any good—and pretended to be swiping.

"Don't wait for me," he said. "I'll be along later."

But I didn't go and while waiting for him I went over some old clothes in my locker, throwing some away, saving others; and while doing this, I watched him, and what he was doing was sort of saying farewell to the rig. His big hands curved over the brasses, his fingers touching and feeling—the tips of his fingers sensing the feel of the metal that was still warm from the heat of the day's work. Along the smooth shafts his hands slid, gentle and yet strong in their motions, firm and gentle, flowing along the warm steel. He climbed to the controls and let his hands flow over the levers —levers that his hands knew so well; touching each one—sliding his hands along the smooth metal—feeling them—understanding them with the tips of his fingers. And then down again, reaching a hand intimately into a nest of warm gears, leaning the while against the base of the machine, one hand exploring and touching, the other hand pressed against the bare, unpainted steel.

"Come on," I said. "Let's beat it. They'll be closed up before we get there if we don't get a move on."

He came out of it then, and we left.



THE WHITE COLLAR CHOKES

THREE YEARS OF WPA PROFESSIONAL WORK

BY GRACE ADAMS

THE news from Washington early last June, that Congress would soon increase the allotments of the Works Progress Administration, made perplexing reading for those of us who still cling, though now a little hesitantly, to a tradition that was once known quite unambiguously as "liberal." A person whose "social conscience" is a matter of flexible, humanitarian convictions rather than of fixed party policies could hardly share the rabid New Dealers' jubilation over this "victory" of their principles—for by then it was becoming plain that many WPA dollars which had been intended to feed and clothe the needy had been put to far less worthy uses. Yet no one whose memory of the bleak early years of the depression was still clear could join with a clear conscience in the bitter denunciations of the financial Tories—for pointing that memory and keeping it sharp was the thought of some million desperate, but once proud and competent men and women who were destitute by 1935 and who might still, but for the generous gesture of a benevolent government, be subsisting meagerly and shamefully upon municipal charity.

Perhaps WPA funds have been spent inefficiently, perhaps in some localities WPA officials are not unlearned in political chicanery; still it was "primarily" for the benefit of the "skilled" and "professional" persons who had been "deprived of their means of livelihood by forces beyond their control" that the basic theories of WPA, as opposed to those of all other relief agencies, were first promulgated. And whenever during the past three topsy-turvy economic years the cry has gone up from those who must eventually pay their bills that the "white-collar projects" have been needlessly expensive, there have come from Washington such reassurances as these:

"We think our projects are worthwhile and that the people who are working on them may take a workman's proper pride in their achievement. . . . If the men are to be given useful, productive work in which they may take a genuine satisfaction, money must be provided for equipment and materials. . . . Our primary concern has been with the workers themselves . . . maintaining their morale and skills."

Now, to a kindhearted, liberal-minded person actually doing useful and productive work of which he can be genuinely proud—that is, to one who still derives his livelihood from that free, splendid world known to WPA workers, often only by hearsay, as "private industry"—these few simple sentences make good sense. They also seem ample justification for any blunders and extravagances that an organization so huge and so experimental may perpetrate. But to the white-collar project worker himself, automatically signing his identification number to a time sheet four times a day and furtively cashing his ear-marked emergency relief check once a week, such words as "pro-

ductive," "useful," "genuine," "skill," "achievement," "morale," and "pride" evoke a disturbing and nostalgic emotion —the same feeling that comes to him when he happens to remember the home that he mortgaged or the possessions that he pawned in the hope that he would soon be a self-supporting citizen once more.

The white-collar relief worker remembers the year of 1935 too—and the five pinched and despairing years that went before it—much more lastingly than the rest of us do. He remembers the bewildered wonder with which he read those first heartening dispatches coming out from Washington and realized that the national government was preparing to do for him the one thing that at that time no past employer, no well-meaning relative, no local charity was able to do. It was going to make him an "independent" and a "useful" citizen once more. It was going to see that whatever aptitudes he possessed should not become finally dulled through disuse, and that the last remnants of his self-respect should no longer be tattered by the regretful refusals of employment agencies and the grudging concessions of relief investigators. He was going to be allowed to work again. He was going to be given a job so well worth doing that the government itself was ready to pay him "going wages" to perform it.

It turned out though that after he had tramped dazedly from one hastily assembled WPA office to another, answered the same questions over and over again, stood impatiently in line for days, and waited anxiously at home for weeks, he was not given a job at all. He was given a slip of flimsy paper containing a complex numeral, which he learned to call a "dog-tag" but which was known officially as a Project Assignment Number.

In case the distinction between a job and a project assignment seems as obscure and unimportant to the person who reads about it to-day as it did to the project assignee himself three years ago, that distinction must be made clear. No one who does not understand it can possibly understand the unique position of the white-collar WPA worker or the most significant and obvious factors concerning him—why he is a favorite target for both radio jokes and communistic propaganda and why also private industry even in its comparatively recuperative months, during 1936 and 1937, persistently refused to re-employ him. Behind the technic of work-by-projects lies a definite philosophy, quickly discernible to anyone familiar with the trends which American pedagogy and psychiatry have followed during the past three decades. Behind it too lies the compromise of one of the most humanitarian of all utopian dreams with the immediate exigencies of politics and economics.

II

The dream—which according to rumor came to Mr. Harry Hopkins and Mr. Aubrey Williams simultaneously in a dining car of the Pennsylvania Railroad—was that the money which the Roosevelt Administration was prepared to spend in helping industry to recover could be more widely distributed by diverting it, temporarily, to the altogether worthy purpose of "maintaining the morale and skills" of the most deserving among the nation's unemployed. The national government would interview its jobless men and women, determine the type of work they could do best, and pay them for performing just such work until private industry, through the impetus given it by the spending of their salaries, would be ready to re-employ them.

The realities with which this dream has had to contend have been so numerous that few were understood until the works program was well under way; many have not become clear to WPA officials even now. The greatest, however, was apparent before the original idea was put before Congress.

The aptitudes of the unemployed had been as various as the industries and professions that had once employed them. They had been salesmen, justices of the peace, paperhangers, electricians, school-

teachers, dentists, real estate agents, milliners, machine operators, tailors, furriers, actors, plumbers, plasterers, clergymen, architects, butchers, office managers, commercial travelers, reporters, nurses, welders, barbers, dressmakers, laundrymen, and everything else that several million once self-supporting individuals could have been. To have kept all of them proficient at the only trades they knew the Administration would have had to go into business with a vengeance and become a rich and suffocating rival of the very industries it was attempting to revive. This was obviously impossible. So the first requirement for relief work was that it should in no way compete with any other work then being done throughout the nation. The unemployed were to be put back to work—but at tasks which, by commercial and narrowly practical standards, should be valueless.

With the manual laborers this requirement raised no great difficulties. In every community throughout the nation there were roads that needed leveling, parks that needed sprucing up, public buildings that needed improvements. So during 1935 almost two million persons, in large cities as well as country neighborhoods, were set to work with rake and shovel and trowel. And there for the purpose of this article they must be left—to the ministrations of the politicians and the mercies of the cartoonists; for like the originators of the WPA program our "primary" concern is with the seven hundred thousand men and women who during the past three years have been employed on white-collar projects.

"We don't think," said administrator Aubrey Williams, "a good musician should be asked to turn second-rate laborer in order that a sewer may be laid for relative permanency rather than a concert given for the momentary pleasure of our people." And neither, by implication and WPA's specific design, should anyone who had ever manipulated a slide rule or carried a brief case or pounded a typewriter or served goods or food across a counter, be asked to perform the only kind of work that in our day is known as "manual."

Intellectually this was a high ideal. Yet considered in strictly practical terms, what exactly is "work" whose ultimate objective is neither permanency, nor monetary value, but momentary pleasure? It is not, as WPA's most callous critics insist on calling it, plain loafing. It is exactly what the WPA officials have officially designated it—a "cultural project."

Though these officials have made "project" one of the most commonly used nouns in our contemporary vocabulary, it was not they who first took this word, which for centuries had referred, and by definition should refer, to an indefinite future, and by persistent repetition made it descriptive of activities already performed. This had been done for them by the designers of that most typically American of pedagogical philosophies—progressive education.

When the fortunate youngsters of the newer education imitate for their transitory enjoyment, and under the benevolent guidance of their teachers, the actions which their elders execute for more remote and ulterior ends—daubing with paints, modeling with clay, organizing toy bands, printing two-page newspapers, building make-believe boats, and dramatizing their own imaginative thoughts—they are never described as accomplishing individual tasks; they are always said to be working collectively upon a project. And so are the seven hundred thousand men and women in WPA's professional division, whether their activities concern painting murals, asking housewives about their budgets, taking measurements of historical buildings, making scrapbooks of the Sunday rotogravures, acting in circuses, playing in dance orchestras, or compiling bibliographies and translating scientific treatises that no commercial publisher will ever print.

Some activities such as band concerts and vaudeville performances lend themselves naturally to the project method and, therefore, seem to be carried on under WPA sponsorship in the same way

that they are conducted in the commercial world. Yet even when such normally sedentary and solitary occupations as research work and literary composition are adopted by WPA, they too are not only blessed with the terminology of progressive education but infused with its bustling spirit of collective activity. And it is only by keeping in mind the essentially restless, squirming atmosphere of the play-schools that an intelligent and competent individual outside the WPA can possibly understand how similar persons within the WPA feel about the projects upon which they are required to spend six or five or three hours a day in return for their $17, $19, or $22 weekly checks.

If, for instance, you live in an urban community you have probably read in your newspapers that a WPA educational project is helping the backward children in your city's schools to read or spell or add more proficiently. Since you are familiar with the established custom of "coaching" you believe that you understand what the project workers are doing.

The truth is though that from what you have read in the paper you know very little of the project itself. You know only its "service angle"—that fractional part of it which has been "written up to show" by the assistant professor of education or the assistant grade-school principal who for reasons of his own "sponsored" it—for the precise purpose that it has already served: that of attracting the approving attention of intelligent persons like yourself. The fortunate young women who do the actual teaching are comparatively so few that if they were all dismissed to-morrow their absence would scarcely be noticed except by the most turbulently union-minded of their fellow-workers. The real project is composed of hundreds of men and women who never except by accident see a school child. These are research workers, who were once bank tellers, civil engineers, lawyers, jewelers, automobile salesmen, grocery clerks, but who now sit day after day in crowded rooms copying in neat rows the number of two-letter, three-letter, and four-letter words appearing in a certain standard primer, which another group of research workers will correlate with similar word-lists which still other "units" of research workers have already compiled from other primers. These people are collectively performing tasks that seem as remote to them as they do to you from the simple business of teaching stupid little boys and girls to learn their lessons more quickly, but which to the WPA officials are extremely valuable tasks because they keep so many men and women signing the time sheet four times a day.

It is the same way when at your lending library you come across one of the slim brochures of information which from time to time the cultural projects have put out. This again is a "service" by-product of the organic project itself, written by a special group for a special purpose. It may tell you many interesting facts about the community in which you live or the countryside you hope to visit on your next vacation. It does not tell you what will eventually become of the millions of words which are being copied into blue and yellow forms, checked, recopied, classified, and filed away.

When you hear that one white-collar project in your community is accompanying school children to historic shrines and another is helping foreigners to learn English, you do not know, because no one has thought it necessary to tell you, that in order that the projects may operate, the "teachers" and "counselors" assigned to them must spend a large part of their time begging grade-school teachers to lend them their charges for a few hours each month, or cajoling Italian, Greek, and Finnish housewives, who have already learned how best to placate relief investigators, into exchanging the fluency of their native tongues for a few clipped sentences of tabloid English.

And if you have been caught up in the enthusiasms of those who declare that the few murals and canvases which the WPA has exhibited in strategic cities would seem to justify the millions it has spent on

its art projects, you probably do not realize that out of all those millions the men and women who actually painted those pictures received no more for their work (in some cities considerably less) than the thousands of persons who have become "artists" merely by official classification, and who block in the charts and copy the inspirational posters and slogans that adorn all WPA offices.

The persons who are now employed upon the white-collar projects are not of course the care-free, tenderly nurtured children for whose "momentary pleasure" the technic of progressive education was first devised. They are grown men and women who before WPA put them back to work had to submit to the most humiliating experience of their lives—that of confessing to a public social worker, as well as to themselves, that they could no longer, unaided, make a living. So unlike the fortunate youngsters of the play schools, the WPA workers did not "create" their own projects, or even choose those at which they would work; they were "requisitioned" to them by a process of mobilization which was numerically as precise, and very nearly as arbitrary, as that which had conscripted the American Expeditionary Forces eighteen years earlier.

III

Even if the WPA officials' initial hope of making their work program conform to the specific abilities of the millions of unemployed had not been scotched by the Administration's non-competitive promise to business, their secondary hope, that each needy worker might be "interviewed by a committee especially qualified to pass upon his training and qualifications," would have given way before the flood of relief dollars in 1935.

When a requisition came to a local relief office for ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand white-collar workers, the hard-pressed, poorly paid "employment officer" there, whose job up till now had been mostly nominal, did the very best that he could. Within the requisite number of days he supplied the requisite number of workers by having his assistants go through his files and select from them those "clients" whose own unverified descriptions of themselves seemed to qualify them for the assignments.

If during the next week after this particular requisition was officially closed, this same employment officer happened to interview personally a dozen persons who were especially fitted for the work to which he had already assigned hundreds of untrained and inexperienced people, there was nothing that he or anyone else could do about it. And if, when the next requisition was open, he was obliged to send these same competent persons to more menial and less well paid tasks, there was nothing that could be done about that either.

"We do not think," said Aubrey Williams, "a good musician should be asked to turn second-rate laborer." And yet the only musician employed by WPA of whom the world at large has heard is the Italian boy whose hand-pick was hacking the pavements of New York the morning before an audition at the Hippodrome won him the title role in "Pagliacci."

Ralph M. Easly, of the National Civic Federation, claims to have definite proof that only twenty-one per cent of the persons employed on the Federal Writers Project in New York City ever wrote for a living, or saw a line of their own composition in print. Yet when this same project went into operation in 1935 a widely known author of light verse and children's stories could not join it because two months before, when she was first requisitioned to work relief, she had confessed to an expert knowledge of stenography and was, therefore, classified irrevocably as a clerk.

Thus, even in the first flush months of governmental spending, the fine free ideals of progressive education were bent to the precise implementation of military conscription. Soon they were forced to bow even deeper to legislative economics. When the principles of the Works Progress Administration were first promul-

gated in 1934 it seemed that the depth of the depression must surely have been reached. When Congress approved them the next spring, industrial recovery seemed so near that the money for "maintaining the morale and skills" of the temporarily unemployed was appropriated for only six months' time; since then the money for WPA's continuance has been doled out for the same short periods. By November 1, 1935, all the millions of dollars ear-marked for work relief had already been allocated to the thousands of projects which claimed it. On that date WPA closed its employment offices.

But Congress, like the WPA officials, had depended upon business charts rather than upon the independent temper of the American people. When the Emergency Relief Act of 1935 was passed in April, America had indeed reached the depth of its depression; and more capable and ambitious persons were out of work than ever before. Yet local relief rolls had not yet registered the final desperate plight of the nation's unemployed. As late as 1936 hundreds of thousands of American families, though in actual want, were still too proud to apply for the munificent bounties which they still considered "charity."

Social workers from all over the country can offer good evidence that among these "doubly underprivileged," who were denied WPA employment because they had not publicly declared themselves indigent by November, 1935, were thousands of men and women who were exceptionally worthy of places on the white-collar projects. Yet, even as with the WPA manual workers, our primary concern is not with them, but with the seven hundred thousand comparatively fortunate persons who, because of actual destitution, or from canny foresight, were already on local relief rolls when WPA was inaugurated and were given white-collar assignments on it. Fortunate they are, as to the size of their weekly checks; yet the same legislative finances that have disqualified many of the unemployed for any kind of work relief, have kept these seven hundred thousand continually jittery about the jobs they now hold.

From the early spring of 1936 till that of 1938 WPA's allocations were not increased, but continually curtailed. During that period there was scarcely a month when the newspapers did not carry announcements of reductions in the WPA rolls; and never a day when rumors of such reductions were not being whispered about, discussed, and trembled over in all white-collar projects. For work relief firing, like work relief hiring, cannot take account of individual needs; it *must* be done in strict conformity to fixed and predetermined numbers. The relief worker has no way of knowing in advance how large the next reduction will be, or where it will strike, yet always there is the chance that it may strike him.

The recent larger appropriations for work relief will perhaps quell these anxieties for a while. But as soon as the Works Progress Administration is again forced by Congress to economize, rumors of dismissals will again sweep the projects, and a person who was requisitioned in 1938 will learn to share, with those who have been white-collar workers for more than three years, the perpetual dread of finding a pink slip in his envelope—and of having to admit, in finality and despair, that the government, like private industry, no longer has any use for whatever competence he once possessed.

IV

Though this persistent, morbid concern over dismissals may be a state of mind difficult for an outsider to comprehend completely, what is forcibly apparent to anyone who visits a white-collar project for even a half hour, is the number of exceptionally young, seemingly befuddled, and obviously infirm persons employed upon it. The deliberate weighting of the white-collar projects with boys and girls who reached working age after the depression had hit us in earnest and were therefore unable to find jobs commensurate with their educa-

tional attainments; with housewives who had neither special training nor any vocational experience; with men past the retirement age in most industries; and with persons whose physical afflictions had rendered them unfit for manual labor, was in line with WPA's broad policy of psychiatric idealism. For surely a nation which was preparing to spend billions on the rehabilitation of those among its citizens who were, supposedly, only temporarily unemployed, could afford a few hundred thousands for those for whom private industry would never again have a place or to whom it had not yet given the chance of earning a living. Yet the psychological result of this generous and compassionate gesture has been far from salutary. Not only has it bred skepticism in regard to the value of work which can be no more adequately performed by persons of exceptional training and ability than by boys and girls fresh from high school, by men so deaf that an expert at sign language must translate their instructions to them each morning, and women so palsied that a special clerk has to transcribe their almost illegible notes each afternoon; more than this, the inclusion of inexperienced and (to put it bluntly) incapacitated persons upon projects originally planned for skilled and competent workers tended to inject the concept of permanency into an organization that was intended to be temporary.

Like the originators of the WPA, the experienced men and women whom it originally employed looked upon work relief as a stop-gap to private employment. But from the beginning the confused middle-aged women, the feeble old men, the persons who are crippled or afflicted with slight but definite neuroses, have hoped fervently, though always anxiously and suspiciously, that WPA's weekly bounties will continue at least as long as they live, while the young people who have never worked before and who know no other working standards except those which WPA has imposed on them are determined to make it last as long as they want it to. To them work relief is neither a stepping-stone to other employment nor a final refuge from an unkind world. It is a vocation which, by great good luck, they were able to enter at a particularly precarious time and which they have no intention of quitting for less lucrative or more laborious occupations.

To distinguish between those who were once able to regard WPA work as temporary and those whose highest hope and most articulate objective is to make it permanent, we have to go back to the early months of 1937, when for a while business seemed to be recovering from its doldrums. Private industry was beginning to re-employ again, Home Relief rolls were shrinking, but the personnel of the WPA changed noticeably only by blanket dismissals dictated by economy. The National Re-employment Service decided to take a hand in the matter and see if it could not put the most competent of the WPAers back into private work. Little was heard of this effort in the outside world, for little came of it; after the NRS's intensive drive was over the WPA rolls were as big as they had been before; private industry had refused to hire people from the work-relief ranks.

But announcement of the proposed drive made a stir in WPA offices. Orders went out that all project work should be stopped (as it is always stopped when there is anything else that the project workers might possibly do) until the NRS had carefully interviewed all workers to see what private jobs they might be qualified to fill. Two young women received the news at the same time with markedly different reactions.

Miss A had come to New York before the depression, bringing with her a much younger sister. Through recommendations from her former employer in the Middle West she easily found work as private secretary to the president of a wholesale clothing firm. She supported herself and her sister and paid for the latter's schooling. In 1933 the clothing concern failed and the two girls, who had neither savings nor relatives to tide them over until Miss A could get another job,

were forced to apply for relief. Because of her ability Miss A was immediately set to work as a typist in the relief office at $17 a week, upon which the girls lived until 1935, when WPA went into effect and Miss A was transferred to a "cultural project." "That," she remembers thinking naïvely, "would be just wonderful. I could do work that was worth while and really interesting." But because she had been classified as a typist in the relief office, she has remained a typist on WPA and at the same salary; only now instead of typing case histories she types long sheets of numbers, of the significance of which she has not until this day the slightest inkling.

Miss B, during the three years she has been receiving $120 a month for working 21 hours a week on an educational project, has lived with her family. Though this is the first paying position she has ever held, after her graduation from high school in 1930 she was able to attend a local college for a year and a half, study for six months in a private secretarial school, and spend another year at a conservatory in another city. She joined the WPA during those early months of 1935 when the mobilization of the white-collar projects was so frenzied that an application for local relief was often accepted as a definite test of need. Thus she escaped the indignities of a home investigation; and because she described herself calmly and confidently as a teacher, she was not only accepted as such but made "head teacher" over several dozens of men and women, all of whom were her superiors in age, education, experience, or proved earning ability.

When the news of the re-employment drive reached the projects, Miss A was hopeful. "If they'll only get me a *real* job again," she said, "I don't care what they pay me or what I have to do—just so I can leave this outfit where signing the time sheet right is the only thing that really counts."

Miss B had different ideas. "Why, if they find out I can type," she thought, "they might put me to work in an *office*. I'm no stenographer; I'm a teacher. They won't make *me* work any 8 hours a day for $14 a week!"

She was right; they didn't. Nor did they offer a job to Miss A. And after the re-employment drive was over Miss A had a new item to add to her credo about signing the time sheet right being the only thing that counts. This was: "If you ever want a real job again never let anyone know that you have been on WPA."

For persons like Miss A the failure of the NRS to persuade private employers to take them back to work meant the confirmation of a dread that had been becoming more certain whenever they had sought other jobs—that to the real world of industrial efficiency a WPA assignment number was a badge of failure and incompetence. Since then, as nothing has occurred to dissipate this dread, the psychological distinction between the once efficient workers and those who are inexperienced or incapable has grown increasingly dim. As their hopes of obtaining outside jobs recede, the men and women who once held such jobs with pride and competence begin to identify their own futures with those of the WPA; and like those who are lame or old or sickly, they too begin to trust that work relief will continue. And dominating all the rest is the one truly articulate group of WPA workers, whose attitude is tainted neither by the pitiful gratitude of the infirm nor the frustrated resentment of the once competent: the young people who share Miss B's philosophy and who have organized the WPA unions with the announced intention of treating the United States Government as their permanent employer.

That the recipients of charity should have the temerity to band together for the specific purpose of striking against and bargaining with the dispensers of that charity strikes most rational observers as an idea which even W. S. Gilbert might have found fantastic. Yet the relation between the white-collar unions and WPA officialdom is neither so innocent nor nearly so amusing as a Savoy libretto.

An Administration which has gone on record as favoring private industrial unions can scarcely deny the right of organization to persons who are doing work which this same Administration insists is both "useful" and "productive." Though the WPA officials are unable to increase the wages of its relief workers beyond the amounts allotted to them by Congress, they can, as they have frequently done, reduce the working hours of any project that "bargains" noisily enough. Furthermore, the official WPA attitude toward the return of its employees to private industry is much closer to Miss B's contempt than Miss A's eagerness. Miss A said that if she could get a "real job" once more she didn't care what she would have to do or what she was paid. The official instruction on that problem is that an individual shall not voluntarily leave WPA except for a full-time job at "standard or going rates of pay."

Indeed, a man must feel very sure both of himself and of his future before he quits the relative security of governmental patronage for the heady independence of private employment. Theoretically he can return to work relief if "through no fault of his own" his outside job collapses; actually, congressional economics and ever-changing relief restrictions make re-employment on WPA an extremely precarious matter.

When Mr. Easly made public his charge that only twenty-one per cent of the personnel of the Federal Writers Project had ever written for publication, Mr. Henry Alsberg, that project's director, answered him not by contradictory statistics but with a list of distinguished literary names that had been signed to WPA pay rolls. It happened that the first novelist he mentioned, and probably the best known of them all, had for more than a year been trying in vain to get back the job of "assistant writer" on the American Guidebook which he had resigned temporarily, or so he thought, in order to complete a book of his own. The novel was finished, but neither published nor contracted for; and its author was penniless. Yet, because of new and more stringent regulations, he was firmly barred from the WPA rolls.

V

It is in obeying certain inflexible rules, which in an organization so vast must often seem arbitrary, that the young people on WPA have such a tremendous psychological advantage over their more experienced elders. Since relief work is the only kind of work that thousands of boys and girls, and still other thousands of middle-aged and elderly women, have ever known, they accept its peculiar restrictions with ease and without question. But in complying with certain regulations, the breaking of which would immediately cost them their jobs, men and women who have been trained to industrial efficiency find themselves changing and unmaking habits which it took them years to learn.

There is, for example, the matter of promptness. This is a virtue as necessary on a project as in a department store or a school house—yet within the WPA it is promptness in reverse. For there clock-watching is not a minor vice but a prime necessity. If a project worker is fifty-five minutes late getting to work, the most damaging thing that can happen to him is the loss of one hour's pay. But if he is five minutes late in *leaving* work, and his tardiness is detected, he is subject to instant dismissal. "Overtime" to many a white-collar worker is merely a literary term—a matter of "making up on paper," under explicit directions from his superiors, a certain number of required "fiscal hours" which conflicting regulations will not allow him to perform in the flesh.

If some individual quirk of conscience keeps a lone worker from signing his name and identification number to the solemn pledge which attests that he and his colleagues have labored faithfully, industriously, and efficiently for 120 hours a month, when in reality they have put in

only 60 hours of desultory work, he will of course lose one-half of his monthly pay. But more than that, his record, which is the only means by which he is known to the officials who periodically reduce the relief rolls, will show that he has willfully and without permission absented himself from the tasks which according to *their* records his co-workers performed so faithfully. For in all of WPA's voluminous files there is no space for recording the ethical niceties which distinguish a conscientious man from a grumbler or a loafer.

But more important even than the problem of time is the question of money. Among all possible virtues, thrift would seem to be the one which a man on relief should cultivate. Yet under WPA regulations thrift becomes the most dangerous vice that he can acquire. The check which a project worker receives each week is not, after all, a wage paid to him for necessary work, which he can spend or invest or save as he wishes. It is a certain fraction of several billions of dollars which the government has intrusted to him for immediate dispersal to a real-estate agent, a grocery clerk, a department store, a lunchroom, a moving-picture theater, or a corner saloon. If he decides to betray this trust and, by denying himself new clothes or good food, save some portion of his weekly salary against the time when WPA will no longer employ him, he will find that time miraculously hastened by his frugality. He will, that is, unless he has learned how to deceive the "special investigators" whose business it is to discover just how he and his co-workers use their money. The man who has lost the privilege of holding a private job soon finds that he has also relinquished the right to own private property or lead a private life.

VI

It is when he realizes that obeying to the letter, and to the minute, certain fixed and arbitrary rules makes his position on WPA surer than the most efficient work that he could possibly turn out, that a project worker must face a thought more devastating to his morale than the possibility that private industry will never reemploy him. This is the suspicion that private industry may be wise in refusing him a job. For as the once efficient worker contemplates the methods by which he is forced to perform the work that he is allowed to do, he sees that he has actually become more like the incompetent people with whom he is so closely associated than the men and women who labor hard and efficiently for what is commonly called an honest living—the men and women who, however menial their tasks or meager their wages, pay through their taxes the liberal dole that he receives each week. The relief worker, if he still holds to his personal integrity, cannot escape the final humiliation from which the national government, at the cost of many billions of dollars, has tried to spare him. However much he may try to disguise it when discussing the attractions of his "job" or his "business" with outsiders, to himself and his fellow-workers he admits that, like the home-relief clients, he also is subsisting upon a dole.

If his superiors could admit this too they would save their government a great deal of money and themselves many a headache. But the high relief officials cannot concede that WPA salaries are doles without confessing that they are far from equitable ones. They are doles apportioned according neither to present needs nor past earning abilities, but to cultural classifications. Those who fear that the New Deal is being run exclusively for the laboring class should take some measure of comfort from this new aristocracy—not one of birth, to be sure, but of artistic inclinations.

A WPA laborer with a wife, seven children, and an aging father to support gets no more for his leaf-raking or his sewer-laying than one who is a childless, unmarried orphan. And a WPA white-collar clerk, who as a salesman or the proprietor of his own business once earned five thousand dollars a year, gets considerably

less than tens of thousands of boys and girls and elderly women who before WPA employed them had never drawn any salaries at all, but who, because they had no past experience to classify them for lowlier occupations, and also because they once went to college or studied singing or visited museums, were able to classify themselves and be accepted as teachers, musicians, and artists.

Among all relief workers those who receive the highest hourly pay are the WPA artists in the large Eastern and Midwestern cities. Among them are to be found the several hundred painters and sculptors who produced the murals and statues which have become WPA's greatest pride and strongest selling point. But concentrated in the cultural projects and, through the weight of the numbers and the strength of their unions, dominating them, are the inexperienced, unencumbered, but highly articulate youngsters who are so certain that work relief has become their lifelong career.

Nobody with the least understanding of human nature can blame these young people who have neither families to support them nor influential friends to get them jobs (for these were the prerequisites of their WPA employment) for clinging so determinedly to a way of life that is so much more "interesting" and also so much less laborious than that which the average middle-class youth is able to pursue even in normal times.

Yet the gigantic works program was not inaugurated to encourage several thousands of boys and girls to indulge their artistic inclinations in the sure knowledge that the government would continue to pay them liberal hourly wages for doing so. It was inaugurated to help that same forgotten man who was remembered so dramatically in the 1932 presidential campaign—the man who had worked hard for his living, married, settled down, paid his debts, and begotten children, without any foreknowledge that a general depression would so swiftly leave him destitute. Among white-collar workers those to whom the government promised most have received its smallest bounties and its stingiest moral support.

What would happen to all these people if the WPA were suddenly discontinued we have no way of knowing—just as we cannot be certain what *might* have happened to them if four years ago the Roosevelt Administration had not decided that it was so much better for a man's morale to compel him to do "made work" at the rate of $80 a month (the average cost of keeping him on WPA) than to allow him to seek "real work" at the rate of $33 (the average amount that is spent on keeping a family on a monthly dole).

I should hate to give aid and comfort to those who argue for a straight dole simply because it is cheaper and because they are callous to the human tragedy of unemployment. But there is this to be said:

A man living on a straight dole may go hungry, he may chide himself for the failure that he has become; but at least he has one intellectual satisfaction—that of admitting that spiritually as well as financially he has struck bottom. And from that honest admission, as the continuous turn-over in local relief rolls attests, there has often come the determination to work at anything he can—so long as what he does brings his family at least two meals a day and frees him from the necessity of confessing to anyone how he makes or spends or saves his money.

The person who has worked for three years on a white-collar project has already lost this incentive to independent industry, and so he opposes with all the vigor he has left any change in the work relief program; not because, if he is honest, he considers the work he does worth while, or even because he thinks the government owes him a living, but simply because he knows that so long as the WPA continues as it is he can draw larger bounties from it than from any other public charity.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

MR. PLATO

BY IRWIN EDMAN

"You had better come with us to Italy," said my friends as I left them at Vézélay, where the grandiose Abbaye and its superb spaces and capitals and the June weather and the pleasures of reunion (I had been away a year) had given us a very good time together.

"No, I have made up my mind to see Autun," I insisted. "There's a fine Romanesque cathedral there." And I began to recite its simple unadorned charm, its historical importance, the beauty of the surrounding country, the Roman theater where the Comédie Française came to play in the summer. I had been reading the *Guide Bleu.*

I knew I had made no mistake even before seeing the cathedral, for the Hotel St. Louis was one of those inns on the Continent which make one find a reason for staying in a town longer than one had intended. It was then well over a hundred years old. They show you the room where Napoleon slept. It has an inner courtyard where the stagecoaches and carriages used to draw up. My room under the eaves seemed singularly homelike and comfortable and had a bath, which Napoleon's room did not. I arrived late in the afternoon and had a glimpse of the cathedral before dark. The *Guide Bleu* had not exaggerated. I took a walk out of town through rolling green country that reminded me at once of the Cotswolds and of Vermont. "This," I said to myself, "is just the place to stay for a couple of weeks of reading and writing."

I was sure of it that night at dinner. Apparently Autun was now on one of the main motor roads to the south, and for all its sleepy isolation had a good deal of passing tourist traffic. The *cuisine* was *renommée.* So was the wine. I was lonely without my friends and drank a good deal of Burgundy. I felt wonderful. "Why did nobody tell me of Autun before?" I thought as I was falling asleep.

Next morning I wished I had never heard of it. The *cuisine renommée,* the *vin superbe,* had done for me. I was sure I had ptomaine poisoning. I asked the *valet de chambre* to send the friendly manager whom the evening before I had complimented on his food, his wine, his country, and the room which Napoleon had slept in.

"Is it," I said wanly when he appeared, "that there is a doctor in Autun?"

"But yes, monsieur," he said briskly. "M. Platon."

"But you are joking, monsieur, *c'est de la blague,* not really M. Plato!" Even though I had ptomaine poisoning, I wouldn't believe there was anybody named Plato in a French provincial town.

"Yes, M. Platon," the innkeeper said simply, "an excellent family physician; he has attended my own family for twenty years; a physician of the first order."

"Send M. Platon," I said weakly, wondering whether ptomaine poisoning was fatal. I remembered that Aristotle, anyway, was a physician and that there was a good deal about the humors of the body in Plato; and a physician, Erizymachus, appears in one of the dialogues. Maybe this Plato chap was all right after all.

Twenty minutes later—I was growing more and more sure it was ptomaine poisoning—I heard a hearty voice down the corridor. "*Alors,* where is the American?" The voice sounded almost threatening. Perhaps these provincial doctors still believed in blood-letting.

There entered my room not the diminutive Frenchman I had somehow expected, but a tall, heavy man with bushy hair and eyebrows (he turned out to have originated in the Basque country); very brisk and energetic in his movements and an impatient firmness in his eye. He looked not at all like the busts of Plato, though he did have a broad brow.

"If you will permit me, sir," he said, and, much to my surprise, took from my table some galley proofs of the *Journal of Philosophy* that I had hoped to read in the course of the morning. *Journal of Philosophy* was printed at the top of each galley.

"English," he said, pointing accusingly to the innocent words, "is simply French badly spelt. I do not, monsieur, speak English or, as I could easily demonstrate, not very well. I do not read it very well either. But I read it well enough to see that English is simply French badly spelt and badly pronounced, and badly constructed. '*Journal de la Philosophie,' n'est-ce pas.* Monsieur, I am a philosopher not only in name but in nature. It must that you translate that article for me. It seems to be something that concerns the æsthetic. Is it perhaps your own?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then all the more reason: translate it for me at once."

"But, doctor, I am not feeling very well," I protested. Sight translation of, or second-sight translation of, even one's own prose in the midst of an attack of ptomaine poisoning was not a project that captured my imagination for the moment. Yet M. Platon looked menacing and, after all, the request was an unexpected compliment from an unexpected source.

The doctor sat down on my bedside and I proceeded in a feeble voice—and, I fear, rather feeble French—to translate my ideas, which had something to do with the relations of poetry and philosophy. M. Platon listened attentively. At the end of the third galley I looked up, hoping for a respite.

"Continue, monsieur, there are points on which I do not agree, but it is well written." (I was vaguely reminded of meetings of the Philosophy Club to which I belong where I had heard that sort of thing from polite fellow-members.)

There were five galleys and I was not allowed to stop until I had translated them all.

"You have certain nuances of construction that are not exactly French," he said, "but on the whole you have done very well. But your article itself is good, especially considering the fact that you based your whole analysis on English poetry."

"And what, may I ask, is wrong with English poetry?" I asked rather sharply.

"The English are not poets, not real poets," he said with conviction.

"Not real poets!" I said. "Surely you cannot have read them and say that. Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth —the light that never was on sea or land . . ."

"Precisely," he said, "the light that never was on sea or land. English poets are always in the *vagues;* they never know exactly what they are saying, or know how to say exactly what they mean. *Voilà,* the light that never was on sea or land—light that is not, that is nothing, that is nowhere. Whereas a French poet has the precise epithet for the specific thing, the unique word for the unique emotion. A French poet is an artist cutting images like marble. An English poet is a dreamer who has not learned how to speak, or to make clear what he is saying. . . . Are you feeling better now?"

As a matter of fact I was, except for a sense of moral outrage; but I thought it was not prudent to admit it quite or quite yet.

"Well, I am feeling a little better, doctor, but there's something that has detracked my digestion."

"Look here, my friend," he said, "that will pass. I shall take care of that. But there are more important considerations than your digestions that I wish to speak of first. *Tenez,* when I was called here by the director of the hotel—a very good fellow by the way—I was a little annoyed, for, frankly, I have much to do to-day. The sick have no consideration of a doctor's convenience and they have all chosen this week to be sick at once. I said to myself: 'Of course, an American tourist, who has not the equipment to, or the education to digest our excellent French food.' I did not look forward to the prospect of seeing you. But, sir, you are a humanist, an itinerant humanist. I am a humanist too, but alas, my profession keeps me here in Autun where there are very few. Now had you arrived in this city in the Middle Ages it would have been clear at once that you were a humanist. You would have worn a special costume; you would have spoken Latin. All the world would have known you were a humanist and you would at once have had access to the humanists of Autun—there are probably half-a-dozen and you shall now know them all. As it is, to whom have you spoken, to whom would you have spoken if these wretched digestions of yours had not brought me by sheer accident to your bedside? Monsieur, there should be formed a Society of Itinerant Humanists—you and I will found it now—so that in the future when a cultivated gentleman arrives anywhere in the world he will at once be welcomed by his fellows and his peers. It will add to the interchange of ideas; it will bring kindred spirits into contact; it will prevent such as you from moving through France as if it were merely a picture book. I shall now make the usual examination, ask you the usual questions, make out the usual prescription (I think I could do it safely without the examination or the questions) and call upon you to-morrow when I expect you to be well. Then you must dine with me and later in the week meet one of our fellow-humanists. Do not thank me; it is in just this way that our proposed Society of Itinerant Humanists will function in the future. It is a pity that Latin is no longer the international language; *hélas,* not everyone speaks French, though they should. It is the language of the mind and, I may add, of the soul."

He asked his questions, he made his examination, he made out his prescription and hastily rose to depart. . . . I could not resist thanking him nor asking him how he came to be called Platon.

"It was the name of my father," he said brusquely, and picking up his satchel, departed.

I saw a good deal of M. Platon the next week or two. As he had predicted, in a day or two I was better; even before his examination, I was aware that it was not ptomaine poisoning.

My third day in Autun I went to M. Platon's house to dinner. He was a widower; his small son was away at school. He lived in a house filled with massive eighteenth-century furniture and some excellent early Corots. We had an excellent dinner, including a sauce (for the fish) which had been invented by the humanist, so Doctor Platon said, whom I should meet later in the week. It included a touch of honey of Hymettus, for the inventor of course loved Greece. Remembering my recent disaster, I grew a little diffident at the succession of courses and of wines. My host observed it. He reminded me that, while I might study the Stoics, I was dining with an Epicurean. Over the brandy and coffee in his library he took as his theme the life of the spirit in the provinces.

"All provincial towns are alike," he said, "be they in France or America. You have read *Madame Bovary;* I have read *Main Street.* There are a few free spirits in every such town, and in France they are chiefly lawyers and physicians. There are some others: sometimes a

priest, sometimes a bookseller, the librarian. In Autun there are about half-a-dozen and one of them lives out in the country some ten kilometers from Autun. We must drive over to see him. He is a philologist and would like to be a novelist. During the War he served four years and carried throughout the War the Homeric hymns in his pocket. There is no one else in the town to talk to about the things one really cares to talk about. It is good luck that has brought you here; perhaps I could contrive that that hotel of yours mildly poisons each client who seems to be an itinerant humanist. Yet they would hardly know which to poison. The Comédie Française comes here occasionally during the summer and plays Racine in the Roman theater. Some of the actors are cultivated people. I wrote a long poem about that theater once."

He produced it and read a long section. It may have been better than English poetry but I had had too much food and wine to know or even completely to understand.

I took my leave. Would *M. le docteur* come to dine with me at the hotel? . . . I could not offer him as good a dinner, but they did very well. He would come gladly, but on one condition: frankly, he must choose his own wine. I was not stupid, but I was an American where the *vin du pays* was whiskey.

A few days later Doctor Plato and I drove out at a wild pace to a neat, almost English-looking cottage on a wooded upland. M. Houvat, he explained, lived on a tiny income; he had been incapacitated during the War and could not carry on his university duties. He had a novel or two published, but the philologian had got in the way of the artist. But he was a humanist in essence.

So he was. It was a bright June day. We had tea and then wild strawberries, and M. Houvat, pale, slender, with one arm (the other destroyed in the trenches), talked of poetry, of Homer, and of the Homeric hymns. That was all he seemed to care to remember of the War.

"Would you like to see an amputation? I must perform one now," said the doctor as we drove back to town. I shuddered. "A philosopher should see everything," he said. I declined. He shrugged his shoulders.

The last night I was to be in Autun I again dined with the doctor. He had called for me to take a little stroll before going to his house. As we walked down the main street of the town he bowed almost continuously.

"You know everyone, Doctor," I said. "If I walked along this street alone it would be a picture book. You probably could tell me a story about everyone in this town, and you have told me about many of them."

"Everyone in this town is my friend, or my enemy; but they all know me. Only a nonentity remains unknown."

Toward the close of the evening M. Platon again broached his project of the itinerant humanists. "We really should do something about it," he said. "There is only one country—it is that of people of intelligence. Its citizens are few; they should be acquainted."

I thanked my host for all his kindnesses and in the flush of the wine and the dinner said, "Doctor, I have seen a corner and an aspect of France not open to many travelers. I wonder if I might ask a favor. I have a friend who comes to Paris about once a year. He is a journalist. He meets the editors and politicians; he never leaves Paris. Might he come to Autun? Might he greet you?"

M. Platon regarded me firmly. "Your friend, you say, is a journalist. You will pardon me—I will not receive him. *Un philosophe, voilà une chose; un journaliste, c'est tout autre. Je regrette; je ne reçois pas votre camarade. . . . Il n'est pas humaniste itinéraire.*"



CARDENAS OF MEXICO

BY HUBERT HERRING

One of the major tasks during recent months of His Britannic Majesty's Foreign Minister and of President Roosevelt's Secretary of State has been to find out about President Lazaro Cardenas of Mexico, to discover where Mr. Cardenas proposes to go, and how he proposes to get there. It does not now appear how successful those two gentlemen have been. It might have been rewarding to their understanding, and consequently to the cause of concord, if they could have gone to Mexico, talked with General Cardenas, talked with the people who know him and admire him, talked with those who know him and distrust him, talked with the Indians in the fields, and the dwellers in the towns. I have done this within recent weeks, and report.

Lazaro Cardenas's chief disability is his memory. Although he now lives in a city house and has a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year, he cannot forget the village of Jiquilpan in the semi-tropical state of Michoacan where he was born forty-two years ago. Jiquilpan was and is Mexico. Its adobe houses have thatched roofs and earth floors. There was no regular school there forty-two years ago, no physician, no decent water supply, no sewer. Few wore shoes in Jiquilpan.

He remembers that his father owned land; he was not one of that 97.3 per cent of the people who had no land whatsoever. "A bunch of rocks"—Cardenas recalls that bit of land with a smile. And his father had one horse and a little corn patch and a wife and eight children. The father died when Lazaro was twelve and left him to support the family. Lazaro made a half peso daily (call it a quarter in American terms) in the printer's shop. That was his schooling. And he remembers how heavy water is when carried from the well in the central plaza. He remembers how shallow a furrow is cut by a wooden plow. He remembers his mother grinding corn in the hollowed stone on the floor.

Lazaro Cardenas left Jiquilpan when he was fifteen, and enlisted in the army of Francisco Madero, who promised to banish the Dictator Diaz and to give schools to all the villages in Mexico. The army became his school, and he rose in it until he was a general, and then the governor of his state. But unlike many generals and governors and presidents, Cardenas has not forgotten how hard it is to satisfy nine stomachs on a quarter a day.

It is his memory which plays him tricks when he tries to deal with the world as it is, the world of capital, the State Department and Downing Street.

It takes a good man to win through to the presidency of Mexico. The way to Chapultepec is by the barracks and the battlefield. Twice in a century there have been presidents of strength who were not hard, soldiers who preferred not to kill, administrators who exercised their office without suspicion of private gain. The first was the Zapotec Indian Benito Juarez. The second is Lazaro Cardenas.

Cardenas turns a candid eye upon the alien questioner. He is sincerely puzzled

by questions about the land which he takes, about the oil properties which he expropriates. When asked whether he will continue his agrarian program, he replies, "We have granted lands to eight thousand villages, but there are applications waiting from fifteen thousand other villages. We cannot stop. The people must have their land." When asked, "But if you have no money with which to pay, will you still continue your social program?" he replies, "There are thousands of Mexican towns and villages which do not yet have a decent water supply. Can we halt our program now?" And when his questioner probes farther and asks what Mexico will do if the British and the Americans press their claims, if the land owners and oil operators seek to resist the working of Mexican laws, he replies, in effect, "This is Mexico, a sovereign and a competent nation. Those who respect the laws will go undisturbed in their lives and properties. Those who defy the laws must accept the consequences."

Cardenas must be understood in terms of Jiquilpan. His rule of Mexico mirrors his sense of identity with that preponderant majority of his people who have been dispossessed in their own house. He has never lost that sense of identity. It remains the most real thing about him, and explains the devotion of his friends and the grudging respect of his opponents.

Cardenas knows Mexico as no other president has known it. He knows the Mexico which is out beyond the last railroad and highway, beyond the last wagon road. As a soldier—private, officer, and general—he has camped in the high sierras, in the lush tropics. As governor of his state, he knew the last smallest settlement in its mountains. And from the day on which he was nominated for the Presidency in the summer of 1934 down to the present time, he has traveled from one end of the republic to the other, by train, by automobile, by plane, on horseback.

The record of his four years in office must be written in terms of his journeys from state to state, from village to village into the remote corners of the country—and most of Mexico is remote—journeys so hard that aides and secretaries are worn after a week of it, but the President is fresh after a month or two months of it. It is the record of new villages each day, of receptions which last for hours, of the crowds which come in from many days' journeys from the back country, with delegations of workers, peasants, mothers, schoolteachers, soldiers pressing about him, of little children eager to touch even the clothes which he wears, of protests against the wages which men receive, against the inequities of the law, of petitions for the granting of land, for the building of schools and the sending of teachers, with requests for credit so that live stock, seed, and machinery may be bought, for help in securing a safe and plentiful water supply.

A friend shares his notes on the President's visit to the oil camp of Nanchital, far south in tropical Tehuantepec. They tell of the great crowd assembled from all the country about. They crowd in upon the President, everyone would touch him, some would embrace him, the children hold up flowers for him. And for all a greeting, a clasp of the hand, a word of affection. The repeated phrases he returns are never mechanical. He lapses into the familiar *tu* and *te* as men do with friends. The startled pride, the hungry joy of the people have a religious quality.

They were inaugurating the local union of the petroleum workers that day in Nanchital. Now at last they were to be part of a national movement, and there was ecstasy in the event. Then a village woman spoke for the Committee for National Redemption, an organization formed to gather funds with which to pay off those far-off English and Americans who owned their wells. This woman read her address from a manuscript which was interlined and labored; but her ideas were clear, they were well phrased, and she read with dignity. She, speaking for the women of the village, told the Presi-

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dent about the village school, "More than two hundred children are condemned to remain outside of school. There is not room for all." She appealed to the oil workers for support of the teacher, for better buildings. She spoke of the bad health conditions in the village, the unsafe water supply, the inadequate food supply, the discrepancy between the wage scale and the high cost of living. She talked of the moral delinquencies of the community, of the cantinas, of women waiting for men to bring home their pay. "Mr. President, the cantinas must be closed." And then Cardenas spoke of "our better future . . . of the dire necessities of all Mexico, for everywhere there is misery" and he bade the people of Nanchital "demand schools . . . demand the closing of the cantinas . . . work for the improvement of the community."

That evening, as on so many other evenings after long days in a village, the President sat down and dictated orders to the departments in the capital . . . more books . . . another teacher . . . a visit from a sanitary engineer . . . medical supplies—drawing upon the resources of a national treasury which is almost empty.

Again, my friend tells me of a visit to Tuxpam, a city of twenty-five thousand in the state of Vera Cruz. Here the President spent a day in the hospital (there are few hospitals in Mexico and with few exceptions, they are dirty and ill-equipped) and he tells me of Cardenas's conversations with the patients there as he went from ward to ward, stopping by each bed, asking names, where they lived, adding a word of courage. . . . Here it is a boy, incredibly thin and weak, whose leg has been amputated above the knee. To him Mr. Cardenas promised that when he is strong enough he shall be brought to the capital and fitted with an artificial leg. . . . Here a young man. "Your name? Your home?" "But I come from far, my chief; I am of Las Palmas." "Yes," said the President, "I have been there, I know it well." . . . And again it is a man of thirty-five, but whose face is that of gray old age. "How long have you been here?" asked Cardenas. "Only since yesterday." "But," said the President, "I saw you crossing the plaza this afternoon." "Yes," said the man, "I went home to care for my goats." "To-morrow," said the President, "I shall speak to the officials and see what can be done for you." . . . And my friend asked the President, when they had left the ward, "But, *mi General,* how could you remember that man?" "It was while the reception was on in the plaza, I saw the man walking; he was so miserable and weak that I wanted to stop him, but did not want to interrupt the reception, so decided to find him later. That is the man. We must do something for him."

In another ward there is a man of fifty-odd years, quite ill. The President learns that he is a prisoner, sentenced to death for murder. He had been a major in the army and then a traveling salesman and he is desperately ill. "What can I do to help you?" asked the President. The man's face contracted like that of a child about to cry. "For me? Nothing, Señor. No matter about me. I murdered. But Señor, my daughter, fourteen years old, she has done nothing. Will you take her, educate her, that she be not lost?" "Yes," said the President, "I will send your daughter to school. Do not worry. Write a letter authorizing the chief of education to take her from her home." Only a motion of the man's head expressed assent—he could not speak.

That night, as on other nights, Cardenas dictated his orders. From memory he dictated the names of those to whom he had promised help: an artificial leg for a boy; an order for the schooling of a girl; and then an order for the building of a new maternity wing on the hospital; an order for surgical instruments, for medicines—all orders upon a treasury drained dry.

These are not the things which Cardenas tells, but those who know him tell them. They add that Lazaro Cardenas seems quite unaware that his way with the people is an unusual way, and that he can

be quite indignant when much is made of the little things which he does as he goes from village to village.

When Lazaro Cardenas was elected President in 1934, the current estimate was that he was a weak, well-meaning man, "the most foolish man in Mexico." When, six months later, he outplayed Ex-president Calles and his powerful supporters, the appellation was changed to "crazy." Then they called him "sick" and spoke darkly of a slow fever which would shortly end him. To-day his enemies are hard put to it to find the word for him.

II

Politics is a fine art in Mexico, generously practiced. Mexican politics show congenital kinship to those of Vermont and Alabama. Vote getting is of little importance in either case—the battle is settled in advance of the balloting. It is the capture of the politicians which counts. But there is one element in Mexican politics happily lacking in American politics. The American aspirant for high office can ignore the generals. The Mexican cannot.

Mexican politics, like American, is the gentle art of elimination. Opponents are sent on diplomatic errands in distant lands, they are named to the Supreme Court, they are elected to Congress, they are named to lucrative posts. Mexico adds refinements of her own—profitable concessions, exile, and death. All successful Mexican presidents have been expert eliminators. Santa Anna kept his firing squads busy. Diaz bought off the acquiescent and had the obdurate banished or shot. Since 1910 a long list of ambitious rivals have found their way to eternal glory through the *ley de fuga*, or by straight, honest assassination. Even Calles, one of the ablest, found it advisable (or *conveniente*, as they put it in Spanish) to rearrange the political scene by slightly extra-curricular executions, and his harshest critics admit that some of these *coups de grâce* made for order and contentment. Unhappily the fashion spread among the lesser politicians. Luis Morones, labor chief in the Calles days, had his staff of sharpshooters. Cedillo in San Luis Potosi, Zuno in Jalisco, Garrido Canabal in Tabasco, and other governors have had private armies. Such has been the machinery of elimination.

Cardenas has proved himself the equal of the best. His distinction lies in the fact that his victims are all quite alive, out of prison, enjoying whatever health age vouchsafes them, and with entire freedom to express themselves in words of their own picking. This establishes a record in Mexican politics.

It was obvious to all observers in 1934 that Lazaro Cardenas, if he were really to rule, must push certain men from the stage. And he has done so. The first to go was Plutarco Elias Calles, President from 1924 to 1928, and virtual dictator from 1928 to 1934. He had beaten and cajoled Mexico into some sense of national unity, he had forced the army to obey, and for a brief period had given the people a sense of national destiny. But Calles aged, grew rich and heavy, and forgot. His rule continued. He named four presidents—Portes Gil, Ortiz Rubio, Abelardo Rodriguez—and Lazaro Cardenas. They were his men. They would obey him. That was understood by all save Cardenas.

When Cardenas assumed office at the end of 1934, Calles named much of the cabinet. But within a few weeks Cardenas encouraged labor to strike for better terms—Calles and his friends were among the dominant industrialists who did not relish strikes. He speeded the distribution of land—Calles and his friends owned great haciendas and were through with generous folly. Rumblings were heard from quiet Cuernavaca, where Calles lived in the sunshine. By the spring of 1935 the Congress was dividing. Some said, We are of Calles; others, We are of Cardenas. In early June the *Cardenistas* issued a manifesto of leftist hue. Then a delegation of *Callistas* sped over the mountains to

Calles in Cuernavaca. Calles reminded his visitors of what happened to President Ortiz Rubio when that gentleman debated the will of Calles (Ortiz Rubio retired for his health's sake), and explicitly served notice that everyone should cease their troubling, lest unhappy events ensue. It was a declaration of war, and so Mexico understood it. The baffled senators rushed back to the capital, visited the President, and Cardenas explained that there were certain "elements piqued because they did not hold positions," commented on their "rage" and their "perverse intentions," reaffirmed his position on labor, and appealed to "all men of the Revolution" to stand by him. For twenty-four hours the senators and deputies and governors and generals and office holders studied their sundials, and then, with rare unanimity, discovered which way the sun's rays inclined. They sent telegrams of loyalty to Cardenas. An aide of President Cardenas reached the home of Ex-President Calles late that evening. He had a message. "General, you are taking a plane at six to-morrow morning." The next morning Calles was on his way to San Diego, where, save for one brief intermission, he has been ever since. Cardenas has given him permission to return; he wrote it down in a special amnesty law, but Calles prefers the serener air of California. His fine large house in Cuernavaca is leased to an American on vacation, his fine large house in Mexico City is a tourist home, and his hacienda of Santa Barbara is to be used for an agricultural experiment station. Cardenas has been President, in fact as in name, since June, 1935.

The next to fall was Garrido Canabal. Long the governor of the tropical state of Tabasco, Garrido ruled his lumber-coffee-banana realm with generous disregard of law. He was a violent anti-Catholic, and solved the church question by closing the churches altogether. He buttressed his rule by his own private army of Red Shirts. He shouted about his social program, but protected the great *hacendados*—among whom he was conspicuous. He was the neatest fascist of the lot. He was corrupt, arrogant, treacherous, and a killer—and an ardent friend of the great Chief, General Calles. Calles put Garrido in Cardenas's cabinet as minister of agriculture. His brief months in the capital, to which he carried his troop of Red Shirts, furnished a bawdy interlude. (The Red Shirts paraded on Sunday mornings, tearing down shrines and destroying sacred images of Our Lady of Guadelupe, and did some killing on the side.) Finally Cardenas decreed the end of Garrido's private army, and the Red Shirts departed for Tabasco. When Cardenas broke with Calles, Garrido retreated to his home state. A few days later a delegation of university students, Tabasco-born, flew down to Tabasco to support their candidate in the state's elections. They were met with the gun fire of the Red Shirts and several were killed. Garrido Canabal, it seemed, had decided to secede from the union. He reckoned without Cardenas. Subsequently, after some violent collisions between the two the President blandly appointed him to head an agricultural commission to visit Puerto Rico. Garrido set out by way of Guatemala. There he found a telegram from President Cardenas, announcing that the commission had been disbanded and that it would be wiser for him not to return. Garrido has not returned.

The next to be liquidated was Emilio Portes Gil. Calles had made him provisional president in 1928. In 1934 he was made chief of the National Revolutionary Party. When Cardenas broke with Calles, Portes Gil went with Cardenas. But Cardenas, it appears, did not cherish him. He undermined him by appointing one of his own trusted lieutenants as Portes Gil's chief aid. Portes Gil by 1936 discovered that he was not making much headway and retired to his lucrative law practice. He and Cardenas are very good friends now.

The latest elimination was General Saturnino Cedillo, governor of the state of San Luis Potosi. Cardenas owed

much to him. Cedillo, at the time of the Calles liquidation, loved not Cardenas more, but Calles less. By his decision he carried many of the shaky generals to the side of Cardenas. Cardenas paid his debt by making Cedillo minister of agriculture, despite the fact that Cedillo had contemptuously flouted the laws. With a well-trained and amply armed private army, he had conducted his state's affairs to his heart's desire. He had refused to honor the agrarian law, and little land had been distributed. He had disregarded the church law, and made the state a place of refuge for priests and nuns. But Cardenas brought Cedillo to the capital and showered him with honors while he withheld powers. Meanwhile Cardenas moved federal troops about so that the men who had served long under General Cedillo would be under other generals in distant states. When all was ready President Cardenas dismissed General Cedillo from the cabinet. The General returned to his northern capital intent on revolt. Before he could make trouble, the President and his staff moved into San Luis Potosi and demanded that Cedillo turn over all arms. Cedillo attempted to stage an attack, but his followers deserted. There was a little shooting. Cedillo took to the mountains with a few followers, and when last heard from was still running with no very good place to go. And Cardenas took no political prisoners nor sentenced any to the firing squad. It was as near a painless rebellion as any in Mexican annals.

One hears in Mexico that others are scheduled for elimination. The name most prominently mentioned is that of Vicente Lombardo Toledano, the currently powerful labor leader, and sometimes described (with sketchy accuracy) as Mexico's John L. Lewis. Some aver that Lombardo dominates Cardenas, that he is at the center of a grand Marxian plot. Others suggest that Cardenas is preparing to ship Lombardo down the river with Messrs. Garrido Canabal, Calles, and Cedillo. They cite as straws in the wind the fact that the President did not permit Lombardo's Confederation of Mexican Workers (the CTM) to undertake the organization of the peasants, and that the President's Congress did not entrust the job of organizing the federal employees to Lombardo. They point out that Lombardo went to Europe just before May Day, the day of the big parade for labor, when Lombardo would have shone his brightest. Some even suggest that perhaps Cardenas thinks that the interests of Mexico will be best served by Lombardo's settling into a back seat on the stage. And some say that if this is what Cardenas thinks that there will be many in Mexico who will heartily agree with him. Of course they may be mistaken. At any rate, Lombardo is a very able man.

III

Lazaro Cardenas came to his maturity in the years when the orators of the Obregon-Calles school were making great speeches which began and ended with *Viva la Revolucion!*, the phrase that works magic in loyal Mexican ears. The speeches did not interfere with the orators' pleasures or their profits. There was no more fervid friend of the landless farmer than Luis Leon, but he found the money to build a marble-and-ebony mansion of many rooms and many, many baths. Labor had no more devoted spokesman than Luis Morones, and none who enjoyed life more to the brim. And there were many others, a glittering fantastic line of them, who rang the changes on the wicked capitalists, the Pope, the imperialists, and all others who served as demons for the time. But the tune was going a little sour when Cardenas came to power. They who had talked of revolution had grown fat and corrupt.

In 1934 Lazaro Cardenas had to face the somber fact that the Mexican revolution had not quite come off. And in that very year, thanks to the first adequate statistical survey ever made of Mexican economy, he had the figures to measure the results.

The Revolution had promised deliver-

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ance to the peasant wage earners. Yet, despite excellent laws guaranteeing minimum wages of a peso or a peso and a half a day, the farm workers in the state of Queretaro were receiving in 1934 an average of 38 centavos (about 10 cents) and that was, more or less, the average for the nation. In terms of real wages, the farm workers of Mexico were earning only 50 per cent more than they did in 1903, when the black serfdom of Diaz prevailed, and only 20 per cent more than they did in 1891 when Diaz prosperity was at its peak. And the average annual income of the individual farmer—whether working for wages or for himself—stood in 1934 at about 157 pesos (about $42.00) for a year's labor.

The Revolution had promised to break up the great landholdings. A start had been made. Between 1916 and 1934 some 25,000,000 acres had been taken from the haciendas and distributed to the communal villages—the *ejidos*. By the end of 1934 some twenty per cent of the people of Mexico were living in these communal villages, masters of their own land. But a full 50 per cent of the people of Mexico were still agricultural wage earners. This, said Cardenas, is not consonant with the purposes of the Revolution. The great land-owners still flourished, and their rule was only a shade less feudal than in the golden days of Porfirio Diaz. The best available figures, those of 1930, not greatly shifted by 1934, reveal that some 250,000,000 acres were still in private holdings, of which 28 per cent were in units ranging from 2,500 to 25,000 acres, while 55 per cent of this private realm was held in units of 25,000 acres and over.

The Revolution had promised security to industrial workers of whom there are about a half million in Mexico. But the cost of living had kept step with the nominal increase in wage levels for all save a favored few. A study made in 1934 of the cost of living in Mexico City revealed that the average industrial worker was spending 56 per cent of his income on food—a figure which compares with 33 per cent for the United States in that year—an eloquent index of misery.

The revolution had promised health to the people. But the public-health program, for all its claims, poorly financed and often defeated by bureaucratic mismanagement, reached only the capital city and a few favored larger communities, and these quite inadequately. Thousands of communities were without adequate medical care, fundamental sanitation, a decent water supply. The death rate was high.

The Revolution had promised schools to the people. Brilliant progress had been made during the earlier Calles years. But the program of education lagged; behind a bewildering façade of Marxian catch-phrases, education had steadily declined. In spite of 12,000 new rural schools, there were still hundreds of thousands of the people's children who could not find a place in school.

President Cardenas set himself to redeem the broken and the imperfectly fulfilled promises of the revolution. The results of his four years in office cannot be satisfactorily tabulated. The figures are not all in. But some things appear.

In education Cardenas's administration offers disappointing results. For some reason never satisfactorily explained, he appointed as minister of education an inept politician from Vera Cruz, and as undersecretary (the most important educational position in Mexico) a man whose chief enthusiasm appears to be for Stalinist formulæ. There is little evidence that the Mexican school system had advanced during recent years.

In the health program the results have been more gratifying. The appropriations for public health have been greatly increased, and a vigorous effort has been made to carry the program of sanitation into the more remote communities. But the task is great, trained leaders are few, and the budget is woefully low.

The plight of the industrial workers was Cardenas's concern. There are roughly a half million of them—250,000 in manufacturing, 90,000 in mining, 17,-

000 in petroleum, 80,000 in railroads and transportation. Cardenas encouraged recruiting by the unions, and backed them in repeated strike demands. Labor won verdict after verdict. Mining, petroleum, and textile wages increased an average of 60 per cent in four years. The minimum daily wage for the Federal District was increased. But, for all these gains, industrial labor stands in 1938 where it did in 1934. The rise in wages has been canceled by the increased cost of living. The average increase in cost of the food stuffs on the Mexican's list of staples has been 61.75 per cent. The better organized workers have won wage gains which average 60 per cent. The poorly organized, the unskilled, have won lesser gains and consequently greater losses in buying power. The summer of 1938 saw Cardenas checked in his efforts to improve the lot of the industrial worker.

Turning to the farmer, Cardenas thought to solve the problem by getting every Mexican farmer onto his own land, to speed the reconstitution of the communal villages, the *ejidos*, to give the peasants a chance to work out their own economic salvation. When he took office, 25 million acres had been allotted to the *ejidos*, and 30 per cent of the people owned and worked them. Four years later, in the spring of 1938, this area had more than doubled. Over fifty million acres were held by the communal villages, and about forty per cent of the people of Mexico owned and worked them. Despite these gains, forty per cent of the people of Mexico still work at starvation wages on the lands of others. As he tells what remains to be done, it is clear that Cardenas offers no armistice to the holders of great estates—Mexican or American—until every peasant in Mexico has his feet on land which is his to hold and to work. His chances of success depend on the generals and the politicians within, and the foreign offices without.

It is a gallant gesture in the face of time, that land program of Lazaro Cardenas, but the economic pattern of six million people cannot be recut in a day. There have been obstacles. The newly created communal farmers were largely inexperienced and unprepared for responsibility. The attempt to provide governmental credit for buying machinery, equipment, live stock, and seed has been beyond the reach of the slim treasury of the nation. The quickly improvised bureaucracy in charge of the *ejido* system has been a blundering, if usually well-intentioned, body. Graft has been only too prevalent in the management of the agrarian enterprise. The verdict upon Cardenas's agrarian ventures must wait. At the moment it is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

IV

President Cardenas's course with land and labor made it a foregone conclusion that sooner or later he would collide with the British and American petroleum companies which between them controlled the bulk of oil production in Mexico. Oil has long been a hot subject in Mexico. The quarrels between the Mexican government and the American petroleum companies almost led to American armed intervention in 1927, a calamity averted by the diplomatic intervention of Mr. Dwight Morrow. The current controversy came to a climax on March 18, 1938, when President Cardenas signed the act by which the properties of seventeen American and British companies were seized by the Mexican nation. For this act Cardenas is variously praised as the savior of the Mexican people and damned for his irresponsible and high-handed ways.

The explanation must be sought in three directions.

First, there is the stubborn conviction in Mexican minds that everything under the sod belongs to the nation. This conviction has tenacious roots. It goes back to King Charles III of Spain, who in 1783 ordered "The Mines are the property of my Royal Crown" including "all bitumens and earth juices." This principle

was written into the first Mexican constitution. Benito Juarez rewrote it into the Constitution of 1857. Carranza incorporated it into the Constitution of 1917. To be sure, Porfirio Diaz sought to nullify the Constitution by his three mining acts of 1884, 1892, and 1910, under which title to the subsoil adhered to the holder of the surface; but no patriotic Mexican will concede the validity of that dictator's acts.

Second, there is the growing body of legislation for the protection of the industrial workers. This stems from Article 123 of the 1917 Constitution, and confers sweeping rights upon organized labor. Under its workings the Mexican Labor Board can raise wages and impose rules for management which would frighten even the CIO.

Third, there is the long story of the Mexican theory of expropriation. This, in turn, is rooted in history. It reflects the fundamental difference of conception between Latin and Anglo-Saxon law as to the absoluteness of property rights. This Mexican conception was made more explicit in the expropriation law of 1936, under which the Mexican executive is empowered to take any property required for *utilidad social*—"social usefulness." The law covers "elements susceptible of being exploited," "the equitable distribution of wealth cornered or monopolized for the exclusive benefit of one or several persons," "the creation of, encouragement to, or preservation of an enterprise for the benefit of the community." This law provides that property thus seized shall be paid for upon the basis of assessed valuation, and within a term of ten years.

Cardenas and his friends contend that Mexico has proceeded faithfully within the limits of the Constitution, of the labor code, and the expropriation law, and they recite the steps by which they were forced to the expropriation act.

The first step was the strike of the 17,000 oil workers in May, 1937. Industry was paralyzed. In the following month the men consented to resume work upon condition that the Labor Board (the commission on arbitration and conciliation) should conduct an "economic investigation" of the companies, to determine their capacity to pay, and to determine whether the workers' demands were exorbitant. This was the procedure prescribed by law.

The Labor Board made its report in August, 1937. It asserted that the companies had much lower costs, per production unit, in Mexico than in the United States—that the investment required was lower, as were taxes, rentals, and royalties. It asserted that nominal wages of oil workers in Mexico were but 30.8 per cent of those paid in the United States, and that while the real wages of oil workers in the United States had increased 8.75 per cent between 1934 and 1937, corresponding Mexican wages had decreased almost 23 per cent. Further, the report asserted that oil companies in the United States had averaged a profit of 1.44 per cent in 1935, while oil companies in Mexico had that year made 17.82 per cent. On the basis of these findings, the Labor Board awarded the workers wage increases and welfare benefits totalling 26,329,393 pesos.

The companies denounced the report as "clearly prejudiced and impassioned." They denied the accuracy of the figures, furnished figures of their own which showed a profit for 1935 of 7.5 per cent instead of the 17.82 per cent claimed by the Board. They argued that the administrative features of the award would give the labor syndicates an undue hand in management. They averred that it would cost the companies not 26 millions, but at least 41 million pesos. They agreed to an increase of 21,000,000 pesos, and stood firm. They took test cases to the district courts and the Supreme Court, and lost on every test. The Labor Board set March 8th as the final date for compliance. The date came and the companies did not budge. Cardenas gave the oil officials ten days in which to conform. Gradually they lifted their compromise offer, but with the stipulation that relief be given on the onerous

administrative features of the award.

On March 18th the expropriation act was drawn and signed. At the last minute the companies decided to meet the terms of the award, but Cardenas declared that they were too late. The next day they were dispossessed from their plants and offices, and Mexico owned its oil industry.

It is as yet impossible to say with assurance whether the Labor Board's figures were fair and adequate or whether the companies' figures were more accurate. Each was pleading a case, and no arbiter has checked the story. Nor can anyone say what the seized properties are worth —the estimates vary from a hundred million dollars to a half billion, with the British interest roughly 60 per cent, the American 40 per cent. Nor can anyone say whether Mexico can and will pay. Cardenas wants to pay, I am convinced, but he cannot unless given the co-operation of British and American interests. He has proposed that the companies accept 60 per cent of the exported oil as installments toward such payment—but there seems no inclination to accept that oil. The situation is deadlocked.

There are imponderables in the Mexican oil picture which may be guessed at, and they may be as necessary to the understanding of Mexico's action as are the figures in the ledgers.

First must be listed the experience of the oil operators with Mexican labor leaders. Mexican organized labor has exhibited all the quirks which are common to labor movements everywhere, especially to new labor movements which have been fought. Mexican labor leaders have collected heavy toll not only from the employers but from the workers. Industry has been sabotaged. Workers have united in limiting their production in order to force larger employment. List all the sins of the building trade unions in Chicago and New York, perhaps multiply them, and you have some picture of the difficulties which the oil operators faced.

Second, there are the accumulated experiences of the Mexican oil worker. The oil industry began to develop in 1900, under Diaz. Its preserves in Tampico, Vera Cruz, and Tehuantepec were armed encampments. Laborers were conscripted like slaves, and were paid slaves' wages. Living conditions were abominable. Life was cheap. Human beings were worked and discarded. There was no law in these camps but company law. When the representatives of the companies were humane and intelligent some progress was made. When stupid and arrogant, the worker had no choice but to accept his hard condition. When he sickened there was little or no medical attention. When he died his family could beg. If he resisted the foreman he could be thrown out of the camp or he could be shot. All that lies in the background of the present situation. Then came the unions and the union leaders. Many were crooked, many sold out, but gradually the oil workers learned their power. They have used that power, and abused it. They have been paying off a score of many years' standing.

Third, Cardenas was moving against corporate interests intent upon defying Mexican law. That is the record, and he believes it. But back of that there were other factors. Potent among these is the prevailing attitude of British and Americans toward all things Mexican. The American colony in Mexico City is a neat little American town of a few thousand set in the midst of a Mexican city of more than a million. It is made up of perfectly nice people who play golf and bridge, who have their women's clubs, Junior League, golf club, American Club, American School, American Church. This little American town is as isolated from Mexico as though it were sealed in cellophane. The last place in the world to find out anything about Mexico is in the American colony.

The attitudes of these American residents in Mexico is explicit. They know that Mexicans are inferior people. They rather like Mexicans when they are serv-

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ants or peons, but when it comes to taking Mexico seriously that is another matter.

American business in dealing with Mexico has its own formula. Mexican justice can be bought. There is always a way to get round Mexican law—or through it. The formula has often worked. But the American who draws his generalizations on Mexico has been so long away from Chicago and Jersey City that he has forgotten how things are sometimes done at home.

When the oil trouble broke again in 1937 these Americans said, "One more Mexican bluff. We will buy our way out as we have before." But Lazaro Cardenas was not for sale. They know it now. One cannot sit and talk with Cardenas for a couple of hours without becoming aware that here is a man who has dealt with men. He knows exactly what the Americans in Mexico think about him and his people. That knowledge must have had its effect in determining his decision on March 18, 1938. He met contempt and scorn with action. Whether his action was wise or just, whether it will make for the economic well being of Mexico will be tested by time. But he was striking back at a world which has offended Mexico's sense of dignity. And the people of Mexico applaud Lazaro Cardenas because he struck back. The applause does not furnish extenuation for Cardenas, if he needs it, but it explains many things about Mexico and Cardenas.

V

Cardenas must deal with an outside world he does not know. He has never crossed the Mexican border. He speaks only Spanish. He has few friends aside from Mexicans. He has had no schooling, save from his own reading. His knowledge of other peoples has been gained from observation of the ways of Americans, English, and Germans within Mexico. The knowledge thus gained has not always served to increase his respect for the outsider. When he was twenty-two he was fighting in the oil country against the troops of Pelaez, a rebel financed by American and British oil money. If he distrusts other nations, if he is preoccupied with national affairs, it may be explained by his training and experience.

After Cardenas signed the oil expropriation law on March 18, 1938, the British and American oil companies were quick to enlist the support of their respective foreign offices. Washington entered a faint protest. The officials of the State Department were crippled by the Administration's pious commitments. For six years they had listened to the recitation of the Good Neighbor Policy. They could not speak harshly to Mexico for fear of what the twenty good neighbors south of the Rio Grande might say and think. But when a neighboring nation takes away a hundred million or two hundred million dollars' worth of American property our foreign office must speak. So the Department of State, after sessions of prayer and fasting, delivered various moral homilies to Cardenas. It was made perfectly clear to Cardenas that the United States recognized the right of Mexico to expropriate anything and everything within its borders provided just and prompt payment was made.

Cardenas's reply struck the correct diplomatic note. He thanked Roosevelt for his "affirmation of the sovereignty of the peoples of this continent" and assured Washington that "by this attitude . . . your people have won the esteem of the people of Mexico." He promised "that Mexico will know how to honor its obligations of to-day and its obligations of yesterday." Cordell Hull expressed himself as "gratified" by Cardenas's reply.

The exchange of courtesies continued. Leon Garcia, leader of the majority bloc in the Mexican Congress, telegraphed President Roosevelt that "world democracy has found in our President Cardenas and yourself its two most vigorous representatives." What less could Roosevelt do than return a message of warm thanks?

And if it is remembered that Garcia occupies a position in the Mexican Congress roughly comparable to that of "Dear Alben" Barkley on the Hill, it might be guessed that President Cardenas was not unaware of the spontaneous gesture of his congressman. Such things happen, even in Washington.

In an atmosphere of such engaging friendliness it would have been unthinkable for anyone to draw a gun. So Washington drew no guns, although maybe Hull would have liked to draw some moral or economic gun against a nation which had transgressed against "international order." Mr. Hull was dissuaded by the argument, Exactly what will it yield the United States if Cardenas is unseated? That was Hull's predicament. There was absolutely nothing to be done about it—except to deliver moral homilies. So Cardenas won the first round.

Amenities with Great Britain were not so happily observed. The interchange of notes between London and Mexico was acid. The British, perhaps grateful for temporary escape from "realism" and "appeasement" in other quarters, served notice upon Mexico that they reserved "full rights" in regard to British interest in the Aguila Company. To which Cardenas replied that the Aguila Company (Royal Dutch Shell), no matter who its stockholders might be, is "a Mexican company and consequently that the protection of its interests does not—either in the sphere of the domestic activities of the Mexican state, or on the plane of international action—concern any other state." The British insisted that international law limits the right of expropriation. The Mexicans answered that international law empowers a sovereign state to take whatever is needed for the public interest upon payment of adequate compensation, but that the decision as to what "constitutes the public interest is a matter to be left to the discretion of every state, with as broad a scope as social circumstances and others may require in every case." Then Mexico raised the question as to why the British-owned Aguila Company had not put in its claims, as required under Mexican law. Then Britain tried a flank attack, and sent a peremptory note demanding the immediate payment of an overdue installment of eighty thousand dollars on an old claims account. Mexico paid the money and dispatched another note which closed with the unhappy sentence that "even some powerful states, possessed of abundant resources, cannot pride themselves upon the punctual payment of their financial obligations." It is rumored that Cardenas enjoyed the sentence—and that Britain did not. On May 13th, Cardenas, angered by the British charge that the Mexican course had been charted "under a veil of legality formed by basing it upon labor issues" and by what he considered an attack upon Mexican sovereignty which reflected attitudes "so little friendly," recalled the Mexican minister from London. On May 14th the British Minister in Mexico was withdrawn.

Meanwhile Washington grew increasingly uncomfortable about Mexico. American citizens, whose interests had been attacked, besieged the State Department. On July 21st Hull executed a flank attack not unlike that of Britain's. His note to Mexico said no word about petroleum, but suggested that the matter of payment for the several hundred American owners of small farm properties, expropriated since 1915, should be submitted in international arbitration. Secretary Hull stated the proposition, "The taking of property without compensation is not expropriation. It is confiscation." He granted the right of a sovereign state to take property for social use, noted that the United States, embarked upon a broad program of social betterment, is constantly expropriating property of aliens and nationals, but "in every case the government of the United States has scrupulously observed the universally recognized principle—compensation to be reimbursed promptly in cash to the owners of the properties expropriated."

The Hull note was received with consternation in Mexico. Public sentiment summarized the Washington argument, "We can pay, therefore we can have a social program. Mexico cannot pay, therefore Mexico cannot have such a program." Some feared lest Cardenas's reply would be of such tenor as to further embroil the relations between the two countries. But the Mexican reply of August 3rd laid these fears. It revealed none of the resentment which was general in Mexico, and which, one may gather, was shared by Cardenas. It posed the issue as that "between the conquest of justice and the uplift of a whole people and . . . the purely pecuniary interests of certain individuals." It suggested that the United States, had she been unable to meet the expense of her social program promptly, would have been constrained to prosecute it with no less zeal. In this note Mexico admitted liability for payment for all expropriated lands, but contended that "the time and manner of such payment should be determined by her own laws." It pointed out the difficulties under which Mexico labored in arriving at a just decision as to the validity and value of such titles, insisted that the United States had no right to demand payments of claims by American nationals so long as Americans and Mexicans were treated alike. It argued that no submission to arbitration was necessary, inasmuch as Mexico freely admitted her liability, and insisted that the only question was that of arriving at a fair valuation of expropriated lands, inasmuch as the method of payment must be settled within the framework of Mexican law. In order to show Mexico's good faith, Cardenas proposed that Mexico and the United States each appoint a representative who will jointly determine the valuation of such lands and agree upon a plan for meeting the agreed payments.

VI

The United States has more than a passing interest in Cardenas of Mexico. It matters much to us which way Mexico and the nineteen other nations of Latin America go. Disquieting reports, such as those recently presented in HARPER'S by Carleton Beals remind us that South America is being wooed by the Fascist powers. The Germans, the Italians are playing their game in Brazil, in Peru, in sundry other nations. Dictatorships flourish. The Western Hemisphere may be divided on the line of current European heresies. In times marked by such apostasies, Lazaro Cardenas is a man to be cherished by a United States which soberly hopes for a triumph of democracy on this continent.

But it is a delicate equilibrium which Cardenas must preserve. Mexican governments are easily overturned; the financial situation is desperate. The normal current budget of about $80,000,000 is inadequate. The petroleum policy will cut a slice from it. The government's account in the Banco de Mexico is overdrawn by over a hundred and fifty million pesos. The threat of fiat money is heard. Exchange is off and may go lower. Exports are down. If this drift continues, if prices go higher, if wages do not rise, there would be a situation which would encourage malcontents and precipitate revolution.

The United States is the chief threat to the stability of the Cardenas regime. And the United States—officially, at least—is exceedingly displeased with Cardenas. The United States might unseat Cardenas by the course which they take. That course might be of repeated protests, crowding Mexico for payment of oil and land. It might be followed by coercive measures, economic boycotts, the scaring off of tourists (already being done by some oil companies), the stoppage of the one hundred dollar duty-free allowance for returning travelers, a reversal of our silver policy. It is possible to break off diplomatic relations. That step would serve as eloquent invitation to some new individual or group of individuals in Mexico to turn out Lazaro Cardenas.

And then what would Mexico get?

And what will the United States get?

Here are three guesses:

There is fascism in Mexico, not chiefly rooted in the Germans and Italians, but in the potential alliance between reactionary industry and ambitious military cliques. They could weave a fascist pattern of their own. Some of them, it is rumored, would like to try.

Second, there is a substantial body of doctrinaire leftism in Mexico—with its stronghold in the labor movement. It has a few leaders of power. These like Stalin's phrases and might seek larger opportunity to try them out in Mexico.

Third, there is a wide variety of sectional jealousies. There are aspiring chieftains in the various states. They fatten on disorder. Let the central government fail, and Mexico might be doomed to years of internal strife. It happened after 1910; it could happen again.

And then what should we get? Our lands returned to us? Our oil wells? Our happy dream of a Mexico which is serene and law-abiding, a Mexico which knows that every American dollar is sacred? Those who know Mexico are in no doubt as to the answer. A fascist Mexico, a communist Mexico, a war-torn Mexico will yield none of these pictured blessings. No matter who wins in Mexico, it will be a victory for increased nationalism, and nationalism pays no bills.

So Cardenas offers a hard choice to Roosevelt and Hull.

They can take him, and like him, and co-operate with him so that his regime may flourish. Then we might have a democratic neighbor.

Or they can scold him, hound him, and perhaps break him. And then perhaps Mexico will have another kind of a president, not so democratic.

In either case the United States will not collect.

So perhaps the best course is to accept President Cardenas, despite his informal ideas on economics. It might even be that Secretary Hull would agree to discontinue the moral homilies. They get nothing, and they are tiring, whether in English or in Spanish.



FISHING IS A VICE

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Deep within each mortal lie lonely and remote provinces no other human being may share. Upon such spiritual private property not even the most intimate and dearest may trespass. My wife holds no inquest on my annual fishing mania. She merely endures it as one of her husband's more harmless eccentricities. She never even asks, any more, how a person who fishes so much can possibly manage to catch so little.

It was a barren question when she used to utter it. I never was able to tell her; I never have completely understood myself what it is that sends me out hopefully to the most difficultly attainable trout water and brings me home at last in despair even darker than the surrounding gloom.

For, no matter how early I leave my home after trout, it is always night, star-spread and deep, when I get back.

"Going again?" Althea asks when she surprises me at the stowage of inordinate impedimenta in the car's rear compartment.

"For a little while," I answer brazenly, forgetting all my renunciations of the night before; "but I'll be back early."

I don't think Althea believes me, yet I know that my promise is honestly made. I know too that it almost never is kept. One of the many local theories about trout conduct is that they rise most eagerly after sunset. Vermont is more richly blest with fishing theories than with fish.

The long twilight fades from blue to gray and I should have started home an hour ago. Instead, I stand in the stream and cast and cast again until I no longer can see the pale spark of my white miller on the Stygian water. The afterglow grows pale beyond the tree tops. Shadows thicken and the first faint stars shake with derisive mirth as they look down upon me—a desolate and destitute figure, knee-deep in a brook, quaking with the inner struggle between unfulfilled desire and common sense. I am fit object for cosmic merriment.

I said I should be home early and here I still am and it's getting darker by the second. I cast again and think of my car, parked three miles away. I consider too the hideous time I shall have, floundering through black woods back to the road. I ought to quit. But there are supposed to be big brown trout in this pool—another Vermont theory—and you never can tell. A lunacy commission that saw me at this instant wouldn't need even a second look.

I have another sinister symptom. I talk to myself a good deal while I am trout fishing in Vermont. I light my pipe again to daunt all but the hungrier midges and mosquitoes and, with a tongue that feels like a wad of felt, due to excessive protective smoking, I tell myself:

"Five casts—not a single more than that. Five casts and then I'll go home."

I cast five times and a couple more in case I have miscounted. I reel in and grope my way to shore. It is so dark now that I shall have to unrig entirely by the touch system. I stand waist deep in stream-side brush from which I have

flushed fresh flocks of bloodthirsty insects. The profound darkness of the woods makes the gloom about the brook seem brighter. My fingers are puckered with wet and slippery with fly oil. They fumble with the leader while bitterly I disparage myself.

I have walked five miles, sloshing through water and leaping like a giddy goat over boulders. I am leg-weary, clammy, hungry, and fishless. I'll probably break my neck trying to get back to my car. That disaster will be no great loss to anyone, particularly to me at this bleak moment. I'm through with so-called trout fishing. I'm—

Out in the darkling pool, something goes "Plop!" So does my heart. That was a fish! That's probably the one Bob said he saw in this very pool last May. If I'm careful, if I ease my way back to where I was, maybe I can raise him. Yes, of course it's late, but it can't get any darker. And I won't stay long. Just a few more casts. You never can tell. Five casts and I'll go on home.

When I do get home at last I bring with me no monster trout. In its place I import a neck studded with midge bites, two ears excessively inflamed by the same agents, forearm muscles stiff from rod-whipping, sundry contusions and lacerations caused by a fall while I was trying to get out of the woods, and a spirit filled to the brim with ashes.

By the fact that I drive straight to the garage, Althea guesses the worst. If I had brought anything worth displaying I should have stopped at the door.

I gather up all the paraphernalia of my fishing days, now forever past, and clump to the kitchen, where Althea is withdrawing from the oven a plate of once toothsome but now thoroughly cured dinner.

"No," I tell her. "Nothing more than five inches long."

I postpone further announcement until I have eaten. My decision is too grave to be uttered on so empty a stomach. When the meal is over I push back my chair to give my proclamation arm room.

"I've done my last trout fishing in Vermont. I'm through. I'm signing off. It isn't worth it. If I hadn't been crazy I'd have known that a long while ago. I've said something like that before but this is final. I'm not very bright but I know when I'm licked."

I glare at my blameless wife who does not remind me that I delivered a similar ukase no longer ago than Monday, for which act of grace I know Peter immediately orders three more stars for her celestial crown. Althea says:

"It's too bad, but I'm glad you're back. I was beginning to worry."

"Well," I promise her and devoutly believe myself, "that's one worry you won't have from now on."

Thus, since time's beginning, addicts have reassured their intimates. Consciously, none of them has lied. In the moments of painful sanity brought on by inconstancy, financial loss, hangover, they have believed their own disavowals wholly. Trout fishermen and other sinners are composed of the same materials. Angling in its seizures, indulgences, and brief repentances is so typical a vice that I wonder how it has escaped inclusion among the cardinal iniquities.

If it were not that the weather so consistently conspires against me my own reformation might be of longer duration. Always I find that the morrow following my latest renunciation has certain qualities of sun and wind and sky that make it obviously ideal fishing weather. Such temptation is particularly difficult to withstand in Vermont which has so alluring a variety of God-ordained and man-despoiled trout water.

I sit in my workroom and pull my eyes away from the window and back to the grinning expanse of my typewriter keys. I peck feebly and briefly at what I have promised myself will be a fine, thumping morning's work and then I am staring out again at the haze-softened hills.

I can't go of course. I have sworn no longer ago than last night that I will not. Still, it isn't going back on a solemn oath just to think how a pool up West Wards-

boro way will look this afternoon in the long light. There are trout in it too. There must be. No stretch of water could look so promising and still be barren. There'll be a fly hatch on the upper reaches of the Augerhole this afternoon. That'll bring up fish if there be any left. The Augerhole isn't so far away and I could get back early.

Of course if I hadn't renounced fishing for good and all, I could start right after lunch and try the West River above Jamaica. Someone told me that somebody said a friend of his saw a man with a big rainbow he had caught there. I twist about, my typewriter grins at me more widely, but I am really no subject for mirth. I am a pitiable object, suffering all the woes and cravings of those wretched addicts in "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

"What are you going to do this afternoon?" Althea asks when I come downstairs to lunch. I am sure she knows already by my air of mingled truculence and shame. I postpone confession as long as possible.

"I'm not sure. Why?"

"Harry," Althea says, "wants you to help him with some wood sawing and I thought if you had no other plans we'd ask Hazel over to supper."

Here is refuge from further temptation. I discover that I am one of those burning-destined brands who does not want to be saved.

"Well," I boggle, "I don't know. It's a nice day and—"

I run down. Althea completes my confession:

"And you're going fishing again."

I nod. I should blush if I could.

"Have a good time," says Althea. There is a resigned note in her voice that I don't like. I tell her, almost defiantly:

"But I'll be back early." She does not seem to hear me.

I eat in abashed haste. If I am going to be back early, I must start betimes. Besides, if I linger about the premises something may come up to destroy my purpose which, now that I have ceased to resist temptation, has become doubly urgent.

Fellow-sufferers will understand the waxing hurry that impels you when you finally have decided to go after trout, though I doubt whether any one of them can explain it. I bundle boots and tackle into the car like a fleeing refugee. I drive away, and the nearer I get to the stream of my choice the faster I go.

Once the place I have sought actually is in sight I discard all deliberation. I avalanche down the bank. I burst through thickets and stumble over rocks to pause, panting, at the streamside. Haste does not leave me when I have attained my tryst. Rather, it mounts. I have never been able to rig up with proper deliberation. Always my hands blunder and shake as I joint my rod and thread my line.

The rare trout I catch usually are undersize. I bring back from my fishing in Vermont chiefly immaterial spoils—memory of intimacy with running water, and the beauty through which it flows, to bedevil me again on the morrow.

LOOK AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Less than nine years ago Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., found himself the embarrassed custodian of three long blocks of brownstone houses in the heart of New York City—nearly twelve acres of expensive city property that he didn't know what to do with and that was eating into his fortune at the rate of some three million dollars a year. During the next two or three years of acute business depression there were times when the colossal skyscraper project which Mr. Rockefeller's associates had designed for those acres seemed destined to fail dismally and to carry with it, down the drain, most of the Rockefeller wealth and power. To-day what a contrast! Eleven slick new buildings, ranging from six to seventy storeys in height, stand where the brownstone houses used to be; a twelfth building is almost finished, and two more are in the planning stage; more than eighty per cent of the space in the completed buildings has been rented; twenty thousand people work there every day, and some eighty thousand more come there for business or pleasure; the corridors and plazas teem with activity. Mr. Rockefeller's big white elephant has grown up to be a very successful-looking animal.

Nor is this place simply a booming real-estate project. It is also a first-class tourist attraction. Ask at the New York hotels what sights of the city the visitors from out of town ask to be directed to nowadays, and you will be given a curiously varied list of objects of interest, old and new, ranging from the Statue of Liberty, the Little Church Round the Corner, the Museum of Natural History, and the Aquarium, to the Hayden Planetarium and the Empire State Building; but the consensus of opinion, you will find, is that Rockefeller Center—or Radio City, as the visitors still say, though now the term properly applies only to the western part of the development—ranks a very easy first. The guided tours through the NBC broadcasting studios and other Rockefeller Center attractions are to-day the most popular guided tours in the country; well over a million people either took these tours or visited the Observation Roof on the RCA Building during the year 1937. And what is more debatable but perhaps even more significant is that Rockefeller Center appears to have become the hub, the focus of uptown New York—to have achieved that distinction which the Madison Square district once held and which was subsequently divided, first between Herald Square and the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and then between Times Square and the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

Whether Mr. Rockefeller's project, even now, can be considered a financial success is doubtful. Rockefeller Center, Inc., gives out no profit-and-loss figures, though it showers forth statistics on almost everything else; but pretty clearly the enterprise as a whole is not yet in the black. Nelson A. Rockefeller gave the reason last November: "Remember that we had relatively no income for the first three years, and then forty per cent of

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the property was vacant for the next three years, twenty-one per cent for the following year; and even to-day approximately fourteen per cent is unimproved. It goes without saying that the existing buildings could not carry the load of those vacant properties." To which one might add that one of the units, the Center Theater, has not yet—in the publicity department's gentle phrase—"found itself," and presumably adds to the load, though it is operated by another Rockefeller company.

Yet even if Rockefeller Center as a corporation is still in the red, as an institution it has very definitely arrived. Walk down the promenade from Fifth Avenue westward toward Rockefeller Plaza on a summer evening, with the mighty flood-lighted prow of the RCA Building looming above you; look at the crowds gathered round the edges of the sunken plaza, watching the diners under the bright-colored umbrellas below in the café, and listening to the music, while the wind tosses the trees and the fountains play; go on down the long corridor of the RCA Building, past the elevator bank where clusters of well-turned-out people are waiting to be taken up to the Rainbow Room, and on to the lobby where sightseers crane their necks to see the NBC broadcasting talent arrive—and you will feel the tingle of metropolitan success in the very air.

Most students of city-planning damn this cluster of towers, and on their own terms they are right. Scalding things have been said about the way in which the Rockefeller interests took tenants away from other office-buildings at a time when half the office-building owners in New York were in danger of bankruptcy. And many of the things said about the enterprise by its own spokesmen have invited derision. But when one recalls the unhappy circumstances of its birth and infancy one must at least award Rockefeller Center, to-day, a Progress Prize. And surely this place provides as much food for thought as any twelve acres in America.

II

Early in 1932 I told in detail, in this magazine, the strange story of how Rockefeller Center came about. At the risk of repetition I must set down again the central facts, which bear witness that even a multi-millionaire can make a very questionable investment.

It all came about through the search of the Metropolitan Opera for a site for a new opera house. In 1928 Mr. Rockefeller was persuaded that it would be a wonderful thing if a new Opera House could be built on a tract of land owned by Columbia University between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets, and could be the central feature of a group of buildings devoted partly to the arts and partly to business—the whole tract to be designed as a unit, with due regard to the principles of enlightened city-planning. In a burst of civic enthusiasm Mr. Rockefeller decided to lease the whole tract, nearly three blocks in extent, from Columbia, in order to make this splendid project possible. Then his troubles began.

In the first place he paid a terrific price. On those three blocks stood some two hundred and eighteen old brownstone houses, which contained mostly apartments, small businesses, restaurants, and speakeasies. From these houses Columbia's income had been about $300,000 a year. When Mr. Rockefeller leased the tract (for twenty-one years, with an option to renew the lease for three more twenty-one-year periods, after which the whole thing, buildings and all, would revert to Columbia) the price was not $300,000 a year or anything like it, but *eleven times* that amount—$3,300,000! (Why? Because it was 1928, and competition had pushed urban real-estate prices to insane heights.)

And then the directors of the Metropolitan Opera hesitated and delayed about building on such expensive property; and after the stock-market collapse in the fall of 1929 they decided definitely that they would not come in.

Mr. Rockefeller was stuck. If he let the brownstone houses stand he would lose over four million a year—and much prestige. Nobody wanted to lease parts of the land for development now that real-estate values were on the toboggan slide. If he were to develop it himself, he was in for a huge and dangerous gamble; and what was more, he must buy up the sub-leases of numerous restaurateurs and speakeasy-proprietors, and must also buy certain adjacent lots in order to round out the property—at a cost which was certainly not diminished by the fact that he was Mr. Rockefeller and was known to need the lots badly.

After diligent search Mr. Rockefeller's agents brought in, as a rescue squad, Messrs. Owen D. Young and David Sarnoff of the Radio Corporation, M. H. Aylesworth of the National Broadcasting Company, and Samuel L. Rothafel of Roxy's Theater. These men proposed to let Mr. Rockefeller build a different sort of cultural center from what he had intended: a group of buildings to house broadcasting studios, NBC and RCA offices, and theaters—both for the movies and for the sort of grand spectacles which Roxy loved to put on. With a blast of sonorous publicity the great scheme was announced.

Mr. Rockefeller had previously engaged John R. Todd, an experienced builder adept in high-powered methods, to take charge of the project for him; and Mr. Todd and his associates had done much figuring and planning. Was a gracious, ample-spaced area of moderate-sized buildings and broad vistas—such as city-planning experts wanted—feasible? It was not. Mr. Todd, who has a vast scorn for the impracticality of most architects and presumably dismisses city-planners likewise, found that the only possible course to follow if Mr. Rockefeller was not to go into an abrupt financial decline was to build skyscrapers—big ones and plenty of them; to reduce garden-space to a minimum (unless—happy thought!—the gardens could be put on top of the buildings, Babylonian-fashion); and to do the whole thing as fast as possible. He had put in charge of the planning a little-known firm of architects, Reinhard & Hofmeister, who had worked with him, and had had practical experience in building and renting, and knew how to design with a shrewd eye for costs and earning-power, and would not engage in uneconomic architectural whimsies. This firm was reinforced by a battery of better-known designers—Harvey Corbett, Raymond Hood, Wallace Harrison, and their firms. And as soon as the plans had been roughed out, and hotly criticized, and re-made, a hard-driving corps of renting-office men went to work on the job of getting tenants.

By this time the depression was acute. The condition of New York real estate was abysmal. New skyscrapers like the Chrysler Building and Empire State Building were adding millions of square feet to the available supply, tenants everywhere were having trouble paying rent, mortgage-holders were either foreclosing or deciding that to foreclose would mean going into bankruptcy themselves; and here was Rockefeller Center proposing to build still more skyscrapers, and to get tenants for them at all costs, and quickly! (Few things in this world are harder to do than to make a success of a building which does not get most of its space rented within the first few months, as President Al Smith of the Empire State Building knows very well.)

Hugh S. Robertson, Mr. Todd's partner, took charge of the renting. He staffed his renting office largely with men who lacked real-estate experience. Experienced men, he reasoned, would know they were attempting the impossible. And they got the tenants—by utilizing the prestige and business connections of the Rockefeller organizations, and by paying on a Rockefeller scale. (Mr. Roosevelt was not the first man to attempt to spend his way to prosperity.) There were many firms which said they would be willing to go in if they hadn't already leased space for a

year or two or three ahead; in such cases the Rockefeller forces bought up their leases—and they did this on such a scale that the uproar of angry building-owners and real-estate men was terrific. If the construction contracts being let for the buildings were saving the construction companies and reducing unemployment, on the other hand the inexorable drive of the Rockefeller renting office appeared to be ruining the real-estate business. August Heckscher filed suit for ten million dollars, claiming unfair competition, and many building-owners who did not file suit turned purple in the face at the mere thought of Messrs. Rockefeller and Todd. But the tenants came in, until at last the stampede was on.

The stampede was accelerated by adroit and versatile showmanship. Not only was there a stream of news of the great things to come; the Center also made a business of getting shows, exhibitions, fairs of all sorts to be held in the buildings—exhibits of modern art, and of children's art, and of camera art; the *New York Times* Book Fair; demonstrations of everything from Socony-Vacuum Oil to fancy skating. Partly, of course, the idea was to identify the place with culture in its many manifestations; but also it was to draw the crowds, fill up the empty halls, provide the contagion of activity. Mr. Todd knew well that there isn't very much Adam Smith in twentieth-century business: to get on, you must use your business connections for all they're worth, and you must put on a big show.

Even after the tide seemed to have turned there were setbacks. The commitments for radio space had to be cut in half. The RKO went into receivership, leaving the Rockefeller Center people with two huge theaters to manage, theaters which under Roxy's influence had been built on a positively megalomaniac scale. But in the end came more success than anybody in his senses would have thought possible, considering what Mr. Rockefeller had started with.

III

A fabulous place, this Rockefeller Center. It is not simply the biggest non-governmental building project in American history; it has become virtually a principality. It has its own United States Post Office and a passport office. It is also, in a sense, a port: by Act of Congress, tenants of Rockefeller Center may import goods for temporary exhibit duty-free, as well as import goods for sale in bond. The goods come from the pier in trucks, rumble down a long curving ramp from Fiftieth Street to a vast unloading station (immediately under the sunken plaza where the fortunate of the earth dine and dance in summer and the ice-skaters cavort in winter), and are there unloaded: each building has its own unloading platform, and the goods can be trundled to the elevators. Rockefeller Center has also two big theaters; the NBC broadcasting studios; shops, restaurants, tearooms, bars, night-clubs, a Museum of Science and Industry, a Museum of Modern Art, a permanent exhibit of the decorative arts, an observatory, a hospital, a gymnasium, foreign consulates, shipping offices, and of course business offices in profusion: in fact, you can do almost anything there except sleep, worship, send your children to school, and avoid paying rent to Mr. Rockefeller. To operate and maintain this domain requires the services of some 1,300 people; not counting a staff of 250 or so for the Rainbow Room, Rainbow Grill, and Rockefeller Center Luncheon Club; a staff of 70 for the roofs and gardens; some 175 for the rental and business offices; and some 600 for the Music Hall. Rugged individualism? This is twentieth-century organized large-scale operation: regimentation, if you will: a characteristic manifestation of an era in which, if big things are to be done, they apparently must be done either by a multi-millionaire, a super-corporation, or a government.

Part of this principality's tourist trade was built up almost by inadvertence. When the NBC studios were built here,

in a ten-storey section of the RCA Building, they were not planned to be shown off to visitors; but people wanted to see them, and a tour was arranged, and presently the visitors began coming in swarms. Since 1933 nearly two and a half million of them have made the one-hour guided tour through the studios. The total for the year 1937 was 652,596; the average number is about 1,500 a day, and on the peak day (during the American Legion convention last fall) no less than 8,200 people were taken about. The only guided tour in America which can compete with such figures as these is apparently that of Mount Vernon—for which no totals are given out.

You pay 50 cents, plus 5 cents tax, at the entrance of the RCA Building, climb the carpeted steps from the lobby to a big room decorated in modern style with fine photographic murals on the walls, and wait there, serenaded by a very loud radio, until your guide appears. He is a smart-looking young man in what appears at first to be a Navy officer's uniform—a blue coat with fine braid and a chevron labeled GUEST RELATIONS STAFF. (Curious how big business likes to use uniforms these days, while it talks of individual liberty.) The NBC prefers well-educated men for guides—most of them have been to college—and likes them to be tall; since a job as guide is a sort of apprenticeship in the broadcasting system, the NBC is likely to find itself, in time, staffed with tall announcers and executives.

Your guide gathers up a band of a dozen or fifteen assorted tourists of all ages, sexes, and dimensions, and escorts them to the elevator, which takes them to the fourth floor. Here they are ushered through a massive door into the glassed-in, sound-proof gallery of one of the broadcasting studios, where for ten or fifteen minutes they can see what an actual radio performance looks like—the sort of performance that they have listened to thousands of times. Enthralled, they can watch the announcer and the performers reading from their scripts at their separate microphones; the scattered groups of musicians, the orchestra here, the hill-billy quartet there; the directors of the show drifting quietly about the room and engaging in whispered consultations; the technical staff in their little glassed-in room beyond. And they can see in the flesh some of those figures of legend whose voices have become so familiar. "That Mr. Kennedy," explains their guide afterward, "was John B. Kennedy, the well-known commentator," or "The man with the red tie down there was Graham McNamee," or, "Yes, that was Rudy Vallee in the linen suit."

Having gathered up his flock, the guide now escorts them up a narrow stair to a hall where they can look through huge glass windows into the power room, the control room, the telegraph room; here he shows them how the performance which they have been watching is brought to them in Dallas or Buffalo by up-to-date machinery. Up again in the elevator to the ninth floor; now for some light relief, a demonstration of sound effects. Here is something which they can tell to the folks back home without having to remember a single statistic: the guide, turning showman, demonstrates to his little audience how cellophane twisted in the hand sounds like bacon and eggs cooking; how two plumbers' plungers knocked artfully together sound like horses' hoofs; and how the NBC has property doors that stand all by themselves in well-supported frames, as testimony to the fact that nothing sounds so much like a door closing as a door closing. Then on to a reasonably scientific demonstration of how the sound-waves work. On to a glimpse of another broadcast taking place in the biggest auditorium of all, sacred to such diverse gods as Vallee, Fred Allen, and Toscanini; and the trip and the hour are both over.

Why do 1,500 people a day pay their fifty-five cents for such a trip? Consider the ingredients: an inside view of something that penetrates into almost every household in America; a not-too-taxing glimpse of the marvels of science ("What

won't they think of next!" exclaims the man from Manchester, New Hampshire, when the electric eye which casts its beam across the elevator door is explained to him); and a little breezy entertainment; all of these presented in sumptuous surroundings by a personable young man in impeccable uniform. If some of the corridors—not having been designed for tourists—are a bit cramped, that makes it seem all the more like a real backstage trip, something special. (It is said, incidentally, that there was one very narrow place on the tour where a number of claustrophobic tourists fainted; the engineers hit upon the device of lowering the temperature at that point, and there has been no further trouble.)

Meanwhile other guides are taking other sightseers on the general tour of the whole of Rockefeller Center, from basement to 70th storey, with tantalizing glimpses of the Music Hall auditorium and the gadgets in the Museum of Science and Industry, and conscientious attention to the murals by Brangwyn and Sert in the RCA Building. This tour, despite the distance covered, is also popular: 167,547 people took it in 1937, and some 260,000 visited the Observation Roof alone and didn't bother with the rest of the tour. There is also a recently-inaugurated tour of the sky-gardens; and the Museum of Science and Industry, on its own account, admits some 1,500 people a day.

Every day, all day, the little knots of wide-eyed visitors are being shepherded about. Stand in the Music Hall lobby waiting for a picture to begin, and you will see them come swarming along, pausing to hear the big Ezra Winter mural explained, to hear how many tons the chandeliers weigh. Stand in the front lobby of the RCA Building, and another group of them will come along, to hear that the theme of the biggest Sert picture (which seems to represent a man on a scaffold throwing a tree at another man on another scaffold) is Labor collaborating with Art, and to hear also, with more visible enthusiasm, that the pyrex of which the big front windows is made not only lets in the light but throws it on the ceiling, thus sparing the eyes.

This is headquarters, this is the center of things, this is the mainspring of the metropolis of the Western World. And also this is the Future, or what these tourists hope will be the Future, embodied in actual stone and steel for all to see: the future of engineering marvels and efficiency and air-conditioned comfort: the streamlined, chromium-plated, electric-eyed American paradise which seemed to be approaching during the nineteen-twenties, and then seemed to be no longer attainable, and now, miracle of miracles, is here, at least in persuasive sample, for men and women to see and touch and build their hopes about. Unemployment? The dustbowl? The WPA? The unbalanced budget? Class conflicts? One-third of a nation in want? These ugly realities recede from view here. For these tourists belong to the two-thirds, incorrigibly middle-class in outlook, despite all that the Marxists may do to woo them; and in Rockefeller Center they see Paradise Regained.

IV

Yet that is not the only reason, I believe, why Rockefeller Center excites the popular imagination. For these buildings are not simply huge, efficient, and comfortable. They are also gay. They convey the idea that people may work in agreeable surroundings and have a good time at it. They convey a sense of festivity. And that is something not often conveyed by the setting in which American business is conducted.

In one respect Rockefeller Center undeniably represents a great opportunity lost. Our big cities, it is almost unnecessary to say here, are hideously overbuilt, jumbled, congested, ill-supplied with parks and with the requisites to natural and friendly living—and none more so perhaps than New York. This metropolis is in the grip of what Lewis Mumford calls the megalopolitan ideal. During the past two generations it has

produced the highest skyscrapers and the most tangled traffic and suffocating subway-jams in the world. New Yorkers need more light, more air, more space, more opportunities for natural play; in short, more humane living conditions.

During the past two decades or so there has been, to be sure, a tentative groping toward the city-planners' ideal. In New York we have been shown by Robert Moses how the motorists' approaches to the city can be made not only endurable but beautiful, how such few parks as we have can be made to offer more people more pleasure, how public bathing-beaches can be organized on the grand scale and be available to scores of thousands of people and yet have style. We have also seen scattered attempts, here and there, to use what sun and air there is to make living more attractive—a few penthouses (for the rich), a few groups of apartment houses with gardens and greenery, a few sidewalk cafés (for the well-to-do), a few public housing developments (for the poor and near-poor). But these have been only the most fumbling beginnings. It was hoped that Rockefeller Center might show how three urban blocks could be so designed that they would not make the overcrowding of the city more acute. That hope, as we have seen, vanished when Mr. Rockefeller signed that inordinate lease.

These twenty thousand workers, these eighty thousand daily visitors, mean more congestion in the purgatorial subways, more clogging of the inadequate streets. It is true that Rockefeller Center's underground freight station helps to ease the traffic jam, and there may be some relief too if garage-space is included in the projected building which is soon to rise on the present all-too-necessary parking lot; but these are only partial mitigations of an inevitably increased pressure. Such skyscraper-building means also a heavier load upon those urban services of police protection and traffic control and inspection and sanitation and what not whose cost always pyramids as the city grows. We all know the sequence which follows: as the cost of services shoots up, taxes shoot up too, and rents; and other owners and lessors of real-estate are well-nigh forced to overbuild; and then we have still more congestion, discomfort, and expense; a still more unstable urban economy; and—unless business is humming—a still graver burden of poverty and relief. Even Mr. Rockefeller, for all his millions, has been held in the vicious circle of centralization—a prisoner, as well as a beneficiary, of the economic forces of his time.

Nevertheless, there is something more to Rockefeller Center than the costly magnificence of sheer size. There is the use of light, and color, and foliage, and fountains, and terraced construction, and clean, orderly design, to delight the eye. I do not especially cite, as great contributions to civilization, the works of art—the sculptures and murals—which the Rockefeller Center leaflets so conscientiously make much of. Most of these works of art seem to me to be of dubious interest or to be dubiously placed. The Brangwyn murals in the RCA lobby, for instance, are not only situated in a corridor where nobody would naturally think of lingering, but are absurdly hard to see; and Paul Manship's big Prometheus, a statue which ought to seem to soar, is so placed that almost everybody looks down upon it, with the result that some people think Prometheus is falling off the wall above and others just think they don't know anything about art. Nor do I especially cite the Gardens of the Nations, high up on a jutting terrace of the biggest building: they are pretty, but chiefly they strike one as a most ingenious paradox: it is so surprising to step out of an elevator at the eleventh floor of an office building and walk out upon an English garden with a stretch of lawn and a bank of flowers against a brick wall. (The paradox, incidentally, has been elaborated *ad absurdum* along the terrace on the same floor, where a vegetable garden has been planted and the cornstalks bend to the eleventh-storey breeze from across Times Square, as if to show that

economic royalty too can play farmer in its own Petit Trianon.)

I prefer to cite various effects which have been achieved with less of a conscientious view to Rockefeller Center's supposed cultural mission. I venture to guess that more people take spontaneous pleasure in the sight of the limestone walls of the French and British buildings as one sees them across the sunken plaza—walls broken only by blue-shaded windows rhythmically placed, and by the slight grooving of the stonework in the spandrels between the windows—than in the statues and murals. It is clear that people enjoy the gayety of the café scenes below. I recall sitting one afternoon in the restaurant on the British side of the plaza and looking out on the people strolling by, the bright yellow-and-green and blue-and-green umbrellas, the silver water coming down over the fountain steps below Prometheus, and, beyond, the shadowed rear wall of the Time and Life Building: I tried to think what the scene reminded me of, and realized that it was a shipboard scene, full of animation and sunlight and the sense of holiday.

Walk through the corridors of the subterranean concourse and note the effect of brilliance given by the shop-fronts there: here again is clean design, unpretentious of art but sensible and lively and satisfying. Or notice how many people are constantly strolling down the Promenade that slopes westward from Fifth Avenue, and how many of them (if the weather is suitable) pause to sit on the stone copings of the little fountained pools and to look about them: I venture to say that these men and women are enjoying an æsthetic emotion without any sense that here is Art and that Rockefeller Center has a Theme. Or, if you especially like to see people provided with room to play, look down from the RCA Building upon the Music Hall roof—a space an acre or so in extent, and ten storeys above the street, open to the sky like a great ship's sundeck, with paddle-tennis courts and handball courts and a volley-ball court, and deck chairs, and potted trees and shrubs: a sunny playground for the off-hours use of the Music Hall employees (including of course those exponents of a peculiarly regimented showmanship, the Rockettes).

These things give at least a suggestion of what could be done elsewhere to make urban life more livable.

Yes, this is the capstone of megalopolis, I admit. This is the very citadel of artificiality, in which even nature is unnatural. Only megalopolis can make an eleventh-storey tree, by hauling it up with a derrick. Yes, most of the good things here are expensive. Anybody can stroll about the Plaza—and does—but the best things are not for the penniless. Yes, this is the show-window of American capitalism, where nothing reminds one of the sordid, smoke-hung towns, the sodden slums, the desolate farms which serve as industry's back-yard. But a show-window can at least convey an idea; and people who have been impressed by Rockefeller Center may become aware that less lofty parts of our cities might be rebuilt with a corresponding or even greater gain to the men and women and children who live in them and work in them, and that the job might be worth undertaking even if it involved doing away with the sacred right of owners of real estate to block improvements desired by the majority, or involved the deflation of speculative real-estate values.

There is the half-promise. Whether this pinnacled principality proves to have been the last splendid monument of a dying economic order, or a sign that the old order can even now be regenerated through the intelligent use of private property, meanwhile we may at least enjoy its splendor, its color, and its abounding life—and, if we are the creatures of the megalopolitan age which most of us are, we may also enjoy its sheer bigness: the way in which, as we turn into these precincts from the Avenue of an evening, that flood-lighted wedge of stone before us seems to go up and up and up until it is lost in the sky.

TOWARD A NEW DESIGN FOR EDUCATION

BY GOVE HAMBIDGE

Are we in another age of scrutiny like the restless Renaissance, when skeptics and questioners are dominant, common values are more than usually doubted, established institutions more than usually subject to attack? At any rate in educational circles, as elsewhere, the sharpshooters have been harassing the cohorts of orthodoxy. The summation of much of this questioning attitude is to be found in an investigation of Pennsylvania colleges and high schools made by the Carnegie Foundation. The research job took about ten years. Last spring some of the results were published in a report called "The Student and His Knowledge," signed by William S. Learned and Ben D. Wood (Bulletin 29 of the Carnegie Foundation).

Technical in its approach and its numerous analytical tables, the report nevertheless carries a sharp sting of criticism of the whole system of higher education—for though it deals specifically with Pennsylvania, that Commonwealth must be considered as fairly representative of the nation. The criticism is rich and meaty and will be vastly relished by anyone who has ever had any doubt about the value of his or her college education. But it is only part of the story. More important, the researchers have sketched in the outlines of a new design for education that would make the old Alma Mater almost unrecognizable.

I can best illustrate the sense of the thing by being quite personal for a moment.

It never did seem to me that I got much education out of college and, looking back now, I see no reason to change that judgment. I attended a vast and famous university which offered a plethora of courses and boasted many able instructors; but when I had served my time there I still had mighty little of the mental equipment I should have had. To take a single example, I was then and still am intensely interested in biology, but somehow I did not manage to take more biology than could be put into a thimble. I had only a fleeting sip of the physical sciences that are a necessary background for biology. I took one stimulating course in European history but did not even whiff economics, sociology, anthropology, or psychology—fields that have absorbed a good deal of my attention since I got out of college.

Looking back, I wonder what in the world I did study during those four years. I wallowed in English literature, which was all to the good, although the work was haphazard and unsystematic; I enjoyed Homer and Plato and Dante and some of Heine in the original, but did not keep up with languages afterward. Yet I was a good enough student to get by with a Pulitzer scholarship, and somehow I gathered all the required credits and emerged an Artium Baccalaureus. Like many another, I learned more that was vital outside the classrooms than in them.

What happened to me in college is unimportant except as it represents a fairly general experience. Was this four years'

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haphazard groping unique? Are there a good many others who at that age have as little objective understanding of their own interests and needs and as little grasp of what education is all about as I had? Are there elements in the educational system that tend to conceal or actually foster this kind of experience rather than expose and correct it? Would it be possible for far more students to freight these college years—the most crucial in the lives of many young men and women—with greater gain, of permanent value to themselves?

Such questions as these lie back of the Carnegie report.

II

The survey was initiated by the Association of Pennsylvania College Presidents and the State Department of Public Instruction, and the Carnegie Foundation was asked to conduct it. The objective was very broad; as much as anything else, it was to find out what the student gets out of secondary and higher education as they are run at present. In addition to public and private secondary schools, forty-five colleges and thirteen State Teachers' Colleges co-operated. Thus the institutions were of all kinds—small and large, specialized and general, obscure and well known. The researchers set themselves the task of making an inventory, as it were, of the mind of every student, and comparing all the individuals and all the institutions by measurements uniform enough to permit comparison. Altogether a nice problem.

The crux of it was to find a sound method of comparison. Classroom records and college marks would not do; they don't take into account the differences between courses and between teachers. Intelligence tests are useful but much too limited to furnish enough data for this purpose. Examinations of the usual type are very likely to indicate only what the student has crammed into his head for the examination and gladly forgets within one to seven days. Examinations of the lengthy discursive type reveal much about his mental processes, but they too are limited, and there is a great deal of leeway for interpretation by the reviewer.

What was needed was a uniform, blanket test, but it had to be a test that would eliminate cramming; that would measure the achievement of the most diverse individuals, of different ages, at different stages of educational progress, and taking different courses; and that could be marked with sufficient certainty and simplicity to permit direct comparison by accepted statistical methods.

What would such a test measure? The product of the student's education. But what is education? This question too is crucial, and it cannot be discussed in this brief article. It must suffice to say that for the purpose of the survey, education was taken to mean the process of acquiring a body of knowledge of important facts and ideas extending over the broad range of human achievement and culture. It was further assumed that the process has been successful and complete only to the extent that the acquired knowledge has been integrated into the student's mind, becoming so much a part of his mental equipment that he can recall it readily at need. The tests were designed to measure the extent of the knowledge the student had absorbed in this way.

It should be noted that this definition implies no theory as to whether education should be "classical" or "modern" and "practical." It does not eliminate the so-called intangibles of character training as a vital part of education, though it makes no attempt to measure them. It does not preclude specialization, though it stresses well-rounded education in the undergraduate years. It dismisses temporary memory of details and trivia as meaningless and implies that knowledge must be so deeply absorbed that it becomes thinking power—the ability to see relationships readily and correctly.

An immense amount of care and thought went into devising the tests, since the whole survey would stand or fall on their validity. The Carnegie people be-

lieve the tests finally worked out are the most important product of the ten years of effort. They believe these tests overcome all the major objections to other methods of appraising the educational achievement of individuals. They believe that when used in conjunction with other records the tests give an accurate picture of a student's intellectual geography, his strong points and his weak points, his abilities and his shortcomings —a picture fully as useful to himself as to his instructors.

I might put this even more strongly. The Carnegie people believe these tests make it possible for the first time to appraise the mental equipment of large numbers of students accurately, and, therefore, to put a finger on the weak spots in the accepted methods of education, and to see what major changes should be made if the system is to do a better job. In other words, these tests can serve as a compass for reorienting the educational system. As progress was made in the Pennsylvania survey, the tests were improved and refined, and they were subjected to searching technical analysis and criticism by many experts.

What are the tests like? They are written examinations, taking many hours —divided into sessions—and covering all the subjects in a well-rounded education: mathematics and physical sciences, biological sciences, social sciences, history, English, foreign languages, literature, the fine arts. They consist of hundreds of questions, none of which calls for discussion; most are answered by a check mark or a number indicating true and false statements, the correct one of several answers, words, and statements that belong together, and so on. No student can possibly answer more than a small proportion of the total number of questions, and these he can answer readily; there is little use in agonizing or guessing, and none in cramming beforehand. The answers and the gaps chart his status in each subject-matter field, and the variations from one field to another reflect his individual interests and abilities as well as the kind of education he has had from all sources, in and out of classrooms.

In modern educational literature these are called "new-type examinations." They have become familiar to the public through popular information quizzes. Their worth, however, depends entirely on the care with which the questions are devised. It takes considerably more skill to formulate sound examinations of the new type than of the older type.

When these broad tests were given over a period of years to a total of some 55,000 students the results showed striking differences between courses, colleges, and individuals. For one thing, the classification of students as freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors proved to have very little meaning except as an administrative convenience. An identical set of tests, lasting four hours and including 1222 questions, was given in different years to 5747 college sophomores, 3720 college seniors, and 1503 high-school seniors. The results in 34 colleges are included in the report, where the colleges remain anonymous, being referred to by numbers corresponding to the rank of their sophomore students in the tests.

The only conventionally expected result was that the median score of all the high-school seniors was lowest (179), that of all the college sophomores next (254), and that of all the college seniors highest (314).

But when college sophomores are segregated according to the courses they are taking the results look very different. Those taking a two-year certificate course in education in teachers' colleges achieve a score of 155—lower by 24 points than that of high-school seniors. Sophomores in the four-year course in education in teachers' colleges score 211, which is 43 points below the median of college sophomores as a whole. Sophomores taking courses in business administration (for the B.S. degree) are not much better; they score only 217. Sophomores specializing in education in regular colleges, for an A.B. or B.S. degree, do better than those in teachers' colleges; their median is 235,

It is difficult to get a clear idea of the tests without reading over a considerable batch of the questions and the careful instructions that accompany them. In this article I can quote only a few samples, but they give little notion of the range or the variation from the simple to the difficult.

Here are three sample questions in general science, to be answered by indicating whether the statements are true or false:

At high velocities, electrons have greater mass than when at rest.
The velocity of sound waves is less in water than in air.
The principles of Mendelian heredity hold true for animals as well as for plants.

Here is one to be answered by indicating the name of the scientist in the left-hand column associated with each phrase in the right-hand column:

Cuvier	Mutations as a cause of evolution
Darwin	Theory of natural selection
De Vries	Continuity of germ plasm
Linnaeus	Germ theory of disease
Pasteur	
Weismann	
Mendel	
Schwann	

Here is one that is to be answered by choosing the correct alternative:

The best treatment for a person who has had acid spilled on him is the application of 1 water, 2 a sponge, 3 ammonia, 4 a salt.

Following are two true-or-false questions on foreign literature:

Rabelais was sympathetic to the scholasticism of his day.
Chekhov's plays reflect the futility and aimlessness of the upper classes in pre-revolutionary Russia.

Another, with alternative choices:

In *Don Quixote* Sancho Panza represents the spirit of 1 a Pollyanna, 2 idealism, 3 common sense, 4 Aristotle.

Three in fine arts—true-or-false:

In Rembrandt's paintings effects of great brightness are often achieved through the use of a relatively subdued palette.
Modulation of the dominant is one of the most common of all modulations in music.
Negro spirituals are usually written in a major key.

Again in fine arts—matching the word and phrase that belong together:

Expressionism	The effort to paint stationary objects, not from one point of view,
Cubism	but from many points of view at once.
Synchronism	The effort to paint emotions and mental states.
Realism	The effort to paint time and motion, as well as things.
Futurism	The effort to paint the light that is reflected *from* objects rather
Impressionism	than the objects themselves.

Two from history and social studies—true-or-false:

The economic conditions of the first two centuries before Christ led to the rise of a prosperous and numerous peasantry in Italy.
Local government in France is more responsible to the central government than in the United States.

Again history and social studies—multiple choice:

In the centuries immediately after the fall of Rome, the chief channels for the perpetuation of the established culture in Western Europe were 1 the towns, 2 the feudal castles, 3 wandering Byzantine scholars, 4 the monasteries.

Here are two in mathematics involving multiple choice:

$\frac{2}{3}+\frac{3}{4}=$(1) $\frac{5}{7}$, (2) 17/12, (3) 5/12, (4) 6/7
The equation $4x^2-y^2=17$ represents (1) a hyperbole, (2) a point, (3) an ellipse, (4) a parabola.

but that is still 19 points below the median of sophomores as a whole. Bachelor of Science students taking the regular course jump to a median of 259. Again there is a jump to the median of the Bachelor of Arts students, which is 275, or 21 points above that of sophomores as a whole. Finally, engineering students are at the top, with a median of 280.

Similar differences appear when the sophomores are segregated by colleges.

Topping all the colleges is a little place with only 32 sophomores in the Bachelor of Arts course. The median score of these sophomores is well above that of college seniors in the State as a whole. According to the scores of the middle 50 per cent of this group, the least-informed knows more than the best-informed of any similar group in almost any other college, all courses included. The Bachelor of Science sophomores in this college rank almost as high, and the students taking education also make good scores.

The biggest of the 34 colleges is well down in rank—No. 23—and this low ranking runs through all of its courses except education. But size has nothing to do with it. The lowest-ranking college, No. 34, is a small institution, and so is No. 33.

Thus there are apparently broad characteristic differences in the educational status of students taking different curricula as these are now conducted. Students taking the curriculum in education rank pretty consistently the lowest of all. (It should be noted, however, that when the scores of men and women studying to be teachers are separated the men make a much better showing. But as the report points out, the men do not commonly become public-school teachers. They go in for administrative jobs in the school system, or for teaching in college.) Next to the bottom are those taking the curriculum in business administration. In the middle are the Bachelor of Science students. Bachelor of Arts and engineering students are quite consistently at the top. If engineering has a slight advantage over the arts, it is probably because of some selective factor such as especially high scores in one or two subjects.

When colleges are compared there are also broad characteristic differences, evidenced by the fact that sophomores in one college rank with seniors in another, while in a third they rank with high-school seniors.

III

The differences in the records of individual students are still more striking. College classes are not made up of individuals with similar mental equipment. Those whose educational achievement is incredibly low are lumped together in the same group with those whose achievement is extremely high. The individual records in almost any class are as scattered as a handful of sand dropped at random on a piece of paper.

Consider a typical college graduating class of 185 students analyzed in the report. All have completed the required number of credits and all are about to get the same degree. But in a test of educational achievement they range from as low as 300 to as high as 1200 points. Most of these seniors are actually outranked by certain juniors, sophomores, and freshmen in the same college. Some do not know as much as well-informed fourth-year students in high school.

On paper, this class was reshuffled to see what would happen if the requirement for graduation were a score of 650 points in an educational achievement test instead of the conventional credits. On this basis nearly three-fourths of the class could not have graduated. A hypothetical graduating class made up of everyone in the college who achieved a score of 650 points would have had 211 members. It would have included 52 seniors, 60 juniors, 49 sophomores, and 50 freshmen. According to this test, 15 per cent of the freshman class were more entitled to receive degrees than 72 per cent of the seniors.

In another case, mental profiles of two engineering students were charted. Both were in the same class and both were given approximately the same passing

grade by the college—one a C plus, one a C minus. But the C-plus student made a score of 808 on an achievement test taken when he was a sophomore, whereas the C-minus student made a score of 377. Both took another achievement test when they were seniors. In the two years the C-plus student had moved up to a score of 1035, the C-minus student to a score of 474. The more significant differences, however, came out in the subject-matter scores. In knowledge of vocabulary, English literature, foreign literature, fine arts, history and social studies, and general science the C-plus student was far ahead of his classmate and he also made greater progress. Though they were about the same in knowledge of mathematics, the two had strikingly different minds and intellectual interests. But these differences could not be taken into account in the traditional college course, or even clearly discerned.

Applied to students entering college, the tests indicate that the amount of educational waste throughout the country each year must be enormous. In one experiment 26,548 high-school seniors were tested, and 97 per cent of them were followed up during the next two years to see what happened to them. Nearly half this number—12,092—had to drop all schooling, presumably because they could not afford to go on with it. About two-thirds of this large group had made just as good records in the tests as those who were able to go to college. A second group of about 3800 kept on with part-time schooling, and of these more than three-fourths had made as good records as the college group. Of the 9746 who went to college about a fourth had made lower records than those who left school.

Since this particular analysis is not based on any hypothetical score that would admit a student to college, it does not indicate how many actual misfits there are on both sides of the fence. But obviously many youngsters who are good college material by an educational rather than an economic standard never get to college; and vice versa.

Apparently the most extensive educational mistakes are in the teaching profession. The low rank of prospective teachers has already been mentioned. This is emphasized by an identical test given to 1204 seniors in four large Pennsylvania high schools and to the same number of college seniors who were candidates for teaching. No teacher-candidate scored quite as low as the lowest one per cent of the high-school seniors, and no high-school senior attained the score of the highest one per cent of the teacher-candidates. But the 98 per cent of the high-school seniors and teacher-candidates outside of these extremes fell within the same range of scores. Twenty-five per cent of the teacher-candidates knew less than the top fourth of the high-school seniors. About one out of every eight high-school seniors knew more than the average teacher-candidate, taking the average as represented by the median score. Two other comparisons were made to meet the possible objection that the teacher-candidates had merely forgotten things that were fresh in the minds of high-school students. In a comparison of the best general-science scores—on the assumption that those who made the best scores in this field were preparing to teach science—the teacher-candidates came out even worse. In a vocabulary test 30 per cent of the teacher-candidates knew less than half the words given; 29 per cent of the high-school students knew more than half. True, on the average the teacher-candidates made the better scores. But a teacher is a flesh-and-blood individual, not a statistical average; and apparently a surprising number of these individuals are not as well-educated as their brighter pupils.

IV

These are a few outstanding examples out of a wealth of material developed by the survey in Pennsylvania. What are their implications?

Criticism of the educational system is not new, but it has been largely based on

the opinion of observers and practitioners —that is, fundamentally, on intuition, hunches, and predilections developed out of experience. These can yield sound judgments in an able and shrewd mind, but they need to be tested and enlarged by objective measurements. The significance of the Pennsylvania survey is that it has developed a technic for making these measurements—a technic that can be applied over a very wide field. How much this technic will be modified by further experience I do not pretend to guess, since I write wholly as a reporter.

The results so far, in the minds of many who are familiar with them, constitute the most significant and powerful criticism yet made of mass education, which is based on a conventional system of units and credits, which in turn are deeply rooted in a traditional administrative set-up. These results point toward the need for a fundamental revision of educational methods, involving a thorough shift in emphasis from the mass to the individual. This has been a dream of many intelligent educators, but it could not be applied on a large scale until there was a better way to find out what the needs of individuals are.

The picture of the present educational system revealed by the Pennsylvania results is somewhat like that of a modern automobile factory. Students are run through by line production. Each group undergoes the same operation at the same time and for a set period, the dull being prodded, the nimble held back. They have little to say about it themselves; smooth administration requires a standardized procedure. In four years all emerge at the other end of the production line officially inspected and approved.

But the tests show that this uniform process has little effect on the diversity of individuals. Each is unique at the beginning, unique all along the line, and unique at the end. The educational system ignores this uniqueness; it does not change it. In spite of its best efforts at line production, some students come out with twelve cylinders and some with half a cylinder, some with no top and some with an extra wheel or two.

The analogy cannot be carried too far, but what is suggested is that the human mind is far better adapted to the methods of craftsmanship and art than to those of the factory. Of all raw material it is the most stubbornly and subtly varied. In craftsmanship the uniqueness of the material is not only fully respected; it determines the design. Perhaps it is especially important under a democratic philosophy to cherish and develop, and not submerge, the uniqueness of individual minds.

Can that be done? Can traditional points of view and methods in education be changed? It is too soon to say what will come out of the Pennsylvania survey, but it has already had some effect and it has aroused intense interest among some of the keenest minds in the colleges. Here are a few of the more striking features of the new design for education it suggests:

Suppose you are entering college. You do not have any very clear idea of what it is all about, any more than I had when I entered. The college receives a detailed record of your previous history. This has been kept throughout your high-school period at least. It gives a pretty clear picture of your intellectual and other characteristics, especially your present educational achievement, your method of work, your ability to learn, your peculiar interests and tendencies. Part of the record is derived from tests such as those used in Pennsylvania, part from other sources of known value.

On the basis of this information a member of the staff helps you to outline a tentative program for, say, the next couple of years. This program does not follow any cut-and-dried curriculum (in fact there is no cut-and-dried curriculum left). It is based on what you yourself want to achieve. Now as these things were done in the past, you would probably have a very vague notion of what you did want to achieve. Here the self-revelation developed out of a general test of your educational standing

would be enormously helpful to you. Every effort would be made to make you see your present intellectual attainment in relation to the broad body of knowledge which is at least one of the major objectives of education. Your program would be so laid out that you would not be required to mark time in the areas where you were already far ahead of your fellows, or on the other hand, to take courses for which you were obviously not yet prepared. The program would be shaped to fit you, starting from your strongest interests as a center. It would be changed as you yourself changed and grew intellectually.

The method of following this personal curriculum would be equally untraditional.

A detailed outline or summary of all courses and even all important lectures would be available to you, so that you would know exactly where to get what you wanted and exactly what you could expect to get there. But there would be no compulsory attendance at anything. If you could acquire a certain body of knowledge by six weeks of intensive reading in the library as well as by a year of classes, you would be free to acquire it that way. A great deal of routine class work might be replaced by informal discussions with the faculty members you found most stimulating; there would be no barriers, or as few as possible, in the way of such contacts. You would be free to undertake whatever you were fitted for, even if it involved taking senior work, so called, as a freshman. Without prejudice, you could drop a course that proved to be beyond you. You would not have to cram for any examinations because the periodical tests would not be of that type.

In other words, you would choose your own educational goal and take the most direct and satisfying route to it, in accordance with your knowledge, interests, mental pace, and working habits. This may seem like throwing a good deal of responsibility on immature minds; but remember that the chief function of the college would be to help you see the goal clearly and choose the road wisely, and to expedite your progress. You, not a curriculum made up of neat immutable units, would be the important thing.

This is in the direction of a very old and sound principle that all true education is self-education. Education cannot be put on like three coats of quick-drying enamel. It is essentially a process of inner growth. But that principle cannot be fully applied to the enormous and heterogeneous school and college population of to-day unless growth can be fairly easily and accurately observed and measured. If the Pennsylvania survey has produced a method for doing this, then it should be possible to begin laying out a more simple, flexible, and realistic design for education than we have had.

Let me be personal once more. The college experiences I look back to as undoubtedly the most vital were the omnivorous unrequired reading, the far-ranging discussions, often lasting half the night, the adventurous friendships with those who were profoundly stirred by the things that stirred me. All of these experiences were outside of formal classes and courses, though some of the "profs" were involved in them. Offhand, I cannot remember the content of a single lecture or class I attended; but after more than twenty-five years I can recall many of these other gatherings clearly, including what we talked about and what conclusions we came to. Perhaps this experience is unique, but I doubt it.

Does the secret of that vitality lie in strong personal interest, which the student discovers in the activities he seeks under his own motive power? Can that vitality be transferred over to college work itself and made still stronger by being given a central purpose and direction? Is it potentially there all the time, but so smothered by a mass of encrusting barnacles that only a rare genius on the faculty can find it and give it expression in his own courses? As I understand the Pennsylvania report, it would answer all of these questions with an emphatic "Yes."

EIGHTY-NINE YEARS OF COLLECTIVE LIVING

BY MILLARD MILBURN RICE

Most collectivist colonies not practicing physical nudity seem to rest for their challenge on a kind of intellectual or spiritual nudism. If one were obliged to attempt to strike a common denominator of objectives it could probably be stated in the quotation, "The proper study of mankind is man." Collectivists complain of barriers existing between individuals under the competitive system of life, and determine that through a closely knit collective life they will break down these barriers and expose the real people behind them. Many of them seem to be searching for a catalyst which will precipitate the essence of human personality, so that they may analyze it and separate it into its basic elements. They appear to object to the complexity of present-day life and yearn for something different and more real and earnest.

Perhaps the best recent brief summary of the aspirations and aims of the advocates of collective living is made by Mr. John Hyde Preston, discussing, in HARPER'S for May, 1938, his own five-months experience in collective living. He declares, "The doctrine of individualism has played havoc with the soul of man. That soul must be set free again. It can be free only when the basic needs of food and shelter can be met without strain . . . when constructive competition has displaced the old destructive kind, and when the individual feels himself to be a single but integral animation of the greater life-force of the community."

There are three principal ideas or ideals round which collective colonies are built. These are the purely physical; the intellectual, which includes the economic and social; and the religious-emotional. Undoubtedly the strongest of these is the religious-emotional. It is stronger either than the purely physical excitement of nudity or the purely reasonable challenge of the intellectual ideal. For that reason, those collective experiments which have endured the longest have been those built round an emotional appeal. Such as these is Amana, in Iowa. The collective ideal survived here for seventy-eight years, and had been established in a prior location eleven years before the colony was moved to Amana for reasons which had no bearing upon the workability of the idea itself.

Amana has frequently been pointed out in the Sunday supplements and elsewhere as the classic example of the failure of communism. That is a superficial view of the matter. Whatever communism was practiced at Amana was certainly not Marxist or theoretical in its origin. It lay deeper than that. It was a pooling of all resources for a common religious purpose, and that it happened to coincide in part with an economic and social theory was incidental. The ideal here was emotional and religious.

Because Amana colonists abandoned the collectivist ideal in 1932, after eighty-nine years of life under it, it is interesting to trace some of the steps leading to the abandonment. This is admittedly a difficult task for an outsider, and no member

of the community has discussed the subject in print. If a religious-emotional ideal such as that which held the Amana colonists together for so long could fade, then the fate of collectivist colonies less deeply rooted must certainly hang by slender threads. Perhaps Amana can serve as a yardstick for measurement of the effectiveness and permanency of collectivist colonies and as an illustration of their actual worth.

II

The depth of the religious ideal behind Amana is at once apparent from the history of the movement. It began in Germany, in 1714, with the preaching of two fervent souls, Eberhard Gruber and Johann Rock. The kernel of their doctrine was that divine inspiration was a present, living thing; and that to certain pious persons, known as *Werkzeuge,* or Instruments, was given the power of Revelation and Inspiration. Sufficient numbers joined the True Inspirationists, as the groups termed themselves, to attract notice and then persecution by civil and religious authorities.

Death and defection during the first century of existence reduced the *Werkzeuge* to one good, wise, and able man, Christian Metz. Under him the communities of True Inspiration increased in number and strength in spite of persecutions. But even the non-resistance of the Inspirationists could not, in time, longer endure the persecutions of church and state. A divine revelation through Metz counseled emigration to America, and in 1842 five thousand acres of the Seneca Indian Reservation near Buffalo were purchased. This was given the name Ebenezer.

At Eben-ezer, in 1843, the True Inspirationists adopted a constitution which laid the foundation for the collectivist colony which was to continue until 1932. They desired above all else to hold themselves apart from the world so that they might worship as a compact group entirely as they wished. Some of the colonists were well-to-do; some were poor. It was very evident that without mutual aid many of the poorer Inspirationists would be forced to leave, with consequent break-up of the compact organization. So strong was the religious zeal of all, and so great was the feeling of brotherhood engendered by the persecutions all had suffered, that the stronger and more able consented, after some hesitation, to pool all resources for the common good. True, it required a special divine revelation through Metz to accomplish this—a revelation which included an eternal curse of material and spiritual poverty upon all who should ever advocate the dissolution of the community—and considerable urging based upon the description of the early church in the Fourth Chapter of Acts, wherein all believers are declared to have "had all things common."

However, the colony location near Buffalo left much to be desired, and it was finally decided, again through divine revelation *via* Metz, to move. After much search, the new location was made in Iowa in 1854, and given the Biblical name, Amana, signifying "believe faithfully."

Each man and woman was expected, voluntarily, to do a proportionate share of the work of the colony as natural ability made it possible. In return, it was the privilege and the right of each to be housed by the collective, fed and clothed by it. Those who had special skills found employment in the woolen mills, furniture factories, and other industrial enterprises which were established. The farmers worked on the land, in the dairies, the vineyards. Bakers baked bread, butchers cut meat, foresters cut and sawed timber; every man found, as nearly as possible, his niche in the life of the community. The products of each man's hands became the common property of all. Food products were prepared by the women in the common kitchens from which all were served. Living quarters were assigned to each family by the elders according to the size and needs of each. Goods made in the factories were sold,

and with the proceeds were purchased those necessities not produced in the colony. Amana woolens are to-day known and sold nationally; Amana furniture likewise, though it is less well known.

Under the deep and all-pervading spell of the Amana Church, the members of the community did, for long, do their fair and proper share of the work. The more able and intelligent of the group were educated in the professions or trained as foremen and managers—at the expense of the community—and returned to it to serve their fellows with their special talents. Nor did these stronger brethren expect or receive more than the humblest. Collectivism is the great leveler.

But the prophets passed to their reward and, perhaps inevitably, the religious fervor of the community relaxed. The change came slowly, but it was none the less certain. The old admonition of the founders, "have no intercourse with worldly-minded men," was no longer strictly heeded. The plain garb which for so long had distinguished the True Inspirationists—particularly the women—was gradually abandoned. The shoulder shawl and the little black cap, designed to hide feminine graces and keep pride in subjection, disappeared except at church services. And when plain garb was worn it sometimes concealed such modern adjuncts as bobbed hair, wrist watches, or beads. The innumerable church services were no longer so well attended. Cameras, bicycles, pianos, radios, occasional automobiles, and a few private bank accounts had come into Amana—evidence that the old order was passing.

III

This history and these manifestations of change are in the record. It is much more difficult to get beneath the surface to understand what was going on in the minds of the individual members of the community. For in the end it is the individual who seems to matter most seriously with the collectivists—which is something of a paradox in itself.

It is quite evident, as I have already mentioned, that there was no conscious desire on the part of the True Inspirationists to set up a collective colony purely for its own sake. The collective way of life was set up as a solution to a pressing problem. It had, therefore, a very real purpose and a very definite place in the life of the people it affected. Moreover, it had behind it the force of the only constituted worldly authority the colonists recognized—the great *Werkzeug,* Christian Metz. Metz had not only counseled and established the collective life but had placed a curse upon anyone who would dissolve the colony.

If the intimate daily religious records of the community were available to the outsider, it might be possible to trace a subtle change in the life of the colony. But these are not available, and I think rightly so. Therefore, the change which took place was not apparent to the outsider until it became so decided that he might notice it. Were these people growing a little tired of one another, and hence a little more willing to have intercourse with the "outside"? Was the solemn admonition to have nothing to do with worldly men beginning to seem unreasonable? It seems so, yet this was the essence of the collective idea. The seven villages which compose the Amana colonies had long discouraged automobiles by the effective means of raising their street crossings above the level of the street. These were lowered about two decades ago.

Before these traffic curbs were removed, however, there were other changes apparent. One of these was the employment of "outside" labor. The Amana collective had rested upon the idea that all members of the community would give their best abilities to the community. The Marxist ideal of "from each according to his abilities; to each according to his needs" might be said to define the Amana idea. Indeed, it is doubtless here that the Sunday-supplement comparison of the Amana colonies with Marxist communism has arisen. This employment of outside labor was due to the fact that

some colonists were beginning to shirk their responsibilities. The religious ideal was losing its hold, and this lost idealism was reflected in the attitude of some colonists toward their obligations under the collective.

It was a very simple change. More people began going to the doctor to complain of ailments. They felt themselves unable to perform the labor expected of them. The curve of illness based upon the number of colonists visiting the doctors pointed steadily upward. And yet, since food was dispensed without question at the collective kitchens, the shirkers continued to carry away full baskets. Their ailments were not reflected in their appetites. Since medical service cost nothing, the visits to the doctor were not curtailed. One physician said to me that however much he might be convinced that a patient was healthy and sound, he could not exert authority he did not possess and mark out the patient as an impostor. There was no provision for shirkers in the community. It had been established on the ideal that there would be none.

This condition, which began to make itself felt during the last two decades of the last century, was eventually reflected in the finances of the colony. Its deficits began to increase, and by 1931 it was facing either receivership or reorganization on a plan which would compel those who would eat to work. This was true in spite of the fact that at no time did the number of shirkers exceed twenty-five per cent of the entire community. The fact is interesting as illustrating how at the mercy of a recalcitrant minority a collective community may become—or may always be.

It cannot be said that there were any barriers among the colonists at Amana which prevented a complete understanding of the aims and hopes and personalities of each. The intense religious fervor which steeped the community; its simple, uncomplicated type of life; and the close physical contact among individuals in the work of the day, the community kitchens, the numerous church services, and even in the homes jointly occupied, all should have served to break down those artificial barriers between personalities which are the chief objections of the advocates of collective living. Here, certainly, was no lack of opportunity to understand and become acquainted with every other colonist. Moreover, the intellectual level of life was such that all believed rather implicitly in the semidivine authority behind the community. Yet all these bonds failed to hold a minority to their duty under the collective system, and that minority proceeded to wreck the colony.

There was another disrupting factor: the desire for personal possession. It seemed to go deeper than the mere possession of an automobile, or a radio, or a bicycle, or a wrist watch, though these desires were natural enough when once they were aroused by contact with persons on the outside who did possess them. There was a desire to possess something which was the result of their own labors. Mrs. Bertha M. H. Shambaugh has been a sympathetic student of Amana for a number of years. In her book on the colonies, published by the State Historical Society of Iowa, Mrs. Shambaugh touches upon the subject of personal possession. "Then too," she says, "contact with the outside world had aroused in some of *the strong and capable* of the younger generation a real desire for the competitive struggle." (The italics are my own.) This is a strange desire to find among people whose way of life is traditionally collective. It is still more strange if collective living is the boon its advocates declare it to be.

I think of my conversation with a husky young fellow one warm summer afternoon at Amana. He was busy with a routine task of manual labor, and I approached him. He seemed willing, even a little anxious, to talk to an outsider. I asked him what he thought of life under the reorganization which went into effect in 1932. "I'm all for it," he said with a slight German accent. "I was for it long before it happened."

I make no effort further to reproduce his exact words, but the gist of what he said was this: He wanted something he could call his own. He had wanted it for a long time. His ancestors and himself had worked hard for the colony, and what had they to show for it? A man wanted to be free to come and go as he pleased. And how could he do that if he had nothing of his own? A fellow, especially a young fellow like himself, didn't want to be shut up too closely with a lot of his neighbors, no matter how good they were.

I asked him how life compared under the two systems. Well, he wasn't sure but that it had been easier under the old system. Under that system the elders, or managers, of the community had done all of the worrying. Now he had to do his own. But now, also, he owned his own house—or was buying it from the new corporation—and he could do with it as he pleased. He was willing to do some worrying on his own account provided he had something to show for it at the end of a certain period. Moreover, he wanted a chance to live like people on the "outside." He was tired of having his way of life—he didn't use that term, but it was what he meant—cut out for him.

This statement is perhaps the most interesting and significant of any made by this earnest young fellow who was willing to talk in spite of the habitual reticence of his oldsters. The collective community had been established in 1843 so that a way of religious-emotional life might be preserved from change. Yet here was a young man who was the product of years of such life repudiating the very objective which had become traditional with him. He said nothing about the slackers or shirkers. Although he seemed to be ambitious, both in outlook and in action, the shirkers of the community who had actually brought about the reorganization were apparently not uppermost in his mind.

There was no philosophical approach to the subject in the young worker's mind. He was not interested in the finer points of the matter at all. He did not say to me that there is a possessive instinct in men. He merely said that he and his friends wanted something they could call their own. He did not say there is something in men which makes them want to be free from the shackles of other personalities and perhaps not too closely bound to other personalities. He said merely that he wanted to be free to go and come as he pleased; to live his life without having to think too much about what the other fellow was doing. For him, at least, the sharp impact of personalities held no interest.

The philosophical approach came to me from a very different member of the colony. He was one of the elders, the patriarchs, of the community. I shall not embarrass him by identifying him too closely. Merely let me say that he is a man whose education has been broad and whom one finds pleasant and stimulating. With his permission I set down here a statement he made particularly for my benefit as summing up the attitude of the leaders of the community. "We are firmly convinced," he said, "that the collective idea is entirely impractical for the reason that it requires too large an element of sacrifice of all personal and selfish ideas. The only way in which collectivism can be practiced is as a religious ideal or a dictatorship."

In deference to his feelings I did not press the point bearing on the religious ideal. He told me that he retained it. He intends to go on living out his life in the community, working for the comparatively limited income he will receive. This he does in spite of the fact that his education and experience are such, and he is engaged in such a type of work, that he might go out into the "outside" and earn several times what he will receive for his services to the community. By implication he told me that many had lost the religious ideal, which was the reason the community found itself reorganized into a purely business corporation with a high-salaried sales manager from the outside. He realized the completeness with which the religious ideal was at the mercy of a

minority in the community, and of course the effect that abandonment of the ideal by a minority had had upon Amana.

What caused the loss of religious idealism? He was not so sure. The possessive instinct ran counter to the ideal as it was expressed in practice at Amana. It would run counter to any collective idea, for the two were natural opposites. Would that wreck every collective effort? He could not say of course, but he felt that it must inevitably unless there was some deep-seated cause for defection at Amana which he had overlooked.

IV

Here, it seems to me, is testimony which gets close to the heart of the collective philosophy. This man's belief, based upon his experience, was that collectivism could be made to work only as a great ideal—or under compulsion. But the ideal itself could not withstand—in the minds of at least a minority of any group—the impact of individualism. He said nothing about the thrill of exploring the personalities of his neighbors; of breaking through the barriers which surround their personalities. There should be no barriers in a community which had been collective for eighty-nine years. If some collectivists can break down these barriers in a matter of a few months, certainly Amana should have had none. But I heard no testimony to the effect that there was anything thrilling in seeing the naked self of a neighbor. It is probable that this thrill had been lost with the years.

Here I express an opinion based purely upon observation. It is not something I felt I had any right to discuss with the more discerning Amanites. But I distinctly got the impression that there were more barriers to personality in Amana than in any competitive community I have ever seen. The colonists seemed to be trying hard to throw off these barriers, but they had not succeeded. I got the impression that here were a people beset by inhibitions. They were self-conscious. The waitresses who served us our meals, the girl who acted as cashier when we paid our bill, the receptionists at the general offices, the clerks in the stores, the children who sidled toward us here and there—all these seemed to be strikingly self-conscious. They had not, in my opinion, that frankness of approach and naturalness of behavior which one might expect from the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of collectivists, if collective living is the panacea for personalities it is declared to be.

I would not knowingly do the good people of Amana the slightest injustice, but I cannot help but record an honest impression. That impression is this: that here is a group the majority of whose youth is nervously maladjusted. (I do not like to use a stronger term than this.) Allowance must always be made for the effect of a stranger and outsider in any group such as this, but after making due allowance, I cannot shake that impression. The lack of expression in so many faces; the talkativeness before—though not to—strangers; the too-obvious playfulness in relationships between the sexes who were thrown together in work; all these and many other indications I translate into the impression I record. If collective living breaks down personal barriers, then these things should not be.

Perhaps, by the law of averages, a community of from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred members should not normally be expected to produce anything of value in the arts in eighty-nine years. But collective living, according to its advocates, is an elixir which liberates the soul. John Bunyan, in the debtor's prison of a competitive society, found inspiration there. Might not some member of the collective, freed from the competitive struggle, imbued with a great religious ideal of humility and brotherhood, have found inspiration for some great religious prose or poem? The fact is that nothing of the kind was produced.

In the face of the evidence, one is justified in wondering whether collective living is—at least after eighty-nine years—the potent tonic its advocates declare it to be.



FINALLY HARRIET

A STORY

BY IRA WOLFERT

On the last afternoon of his life, a warm, cloudless spring day in which the sky was high, Tom sat on a beach with his wife, Harriet, and a friend, Dick.

Tom was a chunk of a man, squat, dark, hairy, in a wrinkled and faded bathing suit. He sat with arms flung loosely into his lap and legs stretched out flat against the sand, eyes staring and face empty while the sea ran up the beach with a crash and seethe. Dick also was dark and muscular, but he was tall. His body jutted sheer as a cliffside from his bathing trunks. His long graceful legs were curled under him as he sat facing Harriet and talking to her indolently. Harriet was in a fresh new print dress and wore a tweed jacket over it against the slow bite of the windless day. Her face was pale and alert. Her dark eyes slanted furtively toward her husband while her white hands fluttered nervously in response to Dick's remarks.

Dick was new to her—someone who had come round the bend of the beach into their solitude at the moment when their solitude was becoming intolerable. After an evening and morning of it she had decided to ignore Tom's sullen apathy and simply be alone as she sat beside him in silence. But she was coming to the end of resignation when Dick happened along; when she saw, walking slowly at the edge of the sea, a tall, dark, rather handsome male.

A look of surprised recognition had come into Dick's eyes when he had seen Tom. Then Harriet noticed that as he walked along he looked at her carefully as if he were making up his mind whether it was worth while now to take advantage of his recognition of Tom. Eventually he seemed to decide that it was.

"Well, fancy that!" she thought derisively as he came swelling toward them. But just the same she was pleased and a little excited.

So now they sat together—Tom, Dick, and Harriet. Tom, a little more than forty, the eldest of the three, brooding vacantly; his pale, alert wife, a small woman in her middle thirties with a white face and interesting, irregular features that made her look clever and kind; Dick, who was somebody Tom had known in the solid, impressive days of the '20s.

Solid! Impressive! In those days, thought Tom, he would, as the office manager, have forced himself to be kind to such a man; but yesterday the office manager had forced himself to be kind to Tom. "Well you see . . ." and stammering, and "after all we have to . . ." and a long and uncomfortable speech about the new recession. Yes, on the calendar it was 1938, but it might just as well be 1930. Only it was worse now. People didn't have the fat on them they had had in 1930. The shock was greater. Nerves, bolshevism. "After all every business has to . . ."

"Here it comes," thought Tom, sitting alert and trying to keep all expression from his pale face. This had been his

second job in five years. For the second time he had managed to get free of relief.

"Yes," said the office manager, "people had thought the end of the last depression was a peace, but it was only an armistice and now the war is on again."

"Fire when you see the whites of my eyes!" thought Tom.

The manager shifted his paper cuffs nervously and Tom thought, "I remember how I used to feel about the kind of fellow you are. No vision. Fifty dollars a week and a twenty-by-a-hundred house in Floral Park with water coming into the cellar every time it rains. No push. Spend your life plodding timidly along the same old rut. . . . God Almighty, let me find a rut to spend my life in!"

"Last one hired, you know," said the office manager.

There was hunger in Tom as he sat staring at the nervous weak face in front of him, a hunger for the old days when he had been lord of such men and they would thrill if he called them by their first names. But those old days had been in a different world. That was the world in which, when you reached forty-five, you would have the mortgage on the house paid off and, when you were fifty-five, your annuity would start paying you off and you would go round the world. You would be one of those white-haired men with red cheeks staying in Florida for the winter and having a little place in the mountains near fishing for the summer. Your children would be grown up and would come to visit you and tell you their troubles and you would solve them.

That was a world whose fabric did not change. You worked and you had fun while you worked. When you bought some extra fun for yourself you felt you had earned it, and the price came out of money you could spare. Cocktails before dinner. That had been civilized. Nothing elaborate. Life hadn't ever been elaborate, but you could take a dollar's worth of taxi when you were tired and it was raining; and you could have fun when Harriet paid fifteen dollars for a pair of shoes.

"You're sending me to the poorhouse," you could say.

But at length Harriet began to get worried about being childless. "We can't go on in a vacuum like this, drying up like this," she said. "I'm thirty-five."

When she said that Tom would look at her and try to get an expression of suffering into his face. That was something the depression had taught him. He knew now how to whine for sympathy with his face, even while he was thinking, "If only not being able to afford children was all I had to worry about!" But there were times when he did not think of what expression he had on his face. Sometimes when she'd say that he'd look at her and think: "Yes, yes, that's right. They let a man live all right and then they rob him of his life."

First his job, then his money, then his car, then his friends, his annuity, his insurance, his house. The flesh of his life had been ripped from him strip by strip and year by year in a new kind of terrible inquisition.

Now the sight of the little mechanical rabbit of a man before him stirred his digust. "You're firing me, aren't you?" Tom demanded loudly. "Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"It's not my fault," said the office manager. "We have to cut down."

"Then say it like a human being," said Tom. "If you got to stick a knife in, stick it in."

"Okay," said the office manager, "here it is." He handed over a slip of paper. "You can take this to the cashier. It's for a week's pay. We don't want simply to throw you out flat."

"That's nice," said Tom. "That's a great thing." The telephone rang, but he did not notice the interruption. He looked at the slip of paper. "This is my death sentence," he said aloud nervously. He hadn't thought of losing a job as being that, but it suddenly seemed true. What else could a man like himself do when he was robbed of life but die? He needed, if not success, at least hope. He could not resign himself to a lifetime on

relief. "This is my death sentence," he repeated and looked up frightened at the office manager who was talking into the telephone—"yes, sir, certainly, sir, right away, sir."

Tom waited tensely. He felt panic rising in him. "Listen," he said, when the office manager hung up, "you got kids in there you can let go. All right, it's a tough break for them, but they've got morale. I been on relief. Listen." He stopped and struggled to find words. His face seemed to be quaking. The office manager, embarrassed, began to busy himself with the papers on his desk.

"In those days I waited around the house all day long," Tom said. "It's like lying in your own coffin. I can't go through that again. I'll be goddamned if I'll do that any more."

"They say things may pick up in the fall," said the office manager.

"In the fall!" said Tom. "I been through this hell before. I'm all shot. I can't fight any more. I got nothing left to fight with."

The office manager thought Tom was going to cry. He stood up nervously. "You leave us your address," he said, "and notify us of any change. The very first chance I get, you come back. That's a promise, and you can count on it."

Tom looked up at him. He still felt as if he were about to fly to pieces and a single part of him were struggling to hold the rest together. "Say, I got as much chance getting back here as . . . don't think I don't know about such things from your angle, from higher up too. I used to have two secretaries. I sold a fourteen-hundred-thousand-dollar contract to Samson-Evans once nobody thought could be got. Do you know Dave Evans?"

"I've got something I've got to do right away," said the office manager, "for Mr. Donald."

"After the contract was signed," said Tom, "Dave says to me, 'Tom, you done me a barrel of bucks' worth of dirt to-day.' Like that. So I says, 'Well, I'll see you get enough dirt for your money.' I used to go out to his house on parties with my wife." A feeling of hopelessness welled up in him and smothered his thoughts. "Aaah nuts," he said.

"If I hear of anything around," said the office manager.

Tom stood up. "Will you tell me something?" he said. "I've got to know. I handled the job all right? That isn't what licked me here, was it?"

"Oh, no," said the office manager. He did not look at Tom. "Your work was fine, and any time you want a reference you tell them to call me up." He smiled brightly. "Well, good-by, Mr. Murray," he said. "Good luck. Drop around once in a while and let me know how you're making out."

Tom shook the outstretched hand. He clung to it as if it were a support. "Why don't he say it?" he thought. He was suddenly desperate to hear he was being discharged for incompetence. "It's true. Why don't he say it?" he thought. "I'm shellshocked. I can't hold a job any more. Let him say it." It would settle everything. He would have no more doubts and no decision to make. The decision would have been made for him.

He noticed he was still holding the man's hand. It felt solid and helpful. "Let go of him," Tom told himself but he was too terrified. He began to tremble and he felt the trembling go down the length of his hand.

Finally, the office manager began to tug his hand away, slowly and uncomfortably. Even then Tom held on. Suddenly the moment of terror was over and Tom was walking out of the office. His legs didn't seem to be under him. He walked as if his body were running after his legs.

Tom went straight to the cashier, holding the order for thirty dollars in one hand. The thought returned to him: "This is my death warrant." He was shocked by it, but he realized the idea had been with him many years, held down, ready to leap upon him. Now he was exhausted. He let the thought range over him.

"If I only could find somebody," he

whimpered to himself, "to play with me for a while and nurse me along until I got my morale back. The way I am now, I couldn't hold a night watchman's job. I'm through, that's all. It's tough enough to find a job without finding a nurse to go with it. I'm washed up. What's the use looking for a job? I'm yesterday's newspaper."

He thought of Harriet. "That's so dead," he said to himself with such violence his face jerked into a snarl, "it stinks." His thoughts became an unintelligible glare in his head. After a while he grew calmer and ideas began to emerge. "She's married to yesterday's newspaper all right," he told himself, "and she knows it. You can't fool her. No, they won't let you fool her. They fixed it up. Clean sweep. Robbed of everything. Take her too. I don't care what she is, she can't go on loving a case of shellshock that's around all day long nagging at her and weighing her down. No, they've got her where they've got everything I ever had, tucked away nice and gone, good-by forever."

The first time he had found a job after being on relief there had been, between moments of terrible anxiety, a feeling of thick sweetness in his brain. He had thought, "I'll win it all back. Just wait and see. I'll start with her like I started fifteen years ago, with her and ten fingers on my hands. First the insurance. Then money in the bank. Going out somewhere in the evening. Friends, a car, a house, parties. I'll get it all back. I started before with ten fingers and a wife."

After the second time on relief, when he found a job there had been no sweetness. Fear was too strong. He had thought only, "Can I hold it?" and the thought would leave him in a sweat. "Let it be a rut," he whispered sometimes; "please only let this job be a rut that I can live in the rest of my life."

He was standing before the cashier's cage, picking up the money. "That's right, fives and ones," he told the cashier mechanically. As he walked away he thought, "They got it all, and now they can have the body." He wondered whether to go home at all. He couldn't tell Harriet he had been fired. It would be better just to step off in front of a subway train. "Serve the bastards right to have that kind of a mess on their hands," he thought.

But going that way was too, well, messy. Besides he wanted to see Harriet once more. To-day was Friday. She needn't suspect a thing until it was time to go to work Monday.

"Until then," he thought, "we're okay, aren't we, honey? Yes, Monday is the deadline all right. Monday you kiss me good-by. . . . 'She kissed me good-by with a rolling pin.' "

He felt like giggling. "You're getting hysterical," he told himself. "Get a hold of yourself."

It was only fair to her to do it before she picked up and left him. If he killed himself after she left she would blame herself for it. "It's got nothing to do with you, Harriet." He said it aloud in the street, patiently, kindly, his face screwed up with earnestness. A woman going by looked at him frightened. He did not see her, but his next words to himself were uttered soundlessly. "It's just," he thought, "there's nothing left for me to go on with."

Yes, end it! They had got the meat. Give them the skin. Throw it in their faces. Smack the sucked-out pulp in their fat faces.

When he arrived home he hung up his coat in the dark hall as he always did before going into the kitchen to find Harriet. He reached for his hat to put it on the shelf. His hand touched the hot, dry, hard flesh of his forehead. A shock went through him. He didn't have his hat. He had left it in the office. He had gone straight out from the cashier's cage without saying good-by or finishing up his work or cleaning out his desk. He put his hand on the top of his head to make sure. He felt the damp, rank mass of his dark, graying hair. He had walked

through the streets like that without knowing it!

"It's true then," he thought with awe. "I really am going to do it."

"Tom," called Harriet from the kitchen, "is that you?"

"Yes," he said. His voice sounded thin but quiet. It was a sick man's exhausted, tranquil voice.

She came from the kitchen to the far end of the hall. "You're home early," she said. There was concern in her voice. He felt it. The terror in it hit against him. He watched her standing there in her white apron, her wet hands held up so that they should not drip. She had not even stopped to dry her hands. She stood as if braced for bad news.

"I finished up early," he said.

"Oh, darling! I'm so glad." She came toward him.

"There wasn't anything more to do that could be finished to-night," he said, "so they told me to just go and have myself a long week-end."

She pulled him to her with her elbows, holding her wet hands high over his shoulders, and kissed him. Her flesh was dry and hot too. A fever had swept up in her and burned the perspiration dry. "That's a pretty civilized outfit you work for, mister," she said gaily.

He felt so sorry for her. To live like that, he thought, on the edge of terror, all the time on the edge of terror! Just a little something, a little nothing comes along and the terror leaps up. Nobody can go on like that. Nobody can stand it forever.

"You bet," he said and thrust his face against her warm neck. It was wonderful there—a nest of soft warmth and in it the feeling of life flowing swiftly and smoothly and quietly on its way. "Oh Harriet, dearest, dearest," he said to himself.

"I've got something real nice for your dinner," said Harriet. "You go sit down and watch yourself grow hungry."

On the beach, Saturday afternoon, Harriet's voice had quiet in it and a soft tone that made her words seem cloudy. As Dick listened to her his thoughts ran on ahead of his words. "She knows what you say to her," he told himself with a feeling of pleasure.

She had grown on him swiftly. Tom didn't occupy much of his thinking. At first he had been curious to discover what the depression years had done to Tom, but it was impossible to tell from a bathing suit. Harriet's dress was new and seemed carefully chosen. Her shoes were scuffed, but so many wore old shoes to the beach. He noticed Tom seemed to have something disagreeable on his mind. Well, let him worry about whatever was worrying him. He had never really known Tom except as a business acquaintance. He was bored by men who took their business troubles along on week-ends and went to bed with them.

Harriet was not beautiful, he decided, but she had manner. She seemed so alert and assured. The world appeared to be an exciting place to her. An unusual woman, unusually provocative and responsive. Her voice was so soft and indolent. Her smile was warm and the pallor of her face made her seem even frailer than she was. Warm and frail, provocative and responsive—what delicious combinations! Her nose was marvelously thin. It ran down her face like a line and it was cupped in a round, firm chin. Her chin was tipped with a small ball of flesh and he thought, voluptuously, he knew exactly how it would feel to take the tip of her chin between his thumb and index finger and tug at it. He knew because his mother's chin had been exactly like that.

He shifted closer to her. He leaned forward to shut the sight of Tom from the corner of his eye. Now when she talked he could almost feel her breath brush against his face. "Easy," he told himself; "watch your step." Tom looked the sort who would make trouble. Lawyers and courts and trouble and Harriet sitting crying. No, not for him. There were other fish in the sea. But it was so pleasant to be with her. He would just

play at it and be near her, and that would make the afternoon go more rapidly, more excitingly. There really did not seem to be much happiness between her and Tom. It did not look as if it would be difficult to get between the two. She seemed ready for something like this. She seemed bored and restless. Nothing serious. But Tom seemed to be the kind who would make it serious. There would be a detective following her. Well, it would be nothing to him. He was accountable to no one, completely detached. But once he started he'd have to stick to the end. Tears and scenes, bitter stuff, a year or more of it. No. Nip it off now. Nip it off before it started, before he could decide whether she was worth it. "Easy, easy, just watch your step," he told himself. Tom looked so bull-headed. There would be a detective and lawyers and tears and shouting. No, it wasn't worth it. But she looked as if she knew how Tom would act. Perhaps they were just ready to say "good riddance" to each other. She would know. No. No. She seemed to take things too seriously. Everything seemed to mean a great deal to her.

"Well," said Harriet suddenly, coarsely, "have you had enough of a look at me?"

Dick didn't realize it, but it was a long moment before he answered. "No," he said seriously. She glanced at him nervously.

His preoccupation with Harriet had become so great he did not notice when Tom stood up and began walking toward the sea. But he followed the frightened flight of her eyes and he saw Tom advancing with slow, steady steps, his body loose and slumped, in the sea.

He did not walk, thought Dick; he slouched. He was still slouching when the water reached waist high. Tom seemed to have no reaction to the water. He simply slouched through it. An uneasiness began to prickle in Dick. He glanced toward Harriet and discovered she was looking uneasily at him. He turned his eyes away hastily.

They both watched Tom fling himself awkwardly upon the swelling belly of a wave and, when the wave rolled into flat froth, they could see him swimming steadily, without exultation or even buoyancy. Tom's head reared up on a rigid neck, like a swimming dog's. He seemed clumsy in the water, as if he were an animal wallowing.

"I hope he doesn't go too far," said Harriet.

"He's doing all right," Dick told her. "He's taking it like a good boy taking his medicine."

"What!" said Harriet sharply. "Oh. Yes, that's right." She laughed. "How long have you known him?"

Dick looked into her eyes. Ordinarily he found this embarrassing to do, but now he was fascinated to see warmth flow into her eyes and darken their gray color. "Not as long as I know you," he said quietly.

He was startled to hear himself say that. He didn't know what it meant. Yes, he did know, and she knew too, because she did not ask him what he meant. She began briskly to talk of other things. He watched her face. Quick and frail. After a while she said suddenly, "Where is he? I don't see him."

Dick turned his head reluctantly to search the restless surface of the sea. He made Tom out at last, still wallowing, low in the water, like some logged hulk lifting and squashing.

"He must be trying for that raft," said Harriet. "He can't swim that far."

"I'll head him off," said Dick and lifted himself gracefully and ran down the beach. He ran on the balls of his feet and kept his chest high. He made a clean dive into a wave and felt his long, thin body slit through it. Then he tossed his hair back, boyishly, and struck out in a crawl.

The water was unexpectedly warm and thick. It lifted under him like a blanket and closed round his face. He even felt the burble of the bubbles he made in passing. He felt too that his performance was good and that he was cutting a figure

with dash to it. Was Harriet watching him? But he would not look round to make sure.

He could see Tom off to the left, moving now with a slow, exhausted churning, his face deep in the water, the water foaming and rolling. Then Tom lifted his face and Dick saw it was the color of the water. It was an uncanny gray, fleshless and green-drenched.

"Hi," Dick called. "Where do you think you're going?" He waited a moment. The wind slid with a hiss across the sea and the sea crashed and splashed. Did Tom know he was there? He gave no sign. The slow thrashing of his body did not halt.

Dick lifted his head clear of the water and cried out again. He saw Tom open his mouth. To call for help? He saw the water slop in and slop out like a gray soup over the rim of a shaken plate. He saw the face grimace and a gasp go quaking through Tom's body. Then the green-drenched face, sleek with water, tossed up suddenly and dipped down, the eyes shut, the mouth open and silent. The water closed over the streaked black mat of hair, over the square neck and bulky shoulders, and the body wallowed aimlessly just below the surface of the sea.

Dick lunged toward him, but in a moment Tom was up again, choking. Then his mouth opened slowly and once again the water began slopping in and slopping out.

"Close your mouth!" Dick roared.

Tom turned his head. No expression crossed his face when he saw Dick, but he began ponderously to swim away. He lifted his arms heavily and flopped them into the water. It was not much of a race. Dick was upon him.

"Go away," said Tom, his voice thick and faint.

A little wave reared up and slapped softly against Tom's face, but he did not blink his eyes or shake his head. He looked old.

Dick circled to come in on Tom from behind. The raft was nearer than the shore. He'd worry about getting him to the shore later. "Take it easy," he said, "and you'll be all right."

"Let me alone," said Tom.

"You put up a fight and I'll let you have it and drag you in by the hair. Now just relax. Let me get you by the back of the head. Go over on your back."

Tom gave up so easily that Dick was surprised. He was bracing himself to plunge on the man and throw an arm round his neck and pull him over when Tom said, "No, this is no good. I don't want to scare Harriet like that."

Dick paddled slowly forward. "All right," he said, "put your hand on my shoulder and we'll go along like that."

They made slow progress toward the raft. "Easy now," Dick kept saying as the chunky body lumbered after him. "Doing fine now," he said. "That's a boy," and finally he had him at the raft and was half pushing him on to it.

Tom hadn't swallowed much water. He leaned over the far side of the raft, away from the sight of Harriet, and retched for a little while. Then he lay flat on his back with an arm flung over his eyes against the sun.

What was it in him that had fought like an animal every time he gathered his life together and attempted to bury it below the surface of the sea? When he opened his mouth under the water it slammed shut. When he opened his mouth above the water and tried to gulp it down a wall closed in his throat. He couldn't swallow. But next time, he thought, it would be different. He would go down and lie flat against the bottom, clinging. Then, when he was all set, he would open his mouth. Let it slam shut after that. It couldn't slam fast enough. He'd have let death in.

"Do you think you can stand up now and wave to Harriet?" asked Dick.

Yes, thought Tom almost gleefully, death would be in him then, a weight strangling him. Let his life struggle and thrash. Death would be equal to its strength. He felt exultation course through him.

"Harriet," said Dick. "Wave to her. Show her you're all right. She must be half crazy by now."

Tom turned his head away and looked down the brown boards of the raft and across the heavily lifting sea. "You think so?" he said at last. "Really?" His thoughts had assumed the rhythm of the sea. They had become shapeless sloshings, rising and falling. He could not separate them from the emotions they stirred. They were thoughts, as sea is sea, rising and falling. Occasionally, a feeling of shame went creeping like a wave across the dark body of his thoughts.

"I guess so," he said suddenly. He started to sit up and Dick reached out a hand to him. "Don't help me," he said angrily and then he felt stronger. The sharp tone had blown something out of him. He rose uncertainly to his feet. His legs were trembling.

At first he could see only the water with sunlight flickering against it. Then he made out the shore, people on it, and finally Harriet. She looked so small. She was standing at the edge of the sea, shading her eyes with her hands, trying urgently to see into the sun.

How long had she been standing like that? A sense of desperation floated out from her and sent the blood jangling through him. He could feel desperation in her immovability and the rigidity of her outward staring, the tense patience with which she sought to see through the sunlight. He lifted his arm and waved slowly. She dropped her hands to her side for a moment and then waved back. She waved energetically. He knew how she did that. She must be standing on tiptoe and waving with her whole body.

It was a keen delight to know that. His physical movement and her eager, touching response washed the sense of sin from him. His delight grew strong. "You darling!" He framed the words silently with his lips and waved again and again. He looked round at Dick as someone to whom he might express his sudden, amazing joy. He saw him sitting quietly, watching him with an air of amusement.

"I'll be damned," Dick kept thinking, "I'll be damned," until an uncomfortable feeling began to grow in him that he was dealing with a madman. Whatever Tom was, Harriet certainly had succeeded in reviving him. The man was jumping up and down on the raft and waving, almost hysterically. Once he laughed very loudly, a single, incoherent snort, and Dick looked toward the beach to see Harriet shaking one tiny fist menacingly, as if to say, "Oh, you just wait till I get hold of you!"

Tom seemed to have forgotten Dick entirely. He dived exultantly into the water and began splashing toward the shore. Dick sat watching for a moment. "I'll be good and damned," he thought and slid into the water after Tom.

For almost half the way the two men swam together. Tom stopped frequently to float and rest. He lay on his back, cushioned in the water, swelling to the immensity of the sky and feeling again an erratic skipping of emotions through his brain. He had been too hasty, he felt. He hadn't thought it out properly. He had misjudged Harriet. Yes, they had everything else, but they didn't have her. No, he had her. Wonderful! Marvelous! "Because, well, that's the way I feel and that's right too," he argued with himself. "If I have her I am still a person. They haven't got everything. They haven't robbed all of me out of myself. I'll come back. I'll get on my feet and get it all back, starting with you, you darling Harriet."

"You don't have to float," said Dick at last, "just rest a hand on my shoulder and we'll go along together faster." He had become bored.

"Go on by yourself," Tom replied. He didn't want to be helped in before Harriet. "I'm all right now."

Dick looked at him with a slight smile. That was what he wanted to do, go on ahead, get out of the water, get away from this sick and stormy man. "You go ahead," said Tom. "I'm fine now. I'll rest when I get tired."

For a moment Tom watched Dick

strike out strongly and gracefully, white water brawling at his heels. Then he began to swim himself, thirty strokes, forty strokes, and when he felt he could not possibly lift his arms once more, he went over on his back gasping. He felt his loneliness then. Dusk was coming on. The restless, blackening water was taking on a chill. What would the dusk have been like if Dick had not happened along? Would he have seen it from wherever he would be now? Was there anything beyond—or simply nothing? He had been on the edge of knowing.

He suddenly thought it odd that he had not wondered before what things would be like after death. Simply flee, that's all, no thought of where he was going, just flight from life. Well, why had he thought of it now? "Sign of returning health," he assured himself nervously. He waited a moment, listening to himself, watching. Tenseness was creeping slowly through his body. "Yes, yes," he insisted. "It means I'm getting normal again."

He turned on his stomach to begin swimming and he saw, far ahead, a white fluttering and the glint of white arms upraised where Dick was. He knew suddenly it had been a mistake to let Dick go on ahead. He needed human companionship out here in this exhausting loneliness. He needed somebody, Dick, anybody. Now there was no human sound to hear, only the sound of restless water with wind whistling softly across it. There was nothing here but salt and wet, splashing, tossing, and emptiness. He was alone here and out of his element, defenseless—just as he was alone and out of his element and defenseless on earth. The analogy was so perfect it became crushing.

If Dick were here, thought Tom, but no, he had to run off. Got tired. Got bored with spending so much time helping. Like everybody else, he thought bitterly; if you drop down dead in front of them, they'll pick you up, but not if it takes too much of their time, not if it interferes with them. Officer, arrest this bum. He's a nuisance. That's Dick all right. That's the whole goddamned world. Nice, very nice, if you interfere with them only a little bit. But after that, after you begin to annoy them, or cost them more than they feel it's a pleasure to give, or bore them—Holy Mother of men help you!

He saw that Dick was splashing through low water now and had almost reached Harriet. He could tell by the way she held her head that she was smiling and he could tell by all the things he knew of her from their years together what that smile looked like. He could not see her tired eyes, nor the weariness that lay on her face—gray on white, like rain on daylight. He saw only her smile.

With an abruptness that was almost violent, he remembered what he had not known he had noticed—how friendly Dick and Harriet had been on the beach together. He had never seen Harriet grow so friendly before on such short notice. They had talked looking into each other's eyes. No attention to him. No, he was outside their talk. They had made no attempt to bring him in. He had never seen Harriet do that before, on such short notice, with someone she had just met.

He stopped swimming and lifted his head to stare across the sea at his wife.

"He's fine. He's all right," called Dick up the beach to Harriet as he walked splashing out of the sea. "He's got sense enough to float when he's tired now. He told me to come on ahead and let you know."

She looked at him nervously. "It was very foolish of him to try to make that raft," she said. Then she looked away. She seemed to be afraid to look at him.

Dick was close to her now. "Well," he said, "first swim of the year. A fellow is likely to get carried away by excitement, you know, and try too much. But he's all right now."

She smiled and put her hand on his wet arm. "You were grand," she said.

He felt the nipples on his breast stand out with cold. It gave him a prickling sensation. Suddenly, their hands clasped.

It was so spontaneous it was frightening. They looked at each other frightened. It was as if they had wanted to spring into each other's arms and had been restrained by the thought of how much, actually, separated them.

"You're cold," she said at last. She put his hand under her arm and hugged it into her warmth. It made it seem as if she were snuggling up to him. "Maybe," she said, "if you throw this jacket of mine round you . . . You must be very cold."

He looked down at her with an uneasy smile and she dropped his hand. She was staring urgently up at him. There was fear in her face. He looked deep into her, as if he were plunging through her flesh. He did not see anything with his eyes. His brain was fainting with emotion. They were going to be together . . . soon now.

Her eyes jerked past him to the sea. "Where is Tom?" she cried. The sea was empty.

"Who?" asked Dick dully. "Where is who?"

He heard her whimper. He saw her begin to run toward the bare sea.

WINE PARTY

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

AS COINS because they shine
Remain unspent,
The golden-bodied wine
Will first content
The pure lust of the eye.
Enough, if such rich luster pay the sight
With interest upon long-vanished light.

This pleasure as it pales
Seems not so fine
As what the glass exhales—
Breath of the vine.
Rare gust, be slow to die!
We'll take it on the tongue, mixed with our breath
The ghostly grape laughs jollily at death.

The wine, though cool as snow,
Being drunk, is fire.
The taste transmutes the glow
Until desire
Puts its long grieving by,
Or finds some savor of sweetness in what's tart.
Though wrung, the heart exults, the shuddering heart.

The failure of delight
That makes us rage,
The treachery, the spite
Of this fouled age,
Wine's power can defy.
The blood bounds in the vein, flesh unsubdued
Forgets its pain, the soul forgets its solitude.

THE SUPREME COURT AND TAX-EXEMPT INCOME

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

In 1925 I had a hearing in London before one of the British Commissioners of Inland Revenue. After the matter in hand was threshed out he asked me if I minded answering a few questions about the United States income tax law and administration. Most of his queries dealt with our tax on capital gains, a feature of our law which Englishmen find rather puzzling. But the point that really baffled him was how we could make our tax system work at all if it was true, as he had repeatedly heard, that our State and municipal governments could issue an unlimited supply of bonds, the interest from which was entirely exempted from tax by the central government.

He said that at one time during the World War, when the British Treasury was particularly hard pressed, Parliament had authorized an issue of bonds the interest from which was exempt from supertax in the hands of British as well as foreign holders. But everyone regarded this as so unfair to British citizens whose funds were invested in *taxable* securities that the tax-exempt bonds were retired as soon as possible and no similar bonds were ever thereafter issued.

I was of course compelled to admit to the Commissioner that his information as to tax-exempt bonds in the United States was correct. But I went on to say that the system was not as unfair in operation as it might appear to be on the statute books, and that we were very British in not bothering about the logic of a thing if it worked tolerably well. I explained that many of our well-to-do business men avoided a large part of the individual surtaxes, which nominally they were supposed to pay, by investing their capital in operating companies like the Ford Company which accumulate most of their earnings to acquire new sources of raw material or expand their plants and inventories. Others organized individual holding companies the income of which was accumulated and invested by the corporation in various ways free, except in extreme cases, from individual surtax.

I conceded that a few thousand outstandingly successful corporate executives, stock brokers, lawyers, and accountants were badly pinched by the surtaxes from which they had no means of escape. But since the income of these men consisted mainly of salary or fees from corporations or wealthy stockholders, they were not in a position to raise a serious outcry against a system which was acceptable to their benefactors. The Commissioner saw the point and agreed with me that, despite its lack of logic, the American system of tax-exempt bonds would probably survive until Congress made the surtax on corporate stockholders fully effective by forcing corporations to distribute their profits.

Such action came, eleven years later, by the adoption of the corporation undistributed profits tax of 1936. Finding his ox gored, the American business man now became keenly alive to the inequity of the tax-exempt bond. Complaints poured in to Washington over the unfairness of tax-

ing, at devastating rates of surtax, the active business man who risked his capital in productive enterprise while the investor who salted away his hoard in tax-exempt bonds escaped tax entirely. The "recession" was attributed in part to the movement of capital from highly taxed productive business enterprises into non-productive tax-exempt government bonds. Industrial leaders and the Administration agreed that the tax-exempt bond must be eliminated.

The only question was whether the ponderous method of a constitutional amendment must be invoked or whether an ordinary act of Congress would suffice.

The President decided to try the latter, and, on April 25th, sent a special message to Congress recommending that the existing federal income tax law be amended to include in taxable income the interest from State and municipal bonds. Congress will probably act favorably on this recommendation, at its next session, and thus precipitate one of the most important and exciting legal battles that our generation has witnessed. For the tax-exempt bond has a longer and more acrimonious history than any other constitutional question that the Supreme Court has had to face in the past five turbulent years of constitutional development.

II

During the regime of Chief Justice Marshall, the United States Supreme Court handed down decisions in two cases (*McCulloch v. Maryland* and *Weston v. Charleston*) holding that taxes imposed by the State of Maryland and the city of Charleston, South Carolina, were unconstitutional because they discriminated against agencies of the federal government. Since a *discriminatory* tax by one government, State or federal, against the other would strike at the very roots of the dual system of government provided for in the Constitution, these *decisions* were unimpeachably sound. Marshall, however, in writing his opinions in these cases unhappily made some superfluous statements—lawyers call them *dicta*—tending to imply that the taxes in question would have been invalid even though non-discriminatory.

In 1842, after death had removed Marshall from the bench, the Supreme Court decided *Dobbins v. Commissioners of Erie County,* involving a *non-discriminatory* tax imposed by Pennsylvania on all property including the value of any office held by any resident of the State. Dobbins, captain of a United States revenue cutter stationed at Erie, Pa., contended that the tax was unconstitutional as applied to the value of his office even though the tax was not discriminatory. Relying on Marshall's *dicta* in the *Maryland* and *Charleston* cases, the United States Supreme Court sustained Dobbins' contention, and thus established the doctrine that no tax could be imposed by a State based on income received from the Federal Government.

This unfortunate decision could perhaps be theoretically justified on the ground that if the Court sustained the tax, Pennsylvania or some other State might go communistic, impose a 99 per cent tax on all salaries in excess of some insignificant amount, and, if federal officials were subject to the tax, deprive the Federal Government of the necessary personnel for carrying out its operations within the State. But, however theoretically impressive this supposed danger might be, it was and is too remote to justify the Court's giving it controlling weight.

In a subsequent case, *Collector v. Day,* the Supreme Court carried its unsound decision in the *Dobbins* case to its logical conclusion by holding that the federal income tax, adopted temporarily as an emergency measure during the Civil War, could not be imposed on the salary of Day, a Judge of Probate for the County of Barnstable, Mass.; thus establishing that *State* officers engaged in a governmental function are completely immune from *federal* tax on their compensation from the States. But the question whether

private investors are exempt from federal tax on the income from bonds issued by the States was not raised until 1894, when Congress enacted the first peace-time federal income tax, which included a tax on income from State and municipal bonds held by private investors.

The entire tax, as far as it applied to income from property, was bitterly assailed as unconstitutional on the ground that taxes on income from property were "direct" taxes, within the meaning of Article I of the Constitution, and that the Constitution provides that "direct" taxes can be imposed by the Federal Government only

> if apportioned among the several States which may be included in this Union according to their respective numbers.

The tax was concededly not so apportioned (in fact the very purpose of the tax was admittedly to extract much heavier taxes from the wealthy States than from the poorer ones without reference to their populations) and, therefore, if held to be a "direct" tax, was clearly unconstitutional. The opponents of the tax also contended that, even if the tax was constitutional as applied to income from property generally it was clearly invalid in so far as it applied to income from State and municipal bonds because of the decision of the Supreme Court in *Collector v. Day*. These questions were brought before the Supreme Court in *Pollock v. Farmers' Loan & Trust Co.*, which eventually held the tax unconstitutional on both counts.

There the matter rested for some time —until in 1909 the pressure for an unapportioned federal income tax became so strong that an amendment to the Constitution, which would permit Congress to impose such a tax, was pushed through Congress with almost no debate, being adopted by a unanimous vote in the Senate and with only fourteen "Nays" in the House.

As initially drafted, the proposed Amendment clearly dealt only with that part of the decision in the *Pollock* case holding that taxes on income from property were "direct" taxes which must be apportioned among the several States according to population. It provided simply that:

> The Congress shall have power to levy and collect direct taxes on incomes without apportionment among the several states according to population.

But the Bill was amended in the Senate Judiciary Committee to read as follows:

> The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

And this is the form in which the proposed Amendment was adopted by Congress and eventually ratified by the necessary number of the States.

It will be seen that there was a striking change in language between the first and second drafts of the Bill, namely, the substitution of the words "*from whatever source derived*" for the word "*direct.*" There was no statement in Congress as to the reason for this change, but the natural implication from the words themselves is that some member or members of the Senate Judiciary Committee insisted that the proposed Amendment be enlarged to give Congress power not only to levy an unapportioned income tax but also to levy taxes on income from sources which, but for this enlargement, would be held exempt from tax.

In February, 1913, the Sixteenth Amendment was ratified by the last of the required three-fourths of the States, and in August of that year Congress enacted a federal income tax law. Congress limited the possible grounds for holding the new act unconstitutional by specifically providing in the law:

> That in computing net income under this section there shall be excluded the interest upon the obligations of a State or any political subdivision thereof, and upon the obligations of the United States or its possessions; also the compensation of the present President of the United States during the term for which he has been elected, and of the judges of the

supreme and inferior courts of the United States now in office, and the compensation of all officers and employees of a State or any political subdivision thereof except when such compensation is paid by the United States Government.

The constitutionality of the new law was sustained by the Supreme Court in the case of *Brushaber v. Union Pacific Ry. Co.* But in its opinions in that and two later cases, *Stanton v. Baltic Mining Co.* and *Peck v. Lowe,* the Court gratuitously asserted that the only function of the Sixteenth Amendment was to relieve Congress from the requirement of apportioning federal income taxes among the States according to population, and that the words "from whatever source derived" did not give Congress power to tax sources of income previously immune. Such gratuitous statements are, however, so frequently ignored by the Court itself that Congress was plainly justified in disregarding these *dicta,* as it did, in enacting the Revenue Act of 1918.

III

In the 1918 Act Congress, in its dire need for increased revenue for the War, provided specifically for the inclusion in taxable income of the salaries of federal judges. Walter Evans, a United States District Judge in Kentucky, sued to recover the federal income tax imposed under the new Act on his salary, and the case reached the Supreme Court in 1920, in *Evans v. Gore.*

Judge Evans contended that a federal statute requiring the inclusion of the salary of a federal judge in his taxable income "diminished" his compensation contrary to the provision in Article III, Section 1, of the Constitution that the compensation of federal judges "shall not be diminished during their continuance in office"; and that the Sixteenth Amendment, in empowering Congress to impose taxes on incomes "from whatever source derived," did not modify this Section.

There were two possible answers to this contention. The first is that the inclusion of a federal judge's salary in income on the same footing with all other income does not "diminish" it, within the meaning of Article III, Section 1. The second is that even if the inclusion of a federal judge's salary in taxable income does "diminish" it and hence would have been unconstitutional prior to the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment, the provision in that Amendment explicitly empowering Congress to impose a tax on incomes "from whatever source derived" meant what it said, and was intended to give Congress power to impose taxes on income from *all* sources including those previously immune.

The first point was ably developed by Attorney General Palmer in his argument before the Supreme Court, but the Court (Justices Holmes and Brandeis dissenting) rejected the Attorney General's argument on grounds that are not pertinent to this discussion. The *second* point, however, was completely abandoned by the Attorney General, who expressly conceded in his brief that:

> It is not, in view of recent decisions, contended that this Amendment rendered anything taxable as income that was not so taxable before.

There were in fact no such "decisions." In the *Brushaber, Baltic Mining Co.* and *Peck* cases, previously referred to in this article, the Supreme Court had gratuitously asserted that the words "from whatever source derived" in the Sixteenth Amendment did not enlarge the power of Congress to tax sources of income previously immune; that the Amendment only relieved Congress of the necessity of apportioning such income taxes as it had always had power to levy. But the veriest tyro of a lawyer knows that such *dicta*—not "decisions" as the Attorney General described them—carry little weight and are frequently disregarded by the Court when it is called upon to *decide* (not merely talk about) a moot point.

The Justices, realizing that in passing on the exemption of Judge Evans' salary they were in effect deciding whether their

own salaries would be exempt, felt impelled to deal with the abandoned point on their own account. But this self-initiated consideration did not change the Court's decision. The Court held (Holmes and Brandeis again dissenting) that the Sixteenth Amendment did not give Congress power to tax sources of income previously exempt from tax, but merely made it no longer necessary for Congress to apportion amongst the States such income taxes as it had always been entitled to impose by apportionment.

The majority opinion on this point begins by saying:

> Let us turn to the circumstances in which this Amendment was proposed and ratified and to *the controversy* it was intended to settle. (Italics mine.)

and follows with the statement that the only controversy in the *Pollock* case was whether Congress had power to impose an unapportioned income tax.

This statement is not true. As we have seen, there was not one controversy—"the controversy"—in the *Pollock* case. There were two. The second was whether or not income derived from a particular source, namely, interest on State and municipal bonds, could be taxed by Congress at all—even by a properly apportioned tax. This second controversy was not a mere lawyers' fight. It reflected a deep-seated issue between the radicals in Congress, who were determined to eliminate any loophole through which the well-to-do might be able to escape federal income tax, and those who regarded this consideration as of less importance than the retention of the existing limitation on the power of Congress to burden the States.

This difference in point of view was clearly brought out in the debates in Congress over the income tax law of 1894. While the 1894 tax bill was pending in Congress, Senator Hill of New York moved that interest on "the bonds of any State, county, municipality or town" be expressly exempted from the tax. But Senator Vest of Missouri successfully opposed this exemption on the ground that:

> If this income tax be constitutional it ought to be equal in its terms, and it ought to operate upon all securities alike. If we should do now what we are asked to do, what would be the inevitable result? All the state and municipal securities would immediately go to an immense premium and all the capitalists of the country would invest in them because we should make them by act of Congress more valuable than any other investment.

When Senator Hill offered a new amendment to exempt from tax the interest on the bonds of any *"State"* (omitting "county, municipality or town"), Senator Vest successfully opposed this, also; saying:

> If I wanted to murder the bill with the people of the United States I should put his amendment upon it. . . . Who makes investments in these bonds? Is it the man dependent upon his every day labor for subsistence? Is it the man living upon a salary even of five or six thousand dollars? It is the Capitalist.

Consequently the 1894 Act, as finally passed, imposed an income tax on "interest" generally, without any exception in favor of that derived from State or municipal bonds.

The same conflict appeared in the relatively limited debates on the Bailey-Cummins income tax bill of 1909 (which was dropped to make way for the Sixteenth Amendment). Possibly because the Supreme Court's decision on the State and municipal bond interest point in the *Pollock* case made it clear that there was no hope of securing a reversal of the Court's position on that point, the 1909 bill provided for the exemption from tax of interest from State and municipal bonds. But this strategic consideration did not deter radical Senator Burkett of Nebraska, who favored the bill as a whole, from questioning this particular feature of it on the ground that:

> how are you ever going to get over the unfairness in the case of a man who has his million, say, invested in county, state, municipal, district, and United States bonds? The Senator specifically exempts them. How are you ever going to make the law fair in the case of that kind of man who, in my opinion, contributes

Burlingame

the least to society and the least to the government than any other man on earth?

But to get back to the text of the Court's opinion in the *Evans* case, the next statement in support of its opinion on the meaning of the words "from whatever source derived" was as follows:

> The message of the President recommending the adoption by Congress of a joint resolution proposing the Amendment, the debates on the resolution by which it was proposed, and the public appeals—corresponding to those in the Federalist—made to secure its ratification leave no doubt on this point. Governor Hughes, of New York, in a message laying the Amendment before the legislature of that State for ratification or rejection, expressed some apprehension lest it might be construed as extending the taxing power to income not taxable before; but his message promptly brought forth from statesmen who participated in proposing the Amendment such convincing expositions of its purpose, as here stated, that the apprehension was effectively dispelled and ratification followed.

The facts referred to in the foregoing statement are as follows: In June, 1909, President Taft recommended the adoption of an Amendment giving Congress power to impose an income tax without apportionment among the States. His message said nothing one way or the other about giving Congress power to tax income from sources which might be entirely exempt from tax, and, as first introduced, the Amendment was directed solely to the point referred to in the President's message. But, as previously pointed out, the proposed Amendment *was later redrafted to include the words "from whatever source derived," and was adopted by Congress in this revised form.*

As to the Court's reference to "the debates" on the resolution for the Amendment, they were, in fact, so meager as to throw no light on the meaning of the Amendment and justified the complaint of Congressman McCall of Massachusetts that "for the House to perform its part in such a solemn transaction as amending the Constitution of the United States without having the form of the amendment seriously considered by one of its committees strikes me as a proceeding of extraordinary levity."

As to the "public appeals" to which the Court referred, the situation was as follows: When, in January, 1910, the question of the ratification of the proposed Sixteenth Amendment came up for consideration by the New York legislature, Governor Hughes of New York sent a special message to the legislature pointing out that the words "from whatever source derived" in the proposed Amendment, *"if taken in their natural sense,"* would empower Congress to tax incomes derived from State and municipalities. He questioned the advisability of giving Congress this power, and recommended that the proposed Amendment be rejected unless and until this provision was eliminated.

This was a bombshell to the members of Congress who were trying to rush through the speedy ratification of the Amendment, lest Congress be tempted to thumb its nose at the Supreme Court by enacting a federal income tax law without waiting for a constitutional amendment expressly authorizing it to do so. A number of them, including Senator Root of New York, issued statements pooh-poohing Governor Hughes' suggestion and stating that, in voting for the proposed Amendment, they had thought the words "from whatever source derived" were intended merely to emphasize that Congress should be permitted to impose income taxes on the sources previously subject to tax, free from the requirement of apportionment. The New York legislature, without giving its reason or reasons, refrained from ratifying the proposed Amendment at this session.

However, in the fall of 1910 John A. Dix, candidate for Governor of New York on the Democratic ticket, ran on a platform pledging his support of the proposed Sixteenth Amendment, without revision. He was elected, and carried out his preelection pledge by writing a public letter to Mayor Gaynor of New York City in April, 1911, in which he said:

I cannot agree with those who maintain that the proposed constitutional amendment should be defeated, because of the possibility that it empowers the National government to tax the income of state and municipal bonds. This interpretation is doubted by many authorities; but even if it were valid, the amendment, in my opinion, should still be approved.

Assuming that the amendment will be ratified by the necessary three-fourths of the states and thereby become an integral part of the United States Constitution, the income tax it authorizes can be imposed only by the vote of Congress. The states are fully represented in both houses of Congress, and in the Senate equal representation and vote is given each state.

How, then, can a Federal income tax be imposed which could be oppressive in its effect on state and municipal bonds, without the consent of a majority of the states? Is it possible that the states through their representatives in Congress would vote an unjust and destructive tax upon their own credit and securities?

Governor Gilchrist of Florida had issued an even more emphatic challenge to Governor Hughes' view that it was unwise to give Congress power to tax State securities. In an open letter to the New York *Times,* he said:

The proposed Constitutional amendment provides "that Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes from whatever source derived". Congress could, therefore, tax incomes derived from state and municipal bonds, and could exempt incomes so derived. Senators and Congressmen, being necessarily residents of states and generally of municipalities, would not pass a law which would destroy through taxation the credit of their own state and of their own municipalities. Senators and Congressmen understand the law of self-preservation as applied to themselves. They wish to be re-elected. I favor the income tax amendment, Gov. Hughes' objection to the contrary notwithstanding.

Shortly after Governor Dix's pronouncement the New York legislature ratified the Sixteenth Amendment, and in February, 1913, ratification was completed by a favorable vote of the necessary three-fourths of the States.

In the light of these facts, what justification had the Court for its assumptions that (a) the State legislatures were disturbed by Governor Hughes' warning that the Amendment might be held by the Supreme Court to mean what it said and (b) were reassured by the declarations of certain "statesmen" that it did not? Considering the history of the Amendment herein set forth, is it not equally reasonable, or more so, to believe that the Hughes message was reassuring, not disturbing, to most of the State legislatures which were considering the proposed Amendment; reassuring because it convinced them that the Amendment, if adopted as it stood, would empower Congress to tax incomes from whatever source derived, and not leave a loophole of tax-exempt bonds through which "the Capitalists"—to recall Senator Vest's speech—could escape the tax?

It is a firmly established and reasonable rule of construction that if the language even of an ordinary statute is grammatically unambiguous and provides for something that Congress might conceivably have been seeking to accomplish, the statements of individual legislators that it means something else are to be disregarded. In the case of a federal constitutional amendment, this rule must apply with special force, because Congress, in submitting the amendment, acts as a proposing rather than a legislating body, so that even if it could be assumed that Congress as a whole had used the language of the proposed Amendment in some Pickwickian sense, it would not be fair to assume that the State legislatures had adopted this eccentric meaning.

It seems evident that the majority opinion and decision in the *Evans* case was erroneous in holding that the words "from whatever source derived" did not mean what they say.

IV

It was eight years more before the question of whether Congress had power to impose a tax on income from State and municipal bonds arose. But unless the Supreme Court was prepared to overrule

its decision in the *Evans* case, it was a foregone conclusion that the Court would decide against the power of Congress, and this it did in the case of *National Life Insurance Company v. United States,* decided in 1928. Still later the principle of the *Evans* case was stretched to its ultimate conclusion in *Brush v. Commissioner,* in which the Supreme Court held that Congress could not impose a tax on the pay of an employee of the New York City Water Department, because this income was derived from a source immune from federal taxation.

Thus, federal judges, the owners of State and municipal bonds, and most State and municipal employees are now held to be a privileged class, immune, wholly or in part, from one of the major burdens to which their fellow-citizens are, or can be, subjected. This situation, especially the tax-exempt bond aspect of it, is intolerable. It prevents the formulation of a sound and equitable federal tax program in ordinary times. It constitutes a serious menace to our national well-being in time of war or other fiscal emergency. And finally it is a breeder of financial difficulties for many of the States and municipalities that it is supposed to protect, by tempting them to borrow extravagantly because of the relatively "cheap" money to which the tax-exempt feature of their bonds gives them access.

As to the cure, the President was on solid ground in declaring in his message of April 25th that the most practical solution of the problem is for Congress to tax income from supposedly immune sources and give the Supreme Court another opportunity to pass on the question whether or not the words "from whatever source derived," in the Sixteenth Amendment, mean what they say. The Supreme Court as now constituted would probably welcome, not disapprove, a statute presenting the question to it anew. In view of the fact that even the ordinary layman can perceive the unsoundness of the majority opinion in the *Evans* case, it may easily be imagined how glaringly apparent this must be to most of the present justices of the Supreme Court,—and how galling, considering that they are in a sense its sponsors!

The willingness of the majority of the Supreme Court as now constituted to overrule indefensible decisions on constitutional questions, no matter how long established, is strikingly illustrated by the recent decision and majority opinion of the Court in *Erie Railroad Co. v. Tompkins.* For over ninety-five years, the Supreme Court had adhered to the rule, which it had established in 1842, that the federal courts are not required to follow the decisions of the State courts in matters of *non-statutory* local law. But in April of this year the majority of the Court discarded this long-established rule, saying:

> If only a question of statutory construction were involved we should not be prepared to abandon a doctrine so widely applied throughout nearly a century. But the unconstitutionality of the course pursued [i.e. pursued by the Court itself] has now been made clear and compels us to do so.

As shown by the quotation, the Court, in considering whether to overrule an earlier decision which it now thinks was erroneous, will distinguish between decisions construing the meaning of an ordinary act of Congress and those construing the meaning of the federal Constitution. This distinction, which has long been advocated by Justice Brandeis, is eminently reasonable. If the Supreme Court makes a mistake in construing an ordinary statute, Congress and the President can, at the next session of Congress, amend the statute, stating in more explicit terms what was intended in the first place. Such being the case, it may well be preferable to let Congress rectify the Court's error rather than for the Court itself to overrule its earlier decision. But the same is not true of an error in construing the meaning of the Constitution. In such a case Congress has no power to correct the Court's mistake, and, unless rectified by the Court itself, the error must persist until corrected by the cumbersome process of constitutional amendment.

But in providing for a tax on income now exempted, Congress must, in fairness, take into account the fact that billions of dollars' worth of outstanding bonds have been sold by States and municipalities at an abnormally low rate of interest on the assurance that the interest would be exempt from federal income tax. I estimate that the interest on tax exempt bonds is about fifteen per cent less than would have been demanded if the interest had been taxable. If this estimate is correct, the owners of State and municipal bonds should be allowed to deduct from their income taxes otherwise payable an amount not exceeding fifteen per cent of the interest received by them from such bonds. If, after investigation, the Treasury Department should find that the differential has been more than fifteen per cent, the maximum tax credit should be correspondingly increased.

Secondly, to guard against the unfairness of retroactive taxes, Congress should provide that if the Supreme Court sustains the new tax on income previously held to be exempt, the Treasury Department shall not attempt to impose taxes on similar income received in prior years.

In the third place, the salaries of our federal judges should be increased by an amount roughly offsetting the federal income tax that will be payable on their salaries under the proposed new tax law. Fairness requires this in the case of federal judges now on the bench, most of whom must have taken into account the prevailing exemption of their salaries from federal income tax in considering whether to give up their law practice to accept their appointments. In the case of future appointments, the increase will be necessary to induce men of high ability to leave private practice for the bench. For reasons which will be apparent to those familiar with the operation of the surtax, the proposed increase will not fully offset the existing tax exemption in the case of federal judges with substantial incomes from other taxable sources, but it would be inexpedient to make any special provision for such special cases.

As a corollary to its taxation of the income of State officials and from State bonds, Congress should give the *States* the right to impose income taxes on the salaries of *federal* officers and on the interest from future issues of federal bonds. No constitutional amendment is required for this purpose. The rule of immunity of federal instrumentalities from State taxes was developed by the Supreme Court to protect the federal government, and if the federal government sees fit to waive this immunity the Court will presumably give effect to the waiver.

Finally, Congress should put a stop to *future* issues of *federal* securities containing a clause for exemption from federal income tax. The interest on *outstanding* federal securities containing such a clause, must, of course, continue to be exempted from federal tax. A federal tax on this interest would be a breach of the public faith. But if Congress will stop issuing such bonds, this one remaining loophole of tax-exemption will gradually close itself by the redemption of the existing bonds, most of which fortunately have an early maturity.

WHAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WANT

BY F. S. WICKWARE

The development within the past few years of a highly accurate and convenient method of measuring public opinion may some day rank as one of the most important socio-political achievements of this generation. For it is an existing fact that by soliciting the views of a comparative handful of citizens mathematically drawn from the economic, geographic, occupational, and age groups which make up the total population it is now possible to obtain a miniature expression of the national state of mind.

Not only is it possible, it is being done. Three times a week Dr. George Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion publishes its poll findings in some sixty newspapers which subscribe to the service, while at longer intervals the Fortune Quarterly Survey, *conducted by* Fortune Magazine, *makes comprehensive reports on a wide variety of questions. Both polls have supplied impressive demonstrations of the accuracy of the modern cross-section sampling method. In the 1936 presidential election the* Fortune Survey *predicted the Roosevelt majority with an error of less than one per cent. The Gallup Poll showed Landon with only three "sure" States and predicted that Roosevelt might receive as many as 519 electoral votes, and it will be recalled that this poll created a public diversion by challenging the* Literary Digest *poll, a non-selective straw vote obtained from a vast number of telephone subscribers and automobile registrants. A month before the* Digest *ballots were mailed out the American Institute predicted that final* Digest *figures would show Governor Landon leading with fifty-six per cent of the total vote. The final* Digest *prediction, based on over two million ballots against the Institute's eighty-five thousand, was fifty-seven per cent for Landon. Since then the American Institute has made notable predictions in many municipal and State elections—La Guardia in New York City last year with an error of less than four per cent, Mayor Redding in Detroit with an error of only two per cent, and Senator Barkley in the recent Kentucky primary with an error of only two per cent, for example.*

But the importance of these polls is obviously not alone in their forecasting of elections; such forecasts serve only to check and affirm the soundness of the method. Once you grant that a cross-section poll can tell how the American people intend to vote for President you are ready to grant that a poll can tell how the American people are thinking on any number of subjects. It is a not unmoving thought that now, for the first time, the vast, remote, and inarticulate mass of common men and women in a democracy have the opportunity simply and directly to express themselves.

Below, a number of their contemporary expressions are set forth. Some of this material has appeared before in other media; much is published here for the first time. If the mere statements and figures seem sparse, remember that within narrow limits they represent the opinions of 130,000,000 Americans. This is American public opinion speaking.

Politically we, the American people, are oriented in 1938 about as we were in 1936. Nearly two out of every three of us believe that the Democratic party most nearly represents our point of view and comes closest to fulfilling our hopes. Almost as many of us believe that the Democratic party will elect a President and otherwise retain control of the national government in 1940.

A majority of us still are "for" President Roosevelt, although he does not claim as many followers as he did last year, or the year before that. Most of us oppose a third term for him. Most of us think that he will not run for a third term. But if he does choose to run, a good half of us believe that he will be re-elected. If he does not run, we at present favor Garner, Farley, and Hull as Democratic candidates; but very possibly we shall have other ideas before convention time.

Other statements and impressions to the contrary, we never gave Mr. Roosevelt a "mandate" to do whatever he liked with our courts and customs and prices and people, and we do not now blindly accept or approve all his policies. We have always been against New Deal spending, and we oppose any increase in the government's expenditures to get business out of its slump. We do not think that it is a proper function of the government to regulate farm prices. But, on the other hand, a great majority of us believe that government should and must care for the needy unemployed. Most of us are resigned to having relief go on indefinitely, and nearly all of us favor work relief instead of the dole.

Unless there is a pronounced upturn in business before this article gets into print, it would be a mistake for the President to ask us to-day what he so confidently asked us in other years—whether we were better off than before. Late last spring nearly two-thirds of us said that we had been richer and had felt more secure the year before than we did then. The newspapers call the current slump a "recession," but most of us, in the spring at least, thought it looked suspiciously like a depression. If we were in President Roosevelt's place, directing the economic rehabilitation of the country, the largest fraction of us would first of all try to restore that so-fragile "confidence" by ceasing the New Deal attacks on business, while the next largest fraction would make a start toward balancing the budget. Our attitude toward finances is somewhat muddled, for while we oppose the spending program a great many of us are not reluctant to accept money from the government. In the past four years some Federal agency has made a loan or a gift of some sort to more than a third of us—presumably that "one-third of a nation" which is ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed. We think that the farm population is better off than the city dwellers, and no one, certainly, could accuse us of having a utopian notion of what the American Standard should amount to. A modest thirty dollars a week would enable the average family to live decently, we believe.

II

We have faith in the endurance of our democracy, and only a third of us think that we shall live to see a dictator in Washington. If one ever comes, the chances are about even as to whether he will be Fascist or Nazi or whether he will be Communist; for we dislike the Fascists just about as much as the Communists, and the number of us who would prefer to live under the German dictatorship, if we had to, is about the same as the number who would prefer to live under the Russian. A great majority of us are opposed to letting American citizens who are Nazis parade and wear uniforms.

Socially we are more advanced than a good many people would care to believe. A good majority of us favor the birth-control movement, for example, and we heartily endorse the recently begun campaign against venereal diseases. Most of us think that free treatment should be available to all venereal patients, nearly all of us think Congress should make

grants in aid to States with anti-venereal programs, and we should be willing to pay higher taxes for this purpose. As far as that goes, we believe that the Federal government should provide free medical care of all kinds for the needy.

Nearly all of us claim to read a daily newspaper and own a radio, and on the whole we like our news printed instead of spoken. We don't think that the Federal government will ever expropriate the broadcasting industry, and few of us think that a Federal censorship of radio would be beneficial. Most of us think that the press is generally fair to the Roosevelt Administration.

Some other miscellaneous opinions of ours, though difficult to classify, may interest you. Most of us would free Tom Mooney. We favor enactment of the Federal anti-lynching bill. We likewise endorsed the Federal wages and hours legislation, but more than half of us believe that picketing should be made illegal. We decisively favor capital punishment for murder, and many of us would make no exceptions for women offenders. But we are against the whipping post, although some of us think that sex criminals should be lashed. We believe that betting on horse races should be made legal, and that hitch-hiking should be made illegal. (More than half of us, for that matter, refuse to give rides to hitch-hikers.) A third of us—but only a third—would vote for the return of prohibition. Over half of us oppose the publication of individual income tax returns by the Federal government; yet over half of us think that it is all right to publish the reports of wealthy men. Over eight out of ten of us believe that automobile insurance should be compulsory.

Almost a third of us think that New York is the most interesting city in the country, with Washington, D. C., second, and if we could choose a State in which to live the year round we would pick California, New York, and Florida, in that order. Last winter we decided that unemployment was the most vital issue of 1938, and that the Ohio floods made the most interesting news story of 1937—with Edward's difficulties with the throne and Mrs. Simpson ranking only fourth.

III

In the present uneasy state of the world it is inevitable that we should be doing more thinking about foreign affairs than at any time since the Great War; but most of our preoccupation with international politics stems from a deep determination to have the United States stay out of the next general war which three out of four of us believe is coming. Slightly more than half of us think that the country can stay out, and, by and large, our prescription for neutrality is a curious combination of Wilsonian idealism and the "big stick" philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt. For example, six in every ten of us favor—in principle at least—the Ludlow Resolution which would deprive Congress of the right to declare war except in case of invasion of the United States or some other country in this hemisphere until the approval of the people had been obtained in a national referendum—fantastic nonsense, in the opinion of the diplomats and the military authorities. On the other hand, an even larger number of us think that the United States should support a bigger navy, and—apparently mindful of Lyautey's maxim that if you show your strength you will not have to use it—think that such a navy would help keep us out of war. We want a larger army too, and especially a larger air force. As for the League of Nations, we don't think the cause of peace would be hurt if it were abandoned altogether. Our faith in weapons is reflected again in the fact that nearly half of us would be willing to have the government increase the already record-breaking army and navy peacetime appropriations whereas an approximately equal number clamor for a reduction in unemployment relief. And a surprisingly large majority favors military training for C.C.C. members. But most of us resist the idea of the Presi-

dent becoming dictator *pro tem* in time of war.

Regardless of whether preparedness helps maintain our neutrality, at least it is not going to be too easy to coax us into another war to save democracy or another nation's skin; for we have become sophisticated, not to say cynical, where the motives and morality of our neighbors are concerned. Virtually all of us deplore the bombing of civilians in open cities, for example, and a majority favors an international agreement to outlaw such bombings; but virtually all of us, again, doubt whether the nations signatory to such an agreement could be trusted to live up to it. When it comes to the question of specific distrusts, we emphatically state that the three leading fascist nations —Germany, Japan, and Italy—are the least reliable. Germany is far ahead of the field in this respect; in general we have a feeling that the Third Reich under Hitler is no less the mad dog of Europe than the First was under Kaiser Wilhelm. Nearly half of us believe that the United States will war again with Germany within our lifetimes, and of those who foresee another World War in the near future about a third think that it will be started by Germany. Germany was "guilty" of the last war, in the opinion of nearly half of us, and few of us favor the return of the colonies lost by her at Versailles.

Our foreign sympathies are about what you might expect them to be. England is our favorite European nation, with France second and Germany third; but there is little point to a ranking, for more of us prefer England than all the other countries in Europe together. We are both neutral and isolationist, and half of us take no sides in the Spanish war; the other half strongly favor the Loyalists over the Rebels, although a slight majority believed last winter that the Rebels will eventually win. In the Sino-Japanese conflict we have virtually no sympathy with the invaders—only one in a hundred of us favors Japan, and of the Chinese partisans many either practice or are ready to practice a boycott of Japanese goods. At the same time most of us are against permitting arms shipments to China, and it would take a great deal to make us stick our necks out and risk getting embroiled in anyone else's war. For that matter, we are not even interested in upholding the Monroe Doctrine any longer, for most of us don't think that the United States should go to war to resist the invasion of a South American country by a European or Asiatic power.

For those who wish to know the exact poll questions and answers on which, in the main, this article is based, they are here given in the approximate order in which they are used in the article:

What national political party most represents your point of view at the present time? (February, 1938) Democratic party, 63 per cent.

What national political party do you think will win the presidential election in 1940, Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, or some other party? (April, 1938) Democrats, 60 per cent.

If you were voting to-day, would you vote for or against Roosevelt? (August, 1938) For, 56 per cent. (Previous answers: June, 1937, for, 60 per cent; November, 1937, for, 63 per cent; March, 1938, for, 58 per cent; May, 1938, for, 55 per cent; June, 1938, for, 54 per cent; July, 1938, for, 56 per cent.)

Do you favor a third term for President Roosevelt? (June, 1938) No, 70 per cent.

Do you think President Roosevelt will run for a third term? (July, 1938) No, 64 per cent.

Do you think he will be elected if he runs? (July, 1938) Yes, 51 per cent.

If President Roosevelt is not a candidate in 1940, who do you think would make the best Democratic candidate? (Survey of Democratic voters only—July, 1938) Garner, 23 per cent; Farley, 16 per cent; Hull, 12 per cent.

Do you think the government should start spending again to help get business out of its present slump? (May, 1938) No, 58 per cent.

Do you think the United States government should attempt to regulate the level of farm prices? (November, 1937) No, 57 per cent.

Do you believe that it is the government's responsibility to pay the living expenses of needy persons who are out of work? (Jan-

uary, 1938) Yes, 69 per cent. (Work relief favored by 90 per cent.)

Do you think the United States will have to continue relief appropriations permanently? (April, 1938) Yes, 67 per cent.

Are you better off to-day than you were a year ago? (May, 1938) No, 64 per cent.

Would you call the present business slump a Depression, or a Recession? (April, 1938) Depression, 58 per cent; Recession, 42 per cent.

If you were in President Roosevelt's place, what would you do to fight the present depression? (April, 1938) Let business alone, 14 per cent; Balance budget, 9 per cent.

During the past four years have you received any money from any agency of the Federal government? (December, 1937) Yes, 37 per cent ("One-third of a nation").

Which do you think is better off to-day, the man who lives on the farm or the man who lives in the city? (December, 1937) Farm, 67 per cent; City, 33 per cent.

What is the smallest weekly amount a family of four must have to live decently? (July, 1937) $30 a week, average amount.

Do you think the United States will have a dictator in our lifetime? (April, 1938) No, 65 per cent.

If you had to choose between Communism and Fascism, which would you choose? (June, 1938) Communism, 50 per cent; Fascism, 50 per cent.

Are you in favor of permitting Nazis who are American citizens to wear uniforms and parade in this country? (September, 1937) No, 83 per cent.

Do you favor the birth control movement? (July, 1937) Yes, 69 per cent.

Do you think that there should be free treatment for all venereal patients regardless of their circumstances? (May, 1937) Yes, 77 per cent.

Do you think Congress should appropriate money to aid States in fighting venereal disease? (May, 1938) Yes, 86 per cent.

Would you be willing to pay higher taxes for this purpose? (May, 1938) Yes, 69 per cent.

Do you think the government should be responsible for providing medical care for people who are unable to pay for it? (June, 1938) Yes, 81 per cent.

Do you usually read a daily newspaper? (April, 1937) Yes, 92 per cent.

Do you have a radio in your home? (April, 1937) Yes, 87 per cent.

Would you prefer to get national news from a daily newspaper, or from the radio? (May, 1937) Newspaper, 54 per cent; Radio, 46 per cent.

Do you think the Federal government will sometime own and operate all radio broadcasting? (April, 1937) No, 66 per cent.

Do you think government censorship of the radio would do harm or good? Harm, 59 per cent.

Are the newspapers you read fair to the Roosevelt Administration? (January, 1938) Yes, 73 per cent.

Do you believe that Tom Mooney should be pardoned and released from prison? (January, 1938) Yes, 64 per cent.

Congress is now considering a lynching bill which gives the Federal government power to (1) fine and imprison local policemen who are negligent in protecting a prisoner from a lynch mob, and also (2) make counties in which a lynching occurs pay a fine up to $10,000 to the victim or his family. Do you approve of this bill? (January, 1938) Yes, 53 per cent.

Should Congress pass a bill regulating wages and hours before ending this session? (May, 1938) Yes, 59 per cent.

Would you favor a law forbidding picketing during strikes in this State? (August, 1937) Yes, 53 per cent.

Do you believe in the death penalty for murder? (January, 1938) Yes, 65 per cent. (Of these, 58 per cent think women as well as men should be eligible for the chair, rope, and lethal chamber.)

Would you be in favor of restoring the whipping post as a means of punishing certain types of criminals? (March, 1938) No, 61 per cent. (Of those who favor, 16 per cent think sex criminals should be lashed.)

Do you think that betting on horse races should be legal in your State? (May, 1938) Yes, 61 per cent.

Do you ever give rides to hitch-hikers? (April, 1938) No, 57 per cent.

Do you think strict laws should be enforced against hitch-hikers? (April, 1938) Yes, 54 per cent.

If the question of national prohibition should come up again, would you vote to make the country dry? (February, 1938) No, 66 per cent.

Do you think the Federal government should make public the income tax reports of individual citizens? (April, 1938) No, 55 per cent. Of rich men? Yes, 56 per cent.

Should every automobile owner be required by law to carry accident insurance? Yes, 84 per cent.

What city in the United States do you think most interesting? (May, 1937) New York, 28 per cent; Washington, D. C., 16 per cent.

If you had your choice, in which State would you like to live the year around? (January, 1937) California, New York, Florida, Pennsylvania, Ohio.

What do you regard as the most vital issue before the American people to-day? (De-

cember, 1937) Unemployment, 23 per cent; Preservation of world peace, 19 per cent; The present business recession, 10 per cent; Labor problems, 8 per cent.

In your opinion, what was the most interesting news story of 1937? Ohio floods, Sino-Japanese war, Supreme Court fight, Windsor marriage, Amelia Earhart lost.

Do you think there will be another World War? (August, 1937) Yes, 73 per cent.

Do you think America will stay out? Yes, 56 per cent.

In order to declare war, except when the United States or any other country in North or South America is invaded, should Congress be required to obtain the approval of the people in a national vote? (March, 1938) Yes, 62 per cent.

Should the United States: Build a larger navy? Yes, 74 per cent. Increase the strength of its army? Yes, 69 per cent. Enlarge its air force? Yes, 80 per cent. (January, 1938)

Do you think a larger navy, as now proposed by President Roosevelt, will be more likely to get us into war or keep us out of war? (March, 1938) Keep us out, 73 per cent; Get us in, 27 per cent.

Do you think that the cause of world peace will be hurt if the League of Nations is dissolved? (December, 1937) No, 63 per cent.

Do you think government expenditures should be increased or decreased on: (November, 1937—figures represent per cent)

	Increased	*Decreased*	*Remain Same*
General government running expenses	5	70	25
Unemployment relief	4	49	47
Farm benefits ...	38	31	31
Veterans' pensions	24	25	51
National defense	46	21	33

Should military training be made part of the duties of those who attend C.C.C. camps? (August, 1938) Yes, 75 per cent.

Do you think the President of the United States should have the power of a dictator over the country in time of war? (February, 1938) No, 65 per cent.

Do you think that all nations should agree not to bomb civilians in cities in wartime? (April, 1938) Yes, 91 per cent.

Should the United States call a conference of all nations to make such an agreement? Yes, 61 per cent.

Do you think all nations that agreed to such a treaty would keep their word? No, 87 per cent.

Which nation can be least trusted to keep the treaties it makes? (April, 1938) Germany, 66 per cent; Japan, 30 per cent; Italy, 26 per cent; Russia, 7 per cent; All others, 5 per cent. (66 per cent of all those responding mentioned Germany, but some mentioned more than one country.)

Do you think that the United States will have to fight Germany again in your lifetime? (April, 1938) No, 54 per cent.

Which nation do you think is most likely to start the next war? (August, 1937) Germany, 30 per cent; Italy, 27 per cent; Japan, 19 per cent; Russia, 11 per cent; Others, 13 per cent. (55 per cent think that "guilt" for the last World War can be placed on an individual nation; 77 per cent of these believe Germany responsible.)

Should the colonies taken from Germany after the World War be given back to her? (November, 1937) No, 76 per cent.

Which European country do you like best? (April, 1937) England, 55 per cent; France, 11 per cent; Germany, 8 per cent; Finland, 4 per cent; Ireland, 4 per cent; Others, 18 per cent.

In the present Spanish civil war, which side do you believe will win in the end? (February, 1938) Loyalists, 39 per cent; Rebels, 44 per cent; Neither, 17 per cent.

Which side are your sympathies with? Loyalists, 37 per cent; Rebels, 13 per cent; Neither, 50 per cent.

In the present fight between China and Japan, are your sympathies with either side? (October, 1937) China, 59 per cent; Japan, 1 per cent; Neutral, 40 per cent. (Of the partisans of China, 37 per cent state they would be willing to boycott Japanese goods.)

Do you think the United States should permit shipments of arms and ammunition from this country to China? (February, 1938) No, 68 per cent.

Should the United States go to war to help any South American country attacked by any European or Asiatic country? (February, 1938) No, 68 per cent.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

LATELY I haven't had time to read the papers, as I have been building a mouseproof closet against a rain of mice. But sometimes, kindling a fire with last week's *Gazette,* I glance through the pages and catch up a little with the times. I see that a mother is ready to jump from a plane six miles above the World of Tomorrow, that a sailor has read *Anthony Adverse* standing up, and that Orson Welles (or was it Booth?) sighs for the waning theater.

The news of television, however, is what I particularly go for when I get a chance at the paper; for I believe television is going to be the test of the modern world, and that in this new opportunity to see beyond the range of our vision we shall discover either a new and unbearable disturbance of the general peace or a saving radiance in the sky. We shall stand or fall by television—of that I am quite sure.

It must have been two years ago that I attended a television demonstration at which it was shown beyond reasonable doubt that a person sitting in one room could observe the nonsense taking place in another. I recall being more amused by what was happening in the tangible room where I sat than by what appeared in the peephole of science. The images were plain enough, however, and by paying attention I could see the whites of a pretty woman's eyes. Since then I have followed the television news closely; it seems tremendously important—more so than the ebb and flow of armies.

Clearly the race to-day is between loud speaking and soft, between the things that are and the things that seem to be, between the chemist of RCA and the angel of God. Radio has already given sound a wide currency, and sound "effects" are taking the place once enjoyed by sound itself. Television will enormously enlarge the eye's range, and, like radio, will advertise the Elsewhere. Together with the tabs, the mags, and the movies, it will insist that we forget the primary and the near in favor of the secondary and the remote. More hours in every twenty-four will be spent digesting ideas, sounds, images—distant and concocted. In sufficient accumulation, radio sounds and television sights may become more familiar to us than their originals. A door closing, heard over the air; a face contorted, seen in a panel of light—these will emerge as the real and the true; and when we bang the door of our own cell or look into another's face the impression will be of mere artifice. I like to dwell on this quaint time, when the solid world becomes make-believe, McCarthy corporeal and Bergen stuffed, when all is reversed and we shall be like the insane, to whom the antics of the sane seem the crazy twistings of a grig.

When I was a child people simply looked about them and were moderately happy; to-day they peer beyond the seven seas, bury themselves waist deep in tidings, and by and large what they see and hear makes them unutterably sad.

One odd fact I seem to have picked up in my research is that the performers in telecasting studios will be required to wear a small electric buzzer, or shocker, round their ankle, from which they will get their cues. The director will buzz when it is time for a line, and Actor Smoothjowl will wince slightly at the little pain, and appear suddenly to all the people of Melbourne.

Several months ago, finding myself in possession of one hundred and seventeen

chairs divided about evenly between a city house and a country house, and desiring to simplify my life, I sold half my worldly goods, evacuated the city house, gave up my employment, and came to live in New England. The difficulty of getting rid of even one half of one's possessions is considerable, even at removal prices. And after the standard items are disposed of—china, rugs, furniture, books—the surface is merely scratched: you open a closet door and there in the half-dark sit a catcher's mitt and an old biology notebook.

I recall a moment of peculiar desperation over a gold mirror which, in spite of all our attempts to shake it off, hung steadfastly on till within an hour or so of our scheduled departure. This mirror, which was a large but fairly unattractive one, rapidly came to be a sort of symbol of what I was trying to escape from, and its tenacity frightened me. I was quite prepared simply to abandon it (I knew a man once who, tiring of an automobile, walked away from it on the street and never saw it again), but my wife wouldn't consent to abandon anything. It seems there are rules, even to the sort of catharsis to which we were committed: I could give the mirror away or sell it, but I was not privileged to leave it in the house, which (she said) had to be stripped clean.

So I walked out the door hatless and in my shirtsleeves and went round the corner to a junk shop on Second Avenue—a place which displayed a thoroughly miserable assortment of bruised and cast-off miscellany. The proprietor stood in the doorway.

"Do you want . . ." I began. But at that instant an L train joined us and I had to start again and shout.

"*Do you want to buy a gold mirror?*"

The man shook his head.

"It's *gold!*" I yelled. "*A beautiful thing!*"

Two kibitzers stopped, to attend the deal, and the L train went off down the block, chuckling.

"Nuh," said the proprietor coldly. "Nuh."

"I'm giving it away," I teased.

"I'm nut taking it," said the proprietor, who, for all I know, may have been trying to simplify his own life.

A few minutes later, after a quick trip back to the house, I slipped the mirror guiltily in a doorway, a bastard child with not even a note asking the finder to treat it kindly. I took a last look at myself in it and I thought I looked tired.

The lady who bought most of our chairs complained of feeling sick; indeed it turned out she was running a degree of fever the day she roamed through our rooms making her selection; but she seemed acquisitive too as well as poorly. Even in ill health a woman likes to gain another dozen of chairs, and the quest keeps her on her feet much of the time. Next day, I heard, she came down with chicken pox—commonly a child's disease. The chairs, particularly the upholstered ones, looked poxed too when they got out on the street. There is nothing meaner looking than furniture on the march.

This life I lead, setting pictures straight, squaring rugs up with the room—it suggests an ultimate symmetry toward which I strive and strain. Yet I doubt that I am any nearer my goal than I was last year, or ten years ago, even granted that this untidy world is ready for any such orderliness. Going rapidly through the hall, on an errand of doubtful import to God and country, I pause suddenly, like an ant in its tracks, and with the toe of my sneaker shift the corner of the little rug two inches in a southerly direction, so that the edge runs parallel with the floor seams. Healed by this simple geometry, I continue my journey. The act, I can only conclude, satisfies something fundamental in me; and if, fifteen minutes later on my way back, I find that the rug is again out of line, I repeat the performance with no surprise and no temper. Long ago I accepted the fact of a rug's delinquency; it has been a

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pitched battle and the end is not in sight. At least one of my ancestors died lunging out of bed at the enemy, and it is more than likely that I shall fall at last, truing up a mediocre mat.

Intellectually, I am ready to admit that there is no special virtue in an accurate alignment of inanimate objects, that a picture hanging cockeyed on the wall and a rug askew are conceivably as effective as they would be straight; but in practice I can't go it. If it is my nature to adjust the stance of a watercolor rather than to enjoy its substance, then that's the whole of it, and I'm lucky to get even the dubious enjoyment which I occasionally experience from coming upon it and finding it square.

The other day something or other started me thinking about these rugs and pictures (ordinarily I carry on the war absentmindedly), and by reconstructing a twelve-hour period, I figured out that I had straightened a certain rug four times, another twice, a picture once—a total of seven adjustments. I believe this to be par for my private course. Seven times three hundred and sixty-five is two thousand five hundred and fifty-five which I think I can give as a fair estimate of my yearly penance.

To report that my removal from town was caused by an urge to reduce my chattels is to tell only half the story. I know only too well there was more to this purification than met the eye. In a sense it was an abdication. Of late, along with many other people, I have been retreating in some confusion before an enemy which few of us have dared name and which many of us have failed even to identify. I'm not sure I have identified him correctly myself, but I think I know the color of his shirt. Our retreat is the more surprising when you consider the banner under which we should be making a stand. During the past decade I suppose I have spent as much time as the next man in circles which can roughly be called cultural, discussing solemnly or frivolously the arts, the sciences, the state of the nation, the natural and political disturbances, the cause of liberty, the future of truth. These matters, although I have just been putting louse powder on some young turkeys, are presumably still the matters which are of first concern to me; for even an escapist and poultryman has his intellectual side. That I should have abandoned the broad front line of the war, where the foe lies hidden, and taken to sniping at a tangible louse that I can see with my own eyes, is a mighty interesting thing and strongly suggests the simple act of turning tail.

What was it? What did it? What finally was too much to bear? It would be hard for me to put my finger on any one thing; rather it was an accumulation of things and the total effect inimical to health and happiness. A certain inflection in the Voice of Radio. A certain capitulation to the moral level of a phrase of swing. A certain easy virtue in everyone, myself included, and the willingness to accept the manner and speech of the promoter and the gossip writer. A certain timbre of journalism and the stepping up of news, with the implication that the first duty of man is to discover everything that has just happened everywhere in the world, as though one couldn't scratch his own mosquito bite till he had first discovered who won the tennis in the antipodes. A certain idiocy of the newsreel and the glorification of acrobatic eccentricity which always seemed to reach its zenith in an outboard motorboat pounding its bottom out on a Florida sandspit. An acceptance of ever-increasing speed as the proof of the ever-increasing genius of science. A hardness and brightness of the materials from which the world about me was being constructed: the steel that tarnishes not, neither does it rust, but simply hits you in the eye twenty-four hours of the day with hollow splendor. An eternal draughtiness of modern taprooms, restless with air that comes and goes and never leaves you in peace. A growing

hysteria among animated creatures of the screen. An obbligato of sly and decadent humor supplied by the soft voice of a Negro woman, giving unconscious negroid implications to Scotch and English balladry. The acceptance, by individual and state, of the ideal of publicity, as though the sheer condition of being noticed were the ultimate good. The recurrent sound of a police siren, deliberately employed to arouse to an even greater pitch the already overburdened nerves of a neurotic and thrill-seeking public, jaded but willing.

These things combined to create something from which I shrank and do shrink, in a city which I loved and do love. It is a little hard to get on paper, but I smell something that doesn't smell good. There is a decivilizing bug somewhere at work; unconsciously persons of stern worth, by not resenting and resisting the small indignities of the times, are preparing themselves for the eventual acceptance of what they themselves know they don't want.

To give the simplest possible example, as hackneyed a one as I can think of: everyone is accustomed by now to the full-color banality and general putrescence of the garden variety of endorsement advertising. It is not startling any more to read that Mrs. Primp, of Upper Urbania, prefers to smoke Crimpets because, for some not very impressive reason, she needs steady nerves. It is not startling, because we let Mrs. Primp and her cronies get away with it the first time. Such an announcement, diligently prepared by a copy writer in an agency and gladly subscribed to by Mrs. P., is a palpable fraud of a most curious and far-reaching sort; its fraudulence is not legalistic, but moral; it damages no consumer in the act of consumption; instead, it weakens the props of human character on this momentarily indulgent planet. Manufacturer, publisher, copy writer, and Mrs. P. have entered into a rather cheap little conspiracy to debase the stature of man.

What possible difference can it make? As a bit of flubdubbery it is slight, inconsiderable. Yet it sets the tone of this day. In company with a million other concessions to honor, it is the termite in this country's sill. It elevates the spurious to a position of dignity in the community and proves that it pays not to care.

There is a curious family resemblance between the American system of bushwa and the new European system of government. Both thrive on the compromising spirit, the willingness to accept a somewhat attractive hoax for the sake of being with the mob and not getting wet when it rains. Here, the propaganda is a loose, sprawling lie covering a multitude of hookups; there it is a tightly knit lie with a burning purpose. That's the chief difference. Ten thousand jitterbugs, swaying in the stadium to the rather obvious barbarisms of a jam session, are a healthier sight than the same number of Aryan youths whose mass ecstasy is tainted with the Higher Good of the State; but the rhythm is the same, the look in the eye, the too bright look in the eye, the same.



I got a letter from a lightning rod company this morning trying to put the fear of God in me, but with small success. Lightning seems to have lost its menace. Compared to what is going on on earth to-day, heaven's firebrands are penny fireworks with wet fuses.



The Easy Chair



VACATION

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THIS is in the first person because I have set out on a vacation and must keep faith with it. I am a professional writer: by definition one who writes about other subjects than himself, for whom the vertical pronoun is a luxury, not a career, who thinks of it as the instrument of the people he calls the literary. It is a luxury, an indulgence, something proper to vacation—and so it appears here.

I had expected to finish a hard job by the first of July and did finish it on the twenty-fourth. That miscalculation of only twenty per cent is good literary foresight and would be a spectacular success if achieved by some department of the government that undertakes social planning. The manuscript went into the mail on the twenty-fourth—and I found myself in a situation, a predicament, without precedent in my experience. About the middle of September I was to begin an editorial research that would occupy all my odd hours for at least two years, and toward the first of October I should begin writing the novel which my publishers have been announcing for the past three years. But from July twenty-fourth until the autumn I had nothing to do—nothing to write.

Since September, 1922, there had never been a time when I did not have laid out ahead of me in detail more work than I could do. I had spent ten days in a hospital and as much as three weeks in convalescence; but I had never, in sixteen years, taken a full week off for what is known as a vacation. At intervals, and always under the pressure of several jobs unfinished, I had stopped working for three or four days—days colored by the problems abandoned, how to find time to do an article I had promised, how to work out a so far insoluble situation in a story, how to get into one page of type matter that could not be reduced beyond three pages. Now for the first time there were no such problems. I had attained the condition toward which civilization is supposed to move—I had entered upon leisure, I could do what I pleased.

After twenty-four hours of it I should have greatly preferred another hospital; for in hospital one knows that there is work to do as soon as one's strength has returned, whereas now I had my strength but nothing to use it on except the things I had always wanted to do. The first day was a memorable clarifier: I found that I didn't want to do them but only to have phantasies about them, that what I truly wanted was to go on adding to the millions of words I have turned out in sixteen years. My mind shrieked on ungreased bearings, teetering above an abyss of idleness; I fell into melancholia and progressed rapidly toward depression. A vacation was a sentence to insanity, and it was not till I remembered that the emptiness would be broken by three Easy Chairs that I could face it with decent composure.

It was inevitable that I should turn to motoring. The relaxation and repair my friends get from golf, bridge, alcohol,

wood carving, and amateur economics I have sought, for years, in the voice of tires and the flow of the road through the windshield. My car has been both my stimulant and my sedative. Problems of my trade too intricate or too obstinate to be solved at my desk quickly smooth out in the off-center attention, the hypnagogic reverie of the wheel. And equally when my mind snarls, when sleep cannot be come by because the unfinished job and its deadline chase each other behind my eyes, I can always find tranquillity in an hour's drive. In this much I am a creature of the age, that what my ancestors presumably sought in the rush of flowing water, the wind's whisper, or the dimness of churches, comes to me by way of a machine.

Since this was a vacation, I would avoid everything that had any tint or overtone of literature. But, finding myself near Oneida, I ruled that it was primarily historical and so might be visited—though it was legitimate to wonder why John Humphrey Noyes's community had had so little attention from the literary. It was founded in a time like ours, a time of bewilderment and striving and distress. A group of sensitive and aspiring people led by one of the most remarkable men of the century, it had grappled with problems whose solution has become the overmastering necessity of our time. It had even solved some of them and had made a transition to the world of to-day that might have a considerable usefulness tomorrow. People learned here something about living together—and in what they learned there was more than one prophecy. I know a group of scientists who for years have been applying every conceivable instrument in investigation of the social implications of industrial management. As they began now to generalize their research, they conclude that the stability lost in the decay of sanctions from the village and the church can be, or may be, in part restored by sanctions originating in the factory. And, allowing for the changes in symbol and vocabulary, John Humphrey Noyes reached the same conclusion at Oneida nearly a century ago—and acted on it. That is only one of a great man's achievements, and the experience of the Oneida Community touches nineteenth-century America at innumerable points and focusses much that was vital in our past. But the literary, especially those who deal with social experimentation, have ignored it. In the past two or three years a few books that are aware of it have begun to appear. We should be grateful for them, even the slightest.

I said as much to the author of the best one, a son of Oneida's founder, and ventured a plea, here repeated, that he would write more about the Community. Above all, I said, give us the details of daily life and management. What were the regulations? On what experience were they based and how were they worked out and adapted? How did they run the kitchen? What were the practices of these factories which prospered so amazingly and have come into this era with a stability developed in the earlier one? How were the farms run? How far have varieties of fruit developed at Oneida modified the orchards of upstate New York? How did the communists buy and sell, how did they keep their books, how did they finance themselves? How did they deal with the problems of credit, of industrial fatigue, of hygiene, and sanitation? How, in short, did they make the Community work?

He was not much persuaded by this solicitation from one who usually prays for fewer books, not more. Part of his reluctance was the privacy of an initiate. To have shared a profundity of belief and aspiration begets a secrecy of communion that will not easily be profaned. His daughter had just published a novel about an imaginary community modeled on many of the little sects and experiments of which Oneida was by far the most important. It is a fine and moving book, rich with sympathy and very true to its theme, but I was a little impatient with her for not writing directly about her inheritance. Now that this was

done, would she not, I asked her, go on and give us Oneida? No, she said, this was as close to Oneida as she would ever come, in fiction at least. She had experienced something of the reality, though she was of the third generation, and the reality made an imaginative interpretation seem unreal and somehow tawdry.

She is right. A hundred miles farther on I came to Palmyra, where the angel Moroni led Joseph Smith, Jun., to the gold Bible buried in the Hill Cumorah, and where other heavenly personages came to converse with him. Here was a story which I had known all my life, which I knew better than any other in American history. It held as much as any novelist could ask of farce and tragedy, melodrama, aspiration, violence, ecstasy—the strongest passions of mankind at white heat; the Kingdom of God and mob cruelty and martyrdom; bigotry and superstition and delusion; mystical exaltation and the purity of faith; ambition and its overthrow, persecution and social revolt—and all bound up, even more complexly and comprehensively than Oneida, with the sweep of a full century of American life.

The story glowed in my mind as I drove away from the Hill Cumorah, the prophet's house, and the Sacred Grove where an ignorant and hysterical farm boy talked with God. I could remember a double handful of novels that dealt with the prophet Joseph and his church. They were all bad novels, weak, pale, without savor, mere vulgarizations of a great story. Novels about the founder of Mormonism always would be just that, I decided. A friend of mine was contemplating another one and I had heard that still another novelist, one who has had more publicity, was actually at work on one. I wished them both well but expected little from either. They would crash on the rock that had broken the others, the rock on which my own unwritten novel about the Mormons had splintered. I had contemplated such a novel of course. For years it had filled that area in my mind where books germinate, where characters and scenes coalesce and grow and proliferate. They seemed gorgeous characters and very moving scenes, coming back now as I drove westward through York State, along routes that the prophet and his people trod a century ago.

You could do much with that man gone mad on deity, with those upstate farmers who heard at nooning the word that man's long wait had reached its end at last and the Kingdom of God was come. Here among their own hills, the Lord's true church is restored. The elders pass among them, the light shines among men, the sky fills with portents, the day of miracles has come. The farmers are baptized in the new and everlasting covenant and the spirit is poured out upon them; but though they heal the sick, raise the dead, and prophesy and see visions, contention gathers round them. The first mobs rise, merely bitter and malicious in the beginning, and Israel must begin its tremendous westing. To Ohio, to Missouri, to Illinois—the church growing always, new revelations from God setting out the blueprints of His Kingdom, the day of doom approaching when only his Saints shall be saved. Always westward, always persecuted, welded in the twin heats of faith and suffering till the church is one soul, a mighty instrument for the prophet's hand. And always the prophet himself, drinking deeper of divinity and omnipotence, ruling his people by command of God, bending them to the gigantic purposes of his vision.

Westward. The tempo rises, a fierier apocalypse gets into the visions, God's voice is a trumpet of brass, Israel is more arrogant and more assailed, the lines are drawn between brother and brother and the conflict comes. Many of the Saints are slain now, the mobs grow murderous, and Israel also must make ready its buckler and bowstring for the terrible day. The day dawns, but not as Israel has foreseen—a stunned people sees its prophet murdered in Carthage jail. He is dead, the man of God, Joseph who had talked with angels and with Jehovah and Jesus, Joseph into whose hands had been

given the keys of this world and the next, to unlock the mysteries of heaven and the three spheres and the infinite glories. He is fallen, his blood spilled on the ground. So now, after tumult and despair, there will be one last westing.

Westward the open country, the empty lands, the desert, and the mountains—and Israel now joins hands with the destiny of the America which it hates, which has tried to exterminate it, and walks into the sunset for America's future. So we see them at the end, the Saints sealed with their prophet's blood, a stricken, resolute people on the bank of the great river, looking across its ice to the barrens beyond. All along the river bank and down all the streets of God's city there is the clang of steel and the sound of iron on wood, wagons building for the uttermost adventure. Joseph has been martyred but Brigham the mighty has risen, no man of God truly but a man powerful in the world's ways, as great a man as his century saw anywhere in America, who will lead Israel to its appointed place. Brigham stands in fading winter afternoon on the hill above the river. He hears the hammering at the wagons, he looks across the ice to where the rising ground shuts off his sight. Beyond that rise are the prairies, the great plains, the land slanting upward toward the peaks. Westward, at that rim of land and sky the clouds rise upward, a thin shaft of mist it moves, it moves outward, out of Egypt, a pillar of cloud, and Israel has started on its last wandering, to occupy the land promised it, to bring in God's Kingdom.

Yes, a good book, by far the best book I am never going to write. During the years when I thought I should write it scores of its characters came to have in my reverie the affectionate and compassionate life that imagined people never quite have when print takes hold of them. What they thought, how they felt, the words they said to one another, the dreams that visited them; how they were racked by ecstasy and madness, I could relate to you through hundreds of scenes —scenes that come back as I travel the countryside now, after being dismissed long ago. A good book—a book, I mean, that it would be good to write. But it will not be written.

For, as Loring Gale says in a much different book, God is the best dramatist. I will content myself with less aspiring failures, leaving to more stubborn men the crash that any man must make who tries to compose fiction out of Joseph Smith and the Mormon people. Fiction is the reflection of a shadow cast at secondhand on a dull mirror. Fiction is the tenderest secret life because it is a satisfaction of purely private needs. Fiction is something spoken in a whisper, inside the house, well out of the sun. God, the best story-teller, has made a better story out of Joseph and the Mormon wandering than fiction will ever equal. What scenes could any novelist invent that would not be dim, farcical, and grotesque beside the daily fare of any man who lived in Nauvoo, where Joseph walked arm in arm with principalities and powers? What drama could any merely mortal story-teller construct that would not be an idle nursery play for children, compared to the one that is written in our own annals, whose first chapter opens on the Hill Cumorah with a new Bible engraved on sheets of gold?

I have the most cordial sympathy for the two novelists who are trying to compete with the art of omnipotence. But as for me, my Mormon novel will remain a series of scenes played on the mind's screen in vacation time, scenes whose poignancy and perfection need never suffer the rude criticism of reality. Some things exist in nature complete and matchless, and the story of Joseph and his people is one of them, a greater story as you find it than it can ever be in fiction.

So out of York State into Canada.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

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CHICAGO: TIME FOR ANOTHER FIRE

BY MILTON S. MAYER

SERIOUS groups of little thinkers have been gathering all over Chicago the past couple of years. They order the blue-plate luncheon and proceed to tell one another that Chicago is ripe for reform. These good people are all amateurs. They know that their city is the world's champion sinkhole, but they don't know why, and they don't know what to do about it. So they form a committee and, after the third luncheon, the committee falls apart.

Reformers can't reform Chicago. In 1900 the Municipal Voters League discovered a cultured young man named William Hale Thompson and elected him alderman. Steffens thought that the business men wrecked the reform movement of 1900, but that was incidental. What has always wrecked reform in Chicago is the nature of reformers, reformers everywhere. They don't know what they want, they don't know why they want it, and they don't know what to do with it when they get it. So it is stolen from them by men who know what to do with it.

The present reform movement is the first in forty years. The blue-plate luncheoners are responding to a movement they think they have created. It is a movement leaderless, bodiless, directionless, of the only people who can reform a city. It is a movement among the Bohunks. The Bohunks feel, very vaguely, that something is happening in other cities and not in Chicago, and that maybe they are the reason. The Bohunks of Chicago are the custodians of the radicalism that gave the world Altgeld and the eight-hour-day, the radicalism that led Kropotkin to misjudge the violent energy of Chicago as the hope of anarchy. The radicalism is buried today under the glacier of failure, of reform misled, misdirected, misappropriated.

But the uneasy sense of something impending is there. It persists. It evokes, inarticulately, the blue-plate luncheons. It sends the city to the polls to slap down the Kelly-Nash machine and nominate another machine just like it. But the uneasiness persists. It is too deep this time to be drawn off by the exercise of Chicago's traditional disposition to kick over

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the traces. It is too deep to be drawn off by reform movements or imitation reform movements. Something is going to happen.

Not to-day. Not to-morrow. Chicago, if you want to know what has happened to it since Insull, has merely grown a little worse. Chicago has a mayor who settled for $100,000 a claim of the government for unreported income. Taxes are higher. The poor are hungrier. The blighted area, fifty square miles of the city's two hundred, hasn't been touched. The schools have the highest non-instructional expenditures in the country. The streets are full of holes, and the garbage is disposed of by kicking it round until it gets lost. Metropolitan government has improved everywhere else, but Chicago stands where it stood in the '80s, when Mr. Mulligan cautioned his wife, who wanted to awaken the drunken aldermen, "Lave them be. While they sleep the city's safe."

Chicago has never really had reform. "You can't reform big cities." But New York's done it, and "New-York's-done-it" animates every blue-plate luncheon in town. It spreads through the city like a messianic rumor, and it means something special in Chicago. For Chicago, indifferent to everything else in this world or the next, hates and envies New York. Chicago's miraculous growth carried it past one city after another until it felt that its destiny was to grow always bigger, and it made its destiny its god. But it never caught up with New York. Some day, says Chicago . . . some day. The *Tribune's* platform is: Make Chicago the First City in the World.

The blue-plate luncheoners will disappear into the maw of one or another of the two pseudo-reform movements now getting under way. One is the city-manager plan. The other is Tom Courtney, the fighting prosecutor of Cook County. It might be enough to point out that both these reform movements are owned and operated by that rabid reformer, Col. Frank Knox. But their implications go farther.

City-management is backed by the outs and fought by the ins, which is as it should be. The popular clamor surrounding the movement in Chicago is, however, considerable. It emanates from the bosomy ladies' clubs, male and female, the same sweet souls who, in their innocence, may always be depended upon to give reform a lift in the direction of corruption, via the clarion call of low taxes. With all its mechanical merits, city-management is based on the ladylike notion that city government properly has nothing to do with politics. It is purely a matter of business efficiency.

But the only reform that has ever reformed—like Milwaukee's and New York's—has been based on policy; efficiency has been a by-product. Efficiency does not tell a city whether to build a highway instead of a playground, whether to shoot strikers or protect them, whether to levy a sales tax or a luxury tax. Only a good or a bad politician, responsive or unresponsive to human dynamics, can make these decisions. The city manager of Cincinnati was a good politician; the city manager of Kansas City is not. Chicago is always broke because *for reasons of policy* it tries to live off those who can't pay.

Rather than follow the ladies' clubs to that bright new day of lower taxes for poor *and* rich, Chicago will stick to the one-to-a-hundred gamble of getting a good politician. This time the chances are a little longer than usual. The city will go to the polls in next year's mayoralty election and decide between Tom Courtney, the New Deal Democratic favorite of Colonel Knox and his Republican *Daily News,* and Ed Kelly, the New Deal Democratic favorite of Col. R. R. McCormick and his Republican *Tribune.* You have to hold on to your hat when you tour Chicago politics.

Courtney and his reform ally, Democratic Governor Henry Horner, are not unacquainted with Kelly and his reform ally, Democratic National Committeeman Pat Nash. They all four worked in the same rich vineyard of Democracy un-

der Roger Sullivan and Tony Cermak. A couple of years ago State's Attorney Courtney and Mayor Kelly split, on the academic issue, among others, of who should wipe out gambling, or, better yet, which of them should declare the more firmly that gambling must go. Any reasonably mature infant knows that where there is no protection there is no gambling. Courtney, who has spent his entire career in the public service, sometimes in four or five public services at once, has been announcing "wars," "probes," and "drives" since the machine made him prosecutor in 1932, and the vices of the rich and the poor continue to flourish.

Courtney is the darling of the business men. His anti-union activity commends him to them. His "investigation" of tax-fixing, announced almost three years ago, has never reached the indictment stage. And as a crime-fighter, he enforces with impartial severity the majesty of those laws which forbid rich and poor alike to steal bread, beg in the streets, and sleep under bridges. If Courtney takes over Chicago the blue-plate reform movement will subside. The city will go on feeling uneasy, but it will be ten or twenty years, instead of five, before it finds out what it ought to do about it.

There is talk that Courtney and Kelly are going to get together—Kelly to be re-elected mayor and Courtney to go to the Senate in place of Jim Ham Lewis, who has just been placed on the City Hall payroll as special traction counsel at $1,000 a month. For months at a time the two crusaders conduct no rival "raids" on gambling. If they are really reconciled, Mr. Roosevelt, who has kept away from the shooting, can inform them that, whether they or their friends like it or not, Harold L. Ickes is to be the next mayor of Chicago. If that happens, and it isn't impossible, Chicago will have its La Guardia.

But we are talking politics, and the question is, What makes Chicago a city unto itself?

II

Why has Chicago been so bad so long? Why is reform a joke? Why is a city laid out by lusty gods incapable of doing what it wants to do, what any Chicagoan will tell you it ought to do?

The age of the city has something to do with it. Chicago is no longer adolescent. It has reached that stage in the life of men and cities where there is nothing so good or so profitable as conformity. When Chicago was young, and that was only forty years ago, its good citizens filled the gallery of the City Council chamber, dangling nooses over the railing and daring the aldermen to give Yerkes that fifty-year franchise. But the daring young man has come of age. He doesn't want to dirty his hands now with the kind of work that is properly reserved to trouble-makers and crackpots. Julius Rosenwald, the last of the frontiersmen, is gone. The first Seabury, the first "leading citizen" who dares to be a reformer, has not yet appeared.

Industrial centers cannot reform without the support of the Bohunks. But they cannot reform either without the support of at least a section of the élite. Chicago has not yet produced its own élite. More than half its aristocracy is first generation. Its third-generation families, the Fields, Palmers, Pullmans, Ogdens, Armours, Wentworths, have long since abandoned the place, parading eastward, to Long Island or London, to join the best people and escape Sam Insull's "tallest opera house in the world" and the gaucheries of the Daweses and the Goldblatts. Of Rosenwald's five children, not one is left in Chicago. The Swifts remain, bound by their pig-pens and a kind of repentance, it seems, for the sins of the stockyards. They keep *Poetry* magazine alive and try to interest the city in its Eastern-endowed university.

The aristocracy that rules Chicago today keeps as far away from the city as possible. Of the 130 top business men, 74 live in the suburbs, a higher proportion than in any other metropolis

in America. The suburban trains are fast. It's forty minutes from the manufacturing district to the North Shore, and you carry back to your garden only a little of the smell and sweat of the jungle behind the boulevard. To the suburbs the Chicago of the Polacks and the Wops and the Sheenies and the Niggers is a far place, filled with factories and alleys and, of all things, young criminals.

You don't have to live with the Bohunks, but you have to work them and boss them and hate them. Chicago, remember, is a manufacturing, not a financial, center. Its business men handle men, not balance sheets. They are masters not of steel but of steel workers. The raucous voice associated with Chicago is the voice of the yard foreman, the voice of Chicago's operating aristocracy.

This aristocracy hates the city and tries to get away from it because it is so close to it. It's not always easy, in Chicago, to tell the bosses and the Bohunks apart. The Bohunks have to be *shown* who's boss. They have to be bridled by the men who sponsor the opera. In New York a finance-industrialist will sign a contract with the C.I.O., the Communists, or the Vegetarians as long as the books indicate that the increased costs can be passed on to the public. But in Chicago there is something besides costs to be considered. In Chicago a Girdler will be damned if he will let a lot of Bohunks tell him how to run his steel company; he'd rather go back to the farm and grow potatoes.

That's one reason why a young city, with a young aristocracy, is so violent. That is why the Haymarket repeats itself all the way from Crane's Alley in 1886 to South Chicago in 1937. That is why the Pinkertons got their start in Chicago. That is why it took two companies of regulars to break the railroad strike of '77 and Grover Cleveland to break the Pullman strike of '94. "Nothing to arbitrate," Mr. Pullman said to Debs. Chicago's aristocracy is tough.

Such an aristocracy has no leisure and little taste to understand or love its city. Up to now it has not been necessary to understand or love it. Chicago is rich, fantastically rich. Take a look at the map. Chicago is the heart, literally, of the continent, every artery terminating in its freight yards. Incomparably located at the crossroads of men and materials, it dominates a plain that produces the richest agricultural yield in the world. Chicago can go bankrupt because of what Dun & Bradstreet calls "conditions which are essentially administrative." But it can't go broke.

A city that is young and rich and rambunctious doesn't worry about high taxes. When business is good it pays them. When business is bad it doesn't. Chicago's tax delinquency, after eight years of bad business, is far and away the highest in the country. But the bonded debt is low, the city's credit is good. What difference does it make?

Chicago has never had to take stock. And it won't have to, despite its "administrative" troubles, for a while yet. Neither the aristocracy nor the proletariat asks much in the way of public services, and the government doesn't listen to anybody else. In the suburbs the garbage is collected regularly. In the slums the citizens lived in garbage before they came to Chicago and ever since they've been there. Fifty years ago Jane Addams of Hull House began her fight for garbage collection; a few weeks ago Charlotte Carr of Hull House began her fight for garbage collection.

III

"The city's morals are bad," said a local historian in the '40s, "but business is good." What does a city with good business want with good morals? What does Chicago want with a reputation?

All Chicago needs is money and money-making, power it can see and touch, great superlative things that the world will have to admire. These things it has, and the world admires them. And as long as it has these things, as long as the world admires them, it won't need anything else. It won't need to listen to its social

workers and its professors who tell it that it needs something else.

Chicago is a legitimate child of the age that bore it, an age which began, roughly, with Ulysses S. Grant and ended, very roughly, with Charles G. Dawes and the $90,000,000 loan from the R.F.C. And Chicago is the only American metropolis wholly without roots in earlier ages with earlier ideals. Los Angeles and Detroit were boom towns too; but Los Angeles is a combination side show and infirmary, not a city at all, and Detroit had grown slowly and steadily, with its feet on the ground, for almost a century before Henry Ford.

Chicago has been hustling since the day it was born. It has been a boom town and a crash town, a speculator and a cardsharp, a continuous pay-night in Leadville for every one of its hundred years. It is this that is unique about Chicago. Boston and Philadelphia, New Orleans and St. Louis are cities with a past. In such cities, as in New York, there are values of leisure. In Chicago there are none. In Chicago the rush is on, it is always on, and it is on from top to bottom.

And because it is a boom town and has never been anything else, Chicago is, more than any other metropolis except Los Angeles, a city that doesn't care. Chicago knew what Bill Thompson was. Did it care? Does it care now? Of course not. Look at the show he put on. When we got tired of him, we traded him in for Ten-Per-Cent Tony Cermak. Chicago knew what Capone was. Did it care? Why, Al was a sport, a real sport; when he walked into the courtroom we gave him a cheer. Chicago knew what Insull was. Did it care? Say, Sam was the biggest of them all; you've got to admire a man like that, even if he takes your dough.

So Chicago, young and rich and booming, laughs. And its laugh says: What the hell. We built the town, and the fire burned us out. We built it again, big and fast, and now we want to be let alone. Taxes? Let the suckers pay the taxes. Gangsters? They'll kill one another off. The new Criminal Courts Building? That's a hot one; you know why Tony built it out in the sticks. The right-angle turns at the New Outer Drive Bridge? That's a good one; you know who made a killing on that one. Chicago isn't lawless, just careless. Nobody gives a damn; nobody, that is, that you can hear.

The only thing that counts is front. Chicago has always had the front. Between God and the Commercial Club it has built a lake-front swimming in sunlight, with a park all along the length, the paper-thin length, of the city. You must see the parks and the lake-front and the sky-line, and you must say, with the late William Bolitho: A noble and a spacious city.

The City Beautiful. The Burnham Lake-Front Plan was drawn up in 1909. It gave the world the goal of the City Beautiful. But since 1909 the City Beautiful has become less important, to some people, than the City Livable. Everything Chicago has, has gone into that rim around the lake, and the whole thing, park and sky-line and water, is a Hollywood set, creating the illusion of non-existent depth. Behind the City Beautiful lies the Chicago that neither the visitor nor the suburbanite knows or wants to know. This is the City Monotonous, the Chicago of cottage-tenements thrown up hurriedly, flimsily, after the Fire of '71. Here live the Bohunks, the people without the heart or the carfare to see the lake. Here buildings come down when they fall down, and buildings never go up.

Twenty-five per cent of the vast area of Chicago is officially slums. There has never been any money in slum-clearance. The "temporary" slums of the '70s remained. When the New Deal decided that slum-clearance was public business it turned to the cities and asked them for their plans. Plans? What would Chicago be doing with plans? It had none. It has none now. Its Planning Commission, an unofficial body of 350 citizens described at its inception as "hard-boiled business men" who would "make Chicago

attractive to visitors from all parts of the world," meets once a year and changes personnel when somebody dies. It is interested in a lake-front airport, in a subway serving the downtown department stores. It is not interested in the relation of traction to highways, in the rehabilitation of blighted areas, in a land-use survey preliminary to government housing.

Chicago didn't need a plan. The people who run Chicago, in and out of government, had their own plan for government housing. Over the most extortionate handicaps, three federal projects have been completed. After five years of sabotage, in and out of the courts, a single project for Negroes is ready to go up. The business interests have fought them all. And the last session of the State legislature, with the Republicans voting with the Chicago delegates, refused to permit the necessary tax exemption for $50,000,000 of federal housing money offered Illinois for further projects. Private enterprise and the slums were saved.

Planning? There hasn't been any time for planning. Chicago, doubling its wealth and its population every time the census man stuck his head in, has been rushing and roaring forward for a century, stumbling over its dead, hiding its debris, shooting and shouting and grabbing and sky-scraping, hoping it will last forever, saying it will and knowing it won't, beating the gun, beating the lights, beating the law. Chicago hasn't heard the voices that in much less than a hundred years come to trouble cities. Who is there in Chicago to take time to hear them, to listen for them above the noise of men and pigs and forges?

IV

A city whose ideals are size and prosperity has neither the space to house nor the money to support men and women who concern themselves with books. America to-day is more alive culturally than at any time since America consisted of New England and "the West." But Chicago is untouched by the renaissance. It remains the graveyard it has been since Dreiser, Norris, Anderson, Hackett, Hansen, Rascoe, Hecht, and Hemingway all gave up and left. The city that, young and magnetic, produced in a single winter, in 1902, *The Pit, Fables in Slang,* and *The Common Lot,* the city that, from 1870 to 1917, produced more literary magazines than New York itself—that city to-day wants nothing and just about has it.

A few vestiges remain. Sandburg is a last lonely giant, coming in from his farm to wander about the place and look for the songs the city sang when he called it the hog-butcher it is. *Poetry* keeps him company, but it isn't what it was, though Chicago doesn't know that because it never read it. The Art Institute keeps him company, but Chicago doesn't go there unless it hears that the biggest collection of Masters ever assembled is being shown for the Fair. There are younger artists, like Bohrod and Millman, and writers, like Meyer Levin and Louis Zara, but Chicago hasn't time for them; they'll go to New York. And Sandburg looks round and says: "Where is everybody?"

Everybody is gone. Herbert Stone's *Chap Book,* publishing Ibsen and Beardsley; Margaret Anderson's *Little Review,* publishing the first installments of *Ulysses;* Scripps' *Day Book,* publishing Sandburg alongside scoops on falling elevators in department stores; Maurice Browne's Little Theatre, producing Synge and Strindberg—where is everybody? They've gone away, and Sam Insull has made culture and dynamos hum. There are more Friends of Writers and Foundations for Literature than there are even in Muncie—dowagers in search of an author. Nations go in for colonies, and Chicago goes in for culture.

It isn't fair, or possible, to indict a city, everyone in it. There are Chicagoans who know that their University is one of the half-dozen most useful in the world. There are Chicagoans who don't join the clamor for a second encore of Paganini's *Perpetual Motion* at the Symphony. There are Chicagoans who haven't read *Gone with the Wind.* There are Chi-

Burlingame, Cal.

cagoans who suspect, when every one of the city's four theaters is dark, that, Mayor Kelly and his advisers notwithstanding, *The Children's Hour* wouldn't have corrupted the city. But Chicago in the large is seen at its dead and deadly level when the city pitches in to rack the University for sedition.

Chicago, for all its size, is a hick town as well as a boom town. It is a hick town not because it is young (although that's what it will tell you) but because the age that made it great was a hick age. Within its city limits are Europes and Asias and Africas, but they are mysteries unexplored. The lake looks out to homogeneous shores, the railroads bring in movie stars who are interviewed for the front page, and Chicago is a suitcase city, Chicago is as landlocked as Kansas.

Chicago is bigger than most of the capital cities of the world, but the currents of world affairs, of intellectual and artistic movements, wash around it and wind up in St. Louis or Denver. It has no right not to have fulfilled the cultural destiny of great cities. It has no right not to have a newspaper which thinks that important ideas are news. But it all happened so suddenly and has gone on happening so suddenly for a century.

The suddenness has never given the city a chance to catch up with itself physically, much less culturally. Chicago lies at the foot of the lake like a loose crescent, and half the population has been pushed twice as far from the heart (and the interest) of the metropolis as it would have been had the city been built round a center. The absence of topographical obstacles, north, south, and west, has encouraged the outward flow. The suburbs have grown five times as fast as the city itself.

Government piles on government. There are more than 1,600 governmental bodies, aside from State and Federal, within fifty miles of State and Madison Streets. There are six entirely independent feudalities feasting on Cook County alone. The city charter was written in 1870. An ordinance forbids citizens to leave their cabbage patches uncovered between October and April. The building code has more than 1,300 amendments, most of them representing graft, blackmail, or special privilege.

The combination of physical diffusion and governmental chaos accounts, in large measure, for Chicago's perennial state of political misery. More than two-thirds of the population is of foreign birth or parentage. Years ago national and racial groups huddled, each by itself, in Chicago's empty reaches and stayed there and multiplied. They remain isolated and insulated as in no other city in America. All that Chicago knows about its half million Poles, its half million Germans, its quarter million each of Irish, Swedes, and Italians, is that they live "somewhere out that way." Nobody's ever been there.

To-day Chicago is a loose federation of some eighty walled cities, none of which thinks of itself as Chicagoan, none of which knows, or, if it knows, cares that the others are there. At the borders the Poles and the Jews, the Italians and the Irish mix it with rocks and fists, and Chicago's criminals rise from the conflict, young tribal leaders come to power in the wars between neighborhood principalities for which no international law exists. The neighborhoods remain strangers because the boundless plain doesn't throw them together, and tribal hatreds survive at an intense pitch. Foreign immigration is finished, but when the packers began bringing the Negroes in, during and after the War, the struggle of the native Americans to retain their economic supremacy shifted to a new sector, one in which all the old tribal enemies could pile in on the winning side. More than 200,000 Negroes pay fantastic rents for tenements that simply don't hold more than 150,000. And if they budge they are bombed. Chicago hasn't seen the last of its race riots.

Chicago's political bosses operate through their control of these immigrant cities. Thompson had the Negroes' two wards, and with them the balance of Re-

publican power. Cermak welded all the brands of Slavs, together with the Jews, and broke the Irish control of the Democratic machine. When he died the Irish came back; the Negroes, beneficiaries of the New Deal, swung bodily to the Irish Democracy; the Slavs and the Jews are the battleground of the two Irish factions now at war for control of the Democratic party.

Thus Chicago has never had a Boss, but shifting cliques of factional bosses operating on mutually exclusive national or racial lines. Of the two-party tradition, moribund in many metropolitan centers, Chicago has known nothing for years. Democrats and Republicans have party appetites but neither party principles nor party tendencies. As Thompson, the Republican, controlled the Brennan Democrats, so Kelly, the Democrat, controls the Crowe Republicans. There aren't many Chicagoans who can remember the name of the "Republican" who ran against Ed Kelly for mayor.

But this constantly shuffled factional system has saved Chicago from what may have been something worse: a Tammany. The prey of the big boss is the people, inert and unorganized. Little bosses don't have such easy pickings. When they fall out continuously, as they do in Chicago, honest citizens at least have the choice between a bad official and a worse one.

Even if Chicago could and wanted to do something about its municipal monkey-house, it would still be in the toils of that ancient and rural institution known as the State. Like New York, Detroit, and Atlanta, but more hopelessly than any of them, Chicago is deprived by the downstate farmers of the right to govern itself. Though the State constitution demands redistricting after every census, Chicago was last redistricted in 1901. The city has 54% of the State's population and 41% of the representation in the legislature. The farmers won't pay for redistricting unless Chicago is willing to rewrite the 120-year-old revenue section of the constitution to introduce an income tax. And the Chicagoans who don't want an income tax are the men who rule Chicago.

V

The sin of Chicago's aristocracy, except for the publishers and the utility combine, is more negative than positive. The business community coalesces by instinct rather than conspiracy in such matters as tax reform and labor legislation. But the larger offense of the business men lies in their refusal, though they alone have the power, to accept the responsibility for government. That they pass on to the politicians, whom they use only when their class interests are involved. The situation is not unique in the Chicago of to-day or yesterday, but the non-rule of the rulers is more vitiating than their misrule. There is not a Chicagoan, not one, at the top of the heap who is willing to have anything to do with the tragedy of the city. When Governor Horner, who, though a Chicagoan, now leads the downstate forces against the Kelly-Nash-*Tribune* machine, attempted to get a constitutional convention for revision of the revenue section, the Civic Federation of Chicago, which says that its business is "giving the public information concerning pending legislation affecting government finances and taxes," was silent. The *Tribune* spoke for business: "The people of Illinois do not want constant meddling with the fundamental law of the state." The revenue section was last meddled with in 1818.

Hovering protectively—and with some of the characteristics of a buzzard—over the business interests of Chicago is the press. And by "the press" I mean all five metropolitan dailies. (Incidentally, Chicago had fifteen dailies fifty years ago.) The people, even the people of a city that doesn't care, hate the Chicago press with a holy hate; but it takes ten million dollars these days—and in Chicago a crew of sluggers—to start a metropolitan newspaper.

Chicago's papers have a special interest

in keeping the city from any radical change. Years ago Chicago's school lands underlay the priceless downtown district. Most of the land was sold for a song, but there were a few ninety-nine-year leases, among them to the *Tribune* and the *News*. These leases were subject to revaluation every ten years, but in 1895, at an historic midnight session of the school board, the revaluation clauses were stricken out. Of course the value of the properties rose, and the *Tribune* and the *News* made fortunes, at the expense of the city's school children. And in later years, before the War, it was two of the Chicago papers, bloodying for circulation, that set the precedent for that notorious Chicago technic of importing unidentifiable hoodlums.

The *News* used to be dear to the "better element's" heart. It was Melville E. Stone, first editor of the paper, who convinced Judge Gary that "the identity of the bomb-thrower," in the Haymarket case, "was of no consequence." But the *News* at least stood for efficient government (with all the implications of efficiency). Then it fell, largely through the influence of men like Dawes, into the hands of Colonel Knox. To-day it is still possible to distinguish it from the *Tribune*. But it is falling fast. In the interest of destroying McCormick's man Kelly, Knox demands that the city "consolidate and reorganize city departments, establish a central purchasing system, and centralize the accounting system." But Roosevelt's plan for reorganizing the federal administration was "the dictator bill."

The tabloid *Daily Times* is an allegedly liberal paper which espouses the liberalism of Franklin Roosevelt and Ed Kelly. The two Hearst papers are Hearst papers, important only because the morning edition is below the general Hearst level and provides the only alternative to the *Tribune*. It is the Chicago *Tribune*, recently voted by ninety-three Washington correspondents "the least fair and reliable" single paper in America, that plays a larger role than any other one agency in keeping Chicago as it is to-day.

Colonel McCormick, who inherited the paper, cannot be bought. He doesn't have to be. He comes by the courage of his advertisers' convictions naturally and honorably. With his fanatic hatred of New Dealer Roosevelt and his fanatic love of New Dealer Kelly, he suits the Association of Commerce right down to the ground. He blinds Chicago, where local issues are concerned, and he symbolizes Chicago to the Middle West, "Chicagoland," which he serves with the largest circulation of any standard-sized newspaper in the country. Last fall he said, editorially, "A vote for La Guardia is a vote for Communism." He will save Chicago from Moscow, if it takes every Arabian in his stable.

Whatever temperamental differences may divide Chicago's publishers on superficial issues, they stand rock-ribbed, four-square, and hat in hand, at the door of the utilities combine. The utilities are unshakable. Their grip began sixty years ago with Yerkes, who looked back on his Chicago career, which netted him $70,000,000, and said, "I had to do it." It reached its full flower with Insull. It continues to-day, its Insull "L" coaches occasionally plowing through one another's matchwood, its Yerkes street cars crawling and lurching, its gas company enjoying the highest comparable rates in the country. Its present control is in the downtown banks. The President of the First National, which dominates the gas company, and the President of the Continental Illinois, which dominates the electric company, are co-receivers of the surface lines.

Yerkes was even-handed in his favors to the "Democrat" Roger Sullivan and the "Republican" Billy Lorimer. When the Thompson "Republicans" were in power, the law partner of Thompson's lawyer was retained by the Insull companies. With the Kelly "Democrats" in power, Mayor Kelly's personal attorney is retained by the Insull companies. The Chicago utilities have sent two men to the

U. S. Senate whose pasts were so unfortunate that even the U S. Senate wouldn't have them—Lorimer in 1910 and Frank Smith in 1926. Insull contributed $150,000 personally to Smith's campaign.

Professor Charles E. Merriam, who knows Chicago better than any man alive, may have been naïve, though it is doubtful, when he wrote of the Chicago utilities companies: "The high personal character of many of their directors had nothing to do with their political methods when politics was in question, and their public spirit did not stand in the way of the most greedy and desperate undertakings in the special field where franchises and other public favors were to be obtained."

Sam Insull owned Chicago. Chicago bought everything he sold, from water power to watered securities, and came as close to worshipping him as godless Chicago ever comes to worship. When he installed his 6,700-horsepower turbine in the old Fiske Street generating station in 1903, the age of infinite and infinitely distributable power began, and it began in Chicago. Here was a man, in the '20s, who spoke, though he seldom spoke, for four billion dollars. The city's morals were bad, but business was good.

Sam Insull spoke one night recently, just a few weeks before he was taken over by the Great Holding Company. He spoke to Howard Vincent O'Brien, who, after Insull had died, reported the Titan's observations: "He was more than sympathetic to the regimes in Italy and Germany. A thoroughly practical man, always more interested in getting things done than in fine-spun discussion of social theory, he fancied that a state governed by a competent minority was likely to cope with competition better than a state whose policies were at the mercy of an uninformed rabble."

VI

One night in October, 1936, Chicago's uninformed rabble—150,000 of them—marched through the Loop on their way to the Chicago Stadium to get a look at, or even get within a mile of, Franklin Roosevelt. On the way they met Chicago's press and the utilities combine. They threw rocks at the *Tribune,* the *News,* the Hearst Building, and Insull's opera house. The workers in the buildings, the night copy men and the scrubwomen, came to the windows and hollered down to the booing Bohunks. But the Bohunks didn't hear what they said; they might have been surprised, had they heard.

Chicago's radicalism was, and will be again, a parochial radicalism, coming out of the prairies. The city is inland American in temper, deaf to the slogans of world radicalism, responsive to the prairie radicalism manifested most triumphantly in the labor legislation and public control and ownership of utilities in the Northwest. Chicago once elected a mayor on a municipal ownership platform. It once had a commissioner of public works, Joe Patterson, now publisher of the New York *Daily News,* who called the utilities anarchists. And in the '80s Chicago had 3,000 followers of native-American, 8-hour-day "anarchism," a larger following than the Communists had at the peak of their world revolutionary activity in 1932.

In all the litigation over the traction lines, ten years in receivership now, there is one phrase that is never mentioned by any of the parties: municipal ownership, the only answer to a traction system that doesn't pay and has no buyers. But "Wisconsin," says the *Tribune,* "is a dangerous state to live in." And Norris is a "collectivist crackpot." The utilities and the press are hell-bent on saving Chicago from collectivist crackpotism.

Chicago was once the strongest labor town in America. Its craft unions dared in 1919 to awaken that apocalyptic monster, class consciousness. They organized a labor party and ran the noble John Fitzpatrick for mayor. He came in third, Bill Thompson came in first, and the end of Chicago as a labor town was at hand.

To-day the craft unions, aside from the Typographers and a few others, are thoroughly reactionary, and their leadership is thoroughly harmonious with the city's politicians. Kelly is on intimate terms with the building trades and Courtney is on intimate terms with the teamsters. Last year the Chicago Federation of Labor was officially not interested in the police massacre of C.I.O. strikers in South Chicago.

The great murderous attacks on labor in Chicago have all been made on the industrial union front—from the railway strike of '77 to the steel strike of '37. With one exception, clothing, Chicago's six giant industries have been kept free, as the *Tribune* puts it, for labor. Packing, steel, farm machinery, mail order, and electrical machinery have always been "open," and always must be, because industrial unionization has an historical tendency to turn to political action.

"Labor" won't save Chicago, but the men who labor, the Bohunks, the propertyless, will. And the number of property owners in Chicago is declining every year. It was the propertyless who produced Golden Rule Jones in Toledo, Tom Johnson in Cleveland, Potato Patch Pingree and Frank Murphy in Detroit, Dan Hoan in Milwaukee, and La Guardia in New York. Revolutions, all of them, American revolutions. The revolution will come to Chicago some day.

Chicago is the most democratic city in the United States. It is young and strong, and, though it has been big and rich and careless, it has never had a Tammany, a Wall Street, or a "Four Hundred." Chicago needs to have a future. Democracy needs to assert itself in Chicago, for the corruption of our cities is the genesis of the mass base for the conviction that democracy won't work.

Jefferson was afraid of the city. Incapable as he was of visualizing a nation-city like Chicago, a prison for five million people, he realized, nevertheless, that such cities as he could visualize were threats to democracy, with the contiguity of the mobile few and the immobile many. In 1934 ninety-seven Chicagoans paid 20 per cent of all the income tax collected from the thirty counties in the city's domain, and 54 per cent of Chicago's children came from homes where the tax-paying ability was inadequate to provide education.

The Bohunks, the only people who can reform Chicago, have an amazing reproductive rate. And their children are growing up, speaking English. By the time they are full grown, ten or twenty years from now, Chicago's élite will have changed, too. The boom, it seems likely, will be over. The railroads are played out, the influx of cheap labor has stopped, and the city's industrial expansion has been slowing down, imperceptibly, since 1923. Give the Bohunks ten or twenty years to begin caring, give the élite ten or twenty years to produce a few free men—and Chicago may yet be a city.

GRANDMOTHER SMITH'S PLANTATION

Part I

BY JOHN A. RICE

Every day in summer and on warm days in the winter my grandmother sat in her chair at the end of the long front piazza and smoked her clay pipe—a thing, I have since been told, a lady never did. But a lady did.

She did, in fact, whatever she pleased and no one had the hardihood to question. She was little and old and dried up, and her attention to looks stopped at cleanliness. A stranger would not have guessed, to see her sitting there, that so much power could be lodged in so little space. The split-bottom chair was her movable throne, placed to catch the warmth of the sun; here she sat quietly puffing her pipe, meditating upon the rights and privileges and duties of a matriarch. She wore her crown as a busy queen must, on the back of her head: a generous coil to which her fine gray hair was drawn back straight from the forehead. Her steel-rimmed spectacles, impatiently pushed up on top of her head, rode out a precarious existence winking in the sun, to be used only on occasion, like false teeth and hats and corsets.

This was before the days when old women thought they could stay young. They let themselves go in unstayed ease. There was a deep fold where bosom and stomach met, cut deeper by her apron string, a pleasant place for a small boy to warm his hands on a chilly day and useful for holding thimble, scissors, spools of thread—not needles; needles were worn high on the left shoulder, trailing from their eyes lengths of black and brown and white. Her head had settled down between her shoulders and her chin was not very far from her nose. But there was no laxity anywhere. She was whole, and the full expression of her wholeness could be seen in her face, where the tiny muscles round the mouth and between eyes and ears held the flat surfaces of forehead and cheeks together in harmony. No part of her face ever spoke alone.

When she sat humped in her chair, her crown riding low on the back of her neck and the pipe going, we knew that we could come to her with our troubles and our joys, all of us, children and grown-ups, black and white, and receive from her what can be got from only the very old and very good, a sort of fusion of love and justice, a thing so rare as to be without a name. Wisdom is perhaps the nearest word, though lacking in warmth.

But she could be stern. Her eyes grew sharp and pointed, as sharp and pointed as the words that came clipped from her thin and sensitive lips. A blundering male was most often the victim. She never forgot that women live in a man-made world, and she had a way with men; not, however, the way to which they were pleasantly accustomed. She had long put away everything that was female, even everything that was feminine, retaining in the armory of her old age only the intellectual trickery that is peculiar to women, a strange irrational logic that leaves men gasping and helpless.

She was gentle with women—with her three daughters-in-law, who were always being a little startled at the unruly household in which they found themselves, and with others who lived on and about the place. Between her and her own daughter, my mother, who was the only girl-child left, there was complete understanding. In general, she chose the gentler way, despising the coward precept, "divide and rule."

It was a wild kingdom when her children came for a visit, always at Christmastime and in the summer. It took skill to hold together a family of three sons and their wives, a daughter and her husband, and seventeen grandchildren, among them three orphans, ranging in age from infancy to middle youth.

II

The depot at Lynchburg, South Carolina, was the most exciting place in the world. I cannot remember the beginning of the journey with my mother from our temporary dwelling-place in Darlington or Kingstree or Columbia; I remember only the arrival at Lynchburg, grimy and cindery and happy. I was terrified at the snorting engine belching black woodsmoke and the lordly baggage-smasher dropping trunks from a dizzy height. My fears were matched only by the joy of greeting old Uncle Wash—coachman, blacksmith, carpenter, general handyman—on the platform, and the horses and the lofty carriage. The step was still too high for a small boy's legs to reach, tingeing with ignominy the delight of being lifted high to the driver's seat. Not that I was allowed to drive—not yet; only to sit at the left of the old man and hand him reins and whip and drink in the smells of horse and leather and Negro.

We drove over the bumpy road between fields of corn and cotton with an occasional cool cavern of pine woods. Meanwhile there was talk, questions from me to Uncle Wash as to how many puppies there were, and kittens, and calves—a thousand things, tumbling out of me so fast that the old man could hardly get an answer in edgewise.

As I twisted and turned I glanced back at my mother from time to time to see if she was happy too. She always was. Care had slipped away and she was calm and quiet, so serene that the very absence of her troubled look troubled me. She had never got used to the unrooted life of her preacher husband, who, according to a rule of the Methodist Church in South Carolina, in all the South, could not stay in one charge more than four years at one stretch; never got used, in fact, to being a preacher's wife. She took any pretext to get away and go back home. This was the reason we were always first to arrive, she and I, and later, as her family grew, my younger and youngest brothers. But this I was to learn when I was older. In these earliest years unhappiness in others struck me a glancing blow.

We turned off from the main road into a grove of hickory trees whose roots pushed themselves out into the winding road and made the last part of the journey most precarious, as the carriage swayed from side to side and was almost turning over. When we finally came to a halt before the pillared porch my grandmother stood at the top of the steps waiting for us, to be reached through a swarm of delighted dogs, tremendous pointers and setters, whose cold muzzles left sticky patches on my face and hands. It was a mighty task to climb the gigantic steps, knee bumping chin, but to be managed unassisted. At last my face was hidden in the folds of my grandmother's apron and the top of my head pushed into her warm stomach. I was home, the only home I ever knew.

III

A double-paneled door with fanlight above opened into the wide hall, a breezeway in summer, in winter a chilly interval, except on Christmas day, when it was warmed by oil stoves and the long table

stretched its full length. On either side of this door were narrow windows on whose panes had been pasted transparent paper designs, to make them look like stained glass—only they never did, they always looked wet—and it was a small boy's delight to look through them at the many-colored trees outside.

Through this door and down the long hall Gran'ma led me, her favorite grandchild, my small hand holding on to her warm, dry fingers, to her room on the left, just beyond the parlor. Here, every Christmastime, promptly on my arrival, she gave me absolute proof of her love. There grew on the place a single fig tree almost biblical in its parsimony of fruit, yet always bearing enough to make one glass of preserves. This was mine, to be eaten in aloof gluttony before the rest should come. When this ritual was over and I had eaten them all and licked the inside of the glass as far down as my tongue could reach, I set out to explore again the great plantation world.

First I went straight through the back door and along the covered runway that led to the kitchen, to greet the cook—Sophronisba was her name, Sophie for short—to be admired and measured and fed, and to be put through a catechism whose purpose, as I now see, was to keep me in the best tradition of the family. In the priesthood of service Sophie stood at the top, as her slave mother before her had stood, quick to detect and suppress any tendency toward change in her underlings or in the family. She was a complete conservative. What had been was to be and life must be cut to a known pattern. As a rule I did not object—children seldom do—but sometimes I thought her prudence went too far. She boasted that for eighteen years she had not washed her head; she didn't hold with head-washing, a dangerous experiment apt to bring on colds or worse. For eighteen years—it was always eighteen years (she, in common with other conservatives, had the knack of stopping time dead in her tracks)—for eighteen years she had not had a cold nor so much as a sniffle. She was also expert in the rearing of children, for had she not brought twenty-one into the world and were not seven of them still living?

The kitchen had originally been farther away from the house, when it was built in the latter part of the eighteenth century; but with the passing of slavery and the decrease in the size of households, these sprawling plantation establishments had begun to pull themselves together. The old kitchen was now used as a storehouse, where, along with unimportant things, great barrels of cane syrup lay in rows, gradually to be emptied during the year, from early fall on through the following summer. When all the syrup had been drawn from a barrel, the top was knocked in and at the bottom lay a thick deposit of grainy brown sugar, rich and gooey, better than any candy, and filling.

But on this first day the house must be gone over, any alterations discovered and appraised. (A piece of furniture moved from one room to another could be disturbing.) To the right of the back door was the children's playroom; to the left the dining room with a couple of bedrooms on the same side. From the hall a stairway led upstairs, where the layout was the same, a wide hall with three bedrooms on each side. In the middle one on the left I was born, I have been told, in 1888. A big chest had stood in this upstairs hall unopened within the memory of anyone then living. Later, a deed to the property was found in it, made out to a great-great-grandfather and signed by George the Third of England.

Off the front end a balcony projected over the piazza, from whose dizzy height a small boy looked way down to the pediments of the four square pillars, from one of which, when he was very small indeed, he had once fallen and broken his arm; and out through the pillars over the tops of the hickory trees.

On this first day the parlor must be inspected, on other days avoided, dismal as it was alike in aspect and association. Here were to be found all the family mementoes, albums, enlarged photographs,

an oil portrait or two, the family Bible (an excellent place to keep soap coupons) —everything that was unused or useless.

Here in the parlor the family gathered on gloomy and disturbing occasions, funerals, weddings, christenings, and the reception of important unwelcome visitors, each occurrence an affliction of equal pain to children, but none so painful as the room's strangest use, for it was the seat of correction. Here we were always led for admonition or worse; but it was a question as to which was really worse, to be turned over a knee and feel the sting of a peach-tree switch and have the business shortly over with, or to sit on a horsehair sofa and suffer martyrdom down below from the stabbing hair-ends while listening to a lecture on the development of character.

If in the house there were no innovations of such importance as to require justification, I set out on the long journey to the lot, the Southern name for the barnyard, which lay a few hundred yards back of the main house. I might get there at last if I could drag myself past the carriage house. This was a museum of vehicular travel in America, for here were preserved all the coaches, carriages, and buggies that the family had ever owned. That is, all except one. The most antique coach had collapsed some years before and the body had been set out in the weather. Its red leather cushions were rotted and the horsehair bulged out through holes, the velvet straps were falling to pieces, and the paint was almost gone, but to young imagination it was still magnificent. In it we rode over wide Western plains and fought off Indians and in the mountains on narrow trails many a highwayman lost his life trying to capture it.

Nearby was the smokehouse, smelling of salt and brown hickory smoke, with hams and sides of bacon and links of sausages hanging from the cross-pieces, and great tubs of lard ranged against the wall. If the ham in present use lay upon the chopping block, and no one else was there, I cut myself a slice of raw ham.

In the late fall, before the first frost, the chewing stock of sugar-cane stalks was gathered and piled in a great heap to the south of the smokehouse, where the sun would strike, and over them was laid a thick matting of straw, on top of this a layer of earth—"dirt," we always said—and the whole mound well sodded. This was their winter bed. Close to the ground a hole was left, stuffed with straw to keep out the cold. The stalk I struggled with was about five feet long, dark purple, jointed like a bamboo pole. I put it over my shoulder and took it along until I should find someone to peel it for me, meanwhile laying it down now and then when it got too heavy.

In the far corner of the garden sat the privy, very far indeed from the house for a boy in a hurry, but so placed for an obvious reason: scents travel far on a warm day. But I think there was another reason, seen in the countryman's contempt for the central plumbing of the degenerate city-dweller. I think putting the privy so far away had something to do with the training of character. Else how explain the fact that they are still so placed in the colleges of Oxford? Oxford, when I knew it, was eighteenth century, and so was South Carolina, and the eighteenth century was a Puritan hangover in both. At any rate, far off in the corner of the garden sat the privy, a quiet place to take a book and read. (The mail order catalogue had not yet begun to corrupt the reading habits of the nation with its disjointed and dilettantish offerings.)

Through a crack in the fence near the privy—I could mark the spot even now—I once poked my new air rifle and laid a dead sight on a solitary sparrow that sat perched in an apple tree beyond, and pulled the trigger. To my horror and amazement the bird fell like a plummet to the ground, the first and last I ever shot. What shocked me when I killed the sparrow was not its death, for I think I had not yet discovered death, still thought of it as a phase of life, but the sudden realization that there were things

that could not be undone. I was slow and unwilling to learn that some actions are irreversible, that once performed they are uniquely final. There came dimly a sense of power and with it the beginning cancer of responsibility.

IV

Laughter came over the garden fence. I stopped.

Around their quarters the Negro children played. The cabins stood high up off the ground, to keep them cool in summer and dry in winter. The oldest were built of pine logs chinked with clay, but often the clay had fallen out and on a cold winter's night the passer-by could see ribbons of light broken by chair- and Negro-legs crowded close round the fire. When the logs of one had rotted and the roof of white-oak shingles could not be patched again, another took its place, built this time of different materials and in a different way, breaking into the row and standing out at first harsh in its newness. But with age these cabins began to take on an unexpected beauty, as sun and rain painted them gray, mottled with the yellow of pine knots and streaked with brick-red and black from resin and rusting nails.

Squeezed between grove in front and cotton field behind, the quarters stretched in a thin line from the corner of the garden fence almost to the road. Down in the bottoms, where land was not so precious, the corn was grown, to be ground into meal at the watermill or fed to hogs and cattle; but here in the uplands the fields came edging close, for every square foot counted. Cotton was the cash crop. Each field had its name, Upper Patch, Lower Patch, and half a dozen more. The House Patch lay behind the Negro quarters.

Here in the narrow space the men and women lay or sat in spots of sun and talked and dozed—this was the slack time of the year and they could be as lazy as they pleased—the men in groups, the women in twos, one with another's head in her lap. Expert fingers searched among the stiff black wiry hairs for lice and nits, and cracked the finds between skillful thumb-nails. Some of the women moved slowly between cabin and woodpile and washpot, calling to one another, scolding the children, and breaking into piercing cackles.

As I came near they all ran to meet me and swarmed around, the little Negroes shyly hiding their bristling heads behind their mothers' aprons. (Later we should be equals, when there was no authority about.) They flattered me with honeyed questions and praised me and asked after my obvious health—"How is you, chil'?" they said—with laughter and clapping hands and waving arms. I thanked them, calling each by name: Dicey, Eph, Abbie, and all the rest. (I remembered them all, as a white child must.) When I had my fill of admiration I set off down the row to see my best and oldest friend.

Uncle Melt, short for Milton, lived alone, for his wife Thisbe had died a year or so before. He was very feeble now; he had got his freedom nearly thirty years before and had called himself old even then. When I had climbed the steep steps I saw him sitting over by a tiny window, one of the two that lighted the single room, next to the broad hearth, in the "chimbly corner." As soon as he saw me he struggled up from his chair, leaning on his smooth hickory stick—I was white folks and he knew his place—and took my hand in his, told me I had grown a lot since last summer and was a fine looking boy and a good boy, as he always knew I should be.

I sat down on a footstool by the wide hearth where his dinner was cooking—corn-pone in the iron spider and sweet potatoes in the ashes—and we talked, the inconsequential talk of the very old and the very young. From the top step I could see the big house looming immense between the mighty tree trunks, and beyond garden smokehouse and carriage-house, the cotton fields stretched to the end of the world.

On the covered runway between house

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and kitchen I met my Uncle Ellie. After an indignant blustering refusal he peeled my sugar-cane. Beginning at the butt end, he cut through the stalk below the first joint and, with a quick flick of the knife, slit off the purple outer skin, then quartered the pithy center and severed it this side the second joint. I put a section into my mouth and began to chew, letting the mild sweet sticky juice run down my throat. Then the dinner bell rang.

V

Ellison Durant Smith, my Uncle Ellie, was a persuasive model of irresponsibility. Under my grandmother's eye he managed the farm, restless and restive then as afterward under any authority. His life revolved spasmodically round two centers, game birds and cotton. He gave serious attention to nothing else, not even to the most beautiful bride I have ever seen, whom I for my part worshiped as only a young lover can. Out of one preoccupation came a minute knowledge of edible birds, out of the other a political career.

The farmer in the South was poor and growing poorer; as he worked harder and planted more and more cotton the price went lower and lower. He had no defense against the industrial East, that was drawing off most of the wealth of the country under the protection of high tariffs and a benevolent government, in which he had no share. The South came out of Reconstruction in some hope, only to be, most of the time, nationally disfranchised. Obliged to sell on a world market and buy everything except food in a controlled market, the cotton-farmer found himself the possessor of a useless monopoly. He was an uninspired martyr, at once pleased to keep up the war with the Yankees and anxious for a savior.

Uncle Ellie offered himself. He proposed that they make cotton scarce and raise the price by reducing acreage, anticipating the New Deal by a good many years. There was one sour note on his trumpet of salvation: reduction of acreage had to be voluntary, for Southerners still thought they believed in States' Rights in those far-off days. But he made up for this by the shrillness of his blowing. Nothing came of the scheme, as cynics foretold, for every joiner planted more than he had the year before in the hope that others would be more honest than himself. That is, nothing came of it for the farmer; to me, as I sat at the table and listened to the debate that raged among my elders, there came a faint beginning doubt as to whether I lived in a moral world; my uncle, now known as "Cotton Ed" Smith, climbed untroubled to the Senate of the United States.

He was an evangelical politician. The world-saving strain that ran through the family was used by him for his own advantage, and the vocabulary was ready to hand. At some point in every speech the Lord's will got mixed up with the boys in gray storming an impregnable height, the purity of Southern womanhood, Yankees, the glorious past and the still more glorious future, including the white man's sacred right to lynch. It was all very vague and inspiring. When the thin air of oratory had him and the audience gasping for breath, he descended to an irrelevant Negro story and his hearers yelped and spat with delight. Sometimes he became serious, but they would not have it. A voice called from the crowd, "Cut that out and tell us a story." They cheerfully helped him corrupt a brilliant mind and turn a gay and charming nature to devious ends.

He never fooled his mother. She loved him as mothers love their wayward sons, but she knew him, had always known him. Sometimes a revealing story bobbed up out of the past. When her children were small and she had to run the place under the slight handicap of a living husband, the cotton cloth used by the family was still spun and woven and dyed on the place. It was out of the last step in this process that her first public and prophetic judgment of her youngest son had come. One day her children

came clamoring to her, frightened at something he had told them and hoping they were right in having called it a whopper. "It ain't so, is it, Ma? Tell him it ain't so." "Well," she said, "you know Ellie always sets his colors with lye." In his subsequent political career some of his ill-wishers were willing to acquit his mother of exaggeration.

Yet he might have been a great man, if he had only repudiated something, if he had followed his nature and quite escaped the stamp of Southern puritanism. He never did. He half-turned his back on the church, then as now the most powerful regressive force in South Carolina. In the days of prohibition, when the State was drenched with raw "shine," he called it a "land flowing with milk and honey." He mouthed "white supremacy," when he knew that white-trash supremacy was ruining the State. Tears came to his eyes as his voice throbbed of Southern womanhood and the sanctity of marriage, when he knew all the time that the State was cursed with the sacrament of bigamy. He flattered and cajoled those whom he despised, a thing the thorough aristocrat would never do.

He never had the courage completely to accept or reject anything. He was half-pious and half-profane, half-good and half-bad, half-everything, half-slave and half-free. And yet, in spite of his uncentered nature, perhaps rather because of it, I loved him very much, seeing in him something prophetic, getting a dim foreknowledge of my own struggle to find a center.

My Uncle Ellie knew every trick by which children—and grownups—could be teased. He coined a nickname or touched a weakness. We children followed him round all the time, asking for it; and the dogs, for he knew how to tease them too.

He hitched up the buggy. We gathered round and chorused, "Where you goin'?" He became more intent on the harness. "Where you goin'?" we shouted. Not a word from him. We chanted, "Where you goin', where you goin', where you goin'?" Finally he looked up in surprise to discover us there. "To Dienomo," he said. This enraged us. "Aw shucks, Uncle Ellie, where you goin'? Where?" "I told you," he said, "didn't you hear me? To Dienomo." We danced round, ecstatic with curiosity and hope, for he might relent and take some of us with him. But he climbed up into the buggy, and, as he picked up the reins, lifted his voice in song, the refrain of a hymn known to every Methodist:

"I'm goin'a
To di-i-ie
no
mo-
o-re
a-
wa-a-
y-y"

"Dienomo" meant "none of your business."

Sometimes, instead of driving away, he sat thoughtful for a moment, as if he had forgotten something important, climbed down again with a deep frown on his face, passed us without a glance, and went back into the house.

I was to understand years later, through experience, out of what deep insecurity teasing is developed as a method of defense, as well as a way of asking for affection.

VI

His brother, Bishop A. Coke Smith—my Uncle Coke—was different: all of a piece. I think my grandmother never looked at her eldest without astonishment that she should be the mother of such a son. He was tall and bearded like Christ and in his nature like Christ in His milder moments. Every gesture of his hands, every word he spoke was part of a greater harmony. He was always just, always calm and kindly, never pompous nor patronizing, as the approved good are apt to become: really a saint, a born saint, for he never knew how to be anything else. He was a walking law of love with no conception of the law of hate, shaming people into momentary acceptance

by the simplicity of his belief. To listen to him preach was like getting quietly drunk. He led his hearers by easy stages into an unreal world of effortless peace, drugging them gradually into unconsciousness by the melody that was himself. They went home to eat their big Sunday dinners in dazed silence and remain befuddled until Monday morning, when they woke up and went about their business.

The politicians in the Methodist Church, among whom were most of those in positions of importance, not knowing what to do with such slippery goodness, and, since they were Christians by definition, being constrained from telling his admirers what they really thought of him, elected him bishop in his early thirties and thereafter let him alone and stayed out of his way as far as they could. They were often upset by his guileless appointment of good men—my father among them—to charges they wanted for themselves or their friends. Their hatred of him was almost un-Christian, equalled only by the admiration of his disciples. The legend of this glandular Christian still persists. I have met people whose eyes filled with tears at his name, and who, befogged by memory, assumed to my discomfort that I had inherited collaterally his unsalted virtues.

I did not dislike him; I was numb in the presence of his perfection; but I had a queasy misgiving of the article of my grandmother's creed that said whatever he did was right; for even the good may blunder. She steadily refused to admit what she knew to be true—a bad example for the young. In Uncle Ellie this deliberate blindness of his mother roused blasphemous disgust.

The bishop's wife, Aunt Kate, did her best work from Monday through Saturday. Like many preachers' wives, and most intelligent Southern women I have known, she had no respect for the church; but, after all, her husband was a bishop, and she made the best of it. While he was being good, she was seeing to it that goodness did not go unrewarded. She was shrewd and ambitious, for him and for her seven children, most of whom, particularly her sons, disappointed her by inheriting an over-plus of her husband's virtues—one unworldly member of a family was enough. She was too kind to despise the poor, but she loathed poverty, and providently preferred as her associates those whom Hamilton had called the "rich and well-born." She had an eye for investments, social and economic; and when her husband died in his early fifties she had accumulated enough in the way of connections and money, supplemented by her pension, to put all her children through college and send them out into the world tagged with degrees—one of them even got a Ph.D. She had the American belief in education, as end and means; had educated herself, in fact, after her marriage. She often sat by a child's cot, heavy book in hand, reading to catch up with her learned husband; and, when she was called away she tucked the book under the mattress for sake-keeping until she could hurry back.

Years later, when I saw her again in Florida, where I had gone to perform the experiment of trying to be a teacher in Rollins College—the experiment resulted in an explosion—she was still avidly reading, now over seventy years of age. She had acquired a mellow, half-cynical wisdom, with which she was now pushing her grandchildren to greater affluence. I always liked her very much.

Every Christmas, as the day approached that was to herald the bishop and his family, who were the last to arrive because they lived far away in Virginia, we were all a little subdued, but Uncle Ellie was like a bird-dog on the first day of hunting, nervous and skittish, wondering how the sport would be this year. Quiet and solemnity settled down over the household as we awaited the advent of the man of God. He stepped gracious and serene from the carriage and ascended the front steps to greet his mother and bestow upon her this year's gift.

This was the moment Uncle Ellie had

been waiting for, craning and impatient to see what it was, to what uses it could be twisted. One year it was a "fascinator," a knitted scarf that fashionable ladies wore over their heads. As long as the bishop's visit lasted Uncle Ellie would never let her be without it, always solicitous lest she catch cold, knowing perfectly well how she hated anything on her head. Another time the gift was a wicker sewing-basket, which her attentive youngest son fetched from her room and set beside her as she sat smoking on the porch. In the bishop's presence he praised his generosity, hinting that it must have cost great sums to buy such things. How could he do it on a preacher's salary, even a bishop's salary? There were references to munificence of former years: the silver-backed comb and brush; the gold thimble, which, though it had unfortunately been lost, was, he supposed, not irreplaceable if one had the price; and the silver cup and saucer which was kept on a shelf of the parlor whatnot. He never allowed her to forget the one time she had tried to use the silver cup, and burnt her lips. Thus in the bishop's presence. When Uncle Ellie got his mother alone the attack was direct, and he never let up.

It was still pleasanter when the discomfort of others could be added to hers. He, and the cook, and everybody who drank coffee, never forgot the new-fangled drip-pot the bishop brought one year. All through vacation it was used, every time only after a tussle with the cook—coffee was meant to be boiled, she said—and at every meal extolled by my grandmother, looking this side and that, but never at the other end of the table where Uncle Ellie's glittering eyes were trying to catch hers. Sometimes he joined in with the ambiguous, "I never tasted such coffee in my life," or "Do you think it's the roasting that makes the difference, or is it all due to the pot?" or he sent a message to Sophie asking how on earth she made such coffee.

Meanwhile Sophie was doing what she could to bring disgrace on the pot, but each time swearing that she had done exactly what she had been told to do. "Tain' my fault," she said to my grandmother afterwards in the kitchen, "I done jes' whut yu said to do. I put de coffee in here and de water in dere, an' tain' my fault ef t'wan fit to drink. I don't wanter mess wid it nohow." But she had to mess with it as long as the bishop was there. When he was gone and the new pot had reached its permanent resting-place on the top shelf in the kitchen and the cook and the old-fashioned pot had been restored to grace, the storm broke in the open. I could never tell exactly what was being talked about, the pot, the bishop, or the coffee, or all three at once, but there was no doubt about the effect on my grandmother, who ducked and dodged and sometimes cringed at the stream of scornful invective that flowed from the other end of the table. But she never said a word.

More amusing to the young was the bishop's Christmas present of another year, an automatic fan to keep the flies off the dinner table. This was before the days of screened houses, and flies were plentiful and hungry. Usually a little Negro boy stood at the end of the dining room and manipulated a contraption made from newspapers cut in strips and tacked to cross-pieces of wood, that hung from the ceiling and worked by a set of pulleys. But sometimes he was absent, and on these occasions the duty fell on one of us, the unfortunate young, and the debate that raged among the grandchildren as to who should be, should not be, had been, had not been the victim was quite as bad as the flies.

The new machine was to do away with all this bother. From a heavy base that contained a ratchet spring arrangement, which was to make it whirl, an iron rod projected upward, and to this were fastened horizontally two cloth wings. These were to shoo the flies. Christmas day was appointed for its first use, at dinner. We all gathered early, none earlier than Uncle Ellie. My grandmother showed some misgivings, I thought, for

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she had neglected to try it out first; but she sat bravely at the head of the table, with the bishop on her right, looking down the long table at her children and their children, seventeen of them, but not at her youngest, poised at the far end. I, the chosen one, the favorite, was told to turn the switch and—well, to this day, as I write, I can feel the surge of consternation, joy, shame, laughter, tears, chagrin, hatred of the ogre at the foot of the table and companionable love for him, and love for my grandmother, and hatred of her too; but for the bishop, hatred, pure and simple. The wings barely moved.

VII

My Uncle Charlie stood half-way in years and nature between the bishop and the brother who was afterward to become the Senator, with unused virtues that neither had. Following the example of his elder brother and tradition (my grandfather on this side of the family had been a lay preacher, that is, a layman ordained to preach, a thing not uncommon in sparsely settled parts of the country in the middle of the nineteenth century), Uncle Charlie had early given himself to Christ. But not entirely, not completely, and very rashly. There was in him a fierce passionate nature impatient of the restraints of piety, even of civilization.

Hands that longed for plow or axe or hoe to connect him with the earth were clumsy for Bible and benediction. A mind that moved intuitively in the world of nature halted and stumbled and was confused among the subtleties of theological disputation. Farmer turned preacher, a loss to civilization and no gain to the Kingdom of God, he blundered through life hurting and being hurt, trying to be a good Christian, trying to find out what a good Christian was, and never being able to understand. He had gone through college and theological seminary, a medium credit to the family according to the records, learning by rote mathematics, Latin, Greek, Pauline theology and theories and arguments about the Virgin Birth, salvation by Grace, the atonement, remission of sins, the nature of the Trinity, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, without the slightest notion of what any of it meant. When he stood in the pulpit he was a ventriloquist's dummy. The words he had learned flowed through him and left the man he was untouched.

He was always angry, with himself and with the world, especially when he was with his two clever brothers, alienated from both by his lack of their kind of brains but pulled toward the one by the paganism that was in him and toward the other by his desire for peace. He never found peace, and when his untamed soul could bear it no longer he broke out in a rage that was nearly madness. Afterward awful guilt enclosed him and he slunk about the place, intolerable alike to himself and to us. Sometimes he could not endure his shame, and there was always speculation among the family as to whether he would stay out the full time of the holidays. We never knew when he would suddenly depart, trailing behind him a desperate wife and children.

We also never knew what would set him off. Once he thoughtlessly suggested on Christmas Eve that the men should hang up their socks beside the children's stockings in the parlor, to see what Santa Claus would do for them. The next morning he found in his sock, put there, of course, by brother Ellie, a quid of chewed tobacco and the barn key. This was a double insult. Quids, when they had been thoroughly chewed and there was no more juice left in them, were saved as smoking tobacco and given—I record this with shame, acquired considerably later—to Uncle Melt. The key was a subtle, but not too subtle, hint that Uncle Charlie go out to the barn and feed the horses; and—a turn that no one else had thought of, conjured up out of an enraged spirit—that he do a little work to pay for his board.

As Uncle Charlie packed up to go, pushing his helpless and dismayed fam-

ily this way and that, he returned again and again to the charge, deploring his poverty, the more galling in that others, from whom he might have expected a little sympathy, lived like princes on the "fat of the land," while he scratched and scraped to make a living for his wife and tender babes—one of whom, at least, was tough as nails. We stood aghast as he exploded from the house and hurled his wife and tender babes, by no means tenderly, into the waiting carriage. He had to drive only four miles to the depot at Lynchburg and would have to wait there six hours for a train, but anger has no sense of time. We stood awkwardly silent, looking down at the floor and up at the sky, but not at one another. When we went into the house we found, in a long row on the parlor mantelpiece, all the presents that had been given his family on that Christmas morning.

But children loved him, and the bird-dogs loved, and feared him, for he was as keen after a bird as they, and when they failed to retrieve, they understood his threatening rage. I have seen him stand over a quivering, whimpering dog damning him in gorgeous biblical language, the finest medium of abuse ever invented—and ten minutes later he and the dog would be congratulating each other on a magnificent shot. When I went with him I was as eager as the dogs, but cautious, for I had learned what I must do when they pointed. I fell flat on my face. As the covey rose the hunter saw only the whirring partridge, and nothing in between. Into the killing of little birds he poured all his lusty uncentered life, easing the pain of frustration and disappointment.

One night I was prowling around upstairs when I should have been in bed—the life my elders lived apart from us was a gnawing mystery—and, passing by his room, saw him kneeling by the bed with his arm about his wife's shoulders. The next day, with unusual boldness, I asked her for an explanation. She told me that they said their prayers this way because, when Uncle Charlie prayed alone, he often went to sleep on his knees. "Now," she said, "when I feel his arm slipping down, I can wake him up. He doesn't catch cold any more." The service of the Lord is not easy for a divided soul.

[*To be continued.*]

FIVE POEMS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE BALLAD OF CHALDON DOWN

(For L. P.)

In April, when the yellow whin
Was out of doors, and I within—
And magpies nested in the thorn
Where not a man of woman born
Might spy upon them, save he be
Content to bide indefinitely
On Chaldon Heath, hung from a pin,
A great man in a small thorn tree—

In April, when, as I have said,
The golden gorse was all in bloom,
And I confinèd to my room,
And there confinèd to my bed,
As sick as mortal man could be,
A lady came from over the sea,
All for to say good-day to me.

All in a green and silver gown,
With half its flounces in her hand,
She came across the windy down,
She came, and pricked the furrowed land
With heels of slippers built for town,
All for to say good-day to me.

The Channel fog was in her hair,
Her cheek was cool with Channel fog.
Pale cowslips from the sloping hedge,
And samphire from the salty ledge,
And the sweet myrtle of the bog
She brought me as I languished there;
But of the blackthorn, the blue sloe,
No branch to lay a body low.

She came to me by ditch and stile,
She came to me through heather and brake,
And many and many a flinty mile
She walked in April for my sake,
All for to say good-day to me.

She came by way of Lulworth Cove,
She came by way of Diffey's Farm.
All in a green and silver frock,
With half its flounces over her arm,
By the Bat's Head at dusk she came,
Where inward from the Channel drove
The fog, and from the Shambles heard
The horn above the hidden rock;

And startled many a wild sea-bird
To fly unseen from Durdle Door
Into the fog; and left the shore,
And found a track without a name
That led to Chaldon, and so came
Over the downs to Chydyok,
All for to say good-day to me.

All for to ask me only this—
As she shook out her skirts to dry,
And laughed, and looked me in the eye,
And gave me two cold hands to kiss:
That I be steadfast, that I lie
And strengthen, and forbear to die.
All for to say that I must be
Son of my sires, who lived to see
The gorse in bloom at ninety-three.
All for to say good-day to me.

"FONTAINE, JE NE BOIRAI PAS DE TON EAU!"

I know I might have lived in such a way
As to have suffered only pain:
Loving not man nor dog;
Not money even; feeling
Toothache perhaps, but never more than an hour away
From skill and novocain;
Making no contacts, dealing with life through agents, drinking one cocktail, betting two dollars, wearing raincoats in the rain;
Betrayed at length by no one but the fog
Whispering to the wing of the plane.

"Fountain," I have cried to that unbubbling well, "I will not drink of thy water!" Yet I thirst
For a mouthful of—not to swallow, only to rinse my mouth in—peace. And while the eyes of the past condemn
The eyes of the present narrow into assignation. And . . . worst . . .
The young are so old; they are born with their fingers crossed. I shall get no help from them.

HUNTSMAN, WHAT QUARRY?

"Huntsman, what quarry
On the dry hill
Do your hounds harry?

When the red oak is bare
And the white oak still
Rattles its leaves
In the cold air?
What fox runs there?"

"Girl gathering acorns
In the cold autumn,
I hunt the hot pads
That ever run before,
I hunt the pointed mask
That makes no reply,
I hunt the red brush
Of remembered joy."

"To tame or to destroy?"

"To destroy."

"Huntsman, hard by
In a wood of gray beeches
Whose leaves are on the ground,
Is a house with a fire;
You can see the smoke from here.
There's supper and a soft bed
And not a soul around.
Come with me there;
Bide there with me,
And let the fox run free."

The horse that he rode on
Reached down its neck,
Blew upon the acorns,
Nuzzled them aside.

The sun was near setting.
He thought, "Shall I heed her?"
He thought, "Shall I take her
For a one-night's bride?"

He smelled the sweet smoke,
He looked the lady over;
Her hand was on his knee.

But like a flame from cover
The red fox broke—
And "Hoick! Hoick!" cried he.

IMPRESSION: FOG OFF THE COAST OF DORSET

As day was born, as night was dying,
The seagulls woke me with their crying;
And from the reef the mooing horn
Spoke to the waker: Day is born
And night is dying, but still the fog
On dimly looming deck and spar
Is dewy, and on the vessel's log,
And cold the first-mate's fingers are,
And wet the pen wherewith they write
"Off Portland. Fog. No land in sight."
As night was dying, and glad to die,
And day, with dull and gloomy eye,
Lifting the sun, a smoky lamp,
Peered into fog, that swaddled sky
And wave alike: a shifty damp
Unwieldy province, loosely ruled,
Turned over to a prince unschooled,
That he must govern with sure hand
Straightway, not knowing sea from land.

SONNET IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION

(E. W.)

Oh, she was beautiful in every part!—
The auburn hair that bound the subtle brain;
The lovely mouth cut clear by wit and pain,
Uttering oaths and nonsense, uttering art
In casual speech and curving at the smart
On startled ears of excellence too plain
For early morning!—Obit. *Death from strain:*
The soaring mind outstripped the tethered heart.

Yet here was one who had no need to die
To be remembered. Every word she said,
The lively malice of the hazel eye
Scanning the thumb-nail close—oh, dazzling dead,
How like a comet through the darkening sky
You raced! . . . would your return were heralded.

BANTU WEDDING

A STORY

BY REGINALD SMITH

"Joseph," said my father, whose name is Nyakuno, "it is time for you to marry. Why don't you choose a girl and take her?"

"Ah!" I said, "that's very difficult! It costs so much to marry."

It was evening. We had finished our food and my sisters were outside cleaning the porridge pot, but they heard us, for I heard them laugh, as girls always do if men speak of weddings. My mother said nothing but she smiled and nodded with Kevuka, my father's second wife.

"But you work for Europeans," said my father, "and you earn plenty of money. It is time you were a man and had a wife and begot a son. What will your spirit do if you have no son?"

Now my father and all our old people are heathen. They have never learned, and so they talk like that. Nevertheless, I knew that what he said was right, and I must marry. So I said:

"Ah! It is very difficult! All the girls' fathers want too much *lobola*,* and I am young."

"It is true," said my father, lighting his pipe from our fire. "All the time they want more and more *lobola*. When I was a young man I found four cows only, but now they don't want cows, they must have money—twenty-five pounds, thirty pounds, forty pounds. Yes, it is difficult."

But I knew that my father was not troubled by this because he has two daughters, Evelina and Alice, and I am his only son.

"It is no matter, my son," said my mother. "You can choose your girl and throw your hoe, and pay your *mapsakiraino*.† I am sure you have money for that. You work for Europeans and you must be rich."

Now I work on a European farm. For two years I had been earning ten shillings a month and I had been putting money in a Post Office Savings Bank. I think I had six pounds, but I did not like to say so. It is better not. Every year my mother asks me for ten shillings for clothes, and there are my sisters too. They have no boys to buy them clothes. And again, if a girl's father thinks you have saved money, he will always ask for more. Yes, it is very difficult.

So I lied and said: "No, mother. I have only a very little."

"How much?" said my father quickly.

"Ah! I don't know. Money is very few! I have not yet paid my tax." I shrugged my shoulders and stretched out all my fingers to show that I had nothing.

"No matter," said my mother comfortably, "you can go to the Post Office and ask for five pounds or so, and that will pay your *mapsakiraino* Then you can take her home, and little by little you can find the *lobola*, and some day you will marry."

But I am a good Christian and so I said

* Payment made to the girl's father.

† Present to the girl's father. See note in Personal and Otherwise.

I could not do like that; I must marry in church without having a fault. Evelina and Alice had come inside and put away the cooking pot, and they agreed. Girls always like to marry without a fault so that their boys can buy them a European white dress and a veil.

"And besides," said Alice, "if Joseph makes a fault and his girl has a womb, our Teacher will tell the priest, and Joseph and his girl will not be allowed to receive Communion until they are married, and they will have to do punishment work for the church. Ah, no, mother, your plan is no good. But you are a heathen. You have not learned."

"Shut up, you!" said my father, "we are talking."

"Haven't learned?" said my mother. "You Christian girls are proud! You want to marry like those Europeans, do you? Ah! I've seen them! Women without breasts and houses without children! And if Joseph marries a girl in church before he takes her perhaps she will be barren, and what can he do then?"

I said: "No, mother, but I am a Christian and my God has forbidden to do like that. We must pray to Him to help us and to give us children."

"Aha!" said my mother softly. "So you have a girl, have you, and you will marry, my son?"

But I said nothing, and my father did not hear, for he was talking to us about Europeans and their customs. It is well known that they are different from us; they have no spirits and no medicine can touch them.

Soon Kevuka and the girls went to their hut and I went to mine. I took off my clothes and lay down in my blankets. But I could not sleep. I was thinking of all that had been said and of Naomi Chakanetsa. I have always known her. We played together as piccanins. We went to school together. We were in the same Catechumen class and we were baptized at the same time. But lately we had changed to each other. I would see her perhaps at a beer drink or at church or at a concert, and I would stay with the other young men and we would make jokes together and laugh for the girls to hear us, and all the time I would try to come a little bit nearer, and perhaps to touch her as one might if one were joking. And I have seen her looking at me and then look away again if I looked up, and then she and the other girls would laugh together, but I never knew why. So now I lay awake in my blankets and I found I could think of nothing but Naomi, with her soft skin and her body so fat and yet so strong and supple. Naomi—Naomi—it was in my mind, first like a song, and then like the voice of a witch telling me I must go to her.

At last I got up and put on my trousers and shirt. I went outside. Naomi! I must go to her. Chakanetsa's kraal was across the river and then over the mountain, but I went there swiftly, barefooted, running. I came to his kraal, four round huts, and I thought I knew where Naomi lay. But as I drew near a dog ran out barking, and then two more. I threw a stone and said: "Footsack," and hit one dog in the ribs. But the dog went away yelping, and I was very frightened, because now Chakanetsa must know that it was a man and not only a jackal. So I turned and went home.

Afterward I was very glad because I had not been allowed to sin, and it must have been a bad spirit that called Naomi's name to me in the night. But then I only thought what is the good of going to a girl's house if you have not spoken to her the day before or given her any present? So when I lay down again I thought I must ask for her and first I must buy her some presents.

The next day my boss gave me the postbag with letters to post and told me to fetch his mail. I was very glad of this and I took my bank book with me to the Post Office and drew out twelve shillings, and then I went to Suleman Ismail Cheapy Store. This is a very good store. They will give you a bonseller, and if you say, "This is too much" they are never cheeky, but they will let you have it a lit-

tle bit cheaper. And there is a boy there called Dickson who is a friend of mine. He sits outside with a sewing machine, and if you want a dress for your girl he will make it for you for nothing when you have bought the stuff. So I said to Dickson: "Good morning! Have you slept well?" And we shook hands and then I went in and soon I bought the stuff. Ah! It was very nice. It had pictures of white girls playing tennis, and plenty of flowers as well. So I gave the stuff to Dickson to make up for Naomi, and then I bought a red comb for Evelina to put in her hair, and big blue glass earrings for Alice, and a white *duku* and some oil for my mother and a yellow *duku* for Naomi. Then I had spent all my money, so I asked for a bonseller, and first Mr. Ismail said I had got everything too cheap, and then he gave me a bag of tobacco which I could give to my father.

When I got home my father was out but Alice and Evelina and Kevuka were pounding mealies in the stamp and my mother was sewing. I said to all of them, "Good evening, have you spent the day well?" And they all said to me: "Good evening, I have spent the day well if you have." Then I put down my parcel on the ground and began to open it, and all the women stopped working and came to see. And first I took out the earrings and gave them to Alice, and Alice said: "Ah! Thank you." And she knelt to me and clapped her hands. Then I gave the comb to Evelina and she thanked me the same way, and the *duku* and the oil to my mother and she held my hand in hers for a long time and she said: "Ah! My son, my son, my son!" But I had done foolishly to bring no present to Kevuka. She is only the second wife and she has a barren womb and a jealous heart. So while the girls were laughing and happy she ran away, but my mother kissed my hands and whispered: "Ah, Joseph, my son! Now tell me, who is to have that dress and the yellow *duku*?"

And I whispered to her: "It is Naomi Chakanetsa." Then my mother laughed and kissed my hand again and said, "My son, you had better go quickly. The sun is nearly set."

Then I was frightened, but my mother said: "Go quickly, Joseph, go!"

So I set off quickly for Chakanetsa's kraal, and I was very lucky, for when I had crossed the river and was climbing the hill I saw Naomi in front of me, with a big kerosene tin of water on her head. She was walking quickly up the hill, so I called "Naomi! Naomi!" and ran to catch up with her. She turned and waited for me, the water still on her head.

We greeted each other and I touched her hand.

"Naomi!" I said, showing her the parcel. "I have a present for you. Put down your water a little and come with me."

So she put down the water and came with me a little way into the bush. We said nothing, but I think we were both trembling very much. Then I showed her the beautiful new dress and the yellow *duku,* and she knelt before me and received her present in both hands. She put it down and clapped her hands and said: "Ah, Joseph! Thank you, thank you," in a soft husky voice, but she would not look into my face.

"Naomi," I said, "I must come to your kraal on Sunday, and I will throw my hoe for you."

She said nothing. I stretched out my hand to take her and she came nearer to me, still trembling. She was very beautiful, and for a long time she stayed in my arms. Suddenly she jumped up.

"Joseph, I must go! Look! It is dark. My father will be very angry and he will beat me. Help me! Lift the water to my head, quick!"

I went home with my heart singing. I knew she would not look at any other boy now.

When we had eaten I gave my father my bonseller of tobacco and he was pleased. He had been somewhere to drink beer and he was talking very much. When he was smoking he said:

"I have made a plan, Joseph, to help you. It is true that you are young to

choose a wife and that it is difficult for you to marry because it costs so much for *lobola*. So now I will help you. There is the debt of Shigodora. He owes me twelve pounds and two goats. Again and again I go over to his kraal and call to him and curse him and say: 'Where is my money? When will you pay me?' And he always says: 'Ah! It is very difficult to find money. Give me a month and I will pay.' But he gives me nothing. To-day I went to see him and he came to meet me and greeted me. He said: 'My wife has been brewing. Come into my house and taste.' So I went in and Shigodora made me drink and said: 'It is time for my girl Todini to marry.' So then he gave me plenty more beer and we talked a long time about Todini and his debt, and now we have agreed you must find five pounds *mapsakiraino* and you must take Todini. Then you can marry her and pay twelve pounds *lobola* and two goats to me. You are very lucky to get a wife so cheap! Shigodora wanted ten pounds more as well, but I was very clever!"

I sat still, with the blood roaring in my ears. I felt as if my father was beating me in the face.

"It is impossible," I said at last. "Todini is a heathen."

"That does not matter! You can send her to school and she will soon learn and be baptized if you like."

I got to my feet. "Father, I don't want her—I can't."

My father was still a little bit drunk and at once he was very angry.

"You can't!" he shouted. "Am I not your father and your chief? I have arranged it—be done or I'll flog you," and he picked up his throwing stick.

"*Mayiwe, mayiwe!*" said my sisters. They remembered my presents and they were sorry for me. Kevuka laughed scornfully and said: "There's a good son! There's obedience! And he has not yet learned when he is lucky! How can a father help a proud son?"

But my mother got up quickly as though to protect me.

"Go to your own hut!" she whispered. "Only be quiet now and all shall be well!"

So I went out. Afterward I listened at the door and I heard my father talking loud and my mother very soft, but always agreeing with him. Kevuka and my sisters she sent to the other hut, and still they talked until my father was quiet and stopped grumbling. I went into my hut and I wished that I were dead. Every woman is a liar and now my mother was deceiving me too. Then I remembered that my mother was so clever that she was called "Tsuro" which means "the Hare." So I said my prayers and lay down and slept.

I woke again to hear my mother screaming. It was still dark and I was very frightened. She screamed and screamed again. My father said afterward that she screamed in her sleep and he had trouble to wake her. I got up and went to see what was the matter. My mother was awake now and she sat up, saying "*Mayiwe! Mayiwe!*" She hid her face in her hands and she rocked herself backward and forward. She would not answer us, and at last Alice and Evelina and Kevuka came in too. They were very frightened. It was dark. The fire was dead.

"Light that fire, Alice!" said my father. "Now, mother! Are you ill?"

"*Mayiwe!*" she wailed.

"What is it?" said my father.

"*Mayiwe!*" she wailed.

"Tell me the matter," he said, and I knew he was frightened too.

Alice was blowing at the fire and the small sticks were beginning to crack.

"How can I tell you?" said my mother. "I am afraid."

"It was a dream!" said Evelina.

"Yes. It was a dream. How can I tell you? You will tell the person in my dream and then there will be trouble."

We were silent. My father said, "Mother, you must tell us what the spirits have shown you, and I forbid anyone to speak of this again!"

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"It was a woman. She had come to our kraal. She was sitting by our fire, and she was laughing. I sat here and looked at her. Then I saw the head of a snake—the black mamba—it came out of her mouth, it was ready to strike, and then it went back and it was hidden again. And still she was laughing. Then I saw that she had a womb and her time was come. I thought, 'I am the midwife, and I must help her.' And quickly, all at once, she was delivered and there came out a black mamba, and as it was born it grew and grew, and I screamed. I would have run, but I could not. I knew it must kill us all."

Alice and Evelina began to wail "*Mayiwe, mayiwe,*" until at last my father said:

"Now then, shut up! Who was this woman?"

"No, no! I mustn't tell you! I am afraid!"

"Now then! Tell us at once! Who was she?"

"You make me say it," said my mother, weeping. "It was Todini!"

"You lie!" said my father, very angry, but I knew she had changed his heart.

At last my mother said quietly: "Have no fear, father! You will be paid your debt when some other boy takes Todini to his kraal, but not Joseph. You can tell Shigodora that Joseph does not want Todini because he is throwing his hoe for some other girl."

"That would be best. But whom can he take?"

My mother turned to me.

"Is there no other woman you would like, my son, now that you cannot have Todini?"

"Yes. I would like to throw my hoe for Naomi Chakanetsa. She is beautiful. She is strong; and I have seen her and given her a present."

My father was silent. Then he said: "All right. That will be best. We must lock up this dream in our hearts, and when some boy pays money for Todini perhaps I will help you a little bit with your wedding."

A man cannot throw his hoe for himself. He must choose a good friend who will do it for him and talk to the girl's father for him. So I went to see my friend Charlie Bumhiva, and he promised to help me.

On Sunday night he came to find me.

"Good evening, Charlie," I said.

"Good evening, Joseph."

"Have you spent the day well?"

"I have had a good day if you have. And I have been to Chakanetsa's kraal."

"And then?"

"First I bathed and put on my holiday suit, and I took the hoe you gave me."

"Yes? And then?"

"I came to Chakanetsa's kraal, and all the people were inside the house. Puna, the mother of Naomi, had made beer and some friends had come to drink it."

"Yes?"

"I said '*Kwayiwayi*' and all the people said '*Kwayiwayi,*' and I said: 'Are you quite well?' And everybody said: 'I am quite well if you are!' And Chakanetsa said: 'Come inside, Charlie, and taste my wife's beer!' But I said: 'Here is a hoe. I have come to your kraal to throw it,' and I dropped it at his feet. Then Chakanetsa picked it up and he said: 'Ah! Whose is this hoe?' I said: 'It is the hoe of Joseph Nyakuno.' 'And why has he sent it to me?' So I pointed to Naomi, who was wearing the new dress you sent and the yellow *duku.* She stood with her arm round the neck of another girl and her face was hidden. 'It is because of your daughter. He likes her very much.' "

"Ah! Very good! And what did Chakanetsa say?"

"First he said nothing. Then he said: 'Taste our beer! Then if you like you can come and see me to-morrow.' So I drank, and then we all touched hands and said good-by and I went."

The next night Charlie came to see me again.

"Good evening, Joseph," he said.

"Good evening, Charlie."

"Have you spent the day well?"

"I have had a good day if you have. I went to see Chakanetsa again."

"Ah, you saw him?"

"He said: 'I will keep this hoe, and Joseph can pay me five pounds *mapsakiraino*. Then, after that we can talk about *lobola*.'"

"Ah, thank you, Charlie, thank you. I will find it as quick as I can."

When a man has thrown his hoe he must not see his girl again until he has paid *mapsakiraino*. It was ten days before I was able to draw out my money and send it by Charlie to Chakanetsa.

Then I said: "Now, Charlie, let us go on Sunday to Chakanetsa's kraal so that I can see my girl."

So on Sunday morning I went to his house and we cut and combed each other's hair. Charlie combed my hair for a long time, perhaps an hour. At last it looked very nice, with two partings and my hair on top like the comb of a cock. Then we bathed in the river. Then when we had eaten I caught the goat which I had bought for a present for Puna, the mother of Naomi, and tied a rope to him. We took our suitcases with our best clothes, and when we were near to Chakanetsa's kraal we changed our clothes. I had a blue suit with a short coat and a tight waistcoat with a looking glass sewn on one pocket to shine in the sun, trousers that were tight at the top, so that my bottom looked big and round, and very wide at the feet, black and brown patent-leather shoes, very European and tight, a stiff collar under my chin, and a tie to fix on it. I had also an imitation wrist watch and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Charlie looked very beautiful too.

So we came to the kraal and I went to see Puna.

"*Kwaiwayi, Mbwuya, mwakadini?* (Hail, mother-in-law, are you well?)," I said.

Puna did not smile because I had not yet given her a present, but she said: "Hail, I am well if you are."

"*Mbwuya,* I have brought you a goat to make you happy and some sugar!"

The goat was a good one. It cost me ten shillings and it made Puna very happy and she laughed and called Naomi, and we sat together, and Charlie and I agreed to stay to eat with them.

"We will have the goat to-night," said Puna, "for a flavoring for our porridge, and here is some beer that I have brewed."

So I took the goat away and killed him and Naomi cooked the porridge and grilled the meat and we had a great feast. Chakanetsa was very pleased because he had seen my money and he had talked to Charlie about my *lobola,* and so he laughed very much and made many jokes about girls as heathen people do. As for me, I was very happy because I was with Naomi, but I wanted very much to talk to Charlie and to know how much I must pay for *lobola* and when we could marry.

When we had eaten the goat and the porridge and finished the beer Naomi went outside to clean the pots. Soon I followed her. I whispered to her: "Naomi, let me come under your blanket to-night." I loved her so much and I was drunk a little bit and did not mind that it was a fault for Christians to do like that before they are married in church.

She said: "No," but I knew in my heart that she was agreeing. Then Charlie came out. I think he was afraid I would do a bad thing. Charlie is a good Christian and he has no girl himself.

"Joseph!" he said. "You had better come home with me."

This made me angry and I wanted to fight him, but he said: "Listen, my friend! If you take Naomi now Chakanetsa will say 'Yes! All right! You may have Naomi but you may not marry until you have paid twenty-five pounds *lobola.*' Then you will have a fault for a long time and your children will not be christened. But if you make your heart strong and listen to me now, Chakanetsa will say: 'All right! Joseph is a Christian and Naomi too. I must let them marry and Joseph can pay the *lobola* little by little afterward!' "

Naomi began to cry, but she listened to Charlie and so I agreed. We went back

into the house and told stories at the fire and then we went home.

As soon as I could I paid Chakanetsa two pounds more and he agreed to let me marry as soon as I could get ready for it. Then I was very glad. I was careful to bring Puna a present each time I came to see Naomi so that she was very happy and loved me very much. I had to work every day at the European farm, but my family helped me to build a house. My mother brewed a lot of beer, and called all our people to come and drink. Then when they were happy Tsuro said: "Joseph, my son, is marrying Naomi. I must go now and build him a house." All the people said: "That is very good. We must help you."

So the men took their axes and went away to cut trees and the women went to cut grass for the roof. When they came back my mother gave them more beer, and so all the people worked very quickly and well. When enough grass and wood was cut my family finished the work alone. My mother and my sisters and Naomi and Puna dug the earth and puddled it with water and mixed it with their feet, and my father and my uncle set up the timbers in a ring, binding them with stout withies tied with bark, and then fastened the roof timbers and put on the grass for thatch. Then the women plastered our house with mud, and made a smooth warm floor from cow dung mixed with water and sand.

But it is very difficult to get married. If there is no fault, your girl wants you to buy her a veil and a white dress and gloves, and there is the beer and the meat and the Headman wants five shillings for going with you to the Native Commissioner for a certificate, and there is five shillings for the priest and money again for your girl when you marry, and all the time the girl's father wants to know when you will pay him more *lobola*. Ah! It is very difficult. My father helped me by giving me a fat ox, and I knew that my mother would make plenty of beer and that our guests would help us with porridge and more beer. So at last, a year after I had thrown my hoe, I went with the Headman and Chakanetsa and Naomi to the Office for our certificate. Then our names were called in church and I went to see my boss for leave off. I do not know why, but white men never want you to say: "Good morning! Have you slept well?" But instead they always speak to you quickly. He had gone indoors to drink tea and I stood outside with my hat in my hand and sometimes I coughed a little bit. When he had had tea he talked to the Missus and then he came outside, lighting his pipe.

"Well, Jim! What do you want?"

"I have made a plan to marry."

"Oh, you have? How many wives have you already?"

I think this was a joke, but I don't know why he talked like this, because I think my boss is a Christian.

"*Kweteba!* No. I am not married, Boss!"

"All right! When will this be?"

"I wanted Saturday."

"All right then! Don't let your friends get drunk and make a bloody noise round here. Oh, yes! Bring me a bag of mealies and I will grind 'em for you free for a wedding present. All right, Jim!"

Alice and Evelina had built a fire and were busy making porridge. My mother and Puna were busy with the beer. Some more girls were carrying water, fetching firewood and laughing and talking. There were two more fires with cooking pots that we had borrowed and the ox was boiling. Charlie, my friend, was cutting and combing my hair, and I had a new black coat and gray trousers in my suitcase. We were all getting ready for my wedding. Charlie and I went to the river to bathe and then at last we all went to the church. There were very many people, Christians and heathen, come for the wedding, and we were all very happy. My mother had sent some more beer to the church and the people were beginning to laugh and sing and dance. Our priest had come

riding on a white donkey, and the Teacher did not want him to know that the people had seen the beer.

Then Naomi came. When we marry it is unlucky for us to smile or laugh; so she came in her white dress, walking very slowly in white shoes, with gloves pulled on her hands, and her veil and her flowers, but her head was held down and her face was solemn. Her maids followed her in new cotton dresses, and one of them held her new umbrella over her head. Her father, Chakanetsa, came dressed as always with his shirt and trousers, his spear held in his hand. So we all went into church, and I made my face very sad, though my heart was singing. In my pocket I could feel five shillings for the priest and the ring, which I had remembered to buy for sixpence. Then the priest smiled at us and put us in our places and began the prayers.

When the service was over Naomi and I walked out of the church arm-in-arm. All the people waited for us outside. We stood in the door of the church, looking sad, a girl holding Naomi's umbrella over her head, and all the people shouted *"Makorokoto, makorokoto!"* and came and touched our hands. Then the girls and young men danced and sang for us and the married women with their babies on their backs danced round and round us, whooping shrill and loud with their fingers playing on their lips. Sometimes a friend ran up with a handkerchief and flipped it up and down to make sure that there was no dust on us. And then a boy who has a camera came and took a photo.

After that it was time to go to our kraal for the feast, and so Naomi said that she was tired and could not come with me, and I put my hand in my pocket and gave her threepence, and so she said she was all right, she would come. The boys and girls sang and danced in front of us and we walked slowly on, with all the other people following. When we came to the school fence Naomi stopped again. All newly married wives stop there, so I gave her threepence again. When we came to the river, all the midwives came to stop us and they said that we must not cross, because they had not had their present. So first of all I gave them two shillings each; but they said no, that was not enough, our marriage would never be lucky, so then I gave them sixpence each and they clapped their hands and said: "Thank you!" But there were eight of them and I think it cost me one pound.

Then Naomi said she could not cross the river, she was frightened. So I gave her threepence more and my sister Alice helped her on to Evelina's back, and I gave threepence to Naomi's sister, a married woman called Elizabeth, and jumped on her back and we all crossed over.

At last we got home. We had borrowed two chairs, and we sat down side by side outside our new house and the feasting began. Naomi and I were troubled in our minds because we did not know if there would be enough meat and porridge and beer to make all the people happy; but we had to sit still on our chairs and look sad while all our friends sang and danced for us and laughed and made jokes to make us happy.

By this time the sun had set and we were very hungry. We would have liked to go and sit at one of the fires and take some food from the pots with the others, but we had to go into our own house and sit down at a table which we had borrowed and have our food in there.

When we had finished eating we took off our wedding clothes and put them away in suitcases and came outside again in ordinary clothes. Everybody was very happy now. We sat side by side while they sang and danced for us. Ah! It was a very good concert. The moon had passed the first quarter, but nobody wanted to go home until it had set. Some did not go until the dawn, which was very kind of them; for a man must not go under his wife's blanket on the first night of his wedding.

So now I am a man married and very happy. Naomi is my darling, and she is very strong to dig my garden and she cooks for me very well. And already she has a womb, so we are very happy.

INFANT INDUSTRY: THE QUINTUPLETS

BY MERRILL DENISON

SOMEONE has said that Americans travel to see their friends, their scenery, and their past. To learn that Americans travel for still another reason you only need to visit Callander, Ontario, seat yourself in a comfortable chair on the terrace of the Red Line Inn, and observe the license plates on the automobiles that roll eastward along the new highway leading to the most spectacular, if most refined, sideshow on earth—the Dionne Quintuplets. This choice vantage spot in front of Callander's newest hostelry commands all the noted points of interest in the small village; the modest brick residence of Dr. Allan Dafoe, in effect as well as in the popular mind, the sixth quintuplet; Ken Morrison's general store, the scene of many startling episodes in the drama of Oliva Dionne, father to Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie; the small railway station that has replaced the box car which served Callander before the coming of the Quints; the astonishing blue of Lake Nippissing, but most impressively, the wide, paved highway connecting the outside world with the Quintuplets' modest nursery.

As surely as the Café de la Paix was once at the crossroads of the world, this attractive small hotel in Callander is now at the crossroads of America. At few other spots on the continent could one see in the course of a single day such a wide assortment of State license plates. From early morning till long after dark, all through the summer months American cars roll through the small village on the shores of Lake Nippissing at a rate that averages one a minute, outnumbering the local Ontario cars two and three to one, and bearing an eager horde of sightseers bound for the world's wonder children. A majority of the cars come, naturally enough, from the nearer States—Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New York; but New England and the Midwest hold up well, and if you sit long enough you will note that every State in the Union is represented. In terms of distance, Texas and California contribute a disproportionately large number of cars, but there are occasional ones from Cuba, the Canal Zone, and even Hawaii. During the peak traffic hours, which are those immediately preceding the showing of the five little girls, only a few yards separate the cars of the sightseeing cavalcade which numbers, even on an average week day, 3,000 people, and on holidays and over week-ends, upward of 8,000. And of the 100,000 visitors who arrive each summer month to see the famous Quints more than 70,000 are from the United States. At the close of their fifth summer the five daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne remain one of the stellar attractions of the continent, a tourist lure whose potency is rivalled only by Radio City, Gettysburg, Mount Vernon, and Niagara Falls.

Every bit as amazing as the five browned-eyed sisters themselves—and they are both delightful and amazing—is the evidence of their economic influence to be seen not only in Callander and the nearby city of North Bay but on every Ontario highway leading to the north country. From Niagara Falls and Wind-

sor on the south and Sault Ste. Marie on the west, to the Canadian ports of entry along the St. Lawrence River to the east, their drawing power is felt in hotels and tourist camps, restaurants and roadside eating places. From May through September accommodation is often at a premium as far south as Orillia and Barrie, towns one hundred and sixty miles away, and even the lordly Royal York in Toronto, the largest hotel in the British Empire, and the equally regal Chateau Laurier in Ottawa feel the quickening effect of the Quintuplets' northward pull.

Sentiment and miracle of their birth aside, the five little Dionnes are priming the local pump in a fashion that must give Mr. Ickes cause for wonder and, possibly, for envy. Dollar for dollar, they have done a job of rural rehabilitation that makes many an ambitious scheme of Mr. Harry Hopkins seem so much dancing in the dark.

From worse than scratch, the five girls in their fifty-two months of existence, have helped save a sizable city from bankruptcy, speeded the building of modern roads, improved local real estate values, increased the township assessment rolls, taken a few hundred people off relief, become the sole support of their parents, boomed the summer tourist traffic, inspired thousands of dollars of new capital investments, and attracted many millions of U. S. dollars to their native province. The value of the American tourist traffic to Ontario, even in a depression year, is said to be between $100,000,000 and $125,000,000. According to the conservative reckoning of the Dominion Government's Travel Bureau in Ottawa, the five little charmers near Callander are directly responsible for at least a fifth of the gate. Accepting these figures, the Quints are seen to be something more than five very delightful youngsters; they are a twenty to twenty-five million dollar attraction and, as such, one of Canada's most important businesses. Capitalized at four per cent, these Quint-inspired revenues make the Dionne girls a $500,000,000 asset to Ontario. This, one notes, is only their present worth, based on the current season. Given a really prosperous year and they would have a book value of nearly a billion dollars, which would leave them with few industrial rivals in the Dominion or, for that matter, anywhere else.

II

It seems preposterous that five little girls, not yet five years old, can be linked with such prodigious sums, even through the necromancy of tourist-traffic statistics; but there is any amount of concrete evidence to bear testimony to the Quintuplets' stimulating influence on travel and on spending. The nearby village of Callander is a case in point and the nearest city, North Bay, another. Situated on the old canoe route of the French fur traders, between the Ottawa River and Georgian Bay, Callander was little better than an abandoned lumber town at the time of the Quintuplets' birth, four years ago; a flag-stop on the main railroad line between Toronto and the Ontario mining country. There was a small country hotel, a general store, a garage or two, and a scattering of houses. Four out of the five lumber mills had been burned down and the remaining one was not operating. During the summer months a few visitors from elsewhere occupied cottages along the lake shore, but there were 800 people on the relief rolls in the surrounding township, and taxes were thousands of dollars in arrears. To-day Callander is booming. The taxes are paid up and the only persons on relief are those unemployable because of age or sickness. Where the town had difficulty in accommodating 75 visitors a couple of years ago, there are now comfortable, up-to-date sleeping accommodations for 1,500. Along the once empty highway joining Callander and North Bay, more than four miles of tourist cabins have sprung up, some attractive and some not so attractive, but each group representing an investment of thousands of dollars. Transcontinental express trains of the Canadian National Railways now stop, without

flagging, at the diminutive station which has replaced the ancient box car. Shining service stations and new souvenir stands line the main street. The old hotel, that once shook under the spiked boots of lumberjacks, has had its face lifted and another story added. Across the tracks its new rival, the Red Line Inn, finds its capacity continually overtaxed. A parcel of land that changed hands in 1933 at $200 is now quoted at $5,000.

As it is with Callander, so it is with North Bay. A city of some 17,000 inhabitants, it was originally an important railway junction, as well as the gateway to the northern mining country and a supply base for pulp and lumbering operations in an extensive territory round about. By 1934 North Bay was spiraling rapidly toward bankruptcy. The falling off of railway traffic, the effects of the depression on the forest industries, and the cost of civic improvements—street paving and so forth undertaken during the boom twenties—were responsible. To-day all the familiar signs of prosperity are present in North Bay: busy streets, automobiles parked bumper to bumper along the curbs, hotels comfortably filled, and half the private residences in the city doubling as tourist homes. One needs neither statistics nor bank statements to prove that here is a thriving community; one can sense its economic well-being from the well-populated sidewalks and the merry jingle of the cash registers in the crowded stores. Ask any merchant, business man, or bank manager to explain the reason, and nine times out of ten he will do so with a single word—the Quintuplets.

Judged from a tourist angle, which is the important economic one at present, the Dionne youngsters' great value lies in the fact that they are what is known as a "family attraction." In the tourist business a family attraction is one that brings out the whole family instead of just the boys, and there is a well-authenticated theory that when the women folks go along progress is more leisurely and the purse strings are held more loosely. These are interesting factors since a visit to the Quints involves a return journey of at least 500 miles from the nearest American border point and, in many instances, a trip of more than 1,000 miles. The more deliberate the speed the better the chances to consume food, make purchases, and become involved in hotel bills and like expenditures which help swell the unseen trade balance of the Dominion.

With fast driving, a trip to Callander involves three days in Ontario, where the gasoline tax is six cents a gallon. Driving in a more leisurely manner, five days to a week can easily be consumed, and many visitors from beyond the international boundary linger on after they have had their fill of Quint-gazing, to spend the remainder of their vacations in one of Ontario's well-known resort regions—Muskoka, the Lake of Bays or Georgian Bay. Making a rough estimate, it seems probable that some 350,000 Americans travel 56,250,000 passenger car miles and spend 1,200,000 nights in Ontario each year for the express purpose of looking for a few minutes through a wire screen at five little girls playing in a tiny concrete playground. Transposing these figures into their cash equivalents, one reaches the incredible figures already quoted: twenty to twenty-five million dollars, which means that the five young ladies bring enough revenue into Canada each year to aid materially in servicing the entire Canadian debt held in the United States.

III

Compared with the money the Quintuplets have helped to make for other people—the restaurateurs and hotel keepers, the railroads and bus companies, the wholesalers and the Provincial Government—their own earnings seem very modest. According to the latest official statements, the children's gross take has so far amounted to over $750,000. Of this sum, $600,000 is invested in Provincial and Dominion Bonds, there is $50,000 cash in the bank, and the balance is accounted for by expenditures in excess of income. Their capital expenses have

included the cost of building their own quarters, known as the Dafoe Nursery, an adjacent building to house their staff, and the ingenious playground where they are shown twice daily, health and weather permitting, to the peripatetic multitude. They pay their own living expenses, contribute $300 a month to the support of their parents, and are sending three of their brothers and sisters to school. They pay income taxes to both the United States and Dominion Governments.

Exclusive of their parents, and not including the legal luminaries who must be retained from time to time to protect the Quintuplets from the unauthorized use of their names, there are now fourteen people on their payroll. Ten of these are on the nursery or hospital staff: two nurses, three policemen, two maids, a teacher, a housekeeper, and a cook. The outside retinue is made up of the kindly Dr. Dafoe, whose monthly fee remains, at his own insistence, $200 a month; the Quints' business manager, Keith Munro, who was one of the first newspaper men to reach the Dionne farmhouse after the birth of the babies; Dr. Dafoe's secretary, Gordon Moffatt; and the secretary-treasurer of the Board of Guardians, W. M. Flannery, a North Bay lawyer. Still other debit entries in the Quints' ledger are legal fees, and the incidental out-of-pocket expenses of their guardians, manager, advisers, and consultants. Added all together, the costs of caring for the five girls are running about $22,000 a year, or $2,000 in excess of the $20,000 income they receive annually from their investments. The unbalanced condition of the Quints' budget has provoked some criticism among frugally-minded French Canadians, who believe that the five little girls should be made to live within their means. To the unprejudiced outsider it rather seems that their financial affairs are being handled with the most scrupulous economy. Considering the elaborate precautions needed to guard the children's health and to protect them from the conspiratorial designs of local and imported leeches, considering the financial burdens imposed on them by an adoring public and by the politics of their native province, the expenditure of $2,000 a month seems little indeed.

To date, the Quints' largest source of revenue has been the movies. Their first picture, "The Country Doctor," brought them $50,000, and shortly afterward the same company paid $250,000 for the rights to make three additional feature films within a given period. The agreement called also for additional payment of $50,000 at the end of the contract plus 10 per cent royalties. The first of the pictures, "Reunion," has already appeared, the second is in the making, and the third is to be taken before the end of 1939. In addition to this sizable payment to the Quints as actresses, the movies also contribute $10,000 a year for the newsreel rights. After the movies the principal source of revenue has been advertising. At one time or another, consistent with their ages, the five sisters have endorsed corn syrup, cod liver oil, a disinfectant, diapers, soap, milk and milk products, tooth paste, breakfast food, toys, and children's clothes. One of the few products they are known to have used but do not seem to have endorsed is the rum which served them so nobly in their early days. This oversight remains the one taint of ingratitude to mar the Quints' otherwise magnificent generosity.

One contract in the soap and dentifrice field will bring them $55,000 over a three-year period, and their public approval of a well-known breakfast food made them richer by $25,000. Other advertisers have paid lesser sums for the privilege of associating the five similar faces with their products, and manufacturers of dolls, toys, and novelties using the word "Quintuplet" (their registered trade mark in Canada) pay royalties for the right to do so. The revenues received from these sources, however, are much less than they might have been had not successive boards of guardians steadfastly refused to endorse any product not actually used by the children. This unique ethical scruple—unknown to endorsers

generally—has undoubtedly cramped the Quints as money makers, as has the guardians' insistence that all advertising with which they are associated conform to certain rigid standards of dignity. Although the five similar faces seem to turn up with increasing frequency in the advertising pages of the women's magazines, it is a fact that for every one accepted, a score of offers to publicize the girls in a like manner have been turned down.

The third source of revenue, and in many ways the most interesting, has come through the sale of the still-picture rights. Although these have brought in less to the Quints than movies or advertising, they may prove of greater value in the long run, for they have made the children known wherever magazines and newspapers are printed or souvenir calendars sold. How many billion times the five small faces have been reproduced nobody knows, but they have appeared continuously in every country in the world, and this publicity is responsible, in a large measure, for the hordes of sightseers who arrive at the Dafoe Nursery during the summer months. Furthermore, it was the sale of the still-picture rights which proved a life saver soon after the babies were born. They were bought by the Toronto *Star,* less for commercial reasons than to provide the five tiny premature babies with the funds that were so desperately needed at that time. When the *Star* contract ran out some months later these same rights were purchased by an American news syndicate for $10,000, and the contract subsequently renewed for $50,000 for a limited period. The rights to photograph the five little Dionne girls while motionless have still another significance. They were the means of drawing into the Quintuplet orbit the Canadian news photographer, Fred Davis, who has played a not unimportant role in their lives. Next to Dr. Dafoe himself, Davis has been their most doughty champion and the most indefatigable defender of their interests. It was he who induced the *Star* to buy the first rights and, with the exception of a few shots taken by a local photographer during the first few days, he is the only person who has ever taken a still picture of the five girls.

IV

From the very beginning, the personal finances of the Quintuplets have been the cause of a series of dramatic conflicts between those interested in their welfare and those anxious to cash in on their great potential earning powers. The first clash came three days after the babies were born when the bewildered father, with the advice and assistance of the parish priest, signed a contract with one Ivan I. Spear to permit the exhibiting of the babies at the World's Fair then running in Chicago. The contract was an amazing document from every point of view. Under its terms Mr. and Mrs. Dionne were to receive 23 per cent of the net, after all expenses had been paid; the priest, Father Dan Routhier, 7 per cent; and Mr. Spear's Century of Progress Tours Bureau, 70 per cent. The contract had no time limit and included every conceivable right of exploitation. But it did have one redeeming clause, the provision that the babies could not be moved without the consent of their physician, Dr. Allan Dafoe, then a simple and somewhat easy-going country practitioner but soon to acquire the qualities of an angry tornado whenever the interests of his five little charges were at stake.

The storm of disapproval which broke round Dionne's head as soon as the terms of the contract were known quickly convinced him that he had been unfortunate in the choice of his adviser. Falling back on the saving clause, he repudiated the agreement and Spear later sued all those remotely connected with the incident for a nice round sum—$1,000,000. The suit, incidentally, is still pending in the Illinois court. To protect the babies and Papa Dionne himself, from the continuing threat of equally dangerous commitments, Dr. Dafoe, with the help of others interested only in the survival of the in-

fants, induced Dionne and his wife to agree to a temporary guardianship which removed the children entirely from their parents' control. Dionne was to regret this move almost as quickly as he had the preceding one; but by this time the Provincial Government, under pressure of outraged public opinion, had assumed control. From that time to the present a feud has raged more or less continuously between the successive boards of governors, led by the indomitable Dafoe, and numerous individuals who have hoped to secure and greatly increase the Quintuplets' earnings for themselves.

At times this feud has been conducted in the open with considerable acrimony for all the world to see, and at other times it has pursued devious, underground channels known only to the principals involved. It was as a result of this feud that the Provincial Government replaced the temporary guardianship with a permanent one making the five children wards of the King until their eighteenth birthday. The feud led also to two well-planned attempts to kidnap the children and remove them from the jurisdiction of the Ontario courts, where the laws concerning them would not receive recognition. (The Dominion Government, incidentally, and that means Canada, has never had anything to do with the Quintuplets, nor has it ever interfered with their affairs; they are exclusively a Provincial problem.) One of the kidnapping attempts came uncomfortably near being successful. Only an indiscreet telephone call, made a few hours before the plan was to be put into action, led to its discovery. As a result of it, however, the heavy wire fence which now encloses the Quints' establishment was built and permanent police added to their staff. Since then there have been no other kidnapping scares, but the persons of the five young ladies continue to be guarded with a vigilance that never knows a moment's surcease. To-day their health and personal safety make it necessary for them to live in what is virtually a concentration camp.

Besides the central conflict which wanes and roars round the innocent heads of the five youngsters, they have been the inspiration for many more remote. The most curious of these, perhaps, and the one which throws the most light on the commercial significance of the Quints, was the prolonged legal battle between two manufacturers of corn syrup. The first meal served the infants was a 7–20 mixture of cow's milk and water with a few drops of rum and corn syrup added. When this news was made known to the waiting world, the president of the St. Lawrence Starch Company in Canada shipped a case of the company's Beehive Syrup up to Callander as a good will token. He also sent through the mails a welcome check to which there were no strings attached. Some time afterward there appeared in the public prints advertisements which proclaimed the fact that Beehive Corn Syrup had been the first food to pass the now famous babies' lips. The effect of this simple statement was little less than astonishing. In Quebec and Eastern Canada, particularly, mothers clamored for the product, and the graph of Beehive's sales swung into the perpendicular. Plant capacity had to be enlarged and the company's advertising appropriations mounted from $12,000 in 1933 to $246,000 in 1936—according to the evidence later brought out in court.

In obedience to the laws of action and reaction, the Beehive boom should have been accompanied by a compensating relapse in the sales of a competitive product. This relapse did indeed take place and was quickly noted by a rival concern, the Canada Starch Company, whose Crown Brand Syrup had previously been the best seller. So pronounced was the relapse in fact that the Canada Company sued the Beehive people for $150,000 damages, at the same time praying that a restraining order might be granted to call a halt to any more Quintuplet-Beehive advertising. The plaintiff's contention was that there had been a can of Crown Brand Syrup in the Dionne house during

the five-fold birth and not any Beehive. The case wound its way through the Canadian courts for many months before judgment was given to the defendant, Beehive, on the evidence of the nurse who had actually served the 7–20 meal. She swore—and the best efforts of one of Canada's most brilliant cross-examiners failed to shake her testimony—that the syrup used by her had come from a can which bore the Beehive label. Although the trial produced more comedy, both high and low, than gripping drama, it has served to emphasize the high regard in which the Quints are held as business getters by business men.

V

However one may choose to feel about the size of the Quintuplets' fund—whether one considers it an enormous sum for five little youngsters to have accumulated in so short a time or whether one believes it to be less than they deserve—their $600,000 nest egg would be considerably larger but for the horror their guardians, and Canadians generally, have of what they call "vulgar ballyhoo." It is this attitude which explains the insistence on advertising dignity and the refusal of the guardians to permit their little charges to enter wholeheartedly into the farcical game of endorsements as played on this side of the line. The attitude is typically Canadian and in it one may discern a not-altogether-subconscious criticism of the more gaudy manifestations of showmanship sometimes found in this country and commonly thought to be characteristically American in foreign countries, including Canada. In the case of the Quintuplets, however, it has been fortified by two things: the revulsion caused by the early threat of exhibiting the babies at the Century of Progress and the abhorrence felt by the little doctor for almost anything commercial; the same abhorrence, probably, which kept him in the backwoods for more than thirty years, when time after time he had chances to take a city practice. But, whatever the reason, the terror of being accused of "exploiting" the children, even to their advantage, has obviously limited their incomes and given rise to a host of incongruities.

Typically incongruous is the absence of a single traffic light in either North Bay or Callander. Not that both places are not getting along quite nicely without any; but an American town, finding cosmopolitanism thrust upon it, would certainly hail the event by erecting many of the green and red symbols of civic pride and traffic density. The same reticence marks the hundreds of cabins built for the thousands who seek sleeping accommodations nightly. Almost without exception, these cabins are less alluring than the circumstances would seem to warrant. They are clean and they are comfortable, but only a few would cause the woman of the party to exclaim, "How utterly charming!" Far more likely is she to say, "We might as well stop here, dear; this looks as good as any." In other words, there seems to be a deliberate effort to avoid the most rudimentary principles of salesmanship and merchandising. This may be due in part to the fact that any investment based on the five little sisters has been something of a gamble—a consideration which would tend to make an investor build as simply and as economically as possible—but it seems due principally rather to a desire to shy away from any taint of ostentation in earning an honest dollar through the Quints. It is almost as if some spokesman warned the arriving sightseer, "We didn't ask you to come here, and we've done nothing to make it attractive so that you will want to stay longer. There are no night clubs and no movies, and whatever happens to you is on your own head." These observations are not made in any spirit of carping criticism but in a desire to convey for once the strange sense of unreality which pervades the approach to the greatest Midway attraction of all time, a sense of unreality which persists, one must add, up to the very moment when one sees the five girls together for

the first time and then vanishes with the magic of their presence.

Arriving at the four corners in Callander, one has the feeling that Ontario is prepared to admit the existence of the Quintuplets but nothing more. Sternly, stubbornly, and inexorably, it refuses to brag about their presence in the neighborhood. No large billboard proclaims the Quints' nearness as one approaches their native heath, no neon sign welcomes the weary motorist with the news that he is approaching his journey's end. Instead, there is a neat roadside route marker, similar to all those that have identified the lakes, streams, and hamlets along the way. This marker points eastward and states simply: "The Dionne Quintuplets." Leaving Callander on the highway built solely to speed traffic toward the Quints, there is no indication of impending climax. The road flows forward through the same rugged, inhospitable-looking landscape with its dense bush, low granite knolls, and, in between, hayfields like small yellowing ponds. Only the presence of dozens of fellow-motorists stills one's fear that one must have somehow taken a wrong turning.

But there is drama in all this underemphasis. The highway swells gently to the crest of a last knoll and there, suddenly, is the whole amazing scene. On the left is the Dafoe Nursery, neat and squat, with a red roof and brown-stained walls of half logs. Flanking it are the staff house and the playground building, all three surrounded by a high fence of heavy wire. A tall canvas screen runs from the corner of the nursery to the playground, protecting the children from the unsupervised gaze of their friendly admirers. There are flower beds, straight walks and lawns, right-angled and uncompromising. Behind the fence all is orderly, restrained, and dignified. Outside there is a huge macadamized plaza with long rows of cars neatly arranged and across the plaza Papa Dionne's refreshment and souvenir pavilion. Behind it is a vast parking space that could take care of a thousand cars. At one corner of the plaza, just on the edge of the general scene, is the small frame farmhouse where the five babies were born. It is a pitifully simple little dwelling, and its low-shouldered, encircling porch adds to the impression that it is trying to withdraw within itself as if it had no place in all the excitement of slick streamlined motor cars and enthusiastic babbling thousands—as, indeed, speaking quite coldbloodedly, it no longer has.

To the east of the plaza are other souvenir emporiums, less pretentious than Mr. Dionne's, and, for some incredible reason, a small black bear cooped up in chicken wire. He is the only competitive attraction and your heart is wrung by his inadequacy for the job. For everywhere, along the fence, in the plaza and the parking field, inside the souvenir stands, are hundreds of people, masses of people, waiting to see the Quints. They stand about for hours, gaping, walking, and above all, talking. A sort of dull, rhapsodic hum fills the air from early morning until night falls. An hour and a half or more before the showing of the children at 9:30 in the morning and 2:30 in the afternoon, the people begin to line up four abreast in the long queue that stretches across the plaza and is lost to sight finally beyond the entering knoll. And it is while watching this scene that the sense of unreality becomes most pronounced and the inherent conflicts of the situation most obvious. It is as if one were looking at a completed jigsaw puzzle whose parts had been made to fit but did not match. There is no consistent pattern, no rational design.

Quickly grasped is the grim determination of the guardians to save their five small charges from any taint or flavor of commercialism. No charge is made to see them nor is any charge made for parking. The Quints do not take a nickel from the hordes who come hundreds of miles to gaze upon them. The aura of austere dignity extends to the police, who are models of courtesy but who never relapse into the good-natured jocularity with which American cops would handle

the same kind of crowd. And, in violent contrast with the official mood, is that of the thousands of noisy, friendly enthusiasts with their gay holiday air, eating hot dogs and drinking pop, buying the unimaginative souvenirs and knick-knacks in the booths (Papa Dionne is believed to be clearing from $25,000 to $40,000 a year from his stand alone), exchanging commonplace but unpublishable morsels of Quintuplet gossip, gayly oblivious of the thought and effort that have been expended to preserve an atmosphere less reminiscent of the Midway or boardwalk. Not that the crowds are anything but willing and co-operative, respectful and docile, but they have come to see one of the world's great novelties, and are out to enjoy themselves, and nothing on earth could chill their ardor or dampen their enthusiasm.

Strangely enough, it is the Quintuplets themselves who most nearly succeed in establishing the reaction the guardians have worked so diligently to impose on the public mind—that they are five healthy, attractive little girls who must be given every opportunity to lead normal lives. For no matter in what frame of mind one arrives to see them, whether it be worshipful or cynical or skeptical, it gives way to fascinated wonder at the first glimpse of the five youngsters. Their place of exhibition accommodates about two hundred persons at a time, who move in two diverging lines through a covered passageway from which they can see, but cannot be seen by, the children. Wherein lies their extraordinary attractiveness when seen in the flesh no one has yet succeeded in analyzing. It is probably a compound of many things, not the least of which is the fact that they actually exist and are far more delightful to look upon than one imagined possible. Their exuberant good spirits, their flawless grooming, the rollicking enjoyment they quite evidently find in being alive—all contribute something to one's general impression. After watching them for only a few minutes one leaves with the feeling that the journey has been worth while, and with an increased feeling of respect for Dr. Dafoe and his associates; for to date theirs has been a really magnificent achievement.

One cannot help wondering though how much longer the innumerable compromises can be made effective. The basic compromise, both for humane and for political reasons, with the parents. The compromise with the public which wants to see the children and will insist, in increasing numbers, on seeing them as long as there is the remotest chance of doing so. The compromise between the desire to bring up the five as normally as possible, with all that this implies from the family point of view, and recognition of the fact that their financial well-being is inextricably bound up with their availability to the public. The compromise between the convictions concerning the children held by the Protestant Anglo-Saxon majority in Ontario and those held by the Catholic, French-Canadian minority. It is nothing less than a miracle that the delicate balance has been maintained to date; but the strains and stresses set up by the various conflicts are such that it does not seem possible that this balance can be preserved much longer. Either the children and the family will have to be placed in some kind of a national preserve, entirely isolated from the public like a buffalo herd in Wainwright Park, or the Quintuplets will have to be accepted for what they are—a five-girl amusement industry whose lives will consist of an alternate routine of public appearances and expensively bought privacy. If the latter course is pursued it needs no Barnum to foretell that their $500,000,000 worth will increase immeasurably.

LIECHTENSTEIN, THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SAFE

BY VLADIMIR POZNER

LIECHTENSTEIN is the world's most remarkable safe-deposit box.

Squeezed between Switzerland and what used to be Austria, bounded by the right bank of the Rhine, a few miles below Lake Constance, it is the smallest of all existing independent countries—only 61.4 square miles in extent (smaller, let us say, than the Borough of Brooklyn in New York City). Considered as a country Liechtenstein is much too small to be independent. But considered as a safe it is a very large one, practically the largest one ever built.

Vaduz, the capital of Liechtenstein, has only 2,000 inhabitants. And even its new residential section with modern villas, which suggests an American summer resort, does not make it look like a capital. But though it is only a village surrounded by a few even smaller villages, by fields, rivers, and mountains, and though one often sees cows returning down its main street from the pastures, a capital it is—of a country which has 10,000 inhabitants, five post offices, one railway, one newspaper, and one prince. The inhabitants are mostly peasants and corporation lawyers. The post offices are managed by a neighboring country. The railway merely goes through the place. The paper displays only heartening news. The hereditary sovereign is an Austrian citizen who lives abroad and comes to stay with his subjects a few weeks only—but not every year.

On the main street of Vaduz stands the White House, which is the seat of the three-man Government and of the Parliament with its fifteen members. It is also the place where the Courts hold their sessions, and the State police force—three inspectors and ten gendarmes—has its headquarters.

In one of the wings of the White House, the State Bank and the Savings Bank have their offices; in the opposite wing is the State prison. Identical iron bars protect the windows of the jail and of the banks.

Swiss cottages line the street outside, their windows decorated with flowers. Here and there, between the cottages, stand up-to-date office buildings, high and square, white or blue, with flat roofs.

As one strolls along the street one notices on almost every door a large enamel plaque giving the name of the owner, followed by the word "Lawyer" and an amazing display of academic qualifications. As often as not the lawyer happens to be an "Agent of holding trusts."

Trusts are not represented here merely by agents. The greatest German chemical corporation, I. G. Farben-A.G., for instance, is squeezed into one of these small flowering cottages. Royal Dutch shares the next house with Krupp of Essen. A few steps farther along is the place where the Swedish financier Ivar Kreuger used to have the head office of his world-wide match trust. Kreuger is dead, but Krupp's French rival, Schneider, owner of the Creusot mines and foundries, is still alive, and his fortune too rests in the shadow of the Vaduz White House. So do the capital funds of the German

magnate Fritz Thyssen, who contributed to Hitler's seizure of power; though Thyssen was glad to see his protégé in command of the Reich, he preferred to keep his own money abroad. As for the Standard Oil Company, it has magnificent lodgings in the new City Hall, a square-towered building which is known as the Pink House, and which shelters, besides the Standard Oil, a bank—and the municipal administration.

Scores of other world-wide and nation-wide corporations, forgetful of their past and present rivalries, peacefully co-exist round the White House and enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of business.

II

Liechtenstein was founded in 1719. For two centuries the principality underwent various changes. At one time it formed part of the Holy Roman Empire. It was included from 1806 to 1815 in the Rhine Confederation, and from 1815 to 1866 in the German Confederation, participating on the latter's side in the Austro-Prussian war. Since 1866 Liechtenstein has been independent, though strongly allied with Austria. It wisely kept out of the World War, lest the Central Powers should lose—which they did.

By 1919 the two-hundred-year-old country was ready to go to town. But first it had to dispose of a few cumbersome details to which a country, small as it may be, is compelled by the mere fact of its independent existence in a much too formal world. Austria-Hungary had been accustomed to take care of these matters; but the young Austrian Republic struggling in the depths of depression was a rather unwelcome ally.

Switzerland was at hand though, with its sound democracy and even sounder currency. So Liechtenstein turned to its Swiss neighbor. In 1919 it intrusted the Helvetian Republic with its diplomatic and consular representation abroad, contenting itself with keeping in Berne its sole diplomatic agent. In 1921 the principality adopted Swiss currency. Since 1924 it has been included in the Swiss Customs Union. In addition, it has let its neighbor administer its telegraph and postal services, merely retaining the right to a distinctive stamp issue.

These unavoidable trifles having been attended to, Liechtenstein could at last devote itself to more serious business. How could a tiny tag of a country assert itself and make money in post-war days? Luxemburg had its iron mines, Monaco the roulette. Liechtenstein had nothing. Just a few vineyards yielding a pink wine, not unpleasant but by no means remarkable, and a couple of workshops that could hardly be termed factories. And issuing new sets of stamps every two weeks cannot be considered a stable source of national income, though the matter had been given proper attention.

Then a solution was found, and a very brilliant one.

The story is that one day the chief of the Government met a wealthy American financier. This gentleman was having very serious troubles. He did not know how to dispose of his money. In the United States his fortune was secure but taxed much too highly to please him. Abroad the situation was the same, except for a few countries where taxes were low but capital was unsafe.

"Your small country," he said to the Liechtenstein official, "could easily become the repository of our money. You have but to enact legislation giving to capital the peaceful conditions it is vainly looking for to-day round the world. You enjoy an ideal political situation, and the principality could easily live on this 'trade'."

Whether or not this story is true, at any rate Liechtenstein busily engaged itself in the delicate enterprise of transforming an antiquated, unimportant, and virtually feudal country into a brand new and up-to-date safe for the world's capital.

The most important feature of a safe is its combination lock. Assisted by the best foreign advisers available, Liechtenstein's fifteen parliamentary locksmiths (its Landtag has but fifteen members) de-

voted themselves to the designing of most elaborate legal combination locks, indiscretion-proof and tax-proof.

Every year witnessed the addition of new improved juridical gadgets. The Government proposed them, a nation-wide referendum involving three to four thousand voters accepted them by the usual plurality of a few hundred votes, and the Landtag enacted them into law. Everything was done according to the Constitution. As for the Constitution itself, it was drawn in 1924 according to the suggestions of the principality's prime customers. No one has ever witnessed such a quick succession of fiscal laws, each one more favorable to the tax-payers than the previous one.

It would take volumes to sum up the intricacies of Liechtenstein's tailor-made fiscal legislation. But it may at least be noted here that companies or corporations of any description enjoy the privileges of a holding trust provided they intend "chiefly to administer shares or stocks of other concerns," a very mild provision indeed. They have but to choose the principality as their seat and comply with local legislation, or the legislation of any other country of their own election. If they find no legislation to their satisfaction it is permissible to follow the tenets of whatever common law floating about the earth suits their fancy. Administrations of foreign estates with a seat in Liechtenstein are granted the same privileges. Even a private person may found a holding trust by himself if he rents an office and keeps an agent in the principality.

The income tax amounts to 1 per cent, the tax on the capital to 0.75 *per thousand.* Neither tax can reach over 500 Swiss francs a year—$115. As for the holding trusts, they pay 1.8 per cent of the foundation capital, 1 *per thousand* of the assets, and exactly nothing on their revenues. If they prefer, they may enter into an agreement with the administration and pay a fixed yearly amount for as long as thirty years.

Even the richest man in the world can stand a $115 maximum tax on his income, and there is no corporation so large as not to be able to pay 1 *per thousand.* But the golden dust that automatically settles on the walls of the world's largest safe is more than sufficient to take care of its 10,000 inhabitants.

III

The prediction of the American financier came true: foreign capital kept on pouring into the principality. The graphic survey of Liechtenstein's financial rise is probably unique in history. Here it is told in a few figures.

Year	*Companies with a seat in Liechtenstein*	*Taxes paid*
1924	63	66,000 Swiss francs
1925	103	80,000 " "
1926	174	155,000 " "
1927	247	205,000 " "
1928	399	275,000 " "
1929	522	318,000 " "

Five hundred and twenty-two companies paying, on a yearly average, $140 each; a company for every 19 inhabitants; even Delaware cannot boast such an achievement!

One must probably ascribe to modesty the fact that since 1929 Liechtenstein has given up making public any further particulars about its favorite and only trade. How many new concerns have flocked to its hospitable shores from all over the world in the following years? Is there to-day a corporation to every ten, or five inhabitants? No one can tell. Foreign capital is a very shy bird and above all jealous of its privacy. "The tax-espionage," reports the Government, "which is very strong throughout the country makes it necessary to give up discussing this matter in detail."

Since 1929 the administration has been giving the most precise figures on the number of stags killed by hunters, new café licenses granted, dog taxes paid. But the corporations are kept out of the picture. One can only speculate on their number and scope, bearing in mind that

during the six previous years they multiplied more than eight times and that the taxes they paid rose 482 per cent, notwithstanding the fact that the tax rates themselves went down. Some additional, though circumstantial evidence is offered by the telephone company statistics—conversations continuing an upward trend; and by the number of tourists—6 Americans in 1924 and 40 in 1932, for example. There are also discreet hints in the Government's annual reports. In 1935, for instance, it states, "This year again, the sources of our fiscal revenue have proved constant and reliable."

One can take it for granted that, as the years pass by, capital continues to leave the crowded cities of England, France, Holland, Belgium, and above all, the United States, to share the quiet provincial existence of the Royal Dutch, Krupp, and Standard Oil. After all, the alpine air is excellent to breathe, and the country life is full of unexpected charm. Besides, Liechtenstein endeavors to make its hosts feel at home. And Mr. Alois Vogt, Liechtenstein's able journalist, successfully manages to keep all disquieting news out of the country's press, which he represents brilliantly—and exclusively. Dollars, pounds, and francs are perfectly satisfied. They come by millions. But it takes millions of them, driven into this back-to-earth movement, to enable a country, small as it may be, to go to town.

Things have changed, now, since the days when the Austrian inflation left the principality with a loss of twenty million crowns, compelling His Highness Prince Johann II to give up his carriage to spare his country 9000 francs a year.

To-day the budget is always balanced; last year the receipts were even in excess of expenditures. The people pay no indirect taxes and practically no direct ones. There is no national debt. One hundred and fifty cars belonging to the Automobile Club of Liechtenstein speed along the principality's highways—bumping every ten minutes into a frontier. There are eight factories in the country, with 404 workers.

Nobody works too much either. The Fiscal Administration did at one time, but now it has at its disposal a perfectly simple card system. The taxpayers were becoming too many. Each one, whether a private person or a company, was assigned a card bearing all particulars; these cards are now arranged in a few files, and each one represents millions.

If you ask a native of Liechtenstein whether there is a spot on the nation's happiness, he usually will answer you: "Well, we get too much water from Switzerland, and the Rhine overflows frequently. Our vineyards are flooded, and that's why our wine is pink. That is our greatest misfortune."

Apart from this bad luck, everyone is happy. The people and the Government; the real estate dealers and the corporation lawyers; His Highness Prince Franz I; and Andreas Kieber, Liechtenstein's last soldier, who is ninety-seven years old. Since 1868 the principality has had no army. Andreas Kieber is the last survivor of the national army of 84 men who fought against Prussia in 1866. They came home 85 strong, bringing with them an Austrian officer who felt—as many a corporation has subsequently felt—that only in Liechtenstein could he find security.

Incidentally, Prussia, when it signed the victorious treaty of peace with Austria in 1866, forgot to sign one with Liechtenstein and since then has been *de jure* in a state of war with it. Field Marshal Moltke was so well aware of the fact that when he used to go to Switzerland for a cure he always made a big detour to avoid crossing "enemy" territory.

On March 11, 1938, the Third Reich, annexing Austria, became the neighbor of Liechtenstein. But, strangely enough, the latter is the only German-speaking country in the world that Hitler never claims. He realizes that the principality would be a hard piece to swallow. Its frontiers consist of a combination of metals and alloys which will withstand any forcible entry, the very combination of which the best modern safes are made.

THE STORY OF BEANO BREEN

PORTRAIT OF A PROMINENT BOSTONIAN

BY JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

DAVID J. ("BEANO") BREEN was born in Kerry Village—where his mother ran a blind pig—in 1892. Kerry Village is part of Boston's South End, so named because it was colonized chiefly by Irish immigrants from County Kerry, and a blind pig is an unlicensed house where one might buy a slug of gin or whisky for 10 or 15 cents at any time of the day or night, including Sunday.

David was christened in St. James's Church on Harrison Avenue in Boston's Chinatown and never again attended any of the sacraments of his church. He was an only child. His father died soon after David was born, and since his mother could not very well attend to him and at the same time serve an illegal liquor trade, he was brought up on the streets. Police were always raiding his mother's house, waking him up at all hours of the night, shoving him round her kitchen during raids, lifting him in and out of patrol wagons while she battled with them; and chasing him home when they found him on the streets late at night. He grew to hate cops, blue uniforms, and brass buttons with a hatred that went down deep into his heart.

His mother was a big, powerful Irish woman who feared nobody. She threw stevedores, longshoremen, coal heavers, and teamsters out of her place bodily if they became obnoxious or could not pay for their drinks. She beat David unmercifully, if she could catch him, when he offended or annoyed her. He learned very young to run when she was angry but she took David's part just as violently whenever he got into trouble with the police or neighbors.

Although her principal business was running a kitchen bar, she invested her money wisely with an eye to the future by taking out life insurance policies on the bums, drunks, and derelicts in the neighborhood in one of the companies offering a dime or quarter a week policy. She had herself named as beneficiary and paid the premiums weekly to the neighborhood insurance collector.

She fed them, clothed them, permitted them to drink as much and as often as they wanted, but would not shelter them. They had to sleep elsewhere. If they did not show up at the usual time each day, David was sent to investigate. As each one died, the money was paid to her.

David sampled liquor when he was seven or eight years old, but did not like it. It made him sick and his mother slapped his face so hard that he went spinning into a corner. For a time, at least, this cured him.

He attended first the public school on Fayette Street and later the public school on Brimmer Street—legendary places where years earlier rich boys and girls from nearby Beacon Hill had prepared for Groton and finishing schools—but he did not attend either of these regularly. He went to school if he felt like it; if he did not, he stayed away; and the truant officer was a frequent visitor at his home.

He thought of truant officers as cops. He was kept back in several grades for truancy and inattention, but this never disturbed either David or his mother.

Before he was twelve years old David had beaten every boy in the neighborhood and had made excursions into adjoining tough territories, Cherry Valley and the Cove, looking for somebody to fight. If they were too big, he kicked them between the legs or threw stones at them when their backs were turned. He did not like Jewish, Italian, Armenian, or Greek pedlars, and it amused him to throw stones or apple cores at them on the streets or to frighten their horses by slapping them with sticks or a stolen whip.

When he became skilled with a slingshot his enjoyment of these pastimes was enhanced and in time he became an expert marksman and could pick off dogs, cats, or panes of glass in the windows of neighbors on the street whom he did not like or whom his mother criticized. If he did not like a kid in the neighborhood it was his custom to let it be known by spitting in that kid's face. As the bully of Kerry Village he was decidedly unpopular, had few friends, kept to himself, played in the streets, the alleys, and gutters, or scaled tenement roof tops to drop bags of water upon the helmets of passing cops or to spit upon them.

John L. Sullivan was heavyweight champion then. David had seen him, shaken hands with him, and had made up his mind to succeed him; and as an education is hardly necessary for a heavyweight champion, he decided not to bother with one and left school on his fourteenth birthday anniversary. Before that time arrived, however, he had been in juvenile court several times for assault and battery—beating up persons he did not like—and for petty larceny. If David wanted something he took it. His mother gave him no spending money. If he felt like eating an apple or a tomato he took one from a store-front stand. If the proprietor did not see him he ambled casually along. If the proprietor saw him David outran him. If he happened upon a Jewish or Italian newsboy David beat him up and took his pennies away. He never bothered Irish newsboys because he felt that would not be right.

Long before he was sixteen, David's prowess with his fists was known to fight promoters. He weighed about 130 pounds then. His face was a round, full moon with small piglike eyes set far apart, a narrow forehead, and long, blond, unruly hair that straggled down in front. He was five feet nine inches tall with a couple more inches to gain by maturity. The muscles of his arms and legs were well developed. He was hard and tough.

He trained at a gymnasium. The owner was impressed, began seriously to condition him for a lightweight, and taught him the rudiments of fighting. At first David hated the rules and adopted them resentfully. Hitting below the belt and kicking had always been part of his technic. A punch, even in practice or training, angered him and he found it difficult to control his temper. He had to train with Italians and Jews because the owner had them in his stable and many unscheduled grudge fights resulted. For the first time David found adversaries who could punch just as hard as he could and take just as much punishment, boys who accepted his challenge when he snarled: "Stand up and fight, you greasy ginny!" He never learned to hold his tongue.

His mother approved of boxing. She always felt that a boy ought to be able to take care of himself, and it was her particular pride that David appeared to be well able to do so. She too was an admirer of John L. Sullivan and she saw a bright future for her boy. David was finally carded in the preliminaries at Boston Arena, knocked out a boy from South Boston for a two dollar and a half watch, and otherwise acquitted himself fairly well.

II

He was eighteen now. He had learned how to fight, and there wasn't a cop in

Boston who could scare him. He had hated them since he was a baby and now he would take no back talk from any of them. When one of them ordered him to move on as he loitered at a Kerry Village street corner in the summer of 1910, David beat him up. When another policeman came running to his comrade's aid, David beat him up too. The next day he was arraigned in court on two counts of assault and battery and was fined $40.

That it cost only $20 to beat up a cop was an amazing discovery to David Breen, and thereafter he beat them indiscriminately whenever he could afford it. He appeared in the preliminaries at the Arena again that fall. A cocky bantam, fast on his feet, packing powerful punches in both right and left, he attracted favorable attention from sports writers. A month later he was picked up by a Kerry Village patrolman for setting fire to a rag picker's wagon and was arraigned the next morning, charged with "malicious mischief." A number of fight promoters were interested in him now. A few owned a piece of him in anticipation of later reward, and this time there was a lawyer in court to defend him. The case was continued and months later he was placed on probation.

Two weeks after his probation expired, on the night before the Fourth of July in 1911, he beat up another cop, was arrested, appeared in court the next morning, and uncomplainingly paid $20 for the offense. His hatred of cops was now well advertised not only to the police of Kerry Village, but to the police of the entire department, none of whom particularly cared to take a beating for $20 which would be paid to the county.

Superintendent of Police Michael H. Crowley heard about it and decided to do something about Breen. Crowley was a kindly, friendly heavyweight who loved to sit at a piano before any gathering and sing and play "Tim Toolin." He had hammered his way up in the police department with his bare fists, never in his life had used a gun, and yet, single-handed, had disarmed and arrested some of the city's toughest criminals. He liked fights and fighters and knew personally every one of them who amounted to anything. He called in a couple of members of his special service squad and told them to pick up young Breen and bring him in for questioning.

Breen was brought in, kicking and snarling. Crowley tried a fatherly approach, but it was obvious from the beginning that the interview would be a failure.

"Shut up," Breen told him. "I hate cops."

"Don't be a sucker," the Superintendent counseled. "You'd like to make good as a fighter, wouldn't you?"

"What's it to you?" Breen glared at him.

"Cops can help fighters a lot on the way up," the Superintendent suggested.

"I wouldn't take anything from you or from any cop," Breen told him.

Crowley argued and pleaded with him and in the end turned to his detectives and said: "Turn him loose."

Crowley transferred a half dozen of his biggest and toughest patrolmen from other divisions to Kerry Village and the sub rosa order went out not to mess with Breen, but to whack him over the head with the night stick.

Breen's path suddenly became thorny. Crowley told the truth when he said that police could help a fighter up the ladder. As a group they are the most rabid and partisan of fight fans, avid readers of the sports pages; and each is an expert. From now on Breen never found a set-up opposed to him in the ring. The Superintendent saw to that, though Breen never knew that. He met the toughest in his class and sometimes they might have been a bit out of his class. His nose was flattened. One ear became a cauliflower. He was marked up and his eyes were frequently closed. Police patrolled the Arena. Police came in droves to see him fight. They yelled for blood and cheered his adversary, and when Breen won he was always given a loud, well-

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Burlingame, Cal.

organized raspberry. He became an attraction because of the noise and catcalls that lasted from the moment he stepped into the ring until he left the building.

Police everywhere came to know about young Breen. During the year 1912 he was picked up by the police of Dover, New Hampshire—where he had gone to see a boxing match—charged with being a suspicious person and was ordered to leave the city. A couple of months later one of the Superintendent's tough cops in Kerry Village ordered Breen to move on and when Breen swore at him, the cop whipped out his night stick, whacked him over the head with it, arrested him, and charged him with profanity. The next morning he paid $5 in court. It was the first time in his life that he hadn't been able to lick a cop. Two months later he was charged with rolling a drunk in Kerry Village and found guilty of robbery, and the case was filed. In November he beat up a cop again, but this time the price went up. It cost him $50 in court the next morning.

"Breen! O! Breen!" to the tune of "There she goes! There she goes! All dressed up in her Sunday clothes!" became a community song, chanted by fans to plague him at his early amateurish waltzing bouts. Some of them misunderstood it, thought it was a nickname and last name, and he became "Beano" Breen. Sports writers fastened this upon him. He despised the name and would punch anyone on the nose who used it in his presence; nevertheless, he was Beano Breen to the people of Boston.

The fortunes of Mother Breen now changed, first because a prominent lawyer fight fan became interested in the problems of her son; and then because he found Mother Breen so original, picturesque, and entertaining that she was "discovered" and the quality of her clientele changed overnight. Mother Breen could not be awed by celebrities or famous names. She told dinner-coated visitors belligerently that she served the best liquor obtainable at the lowest price and that if they didn't like her liquor they could go to hell; and she would toss stiff shirts out as indifferently as longshoremen. Before long professional entertainers, actors and actresses, and the city's leading citizens were crowding day laborers and dock workers from their favorite kitchen bar.

When the city's legal talent and its most influential politicians began frequenting the place it was not raided any more, but the going was still rough for Mother Breen's son. The Indian sign had been put upon him, chiefly by the police, among sports followers and he could make no headway. Liquor was plentiful about him. He began to drink, was knocked out a couple of times in unimportant bouts, and decided to forego his ambition to be a heavyweight champion. For the next two years he drifted.

Kerry Village streets were then, and are now, narrow alleys lined with age-worn and blackened red-brick tenements, their jagged lines broken by occasional yellow, wooden-frame, three-storey dwellings. Rentals, depending upon location, overlooking cobblestone streets or back-alley pulley clotheslines, averaged $10 to $16 per month. Every room—off dark, narrow halls in each block—was occupied, even in basements and cellars. Families, already crowded, took in boarders. From any single three-decker 20 to 30 male voters poured out on election day. Women have since doubled that number. Here were recruited a large part of the city's mattress voters, repeaters, and strong-arm men for each election. Fragments of the Kerry Village gang gathered daily on each street corner and moved with the sun to keep in the shade. Incipient crap games broke out in doorways as soon as the patrolman's back was turned. Geographically slightly off center of the city proper, Kerry Village was important in every election.

Breen was twenty-two years old in 1914 and had found himself. He was operating a gambling joint on Harrison Avenue, specializing in poker and craps. The sun never shines on Harrison Avenue, a

granite-block-paved street beneath an elevated railway structure, then the boundary line between Kerry Village and Chinatown. The political protection given to his mother now embraced Beano. He lived handsomely on the kitty he demanded for the house, and his game became an excellent place to get rid of "hot" money stolen anywhere in the city or State. One of the frequenters of the place was Charles ("King") Solomon, born in Russia, a recent émigré from Salem, Massachusetts, where he had been a counter man in his brother Sam's restaurant. Now, at twenty-seven, Solomon was a rising young merchant in the morphine, opium, and heroin trade and already a thorn in the side of the Narcotics Division.

Breen was the particular quarry of the Boston police and Solomon of the Federal officers. They were drawn together by common interests and each learned a good deal about the other's specialty. That year Beano beat up two more police officers, one in March and another in June. The first complaint was discharged; the second was filed. Now that he had good counsel, he discovered that he could beat up cops for nothing. The Superintendent sent police into Kerry Village to crack down upon Mother Breen and had her place raided almost daily. He harassed her because he could not get at Beano, but he could not convict either of them.

In the meantime Beano became more and more interested in Solomon's specialty and began selling drugs for him as a sideline. Curious about drugs, he tried them and became an addict. He knew very well what the end would be and determined to conquer it. Soon he was beside himself, in and out of institutions, taking cures. A week before Christmas, in 1916, looking for recreation and relaxation, he visited a gambling joint in Chelsea with a few companions and played stud poker until early morning. He lost considerable money, and on the street when the game was over he was convinced that he had been robbed by a card sharp. He followed the card sharp, beat him up, and took all the money he had; but before he could get away the patrolman on the beat arrived, clubbed Beano, and took him prisoner.

In court the next morning, a charge of assault and battery was continued to find out how Beano's victim in the hospital would make out; and when he recovered it was dropped. A robbery charge was dismissed.

Still fighting the drug habit, Beano was picked up a month later for drunkenness. Counsel explained to the court quietly at the bench that Beano was fighting morphine and asked leniency. The case was filed. That year he conquered the drug habit, went back to a gymnasium, exercised, and built himself up again into trim physical condition.

III

It was the World War that first put Beano Breen in the big money—as it did Solomon and dozens like them. Bred by war hysteria, gambling became big business, gangland's major war industry. It gave Beano a vague knowledge of finance and taught him to think in terms of thousands instead of single dollars.

For Boston and its environs, Fore River (where ships were built) and Victory Plant in nearby Squantum (where airplanes were built) were ideal draft dodges. Men were needed for the Army and Navy, but men were needed also to build ships and airplanes; and these were ruled to be in Class 5-G, last to be called under the draft. Draft dodgers flocked to Fore River, boxers, wrestlers, professional baseball players, men of importance and influence who did not want to go to war and were able to get under cover. Beano became a helper. Workers were well paid and, with constant overtime, were making more money than they had ever made in their lives. They blossomed in silk shirts, brilliant ties, and natty suits.

"Only suckers go to war," Beano told his friends. "There's plenty of money to

be made here." And he made it by bringing them from Fore River to his gambling joint every night.

In September of that year Bald Jack Rose came to Boston and established a moving-picture school to train stars before cameras for a sizable fee for each at a studio in the Fellsway. The school became a front for a gambling place when there were no prospective stars about; and when Reno Sullivan, Beano's closest pal in the Kerry Village mob, went there and lost everything he had in what he said was a crooked game, Beano decided to settle two scores. Bald Jack had turned state's evidence in the Rosenthal murder in New York, a thing Beano opposed on principle. He went to Bald Jack's game alone and unarmed, and with bare fists knocked out and mopped up Bald Jack and his companions, took all the money in the game, and returned to Kerry Village to pay back to Reno what he had lost. Beano kept the balance for his trouble.

A few days later he was in court charged with robbery. Patriotism was running high and the judge observed that Beano was healthy and able-bodied and ought to be in uniform. Judges then had an uncomfortable habit of investigating draft registration cards and a number of offenders had been sent to army camps. The case was dismissed and no action was taken, but the draft board was notified and Beano's classification was changed. In immediate danger of being drafted, he went to New York in July and enlisted in the Marine Corps at Paris Island.

The War was almost over when he arrived in France. He participated in several engagements, returned to the ring, boxed before General Pershing, and went on into Germany with the Army of Occupation. Through it all he had been running a gambling game on blankets, bunks, and trench coats wherever his outfit stopped. He returned with his division to the United States and was mustered out at Quantico, Virginia, on August 13, 1919. He came back to Boston, collected a $100 bonus from the State, and prepared to resume business.

This was a new Boston, however, from the city he had left. Many things had happened. The police were organizing and had affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Beano looked on with a good deal of personal interest. As organization progressed, neither Governor Calvin Coolidge nor Mayor Andrew J. Peters would accept jurisdiction and an impasse came. The hour for strike was set and when it struck, 1800 policemen left their jobs.

Beano rubbed his hands and his eyes glistened. He never thought he would live to see a day when it would be a fairly open season on all policemen. He went from street to street beating up strikers and strike-breakers indiscriminately. Before the night was out he was very drunk, and he stayed drunk for two months. He never could recall, afterward, how many cops he had beaten up. He was picked up by a rookie on October 15th, charged with drunkenness, and the case was filed. He was picked up exactly a month later by another rookie on the same charge and the case was dismissed. Two days later, the same rookie arrested him in Kerry Village for using obscene language and the case was filed.

Crowley organized a new Kerry Village squad of young athletes among the recruits, and told them something about Beano and what to expect from him; and they translated his words into immediate action. In November a couple of them trailed Beano, broke into his gambling joint, and arrested him after a battle. In court the next morning Beano was represented by counsel and was charged, not with conducting a gambling establishment, but with being present where gaming was going on. He paid a fine of $5 and the rookies learned their first lesson. Beano barred the doors and resumed business, and the rookies dropped the matter. For $5 it wasn't worth it.

The post-Armistice Kerry Village gang numbered about forty. Beano Breen

was their leader and Reno Sullivan his first lieutenant. Beano ran a gambling joint and ruled the gang. King Solomon had become one of the largest, if not the largest, among importers of smuggled drugs in the United States, supplying illegal wholesalers and retailers, and he now had himself appointed a bail commissioner to handle the business of the Kerry Village gang and that of the pickpockets and petty criminals they would bring to him. Breen, although he no longer used the drug, began selling it as a sideline, and like Solomon, employed a number of sales-promotion workers to create addicts.

Breaking up a gang of loiterers in Kerry Village, a new patrolman was surrounded by them, drew his gun, fired at the ground to disperse them, and shot Beano in the heel. Arraigned in court, Beano made the surprising plea—through his counsel—that he was coming to the policeman's aid, and the charge was filed. Disappointed again, police kept their eyes upon him, determined to pay him back, and the next month when he entered a hotel with a woman and registered as man and wife under a false name, he was promptly arrested. Of all the charges lodged against him on that occasion the only one the police could make stick over the objection of counsel the next morning was "violation of the true name law." Beano grinned, blew the police a lusty raspberry, paid the clerk a $10 fine, and went his way.

A few nights later, smarting because his chief had been shot in the foot, Reno Sullivan lay in wait in a dark doorway for the passing of the patrolman, leaped upon his back and with his forearms under the cop's chin began garrotting him. The policeman reached for his gun, pointed it under the crook of his arm, fired, and shot Sullivan in his back, dead. Beano thought it would be best under the circumstances to leave town; he went to Montreal and a few months later he was picked up by police as he was arranging the assembly of Chinese to smuggle them across the border. He was held for the immigration authorities, turned over to American inspectors, and returned to Boston.

He was picked up in Kerry Village on December 6, 1920, charged with drunkenness, and arraigned in court; but his gambling game and narcotics business had been exceptionally successful and he was now a man of wealth and some importance. He was fined $5, but the fine was suspended and he did not have to pay it. John L. Sullivan, the hero of his boyhood, had gone on the water wagon, become a prohibitionist, and taken to the lecture platform. Beano swore off drinking, pulled up stakes in Boston, moved to Montreal, and established himself in the liquor business there in an upstairs place on St. Catherine Street. He and Solomon had merged and gambled their growing fortunes on a smuggling business across the Canadian border—handling liquor, narcotics, and Chinese. Prohibition had arrived.

There were three important gangs in Boston, in the North End, South End (Kerry Village), and South Boston. There was no gang in the West End because Martin Lomasney was still boss there and would not tolerate one. Lomasney was the last of the conquering immigrant Irish ward leaders. Lincoln Steffens had praised him as the most honest grafter he had ever met, and Lomasney deserved that praise. He had no use for idlers. They worked or he made life miserable for them; and he hated liquor and liquor money. The only gang of major importance outside the city limits was in Revere, the roller-coaster town nearby—Boston's Coney Island.

Leaders of the powerful South Boston gang were the brothers, Steve and Frankie Wallace, known to Boston as Steve and Frankie Gustin. As prize fighters they adopted the name of the gang they led, "the 'Gustins"; the gang got its name from St. Augustine's Church near the corner where they gathered. Frankie had been arrested twenty-five times, but had served only two short terms in the House of Correction. The North End gang was

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entirely Italian and was led by an Italian. The 'Gustins were made up of Irish, Poles, and Lithuanians; and the South End gang was a mixture, but predominantly Irish.

Solomon effected agreements among these gangs and made it profitable for them to work together. He and Beano had the money. Gangs were the man power. During the next decade there were occasional and temporary flare-ups among the gangs, but Solomon, a diplomat, smoothed them out. So solid was the Boston gang front that when New York and Chicago gangs sought trade agreements their envoys left Boston empty-handed.

The flow of Canadian liquor from Montreal to Boston began—and with it came narcotics and Chinese, across the border into a summer camp outside Malone, New York, where cargoes were divided, some coming through New York State into Massachusetts; some via St. Albans, Vermont, across that State and New Hampshire into Massachusetts and into Boston. All contraband was concealed in wire-bound bales of hay in freight cars, pungs, and motor trucks. In mid-winter of 1925 three Chinese in a consignment of fourteen at $750 per head arrived at St. Albans in a freight car, dead, frozen stiff. The other eleven were frostbitten and suffering. Whether they lived or died after delivery in Boston is not known. Sixty thousand dollars' worth of opium came through with them.

Like most successful criminals, Solomon was a genius at organization. He bought protection at any price. Police, customs, and immigration officials were contaminated. He purchased an outlaw right of way from Montreal to Boston; opened a string of speakeasies in Boston catering to an exclusive trade; and invested some of his money in legitimate enterprises as well.

This was the golden age of Boston bootlegging and Breen and Solomon had become men of affairs. Solomon was now a dashing, debonair man about town, a patron of the arts, part-owner of a chain of theaters, owner of a number of night clubs. His credit rating was excellent. Bankers competed for his account and offered him service and accommodations. He came to first nights impeccably groomed, a new and beautiful lady in ermine on his arm each time. He was the friend and companion of public officials and men of prominence in the city's social and civic life. His exclusive speakeasies were patronized by people of fashion and it was considered by some something of an honor to be known to him. His Cocoanut Grove floor show started many radio stars on their way, and he was anxious now to escape a reputation for making part of his money in narcotics and quick to resent reference to this fact as an insult.

In the meantime Beano wearied of Montreal and returned to Boston to open a chain of speakeasies for the lower and middle classes. Some were one flight up or down, serving sandwiches and liquor; some were mere holes in the walls on main streets for the bay rum and slum trade, with convenient liquor dumps in soil pipes or barrels of creosote where the stuff could be destroyed during raids. He got by for a while because police had difficulty locating his places and his bartenders were quick to destroy the evidence. On July 26, 1926, however, one of them was a bit slow and the next day in court Beano paid a fine of $50.

Solomon convinced Beano that his personal war with the police would ultimately defeat him in business and persuaded him to pay for protection. The head of the police raiding squad was Oliver B. Garrett, a former milk-wagon driver who —after a few years of liquor-raiding— bought a farm and blooded cattle, a sulky and race horses, and out of police uniform was a country squire. Reluctantly and much against his will, Beano adopted the system and paid for protection, and his places were no longer raided.

Business boomed for Beano and Solomon from 1926 on. Stock and bond brokers, customers' men and customers were regular patrons of speakeasies and

millions of dollars in business were transacted at bars and over tables. Gamblers and plungers, Beano and Solomon bought heavily on margin and were among the city's largest speculators. Number pools on the daily Treasury balance and race-track pari-mutuels were beginning to catch on in a big way. Number pool and policy racketeers staked out their territories and arrived at agreements, but both Beano and Solomon looked down upon them with contempt as five-and-dime gambling operators.

Each had discovered that mere possession of more than a million dollars entailed a responsibility—a bewildering responsibility that neither had been trained to shoulder; that the handling of it alone was a full-time complicated job; and that the intricacies of big business were actually beyond them. The immediate benefits they saw and grasped. Money was power. It could purchase rights and privileges from political office-holders. Both men became heavy contributors to campaign funds. Underwriting political campaigns gave them political influence, and now partial control of ward affairs slipped from the hands of ward bosses—except in Lomasney's ward where this could never happen—into the hands of King Solomon and Beano Breen, and in other sections, into the hands of bootleggers operating in conjunction with or independently of them. Bootleggers, because they had money, were now dispensing the favors hitherto dispensed by ward bosses.

Beano, in the South End, did a limited amount of good with some of his money. He contributed to Thanksgiving and Christmas basket funds, helped a number of worthy charities, gave large amounts outright in individual deserving cases. The needy were always appealing to Beano, Solomon, and bootleggers.

IV

Kerry Village was one of the seeds of the new Boston, taking root in slum fertilizer. In the beginning and for more than two centuries, *Mayflower* settlers and their descendants had governed the city and maintained its charities; but the mass Irish-Catholic, Italian, and immigrant vote had long since smothered a stingy, penurious, fretful, and protesting Yankee voice. The hordes of newcomers had surrounded and isolated the first families of Beacon Hill and driven aristocratic *Mayflower* society out of the city and into the suburbs of Brookline, Milton, and Dedham (still among the richest towns in the State). Political power slipped from Yankee hands first into those of the Irish ward leaders. Driven out of politics, the Yankees concentrated upon money and finance. While Irish political power grew, Yankee financial power grew until both reached towering proportions and came to the place where they must bargain with each other. Politicians needed Yankee money and Yankees needed Irish political influence, and inevitably it became profitable for both to join hands. The city and State must deposit huge sums in banks, invest surpluses in stocks and bonds, and float loans of their own. There were stock and bond buyers' and sellers' commissions and interest on deposits to be distributed, unearned increments to be divided, real estate to be sold and transferred for public improvements by First Families to the Irish and by the Irish to the city.

Both made money. The financiers—Beacon Hill supported by the aristocrats and the middle class in suburbs—made more than politicians and ward leaders, but in the process they were teaching politicians the money business, showing them how it was done and preparing them for the ultimate clash. The Irish are almost ready now to fight the Yankees for financial control of Boston. Banks have merged. Both sides have entrenched themselves and solidified their positions. A look at the names now creeping into the lists of officers and directors of Boston's leading financial houses and public utilities is revealing.

Beano Breen, Charlie Solomon, and the other financially successful gangsters

and racketeers of the prohibition era threw monkey wrenches into the financial machinery for more than a decade. A million dollars is never illegitimate and during that period Solomon and Breen handled millions. They were unpredictable, switched bank accounts on whims and with mercurial uncertainty. Yankee business men clipped some of it, but most of it was painlessly extracted from them by the new Irish business men who had learned how from the Yankees. Ancient Yankee fortunes built upon slaves, rum, and molasses now came to grips with new Irish and Italian fortunes built upon contraband liquor and political graft.

Moon-faced, pig-eyed Beano Breen and swarthy, dapper, suave King Solomon skyrocketed to great heights of financial power and neither had the brains, ability, or capacity to understand it or control it —or, perhaps, Breen and Solomon, like honest business men, were victims of an economic smash-up. At any rate, they were caught short in the stock-market crash, clipped, and sold out.

V

Even as legitimate business men, they were compelled to retrench; to cut and trim their joint and separate organizations and to scale down the price paid for protection. At the same time, public disgust with the handling of liquor, with the luxury and ostentation of police liquor raider Garrett, and with the obvious structure of graft in the police department, was mounting.

Taking advantage of Breen's temporary absence from the city to ease a growing groundswell of public criticism, two police raiders padlocked and boarded up one of Breen's most profitable speakeasies. When he returned, Beano stood upon the sidewalk and looked it over unbelieving. The explanation was given to him by bystanders. White with fury, Beano took off his hat and coat, threw them viciously down upon the sidewalk, and ran in his shirtsleeves to the police station.

The captain, sitting at the booking desk, saw him come in. Patrolmen were standing about the guard room. The two raiders were behind the rail. One rushed through a side door to the wagon shed and locked himself in a patrol wagon. The other dashed up the stairs to a locker room and Beano chased him. Patrolmen unsheathed their sticks to follow, but the captain—a phenomenon during prohibition because he was honest—shouted, "Let him alone!" and ordered the patrolmen back into the guard room.

Unfamiliar with the layout of the upper floor, Beano lost his man, nor could he find him in the wagon house. He came back to the desk expecting arrest. Uniformed men were still confined to the guard room and crowding at the door.

"Sorry, Beano," the captain said.

"Thanks, anyway, captain," he answered and walked out the door.

Arraigned on the liquor charge later, Beano appealed. One of the raiders had to testify as a witness. In the corridor Beano landed on his chin and knocked him unconscious.

The captain, gray-haired and elderly, tapped Beano on the shoulder. "Sorry, I'll have to book you for that, Beano," he said quietly.

Beano glared.

"I let you get away with it in the station that day," the captain explained, "because nobody was there but ourselves and they didn't stand and fight. A half hundred persons saw you slug him just now, so I'll have to take you in."

Beano nodded. This police officer had once given him a break. "Okay, skipper," he said. "I'll come quietly."

It was the first time in his life that he ever said that to a policeman, or was arrested without a struggle.

Beano's bitterness against the police became more intense. He had paid for protection grudgingly. Now he turned upon them and flatly refused to pay, adopted a millions-for-defense-but-not-one-cent-for-tribute attitude, and announced that he would fire anyone in his organization who gave a police officer as

much as a cigar. He appealed to politicians to whom he had contributed, and demanded that they keep the police department in check, but they ran out on him.

The police cracked down upon Beano as they had upon no other bootlegger in Boston. Policemen were assigned to his places to do nothing but watch. At one place officers were stationed constantly for three watches twenty-four hours daily to stand upon a box and peer over the top of a painted plate-glass store front to make sure that Beano's bartenders could sell no liquor. Six doors were removed from one place and another was raided sixty-six times in a single year.

Despite this Beano continued to make money and he set out deliberately to bait and plague the police. He hired a trio of seniors from Massachusetts Institute of Technology to devise for him a door of reinforced steel and concrete and had it built and installed; then he dared the police to raid him. It took them hours to break down the door and get in, and when they did, they found Beano in full dress acting as host to a group of men in evening dress and women in smart evening gowns, sitting at card tables, innocently playing bridge. There was not a drop of liquor on the place.

This was the forty-third door removed from a Breen speakeasy and it was Beano's trap for the police. He had engaged counsel and now he brought suit in equity to restrain the police from raiding the place. It became a long-drawn-out legal battle and Beano actually succeeded in getting such an injunction; but the police appealed to the State Supreme Court and the ruling was set aside.

A new kind of gangster was beginning to appear now among the faces in Beano's and Solomon's places—number pool and policy racketeers, scorned as small fry a few years earlier. These gamblers, who applied chain-store methods to the business of taking bets on numbers, were still not considered fit to associate with the aristocracy among racketeers—the bootleggers. The wonder of it to Breen and Solomon was that such small-time chiselers could actually make five, eight, and ten thousand dollars a month on such picayune bets.

VI

Hard times disrupted Boston's well-organized gangland. When money tightened and payoffs shrank and became delinquent, gang leaders who had got along harmoniously for more than a decade began bickering and scrapping with one another. Gangsters, feeling the pinch, turned upon their leaders. During the next few years mergers were effected by murders and vice versa.

The systematic assassination of Boston's gang leaders began on the day before Christmas in 1931 when Frankie Wallace, leader of South Boston's Gustin gang, and Barney Walsh, his first lieutenant, were invited to an office in the North End. They entered the building and twenty minutes later they were dead, one shot through the heart and the other through the throat. Their murders have never been solved.

At 2:30 on the morning of January 24, 1933, King Solomon sat at a table in his Cocoanut Grove with three girl companions. He was tired. It was his night off, the only night in the week that he did not wear a dinner coat. He had been over on the other side of the city attending to some business. He was fussy about the two Boston theaters he partially owned, dropped in upon them occasionally, ran his fingers over furnishings and seats for dust, and reprimanded the staffs if he found anything wrong. He had been on one of these tours of inspection. The girls with him were pretty and smartly dressed. One of them suggested a visit to the Cotton Club. Solomon brightened. He had promised the Cotton Club owner weeks before that he would drop in on him.

"Sure," he nodded to the girls. "Come on. Let's go."

He stopped at the cashier's cage and picked up the day's receipts, slipped an elastic band over the wad of bills, and

now had something over $4600 in his pockets. He ordered his car and they were driven to the Cotton Club in Boston's Harlem. He made his usual showy entrance and was escorted to a table by the captain. His host was glad to see him and almost all among the twenty couples there hailed him. He was a public figure.

Soon after he sat down, a young fellow approached him from another table, bent over and whispered in his ear. Solomon looked up, nodded, excused himself and followed the young man through an arch into the men's room. Three men fell in behind him and all went through the doorway.

In a moment there was a report of a pistol shot. Four men ran out of the men's room and either four or six men ran down the stairs to the street. A waiter ran into the washroom. Solomon was on the floor, dying, shot through the stomach.

"They got me," he said. They had taken his money.

Twenty minutes later, two Roslindale patrolmen chased an automobile that was careening recklessly through the suburb, overtook it and forced it to the curb. There were six men in it and one of them, in the back seat, addressed the officer.

"Give us a break, will you?" he pleaded. "My brother is a priest and I wouldn't want to disgrace him by getting pinched."

The policeman thought it over. He didn't want to bring disgrace upon the head of a priest.

"Okay, bud," he said, "but be careful. Take it easy. You don't want to kill yourself or somebody else. Go on!" He waved them away and returned to the squad car. A few hours later Solomon died on the operating table at City Hospital.

Prohibition put Beano out of the liquor business and he needed a new racket desperately. His money was dwindling. His gang had deserted him. He tried to muscle into the number pool business, but competition was too keen and it was already well organized. Next he tried the slot-machine racket and hired a gang of gorillas in charge of "K. O." Elkins, a boxer, to force private club operators to install them. Elkins applied pressure ruthlessly and on the morning of June 17, 1933, his bullet-riddled body was found in the gutter on Melrose Street, not far from Kerry Village. Beano gave up and turned to horse rooms.

Every business partner with whom he associated was killed. Nat Siegel was counting the day's receipts in the living room of his Beachmont home; he stepped to a window to draw a shade; a shotgun blazed, shattered the window; and he dropped to the floor, dead. Six months later, James P. (Red) Sweeney, a specialist in jewelry robbery, fresh from Dannemora, a doorman at Beano's Cosmos Club, was delivered by taxicab at the back door of City Hospital and was checked "D. O. A.," dead on arrival.

A few days before Thanksgiving in 1937, Louis Gaeta was standing in front of his new Mal-Nor Café, admiring its modernistic front. It was to open for the first time that night. An automobile pulled up at the curb. A man stepped out, shook hands with Gaeta, admired the front of the building with him for a while, and then with a wave of his hand and a nod of departure, drew an automatic from his pocket and shot Gaeta dead. He stepped back into the automobile and was driven away. This was the ninth murder within two years—all unsolved.

Somebody showed Beano an article in *Fortune* magazine telling how a New Yorker made a profitable business of furnishing strike-breakers to businesses and industries in labor wars.

"That's a swell idea," Beano agreed after reading it and promptly appropriated it and enlarged upon it. He would not only furnish strike-breakers to business and industry, but would furnish strong-arm men to unions and locals to beat up strike-breakers, playing both ends from the middle. Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey had already driven a large supply of gangsters from New York

to Boston. They were idle and unemployed and Beano knew that he could hire them.

He opened an office in the theatrical district, furnished it with a desk, chair, telephone and a poster on the wall with John L. Sullivan, Beano Breen, and Gentleman Jim Corbett superimposed upon the leaves of a shamrock, and went to work.

One of his first customers was a cleaning and dyeing company whose truck drivers went out on strike. Beano furnished bodyguards for the strike-breaking drivers. There were few clashes. He collected $1000 per week for six weeks. Next he furnished strong-arm men in a strike of passenger bus drivers, but he ran into trouble because this strike was settled too soon. He had engaged a number of visiting New York muscle men and promised them as high as $50 per day and, after deducting his own cut, there was not money enough to go round. He explained the situation to them and refused to pay. They did not say much because Beano packed a powerful punch, but it was an important grudge stored up against him.

He told them the truth. He did not have the money. It had been an off season in gambling. He had even borrowed money from a Boston bank and a note for $1000 was overdue.

VII

On Thursday night, December 16, 1937, Beano Breen went to a bachelor dinner. He refused to take a drink because he realized that one might easily lead to a spree and he preferred to remain temperate. He was obviously worried and had something on his mind. He listened to the speeches and joined in the singing and contributed $100 for a gift to the groom. He left about midnight with a couple of friends, and one of them drove him to the Metropolitan Hotel in old Kerry Village where, he said, he had an appointment.

He got there at about 12:15 on Friday morning, walked in one door and across the lobby toward the desk. There were about a dozen show girls from nearby theaters standing about, bell hops by the elevator, a clerk behind the counter, and a man wearing a light topcoat, gray hat, and smoked glasses, leaning against a pillar. As Beano passed, the man with the smoked glasses pulled a revolver from his pocket. Beano saw him and made a grab for it. The man fired. The bullet pierced Beano's sleeve and grazed his arm. The show girls screamed and ran for cover. The clerk hid behind his desk and the bell hops jumped into telephone booths. Beano ducked and crawled crabwise round a table to make a break for the door. The man in the yellow coat fired again and again. A fourth shot hit Beano in the neck and the bullet lodged in his left jawbone. The gunman ran out another door and jumped into a waiting automobile, and it sped away.

Beano straightened up, bleeding from the mouth and left ear, walked out the door he had entered a few minutes before, and beckoned a taxi at the curb stand. He recognized the driver. He had ridden with him often.

"Hello, Brighteyes," he said, opening the door. "Drive me to the City Hospital."

Brighteyes looked round, blinking in amazement at his fare.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Shut up," Beano answered.

Brighteyes slipped the car into gear and they were silent on the way to the hospital. At the emergency entrance Beano got out and staggered into the lobby. Attendants jumped to his side, put him on a stretcher, and rushed him into the accident ward.

The hospital notified police headquarters and a squad car raced there. Doctors were preparing Beano for an emergency operation when two police inspectors walked in. Beano recognized them.

"Who did it, Beano?" one of them asked.

He looked up contemptuously. "Go 'way," he said. "I hate cops."

"Don't be a sucker," said the inspector, looking down at him. "You're not going to pass out like a movie gangster, are you? Your mob is all broken up. There's nobody left to pay off for you—nobody but the cops."

"I wouldn't take anything from you or from any cop." Beano used the same words now that he had used to Superintendent Crowley almost at the beginning of his career.

Doctors and nurses were now ready and stood beside the inspector, waiting.

"You're dying, Beano," the inspector told him. "They're going to try to save you, but it's hopeless. In a few minutes you're going to sleep and you won't wake up. Give yourself a break. Who did it?"

Beano looked up. "Nuts," he answered.

"That's the way you want it?" the inspector asked.

Beano answered with his eyes.

"All right, doctor, give him the ether." The inspector turned to the doctor at his side. "So long, Beano," he looked down at him. "May God have mercy on your soul!"

Beano died on the operating table.

While he was still unconscious State Senator Joseph A. Langone of the North End and a couple of companions arrived at the hospital, prepared, they said, to give blood transfusions if it became necessary. A few days later, the State Senator, who was also an undertaker, buried him.

Two things about Beano's body and personal effects interested doctors and the medical examiner. They found a small pouch containing a quantity of heroin on a string round his neck. There was no indication that he had used the drug in years. He was either "minding" it for somebody or it was a personal badge and symbol to him of the hardest fight of his life that he had won; or he had won it gambling and intended to dispose of it.

In his pockets, all they could find was a silver quarter. The next day, friends and enemies who knew Breen shrieked indignantly that this was impossible. Beano always carried a thick roll of bills, they said. That afternoon three City Hospital orderlies confessed that they had rifled the dead man's pockets and had stolen $800. Other patients and former patients read about it and now came forward to charge that they too had been robbed while in the hospital, and another investigation was placed upon the hook for future attention.

Strangely enough, on the day that Beano was buried, 7-11, the heaviest number played in number pools, turned up and in the heavy payoffs some of the smaller and middle-sized operators went to the wall; some of the larger ones paid off at half rate, while others flatly refused to pay at all. All of them became unreasonably superstitious about it.

In the forty-five years that it took him to go from the cradle to the grave, Beano Breen was associated in some way with ten killings; created hundreds of drug addicts, sold thousands of dollars' worth of narcotics, brought hundreds of Chinese into the country in violation of the immigration laws, ran well over a million dollars' worth of liquor over the border, and had his nickname perpetuated forever in Massachusetts Law. (Beano, a mild gambling game, was legalized in Massachusetts.)

He beat up 20 patrolmen and assaulted some 30 citizens. His gambling and liquor establishments were raided 271 times and he earned well over a million dollars. And yet, during his life Beano Breen paid only $720 in fines—and he never served a single day in jail.

THE MAN WITH A TRACTOR

BY MORROW MAYO

SANK drove into a field that was full of thistles, broom weeds, careless weeds, winter weeds, goat-heads, and blue weeds. The wind was out of the southwest and there were scattering clouds in the east and thunderheads to the north. Despite the rank vegetation, the truck left a trail of dust like a destroyer laying down a smoke screen.

At intervals he got out and bored into the red cat-claw land with a three-foot soil auger. When he unscrewed the auger he pulled the dark moist earth out of the auger-head, sniffed it, made little balls, and threw them to the ground. He had to drive in low, and twice the truck started to boil. He headed it into the wind, cut off the motor, and let it cool.

He finished in the northwest corner of the field and stood looking out over the woolly land. It was a beautiful half-section, so level that he could see the bottom of the weeds a mile away. There was not a tree, stump, lake, or rock in it. Sank lighted a cigarette, thinking. It was a crime to let land go like that. His hands, face, clothes, shoes, and hat were the same color as the reddish dusty top-soil on which he stood. There was plenty of deep-moisture. It would not be good farming, but a man had to do many things here that he wouldn't do if conditions were different. He got into his truck and drove to the unpainted frame house which stood near the northeast corner of the field.

Sank stopped his tractor in the edge of the field, headed west. He lowered the discs of the one-way plow, socking the levers down to the last notch. He wanted to get all that stuff. In third speed, making three and one-half miles an hour, he took off. The discs cut into the earth like circle saws, throwing the soil one way. The weeds fell as soldiers sometimes fall, going up into the air and pitching forward head first, roots up.

He plowed until dark, walked to the house and ate his supper, rested a little while, and returned to the field. He turned on his lights. One bright eye gleaming on the weeds ahead, one on the plow behind, the tractor lumbered over the land, snorting fire.

It was mighty bleak out there at night. Some wit had called this country the Siberia of America, and he was righter than he knew. There is not much difference between the great wheat lands of the world: between the Siberian steppes and the Australian prairies and the Argentine pampas and the high plains of North America. It is different only in the Danubian countries. All the others are vast uplands—immense, limitless, very similar in appearance, in scenery, in vegetation; very similar nowadays, even down to tractors and implements, and men. Blindfold a man, take him from a tractor on one, put him on a tractor on another, would he know the difference?

At midnight the wind shifted to the west. Going east, the dust blew over Sank; going west, the heat hit him in the face. Horses, no matter how many, got tired eventually. The tractor did not get tired. It was 6½ feet tall, 12 feet long, and 8 feet wide. It weighed 5,300

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pounds. The rubber tires on the rear wheels were larger than a woman's body. Sank never wondered what would happen if that monster got out of control, stampeded, or turned on its driver.

It was two o'clock when he stopped. He was asleep by two-thirty, up again before daylight. He plowed eighteen hours a day, and finally he was through. He raised the discs and drove to the house. It was too hot for early September. The windmill was not turning; the sky was clear. No-weather was a weather-breeder. Sank slept ten hours.

A blue norther had struck. The land to the south was a powderhouse. The thin row of young Chinese elms bent low. Sank saw a hawk wheel in the sky in the face of that wind. Across the great level pasture to the east a jackrabbit was loping easily, on four legs, on three. He ran, then coasted. The hawk folded his wings and dropped like a small black bomb tossed from an airplane. The jackrabbit was not coasting now. He was doing forty miles an hour.

The hawk struck, staggered, rose slowly with the weight, great wings flapping. High enough in the air, he opened his talons. The rabbit fell to earth, hit the hard ground, did not move. In slow, triumphant circles the hawk descended to his dinner.

Sank backed his truck into the barn and got down and closed the doors with difficulty. The wind was blowing a young gale. He backed his truck to the other end of the barn, and parked it up close to a mound of seed wheat—pure black hull wheat, strong, high in protein content, one hundred and fifty bushels of it. Near the pile of wheat Sank set up his seed wheat-treating machine.

Before he opened the half-gallon can of chemical Sank put on a gas mask. The can had a skull-and-cross-bones on it. The chemical prevented wheat from becoming infected with smut. In this country smut losses from untreated wheat sometimes run as high as fifty per cent. The fumes from that chemical will kill a man. Sank poured the thick, black, sticky liquid into the seed wheat-treating machine, started the gasoline motor, picked up a scoop, and started scooping the seed wheat into the machine. The wheat ran through the chemical, up the funnel, and poured out of the spout into the truck.

Usually Sank was just an ordinary-looking man, just an average-looking farmer, with arms and legs, a mouth and eyes, a wife and two children. Working there in that barn, the wind howling outside, in the dim half-light, with that gas mask on, and the rats scurrying around, he didn't look like a farmer. He looked like a product of a more advanced civilization. He didn't even look like a man. He looked like some horrible, sightless, anthropoidal thing with a snout.

He scooped the golden grain and it was hard work. He didn't quit until he had put it all through the machine. Then he threw down the scoop, cut off the motor, took off his gas mask, and went to the house. He noticed the thin row of young Chinese elms again. Last year the saplings had bent flat to the ground before the force of the onslaught. This year the Chinese elms were not bowing their heads quite so low. Next year . . .

The wind had subsided as suddenly as it had struck. Sank went out and unhitched his plow, hitched the tractor to the drill, set the sprockets of the drill so that it would sow twenty pounds to the acre, and scooped the seed wheat into the drill-bins until they were level full. He oiled and watered and fueled the tractor and lubricated both tractor and drill. Then he lowered the discs, cranked the tractor, threw it into fourth speed, and took off up the edge of the plowed field, making four miles an hour, sowing wheat.

Wheat is undoubtedly the finest, most courageous thing that grows on the face of the earth. The implement drilled the seed wheat into the earth. If I were called upon to award the first prize to the best thing that grows, I should walk up and hang the gold medal over the head of a stalk of hard winter wheat.

The discs made little planting furrows; the drill set down the single grains of wheat in the furrows; the drag-chains covered them over with soil. It was all mechanical. It was different from the days, from Joseph down to not so long ago, when a man dipped into a sack of seed wheat, and sowed it by hand, three scattering throws to the handful.

When Sank put the grains into the soil they were hard as rocks. Twelve hours later they were meally. Six hours later they were sprouting. This is when the farmers say the earth is moving. Put it in a glass and you can see it grow. Twenty-four hours after Sank put the first hard grains into the soil, the brave, pale green shoots were thrusting themselves up out of the earth. There is nothing petty or knickknacky or clever or obscene about anything connected with wheat. It is clean and strong and vital. Wheat is bread. It is the staff of life.

When Sank came up the east side he saw the Chinese elms. On the west side he looked at a great pasture of Argentine pampa grass. On the south side he passed a sixty-foot border of African sudan grass. Originally it had prevented the Sudan from blowing Egypt off the map. Now they have got it working in the Dust Bowl. And all about Sank were the big green Russian thistles which he had plowed up, and which would become huge tumble-weeds and go galloping over the plains like horses.

Argentine pampa grass, African sudan, Russian thistles, and Chinese elms. From the four corners of the earth. All growing together right in the Panhandle, U. S. A. Nature—if nobody else—was getting international. Nature and machinery. Neither spoke any language, noticed any color, recognized any boundary. So there was still hope for men. . . .

It had better be noted, the metamorphosis of the man with the hoe. Millet, on canvas, caught and held that brutish, hopeless earthpecker leaning on a crude hand-tool. Markham, beholding him, appalled, asked greatly and bitterly, why and how? The tragedy of the world was summed up in that eloquent painting, those awful words. But you can't say: "Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans upon his F-30 tractor."

Driving that tractor Sank didn't look like a humble and degraded tiller of the soil. He didn't look like a hay-chewing rube with chin whiskers, or a dunghill yokel, or a peasant without thought or hope. The tractor had done that. It had changed a farmer from a clod into an operator; from a dumb brute into a mechanic, all over the world. The tractor had done more to make him a self-respecting man than anything that had ever happened in the whole history of agriculture since the invention of the wheel.

The man with the tractor does not gaze on the ground. Unavoidably, by the nature of things, Sank sat and gazed at the distant horizon, which was on a level with his eyes. He gazed at it when the sky was clear and steel-blue, and when the moon set behind clouds that moved slowly in serried masses, and when the sun came up like a ball of fire, a flaming red.

Sank finished sowing his wheat. He raised the discs out of the ground and drove his tractor over the impregnated earth toward his house. It was twilight. The sky was overcast and the air was sultry. But you couldn't say "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way." Sank's eyes, gleaming through caked dirt, were red, but he showed no other signs of fatigue, though he was hot and sweaty and dirty.

He felt a drop of rain on his shoulder. Another. And then a lot more. He watched the big drops strike into the dry, thirsty soil. The rain was wet and cool. And now it began to come down in a slow steady downpour. The wheat, the earth, were drinking it up. Sank had got the job done and now it was raining. It made him feel good. Wet to the skin, water pouring down his dirty face, he sat erect in the tractor-seat, steering the juggernaut to the house.

SLEEP AND INSOMNIA

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

An elderly man came to a hospital in Boston for a spinal operation. After the operation he was put to bed in a private room on a quiet floor for the necessary period of healing and convalescence; but, in spite of all softening of the surroundings, he lay sleepless most of the nights. His insomnia alarmed the nurses. Drugs were administered, they got the patient to sleep, but after a few days alarming symptoms showed themselves. During his waking hours he became confused, his mind began to wander, he had hallucinations.

Cases involving neuroses and other mental states are referred to the psychiatrist-in-chief, and his immediate instructions were, "Leave off the drugs." It took thirty-six hours for their effects to disappear, and then the man was scared. He realized that he had been in a daze, and feared that he was losing his mind.

"Nonsense," said the psychiatrist. "These drugs have been forcing you to have sleep that you don't need; that's the trouble. Here you are, sixty-eight years old, and at that age one really needs only a few hours of sleep. If you add up your naps during the day they'll come to most of that. You are lying in bed twenty-four hours, the nurse reading to you, and you haven't exerted yourself sufficiently to earn sleep. Employ your mind, read any time you want to, read at three A.M. if you wish; there are no restrictions. Earn sleep and very likely you'll get it."

"Good Lord! I never thought of that," exclaimed the willing patient.

When the doctor looked in next morning he found that the man had slept seven hours; and during the remainder of the stay in the hospital there was no more insomnia.

It is unquestionably true that a frequent factor in the prolongation of sleeplessness is the belief that insomnia is dangerous to health and especially related to insanity. Anxiety keeps a man awake, and because he lies awake he becomes more anxious. "To some patients," writes R. D. Gillespie, of Guy's Hospital, London, "the possibilities are so terrible that they dread confiding them to the doctor lest the worst be confirmed." As to the danger of lunacy, "I have yet to see a patient whose mental disorder could fairly be attributed to sleeplessness. And I have had under my observation patients who had reliably not slept more than two or three hours per night for several years."

George Herbert Palmer, late professor of philosophy at Harvard who died in 1933 at the age of ninety-one years, used to tell his students that he had never in his adult life slept a night through. His sleep rarely lasted more than an hour or two; then he would lie awake an hour or two. But he had learned that by remaining quiescent in bed, relaxed, avoiding any serious thinking, he was able to pass the night without fretting, and, as he put it, "In the morning I start off on a new day as fresh as those whose night was of the standard sort."

George B. Wilbur tells how this experience of Professor Palmer's was of practi-

cal help to him in his student days at Harvard. "The technic was effective," relates Dr. Wilbur, "in completely dispelling any distress from sleeplessness such as I had formerly experienced. It is the threshing around and scolding oneself, such as is indulged in on these occasions, that is the trouble. This guilt feeling is called insomnia. As for real insomnia, I don't believe there is such a thing."

This last remark calls for qualification. "What we used to see in the hospital," went on Dr. Wilbur, "was this: a patient would complain of having passed the whole night without sleep, his evidence being that he had heard the clock strike every hour. The fact was, as determined by constant observation by nurses and ourselves, that the person had slept soundly. He may have lain awake twenty minutes, which in his feeling was magnified to the entire night. So I am skeptical of 'insomnia.' It is true that I meet people who have a fear of sleeping, for in that state they are subject to nightmares and other terrors, and sleeplessness is their defense. On other occasions one sees a person in a state of maniacal excitement go without sleep for many days, until one fears he will die of exhaustion. But that doesn't happen. When he has worked off his excitement and gets sleepy, he goes to sleep."

There are innumerable persons suffering from chronic sleeplessness who are not cases for the psychotic ward—they are not manic-depressives nor any of the other types classed as victims of pathological disorders of the mind—and yet they are handicapped in their work and uncomfortable in life because of the plague of wakefulness. Even if they accept the definition that "insomnia is not a disease, it is a lack of function," as a professor in a medical school expressed it, they nevertheless suffer from that lack. An experimenter may regard the effects as trivial, but the feelings of exhaustion, disinterest, and discouragement which are frequent morning-after consequences do not seem trivial to the victim. And while we grant that lying awake is not painful in the physical sense of a toothache, it is often an endurance test of a particularly harrowing kind.

"Insomnia always strikes me as having so much bigger issues than are ascribed to it," writes one of its victims, a woman whose report is quoted by H. Crichton-Miller, of the Tavistock Square Clinic, London, in his book *Insomnia*. "It is not the insomnia itself that matters—the 'not sleeping' doesn't do much harm—it's the lying awake that is important.

"Think of the woman who may be unhappy about something; she has faced it and carried on, and, so long as there is something to do (very likely for others), she can bear it. But when night comes, when even the armor which she has legitimately put on is taken away from her, when every devil of memory and imagination pricks every corner of the mind, when every faith and principle and hope goes brittle and smashes like splintering glass—she worries neither about self-pity nor self-esteem. She is just the trapped and tortured animal trying to get out into the oblivion which is all she is able to desire."

Less emotional but no less emphatic is the testimony of an American physician: "If I ever had an idea that insomnia is largely a myth and not worth fussing about, I lost it during the years when I had severe insomnia. I learned then that it is one of the most trying ordeals a man can experience, even if he doesn't get excited about the not sleeping. It is all very well for the doctor to say to the patient, 'Control your thoughts,' but I have a strong will and I know the need for controlling my thoughts, and yet after a strenuous day at a convention and then an hour's address before five hundred people I find when I get to bed that the old brain is racing along so fast that there is nothing I can do to shut it off. Similarly, when I am faced with a difficult and annoying or worrisome problem, I may say to myself, 'I'll attend to this to-morrow,' but it insists on thrusting itself before me and commanding atten-

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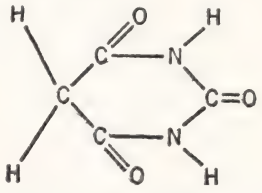
tion. Then is when a fellow needs a good dose of some barbiturate if he is going to work efficiently next day."

II

Sooner or later the question of drug use comes to the fore in a discussion of insomnia. Usually the victim of sleeplessness tries other measures first. He has heard stories: So-and-so got a bad heart from taking sleeping powders; another victim of insomnia found himself a slave to habit after a brief period of medication; others have died from overdoses; and so on. The tales are legion—and not without a measure of truth. Dr. Soma Weiss, professor of medicine in the Harvard Medical School, presented a paper at the 1936 meeting of the American Medical Association in which he pointed out dangers, calling attention to cases of localized pains, allergic reactions, bizarre disturbances of the nervous system, including such manifestations as vertigo, visual hallucinations, thick speech, and tremor, which have resulted from the misuse of sleep-inducing drugs. However, misuse is not use. "When they are administered intelligently," says Dr. Weiss, "and with full knowledge of their pharmacologic and toxicologic properties, their beneficial effects distinctly outweigh the occasional untoward reactions. Instances are not wanting in which skilful application of these drugs has saved the patient's life."

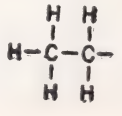
The list of chemicals now available for allaying sensation and inducing unconsciousness is an extensive one. Its origins go back thousands of years to man's chance discovery of the soporific properties of alcohol and opium. "Opiates" is a blanket term for all this class of substances, but the actual derivatives from opium are few when compared with the roster of inorganic salts and synthetic compounds which the medical men call "hypnotics"—the acetphenetidins, aldehydes, barbiturates, bromides, sulfones, ureids, and others currently used in treating sleep disorders. Forty years ago the bromides were the principal hypnotic drug in medical practice; so much so that the word was taken over as a slang expression, and bromide became the designation for a tiresome bore or for his trite remark. To-day the barbiturates hold the center of the stage, the latest, the most versatile, the most numerous, and the most generally used group of sleep-invoking chemicals.

A barbiturate is a compound derived from barbituric acid. The acid is nothing new, a familiar substance long known to the organic chemist. Its molecule is a thing too small to be seen under even the most powerful microscope, but by certain tests the chemists have analyzed its architecture, and they find that its four atoms of carbon, three of oxygen, two of nitrogen, and four of hydrogen are bound together in this pattern:

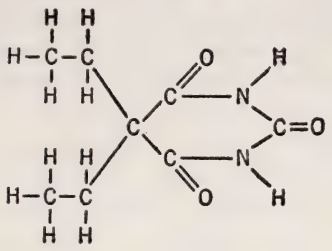


The important detail to watch is at the left, those two bristling hydrogen atoms. In the early days of the present century the German chemist Emil Fischer was experimenting with this structure, breaking off the two H's and hooking on other combinations in the search for a new arrangement that would induce sleep. Barbituric acid itself has no such quality. It is inert physiologically, can be taken in sizable doses without noticeable effects, and yet Fischer saw in it the foundation on which to build some of the most powerful soporifics known to science.

His first success came in 1903. He found it possible to replace the two hydrogen atoms with two units of a well-known group present in ether. The added units were not single atoms but clusters of 2 carbon atoms and 5 hydrogen atoms arranged in this order:



When two of these ethyl clusters were substituted for the two hydrogen atoms at the left of the barbituric acid molecule, a new structure was achieved following this arrangement:



Here was an etherized something that Fischer thought might have great affinity for the lipoids or fatty substances of the brain cells, make the cell membranes less permeable, and in consequence induce a hypnotic effect. Would it? Before the question could be followed up, Fischer was called away on a railway trip. But when his associate completed the tests a report of the successful result was dispatched to him abroad. According to the story, Fischer chanced to be in the City of Verona when the message reached him, and as a memento of the event he named the new drug "veronal."

Veronal (in the British Pharmacopoeia it was rechristened "barbitone" and in the United States "barbital") was the first of a remarkable series of hypnotic drugs, all derived from barbituric acid by substituting something else for those two H's. If, instead of the two ethyl groups, we attach only one ethyl and fill the other place with a group of the more complex phenyl, the product is "luminal," a drug that in some persons gets its effect in about half the time that veronal requires. And so with "dial," "neonal," "amytal," "nembutal," "evipal," "pentothal," and a long list of other "als." Each represents some addition to or substitution in the veronal structure, and each has effects individual to itself. There are marked differences, not only in the swiftness with which sleep is attained, but also in the duration of sleep. In tests with guinea pigs and rabbits it was found that veronal produced 1,000 minutes of sleep, neonal 300 minutes, nembutal 130 minutes, and pentothal only 28 minutes—the amount given in each case being sixty-one per cent of the lethal dose. There are more than thirty barbiturates now on the market, hundreds of others have been synthesized in the laboratories, and thousands of barbituric combinations are possible.

But—how safe are these drugs? Tests with guinea pigs and rabbits are not necessarily conclusive for human beings. As Crichton-Miller remarked, "A guinea pig never saw his only son lying at death's door, and a rabbit never had a letter from the banker about the overdraft," though it is just such emotional jolts that often derange the chemisms of the man who can't sleep. The clinical records show a very considerable range indeed in the tolerance of different persons to the barbiturates, a range far wider than the animal experiments indicate. The indicated safe dose of veronal is 3 to 10 grains, but a London practitioner reports a young woman who made an easy recovery after taking 90 grains and, by way of contrast, another adult who died after swallowing only 15 grains.

Nor is the human reaction to safe doses standardized. Some persons require a heavier dose to attain sleep. And there is a type of mind in which the response to a barbiturate is not rest but enhanced excitement. This peculiar reversal of effect is found especially in women. Walter C. Alvarez, of the Mayo Clinic, says he cannot recall ever seeing the idiosyncrasy strongly present in a man.

"All have been women of a peculiarly wide-awake, hypersensitive, restless nature, overly responsive to their environment and overly reactive to the influences that affected them, both pleasantly and unpleasantly," explained Dr. Alvarez. "Many of them were socially attractive persons who owed their brilliance to these faculties of alertness, intensity, and responsiveness—the very faculties which, in their hours of fatigue and let-downness, served as instruments of torture.

Above all things they needed rest from their seething thoughts, forgetfulness, relaxation. When I asked, 'What happens when you take veronal?' again and again the answer has come, each time in practically the same words, 'It doesn't quiet me. It makes me want to climb a wall like a cat'."

Two characteristics noticed in insomniacs of this type are: (1) a tendency, when she does fall asleep, to have horrible nightmares or to feel as if parts of the body were numb or missing or swollen to enormous size, and (2) a capacity to keep at mental work for hours and even days after most individuals would have succumbed to normal fatigue and somnolence. It is possible that the nightmares and other obsessions provide a motive for avoiding sleep. In anesthesia, as is well known, the first effect is one of excitation. Dr. Alvarez therefore suggests, as a tentative hypothesis, that "when a slowly acting sedative like some of the barbiturates reaches a brain which is already highly keyed up, the preliminary stage of excitement, with its release of lower nervous centers, is so distressing that the victim can hardly bear to wait until the quieting arrives. This transition period is weird and terrifying. After one such experience, the distraught nervous system decides that it would rather stay awake." And so it asserts itself, and by some hidden biochemical veto it negatives the drug. In support of this idea Dr. Alvarez cites the fact that chloral, which often works well with these high-strung persons, is a drug of prompt action. "Apparently chloral gets in its work so quickly that the subject hasn't time to experience the peculiar distress which is felt when one is in that no man's land between waking and sleeping." Another drug which is used successfully with these excitable cases is paraldehyde, and it again is a quick worker. It must be noted, however, that some of the new barbiturates are also swift acting, which suggests that there may be small individual variations between drugs and classes of drugs which play an as yet unknown part in the production of nervous excitement.

The system which reacts in the way just described by Dr. Alvarez is of course unusual. Most human bodies yield readily to the soporific effects of veronal and its chemical kin, though in varying degrees. There is a common type of insomnia in which the victim has no difficulty in getting to sleep, but wakes in the middle of the night and then lies sleepless indefinitely. In general, the drug treatment of this form of insomnia is best accomplished by a short-acting hypnotic which will work for not more than four hours—though here again, as in all cases of sleep disorder, the careful prescriptionist finds it important to take into account the nervous make-up of the individual as well as the type of insomnia. The wise administration of hypnotic drugs is not motivated mainly by emergency use, but primarily by the purpose of inducing correct sleep habits without imposing a drug habit.

It was early claimed that the barbiturates are not habit-forming, and assuredly they are in a different class from opium, morphine, and cocaine in this respect. But there are veronal addicts in the sense that there are persons who have come to depend on their nightly cachet. One doctor substituted pulverized milk sugar for the barbiturate in the supply of veronal cachets which a patient of this compulsionist type was carefully hoarding, and proved that the unsuspected sugar was just as effective as veronal in invoking sleep. Not all addicts are so completely psychological, however. Dr. Alvarez says he can recall meeting only seven cases of barbiturate addiction in thirty years of medical practice. Dr. Gillespie reports that a search of the medical literature of Great Britain and other countries for the twenty-five years preceding 1929 showed only 400 recorded cases. The manufacturer of nembutal publishes this note of caution:

> Like all other barbiturates, nembutal may be habit-forming to persons of weak, unstable, or neurotic personality. For this reason, the physician should take steps to assure himself

that the administration of the drug remains always under his control and supervision, and that the patient is prevented from believing that self-administration is safe or allowed.

Surely here is sound advice. There is a wide difference of opinion on the subject of hypnotic drugs. Some physicians do not use them at all in treating sleeplessness; others only occasionally, and seemingly reluctantly, after baths, wet packs, suggestion, relaxation technics, and other nonmedicinal aids have failed; other doctors rate the drugs as indispensable. But no layman is wise enough, experienced enough, or even sufficiently intuitional, to prescribe for himself in this field where the variables are so many and exact knowledge so limited.

III

Indeed, the whole subject of sleep is, like the maps of the ancient geographers, bounded and spotted with shadowy areas of the unknown. What is sleep? Why does the living organism periodically and spontaneously fall into these seizures of dissociation?—"Death without dying," Sir Edwin Arnold called it, "living, but not Life." The death analogue haunts the literature of sleep even from the days of Homer and Hesiod. The modern Virginia Woolf makes her *Orlando* speculate: "Has the finger of death to be laid on the tumult of life from time to time lest it rend us asunder? Are we so made that we have to take death in small doses daily, or we could not go on with the business of living?"

There are evidences from experiments with animals that the tumult of life will indeed render the business of living unendurable unless it is interrupted by periods of sleep. Healthy dogs died after 14 days of enforced wakefulness, and rabbits after 21 days. We have no medical record of a human being dying from sleeplessness, although it is said that both the Chinese and the Scots used to punish criminals by keeping them awake until they died.

Possibly there is a difference between enforced wakefulness, imposed from without, and the spontaneous wakefulness, imposed from within, which we call insomnia. It is reported that Hermann Boerhaave, famous professor at Leiden in the early years of the 18th century, kept going six weeks without sleep during a period of concentrated study. Forbes Winslow tells of an unusual insomniac who had a way of walking long distances during the day and of carrying on excited conversations with imaginary persons at night—and was said to have been without sleep three months. Another anecdote, reported from a physician's record, was that of a man who went sleepless fifteen days and was so plagued by insomnia that he would get up from his bed and drive three horses until he exhausted them, hoping thereby to tire himself to sleep.

And then—to read of soldiers sleeping on foot as they marched! Arthur E. Hertzler tells, in *The Horse and Buggy Doctor,* of a personal experience when in great weariness he responded to a night call. Arrived at the farmhouse, he was opening his instrument bag preparatory to lancing an abscess, when he suddenly went to sleep. "It must have been but momentarily," but "I closed my bag and went back to town"—and it was not until he awoke at home in the morning that he remembered the unopened abscess. Sleep has this ironic way of forcing itself on a subject who has work to do, and of shunning another who prepares for it and would welcome it.

One of the strangest gaps in human biology is the absence of any generally accepted explanation of the nature of sleep. The processes of respiration, of blood circulation, of digestion, of nerve communication, and of most of the other normal body functions are fairly well known; and for each there is a working theory of its nature. Sleep is just as common a phenomenon, but of its mechanism there is no comparable body of systematic knowledge and in explanation of its nature there are many tentative hypotheses but none widely accepted.

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IV

There are theories which attribute sleep to changes in the volume or content of the blood. Perhaps the oldest and most popular is the idea that somnolence results from a temporary anemia of the brain, "a retreat of the blood into the veins," as Alcmæon the Greek described it 2500 years ago. But recently, in the Boston City Hospital, W. G. Lennox, F. A. Gibbs, and E. L. Gibbs actually measured the flow of blood from the brain of a patient. Into the internal jugular vein, the large vessel through which the brain empties its venous blood, they were able to insert without pain or injury a delicate needle-like electrical measuring device, and for two hours recorded continuously the velocity of the outpouring blood. During the experiment the patient fell asleep, and the record showed no change in flow at the onset of sleep, during sleep or on awaking. The experiment has been repeated with other patients.

We can therefore say nothing for the theory of a retreat of blood from the brain, but certain evidence has seemed to point to a relationship between sleep and the content of the blood. Some years ago a physiologist reported that the blood taken from the peripheral or outer veins of a man during sleep contains a lower proportion of calcium than does a sampling taken from the subject awake. The report aroused much speculation. Could it be that the missing calcium accumulates in the brain?

To explore this question the Swiss physiologist V. Demole injected a calcium salt into the brains of cats, carefully placing it in the region of the brain stem below the structure known as the thalamus. The cats dropped off to sleep. Demole found that he could vary the duration of sleep from minutes to a matter of hours by increasing the dosage of calcium. It was possible to arouse the cats, but if left alone they would wake up spontaneously, seemingly refreshed, as from normal sleep.

Later experiments have shown that the salts of other metals as well as those of calcium have a soporific effect when injected into the brain stems of cats. Other experiments at the University of Chicago indicate that the earlier report of a calcium deficiency in peripheral blood during sleep was apparently mistaken, for repeated samplings in this laboratory have failed to show any significant change when subjected to very careful analysis. Despite these findings, there are other reasons to believe that calcium plays a role in the functioning of the brain region below the thalamus. It is generally accepted that calcium has a pronounced effect on living cells. It seems to make the cells less permeable, more resistant, less irritable; therefore calcium may be regarded as a biochemical brake. From these considerations we are led to surmise, as Gillespie does in his monograph on *Sleep,* "that what hypnotics (drugs) do for the sleepless . . . by lessening membrane permeability in the central nervous system, a slight excess of calcium does in normal sleep, by initiating an inhibited condition of nerve-cells in the gray matter at the base of the brain."

Various studies seem to indicate that somewhere in this region at the base of the brain sleep gets its stop-and-go orders. Here apparently is the hidden sleep center, the master switch for the control of consciousness.

Some years ago W. R. Hess, physiologist at the University of Zurich, inserted needle-like electrodes deeply into the brains of cats, and by passing electrical shocks between the electrode tips he caused the cats to go to sleep. Von Economo, a Vienna neurologist, studied the brains of victims dead of sleeping sickness in the great epidemic of encephalitis which swept Europe during the latter years of the World War. The disease is one that profoundly affects the sleeping habits of its victims, and Von Economo observed that in every case there were lesions, or areas of injured tissue, in a specific region at the base of the brain.

More recently, at Northwestern Uni-

versity in Chicago, a group of experimenters led by S. W. Ranson extended these studies and found that the particular part of the brain stem affected is the small structure known as the hypothalamus. Mild stimulation of this minute part caused the cats to raise their heads, become alert, dilate the pupils of their eyes, breathe faster, and move actively. Similar stimulation of other parts of the brain produced no such excitation. But when the hypothalamus was injured the cats lapsed into deep slumber, and repeated stimulation of that part failed to wake them.

Normal cats do a lot of sleeping anyhow, and for a further test Dr. Ranson wanted a more active animal. He found it in the wild and excitable rhesus monkey, a creature rarely quiet in the presence of human beings. Lesions in the hypothalamus transformed these noisy, lively animals into drowsy sleepyheads. They would even fall asleep while eating, and with their mouths full. The somnolence continued in several instances for weeks, and when at last they recovered and again became alert and active they remained free from fear and allowed themselves to be handled and petted. Apparently, injury to the hypothalamus wrought a radical change in the emotional nature of the animals; and this is as it should be, since other investigators have evidence for believing that the hypothalamus is the central switchboard of the emotions.

Large numbers of cats and fifty-five monkeys were used in the experiments at Northwestern, and the results throughout were consistent. When the injury was to the hypothalamus the animals slept; when the injury was to some other part of the brain the animals did not show this characteristic sleep reaction. It was noticed also that in most of the cases in which the hypothalamus was injured the lesions did not touch the nerve pathways leading from the spinal column to the upper brain. From this Dr. Ranson concludes that the sleep in these experimental animals is not caused by interrupting any of the great sensory pathways to the cerebral cortex, but seems to be a consequence of impairment of the emotional control normally exercised by the hypothalamus. Whatever its operation may be, he is convinced "that the hypothalamus is concerned in some special way with the regulation of the alternating sleep-waking rhythm . . . and that the emotional drive furnished by the hypothalamus is an important factor in maintaining the waking state."

This suggests that insomnia may be a case of an overstimulated hypothalamus. Centered in this small, primitive, and, in terms of evolution, very old part of the brain, is a control of wakefulness. Indeed, Dr. Ranson prefers to call it "the waking center." He has shown that stimulation of it will enhance wakefulness, that impairment of it will bring on profound sleep. May we infer that there is a natural threshold of activity for the hypothalamus, and that when its functioning falls below this threshold we go to sleep? It is an interesting lead for further experimenting.

V

A possible clue to the means by which the body keeps its sleep center—or waking center—keyed to activity, and then periodically shuts off the stimulus and rests, is suggested by experiments at the University of Chicago. Here Nathaniel Kleitman has been studying the sleep habits of dogs, men, women, and even babies. He has kept men awake continuously for three and four days in order to observe their behavior during sleeplessness. He has employed watchers to keep himself awake so that he could study the effects in his own body, and on one occasion went without sleep 115 hours.

Dr. Kleitman found that the men were able to stay awake only if they did something that called muscles into play. Sitting down meant almost instant sleep. Talking to a man was not enough to keep him awake, but if he did the talking

he was able to stave off sleeplessness. Singing and walking were even more effective. As the experiment progressed into its third day the difficulties increased. A man would say, "I'll walk in the hall and get a little air." The watcher agreed, the subject went into the corridor, and a moment later the watcher followed to find him sitting on the stair, his head down, beginning to snore. "I wasn't asleep, I just rested my eyes," protested the weary one as the watcher shook him and he staggered to his feet.

Each day the subject was more irritable (and no wonder!), more starved for sleep, but a curious cycle showed in the trend of his sleepiness. It did not get progressively worse, but slowed and accelerated rhythmically. On the afternoon of the third day he was more sleepy than on the afternoon of the second day, but actually less sleepy than on the night of the second day. At 3 A.M. of the second night he had to be walked and talked to and kept awake, but at 3 P.M. of the third afternoon needed no such attention. The sleepiness fluctuated. There was a gradual deterioration, but it was not steady; it was wavelike, strongest at night and weakest in daytime.

Now, as it happens, there is a physical sign which also shows a daily fluctuation —the body temperature. When the doctor says that normal body temperature is about 98° Fahrenheit he means the average temperature. Actually, if a recording thermometer were applied to a man, the record would be a wavy line showing a high and a low for each day. The range of fluctuation varies with the individual: in some the difference is as much as 2½° F. between the maximum and the minimum; in others it may be only 1½° or less.

The temperatures of the men in the Chicago experiments were taken at two-hour intervals as part of a program of watching for body reactions. And soon it was observed that the fluctuations of temperature were in step with the fluctuations of sleepiness. Each day each man was sleepiest at that hour when his temperature was lowest, and most wide awake when the thermometer showed his body heat to be maximum.

Kleitman wanted to see how prolonged sleepiness would affect the performance ability of the men. So at various times he gave them tasks to do, some muscular, some mental, some calling for steadiness of hand. He found that ability deteriorated, not constantly, but again in a fluctuating rhythm which followed the temperature cycle.

Can the sleep-waking rhythm be changed? This question prompted a new series of experiments. Beds were brought into the laboratory rooms and the men were asked to go to sleep at midnight, rise at their usual hour next morning, and so follow the daily sequence of sleeping and rising for a month—the only difference being that they would live on a 28-hour day. This meant that the time of going to bed was pushed four hours later each day. The experiment started Monday night with a 12 o'clock bedtime; the hour of going to bed the second night was 4 A.M., the third 8 A.M., and so round the clock until the six-day week ended and a new week began with bedtime at midnight again.

Six men submitted to this experiment; five were unable to adapt themselves to the stretched-out day, but one man fell in line immediately. His temperature rhythm changed correspondingly, and he was off to sleep at 12 noon almost as easily as at 12 midnight. In the others, their temperature rhythm remained unchanged; sleepiness came at the night hours when body heat was low and it was exceedingly difficult to win in the daytime when their temperature was high.

Every effort had been made to shut the 24-hour world out of the laboratory rooms, but it was impossible to eliminate entirely the sunlight, daytime noises, noon heat; and so, in the spring of 1938, two of the men who had been unable to conform in the laboratory experiments went to Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. These were Kleitman and Bruce Richardson. They obtained permission to

live in the Cave; selected a cavern 128 feet below the surface; set up their beds and chairs and a table; arranged with an outside commissary to serve meals according to their 28-hour-day calendar; and settled themselves for a month's stay, to go to sleep and get up on this schedule. The Cave was perpetually dark, silent, and its temperature stood constant at 54° F. It was so cold that the men lay under blankets every night and wore overcoats all day. Surely here was a world apart. What happened?

Richardson swung into the new cycle right away, and says he never slept better in his life. Kleitman found that his sleep mechanism would not change.

This experiment seems to demonstrate that the diurnal rhythm is more strongly entrenched in some bodies than in others. We know it is not inborn. A young baby will sleep 20 or more hours of the 24. (So will puppies, kittens, and the young of many animals.) The baby wakes to feed, or in response to other needs, but when its wants are satisfied it relapses into sleep, and its periods of sleeping and intervals of waking show no relation to the night-day cycle. Kleitman made a study of infants and older children, and found that the temperature change does not exist in a newborn child, but is established in a gradual manner, the range usually reaching and sometimes surpassing the adult range in the second year of life. That is about the time the child is learning to walk, and perhaps this event may be regarded as the high point of the educational process which begins when it is taught to omit the 2 A.M. feeding.

But the daily cycle of temperature and sleep, once established, may be lost. Children in whom the cerebral cortex was injured by a brain tumor or through encephalitis ceased to show a temperature curve and slept a large part of the time. There have been instances of children born with defective brains in which the cortex was missing, and these never acquired the diurnal rhythm. Some time ago the German biologist Goltz noticed that when the cortex was removed from the brains of adult dogs they became extremely addicted to sleep. Kleitman repeated this experiment with four dogs, and found that so far as their sleeping habits are concerned the dogs became as young puppies, reverting to the primitive polyphasic manner of sleeping almost continually.

So our diurnal cycle is acquired. We enter life as sleepers; for the first few months sleep is the predominant state of existence. Gradually the periods of staying awake lengthen until wakefulness is predominant and sleep is relegated to the hours of darkness. A prime factor in this transition is the cerebral cortex. The cortex of the newborn baby is so meagerly developed that its brain may be thought of as decorticated, like the brains of the dogs from which the cortex had been removed. But with the impact of sense impressions pouring in from the nerve endings, experiences are recorded; new impressions begin to be analyzed in the light of experience; then some sort of action has to be integrated. In these ways the latent cortex is gradually called into service. It develops with use. Under the continual bombardment of sensory impressions it gives the orders to do this and that, the activities that require wakefulness. Thus, by some inner process, sleep is staved off.

In this business of staving off sleep Kleitman recognizes muscular tension as playing the leading role. His men who had been deprived of sleep for two or three days, you remember, had an overpowering desire to sit down. If they sat, they instantly fell asleep. It was by making them walk or talk or sing that the watchers prevented the men from going to sleep, and Kleitman remarks that (apart from drugs) no one has been able to devise an effective means of keeping people awake without making them use their muscles continually.

It is not only in voluntary acts, however, that muscles come into play. A certain involuntary muscle tension is continuously operating during the wak-

ing state. It is this "tonus" that keeps the body up, the head erect, the parts of the human frame from slumping. When that slump comes then sleep sets in.

"The impulses from the muscles are the last to cease," Kleitman points out. "Toward the end of the day, as body temperature declines, muscle tension slackens. A conspiracy of weariness is at work. The brain is tired, the muscles are tired, the temperature is low, and this combination contributes to a state of relaxation. In an emergency the body can still go on; it can be forced to maintain tonus. But in the absence of an emergency, tension becomes difficult. You can no longer hold a book; a pencil between your fingers drops to the floor. Here is where a crucial situation develops. With a low temperature, a gradually decreasing number of impulses assailing the cerebral cortex from the sense organs and, last of all, from the muscles, the critical stage is reached: a functional break occurs, separating the cortex from the rest of the nervous system, including the primitive control center in the hypothalamus.

"Then it is that we go to sleep," concludes Dr. Kleitman, "and I am convinced that this is *how* we go to sleep."

VI

A physical demonstration of the relation of the musculature to sleep may be watched in Edmund Jacobson's laboratory of clinical physiology, a research center in a downtown office building in Chicago. It seems that muscles at work generate electricity, and the electrical output at any given moment is a measure of the tenseness of the muscle. Dr. Jacobson makes use of this in a very sensitive electrical apparatus which was developed with the assistance of engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. As a subject lies on a couch, with two platinum-alloy electrodes attached to opposite ends of a muscle of the face or arm or other part, and connected by wires through the amplifier to the measuring device, the vibrating shadow of a wire indicator falls on the galvanometer scale. The amplitude of the vibration is a measure of the magnitude of the current flowing from the muscle, and so of the muscle's tenseness. As the muscle relaxes, the quivering shadow on the scale slows down, grows narrower, more steady. Finally it seems to stand still, a thin strand. When that occurs the muscle is said to be completely relaxed—and it often happens that when this stage is reached the subject has fallen asleep.

During each act of thought some muscles become tense. Jacobson explains in *You Can Sleep Well* how this comes about; and in the laboratory he has demonstrated the fact by measuring the electrical output generated by a muscle when the subject merely thinks of some act that if performed would call that muscle into play. "Careful studies show that when you say anything 'in your mind,' your lips and tongue and other speech organs are working in a definite way as if to say the very words," he explains. Similarly with the muscles of the eye: when you think of a physical object, a building, a person, your eye muscles contract as though to perform the act of looking. And so he counsels, "When you want to go to sleep at night, but fail because your mind is overactive, cultivate relaxation of the external muscles, all over your body. Let the eye muscles and the speech muscles relax completely, even for brief periods. Then you will fall asleep. You will continue to sleep, and soundly, so long as they do not become too tense."

The question has been raised in a medical magazine whether or not complete muscular relaxation can be attained at will. Dr. Jacobson believes that it is easily possible, and he has developed a system of progressive relaxation which he has widely taught, and it is undoubtedly true that many insomniacs and other nervously tense men and women have benefited by using his methods. Representing another point of view is Franklin G. Ebaugh, of the Colorado Psycho-

pathic Hospital in Denver, who is "inclined to believe that such relaxation is as difficult to induce as sleep itself."

Whether we may consciously "will" ourselves to relax or can only "allow" sleep to come, there is no question that the insomnia load may be considerably reduced by courting quietude, foregoing excitement, and letting go of the day's business. "I find that if I am going to sleep at 10:30 or 11, I can't work very much in the evening," said a specialist in nervous diseases who knows by personal experience as well as by professional practice what the complications are. "Nor can I spend an exciting three or four hours at bridge, and then expect to drop off to sleep at midnight. The situation is analogous to that of the man driving a car who sees a red light ahead. He can slow down and coast to an easy stop, or he can keep his power on and then at the last slam on the brakes. The barbiturates are the brakes."

"I have found that the most important rule is to keep the mind off of subjects that require action or judgment," said another victim. "If I can fix my thoughts on scenery, call to mind outdoor places, I can go to sleep. Sleepiness comes in waves, and sometimes if a man will read until the wave of sleepiness engulfs him, or if he will turn out the light and not think of anything connectedly for sixty seconds, he will be asleep."

Many persons find a warm bath a helpful sedative. In the mental hospitals water therapy has become one of the most reliable technics for the treatment of insomnia—Ebaugh calls it "one of the soundest and most practical adjuncts to the treatment of insomnia. It allays tension and promotes relaxation, permitting sleep to take place." In hospitals special equipment has been developed to increase the effectiveness of the water treatment. The patient is put to bed in a hammock which is swung in a large tub, with an inlet pipe bringing a constant supply of heated water, an outlet providing for the overflow, and a thermostat set to hold the water temperature constant—say at 99°F. The patient lies suspended in this bath, sometimes many hours, in cases of extreme mania for a night and a day, and sleeps. Sponging, the warm wet pack, the cold wet pack, the needle shower, and the Scotch douche are also helpful in quieting nerves, relaxing muscles, and promoting sleep.

When all is said, it must be recognized that every one of our systems and devices for invoking sleep is empirical, pragmatically accepted because it works, and not because we understand why. Indeed, as we have seen, even so specific a thing as a hypnotic drug, with its exactly standardized structure, works differently with different human bodies—and we don't know how it works in any instance. Even if it be true that natural sleep comes through muscular relaxation, we are still to discover how muscular relaxation occurs. Its underlying mechanism, like that of all other biological processes, must be chemical. And the ultimate chemisms we do not know, despite our groping speculations of blood calcium, of the parathyroidal control, of the other mysterious endocrinal messengers which course their ways through the body.

Perhaps the most generally useful formula of our present therapy for sleeplessness is the wisdom which Crichton-Miller quotes from Hutchison: "If the patient can be got to snap his fingers at the insomnia, it will often disappear." This, as a I understand it, doesn't mean a devil-may-care attitude. The point is that finger-snapping and anxiety are incompatible bedfellows, and the presence of the one inhibits if it does not banish the other. The supreme need of the chronic insomniac is confidence.

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THE WAY THE LUCK RUNS

A STORY

BY IRA WOLFERT

THE two fermented apple pies I had had for breakfast had been pretty filling, but that had been a long time ago, and this fellow looked like meat to me. I thought that when the time came I'd make a play for a feed.

I waited for him to talk himself out while we rolled along in the cool of the evening. Yes, sir, that's when it was, in the cool of the gloaming. He was a thin little pale man with a natty mustache. He looked like a brushed-up clerk, but I guess he was a cigar salesman. He had a brief case and a pile of cigar boxes in the back of the car. His face looked soft. When he put a scowl on or acted hard you could see the weakness quavering under it. I thought, "My luck's going to change now. He's good for meat and potatoes."

That seemed to me so sure, it made me feel rested and I could look out the window and notice the time of day and enjoy seeing that it was getting on into evening. My luck needed changing. It had been needing it since two weeks after I ran out of money and a job in Logansport and the landlady locked me out.

The landlady met me at the door when I came in and told me she wouldn't let me into my room until I paid what I owed. I had to think fast. Everything I owned that stood between me and being a bum was in that room. I asked her if she'd be so kind and sweet and obliging as to let me go upstairs and copy off my stepmother's address. My stepmother wasn't anything to me. She had been married to my father four months when I lit out on my own and I saw her only once after that, a year ago at my father's funeral. A fellow from home, whom I met on a job in Dallas, told me about her new marriage and I wrote down her address, figuring some day maybe I would write to her. Well, it was something to think of as an excuse to get into the room. Once I got in there, I figured, I'd be able to get some of my clothes out under my shirt and in my pants.

But the landlady went upstairs with me and stood there watching me. I said, "Can I take my shaving stuff too, because you can't get anything selling it, and maybe an extra shirt, one of the old ones. I'll leave all the rest." She let me take the shaving stuff. "I can't help myself," she said, "I got to eat too." "That's right," I said. "All God's chillun got to eat." "I don't run a rooming house because I enjoy it," she said and I said, "Guess that's the trouble with all God's chillun. They got to eat every day in the week, three times a day."

When I was out in the street and started thinking what I was up against, I got scared. I didn't have a dime. I could push my hands into my pockets clear down to the seams without touching anything. My stepmother's address was the only thing I had. Finally I figured out that I'd be better off beating my way back on the road instead of hopping a freight. I thought, on the road you can

pick up food and you're meeting people all the time and you might just talk yourself into a job and not have to go to Harrisburg at all. Well, that shows how much I knew, six days ago, back there in Logansport.

I had luck getting across Louisiana. I suppose I should have headed north, but the rides were all going east and south. I took them as they came and I figured it was all right because I didn't have an overcoat anyway and the North was likely to be cold in November. But when I crossed the line into Mississippi I started to learn things—about vagrancy in the back country meaning thirty, sixty days on the chain gang or meaning running the gauntlet through a bunch of farmers out back of the jail, everybody taking slugs at you and having a fine time breaking the blood out of you and the sheriff coming up at the end and giving you a root in the pants and saying, "That's a sample, anytime you want more just come back." I guess they have to be tough in the winter or they'd have every bum in the country on their necks, stealing whatever is loose. Keep moving, keep moving! As long as you keep moving on through they let you alone.

In country like that you're no ant at a picnic. You're afraid to ask a fellow for a handout because that would show you're a vagrant and you just keep moving, keeping the cops off you by sticking to the highways and making out you're not interested in anything except getting some place else.

It didn't get real bad until last night when I went to sleep hungry in an oak patch. I woke up in the middle of the night with my stomach so raw and hot from hunger I couldn't sleep any more. I guess it must have been one or two o'clock when I woke up. It must have been three or four hours that I lay there in the oak patch waiting for sun-up. I waited because the fellow who walks an Alabama road at night, when there is no chance to grab a ride, is going to get picked up sure by one of those cruising cops. I drank water out of a brook to fill my stomach up with something. It was that muddy red water that tastes warm and slimy and makes you feel you're licking a frog. I drank so much of it that it hurt me inside to stand up. But it didn't help the hunger and I just lay there with my belly all swollen with water and hunger.

When the day finally came I walked the couple miles into Dothan and went round to the back of the hotel there into the kitchen. A sleepy-eyed nigger was crisping bacon and had a pot of coffee going and there was an aroma that made my mouth water so much I had to swallow several times before I could say a word. He gave me the two fermented pies.

I asked the nigger, "Can you spare a cup of coffee? Just black, I wouldn't want sugar or milk," and he told me no. "Hear white trash talkin'," he said. "Maybe he wouldn' want some po'k sossages y'either, no-suh." They throw out fermented pies, but I guess they never throw out coffee.

Well, I looked all set for to-night anyway and I could stop thinking about getting hungry and about being afraid to ask for something to eat and that what happened last night was going to happen again to-night sure as hell is hot. I could sit back and enjoy the ride and enjoy sitting side by side with this fellow, in the same car, bouncing over the same bumps, looking at the same stretch of road, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, almost like I was a member of the family and there was nothing between us but the same thoughts.

All the same I couldn't forget for long that he was in the driver's seat and I was just something he had picked up. He had seen my thumb and put on his brakes and pulled to the side because he had no radio in the car and was lonely for something to talk to. I went running along the road after him, head down, running hard because I didn't want to inconvenience him.

"You going to Valdosta?" I said. I had learned that much. I had learned it's always good at the start to make it look

as if you're heading somewhere definite.

"Past there," he said.

"Well, that's fine," I told him. "I'm going past there too."

He kept talking how 1938 was just 1930 all over again only people didn't have so much fat under their belts now as then and scared more easily and I kept telling him, guess you're right all right, and kept thinking it did me good to hear him talk. Even if he was singing the blues, it was good not to be listening to myself thinking, "If only I passed a field with something growing in it besides cotton stalks, if only somebody dropped something on the road, a camera or a pair of eyeglasses or a fifty-cent piece or a twenty-dollar bill."

After a while he was beginning to run down and I picked a silent minute and said, "Say, do you know where a fellow can get something to eat around here?"

"Eat?" he said, "eat?" Like it was something he had never heard of. "I'm not stopping anywhere if that's what you want to know. You can get out at any of these bar-b-q's, but I can't wait for you. I'm in a hurry."

He had got the idea all right. I could tell by the way he stiffened up that he knew I was trying to touch him for a feed. I didn't say anything. I wasn't going to press the point in chain-gang country and he kept looking straight ahead, his body stiff, his face set hard, the weakness quavering on it under the scowl. I knew he felt I had pegged him for a sucker because he had stopped to give me a ride. He was sore that I should think he was an easy mark.

I hoped he'd start talking and get back to where he felt comfortable again and let me ride with him into Valdosta at least. But after a few minutes he said, "I'm turning off here. You better stick on the main road." I knew how he felt. I had been in the same boat myself—sore and ashamed and not seeing any way to climb down.

"Thanks mister," I said, but he was still hot and he only nodded at me from a stiff neck and did not turn his head. I watched him go straight on down the highway, making no turn, and I said, out loud slowly, "Mister, you stink."

There was some kind of luck running my way anyway. I didn't have to walk long. Two niggers came along in an empty truck. They were going to Waycross.

A fellow once told me, long ago, when I didn't need to know, when I had money in my pocket and keys and nothing to worry about except what a mutt the boss was or what to do on Saturday night, that you can always tap a nigger for something. He said it made a nigger feel important to help out a white man. But, I thought, what's the use asking these fellows and taking a chance of getting kicked off. They didn't look as if they had anything anyway and Waycross was a big town, almost as big as Dothan. I had a chance there.

I told myself I'd catch a freight. The hell with this bumming along the road. I'd just sit in the freight and think how hungry I was for two days or maybe two nights and two days. But at least I'd be moving and have the feeling I'm getting somewhere to the end of all this fast. I wouldn't be walking along cotton patches or bare orchards thinking what I'd be having if this was Indiana or Virginia or Maryland or Pennsylvania. There would be no more of this being afraid to stop in the daytime and being afraid to go in the nighttime because that would get the cops on you and no more of this thinking about the cars going by with money inside them and the smell of frying from the bar-b-q stands and a fellow driving by with a toothpick in his mouth and grease on his lips and a girl coming by drunk, singing, with maybe two dollars' worth of liquor in her at bar prices. She'd poured enough liquor down her throat to buy me a week's worth of pork chops.

We got to Waycross about ten o'clock, which was more luck for me. Supper trade was over and you always had a chance for a handout from a restaurant. If they wanted to they'd give you the

stuff they knew they couldn't sell any more and that would spoil by morning, a bowl of soup or something. Anyway, I heard that somewhere. Knocking around from job to job, I heard tell of so many things that keep coming back to me, it seems like I must have been training to be a bum all my life without knowing.

The first place I looked into was too crowded. There were six or eight people sitting around eating. I didn't want to make a show of myself. The next place there was only a fellow and his girl sitting over a cup of coffee, looking at each other like they were something to eat, and the counter-man sitting on a stool by the cash register, reading a paper. The Waycross *Journal-Herald*. He was turned to the comic page. He was a nice-looking young fellow, a blue-eyed, black-haired Irishman with wet lips and rosy cheeks. He had only one arm.

"Mister," I said in a low tone of voice. He looked up startled. "Have you got any work for me to do?"

His mouth was open and the fright had gone out of his face. "That's all taken care of," he said. He was trying to keep his face emotionless and I thought suddenly, he sure looks plenty dumb.

"Sweeping up," I said, "dishes, laundry work, polishing the silver."

"No," he said, shaking his head slowly, "that's all taken care of."

"For a bowl of soup or a piece of fish or something that you're going to have to throw out when you close anyway."

"All taken care of," he said.

He was looking past me, beyond my shoulder, trying not to see me. Well, you dumb oof, I thought, just because you started saying no, can't you change the record? I would have to pick a guy whose first instinct is to say no to anything that comes up unexpectedly. But, that kind of guy is all right if you play him right, if you can hang around long enough to give his mind a chance to get used to what you're asking.

"I could empty the garbage for you or burn it," I said, "or maybe chop some wood. Do you burn wood in the kitchen?" He looked like a nice fellow. He really looked nice. I talked very slowly and I thought if I just stand in front of him long enough he'll melt down.

Then I noticed there was someone alongside me, looking me up and down, and I turned around and saw it was a cop. I felt sick. I felt the hackles rise at the base of my skull. I started to walk past him. I got a couple steps toward the door and he said, "Wait a minute." I wanted to run. I thought "I'll break through the door. How many steps to the corner and around it and out of sight? But the cop'll be after me and then what?"

I stopped and he came toward me slowly, looking me up and down, his fat red face fixed and his small eyes rising and falling in his head and then fastening on my face. "Where you come from, boy?" he said.

"Valdosta," I told him.

"You don't talk like a Georgia boy."

"No, sir," I said. "My family hasn't been in Georgia very long."

"Your family," he said, "who's your family?"

"My pa and ma and my sister Jenny, and her husband and their boy, my nephew. He's three years old."

"Where do you live in Valdosta?"

"On the highway, on number eighty-four, just back in from that bar-b-q stand nearest to town."

I thought the minute I said it, that was a mistake. It came from getting too confident. If he asked me what bar-b-q stand, I was licked. But he wasn't so quick on the uptake. He was just a dumb cop and all he did was keep plodding along.

"What you doing here?" he asked.

"I wanted to see what Waycross looked like," I said. "I hitched a ride in and I want to get back home to-night or tomorrow morning early. I haven't got the fare back or the price of supper and I thought if I did some work in here he'd give me a bowl of soup."

"Hitched?" he said. "That ain't Georgia talk."

"No, sir," I said, "my family just come into Georgia not long ago from Harrisburg, Pa."

He asked me a lot more questions and I answered him and he thought over the answers and at last he said, "Listen, boy, we don't bother your kind as long as you keep moving."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You're a nice looking fellow," he said, "and I don't want to have to lay this across your mouth." He touched the butt of his gun.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I don't want any trouble. All I want is to get home."

"All right, git."

"Thank you, your honor," I said and went through the door, the fellow and his girl watching me, that one-armed counter-man watching me and the cop watching me. I felt more like a plain no-good bum than I had ever felt.

I went along for a few blocks, taking every corner until I thought I had lost the cop. Maybe they got a mission house in this town, I thought, maybe they got a Salvation Army, but how am I going to find out, who am I going to ask when anybody at all that you stop in the street is likely to feel, "We got to be rough on bums or they'll be loading us down all winter; we got to keep 'em moving"? Besides, this town looked too small for a mission house. I don't care, I thought, I'm not going to go through anything like last night again if it costs me the rest of my life on a chain gang.

While I walked looking, seeing the drugstores, seeing people eat ice cream and sandwiches and a man chewing a bar of candy, I kept thinking about this one-armed fellow and how he had a job and plenty to eat. Any time he wanted, I thought, he could fry himself a hamburger or dish himself a bowl of chili and eat so much, any time he felt like, that his belt would cut into his belly and he'd have to loosen his pants. God Almighty! I'd give up an arm for that kind of life, I thought. What good is an arm if you haven't got a fork to lift with it? I'd give up two arms and my legs too. If I just kept getting enough to eat, I wouldn't want to walk any more. I wouldn't want to do anything.

I couldn't imagine any kind of life better than just lying still waiting to get hungry enough to eat. Meat and potatoes, that was the stuff. Oatmeal and eggs and ham steak and pancakes and sausages for breakfast, meat and potatoes and soup for lunch, meat and potatoes and soup for supper and maybe you would feel like eating some more in the middle of the day and you would just fry up a hamburger and onions for yourself on a soft roll with warm gravy all over the roll, dripping on your fingers, or maybe break open a can of salmon or beans and then, before going to bed, cold chicken leg with some cold boiled potatoes, putting salt on them and just tossing them into your mouth whole and all cold from the icebox. I'd give my eyes and my ears and my arms and legs to live a life like that.

I saw another eatery and I started looking in to size up the joint, when I noticed a car pull up and looked around and there was the cop sitting there looking at me. "Hello," I said. I tried to smile at him. It was kind of funny, Mr. Jinx riding around after me in a car. But he didn't smile back and I began to walk again, down the street, at a good fast pace. I could feel gas blowing up my stomach and I thought, that's fine, at least I got something in there. And I could feel the skin riding up and down my ribs as my arms swung.

I knew I'd have to go out of town now and sneak back later for a freight, but every time I thought of last night and living through two nights like last night in a freight, I got so scared I felt weak. I was in a row of private houses, all dark, and I thought, I'll just have to take a chance, that's all. The way I felt then, ten years on a chain gang couldn't add up in suffering to another night without food.

There was one house with a "tourists" sign on the lawn, a brick house, and I walked around the back, up a few wooden

steps, and rang a bell. The bell worked. That was a good sign. When a house is kept up so well even the back bell works it means there's money in it.

I took my hat off. I could feel my head pounding and echoing and making a surprising amount of noise in this still, dark, backyard world. I stood there a long time, tasting a sweetness in the air, feeling the back of my neck grow cool where wet hair touched it, seeing the cracked white paint on the door. It was so quiet there. I could even hear the cool, sweet breeze go through the air like breathing. Finally there came steps, not rapid, slow, timid, and a high rattle of a voice said, "Who's there?"

"Meat 'spection service," I said. I said it fast so she couldn't understand the words and would think it must be something official and open the door.

"What?" she said.

I had a sinking feeling. I couldn't talk through a closed door. I couldn't holler into all this silence that I was hungry and wanted something to eat. "Emergency service, ma'am," I said. I tried to make my voice sound official and disinterested, but it came out all ragged.

"What do you want?" she said. "I didn't send for anybody." She sounded frightened.

I made my mistake not going around to the front like a tourist. Then she'd have opened the door and I might have had a chance. "I want something to eat, ma'am," I said. "I'll do any work for you if you give me something to eat."

I didn't hear anything for a long time. I thought she was going to pull a surprise and open the door after all. "Go away," she said at last, "or I'll call the police. Coming around here this hour of the night."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "I'll go away. I'm just hungry."

But she hadn't waited to hear me. I could hear her walking off to the front of the house before I started to answer. I went down the steps and along the side of the house toward the street and I saw her standing with the mouthpiece of the telephone covering her lips. A tall, pale, gray, frightened-looking woman, her face wrinkled and soured. Hundred-dollar-a-month old maid schoolteacher, I thought, trying to keep up a big house by taking in tourists and not having much luck in this out-of-the-way neighborhood. Then suddenly it hit me that she must be talking to the police, telling them there was a suspicious character raiding back doors.

I wanted to pick up a brick and throw it right through that nice, clean, shining window, past the nice, white, lace curtains, and crack her skull with it. I even thought how thin her skull looked, the skin on it blued like watered milk, and what that rattling voice would sound like in a scream. Then I wanted just to sit still on the curb in front of the house and when the cops came they'd find me with my head hanging down between my knees and they'd say, "This guy is just pooped out, that's all." But, I thought, maybe they got a gauntlet in this town. Maybe they give vags six months on the gang. Maybe they'll work me over and try to get me to own up to every unsolved job of thieving and stabbing and raping in the neighborhood for the last thirty years.

No, I thought, no! I started to run. I came out on the wide, dark, empty street and ran desperately on tiptoe. Then I got hold of myself. "What's the best thing?" I thought. "Think of the best thing to do. If I keep going I'll stick out all over these deserted streets. If I hide, if they find me hiding somewhere, then they'll feel for sure I'm a crook. I've got a minute to do something. Do something! What? What?"

I was around the corner now and I walked up to the front door of the first house that had a light in it and rang the bell. I figured that was my best chance. If I got in, all right. If I didn't, well, at least they'd find me on a front porch and know I couldn't be out stealing.

The bell didn't work. I knocked on the warped frame of the rusty, torn screen door and waited, thinking, I'll tell

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whoever comes to the door just what happened and just what I'm up against and maybe my luck will change. Maybe I'll get a feed out of it. "You poor boy!" I could hear her saying it. "You poor boy!" But she'd have to come fast. Seconds now, seconds now. I could just see that radio car sneaking up, lights out, Mr. Jinx in it. It would be Mr. Jinx. A town like this would have only one cop on car patrol at night.

I pulled open the screen door and rapped on the wooden door inside. It swung open a little bit. I stepped back, frightened. I never expected anything like that. I could see a block of light splitting out from the open door and I heard a deep, snoring sound behind the door, a struggle of breath.

Somebody sleeping, I thought. I knocked on the door as loud as I dared in that quiet neighborhood. Too loud, I'll have the whole town on my neck. "Hello," I said, "anybody there?" I pushed the door open slowly and looked in and in the middle of the room, right before my eyes, a fellow was sitting at a round, bare, fumed oak table, his long, thin body hunched over a cup, his nose stuck almost into the cup, breathing deep, sucking up the fumes. I could smell the sharp, spicy odor of tincture of benzoin.

He was sitting sideways to the door and he never even looked around when I walked in. He heard me. I knew he heard me, but he was past bothering. He kept his face over the cup and sucked up the fumes in long, deep, struggling snores. I once knew a lady who breathed like that when she got an asthmatic attack, but she had an atomizer that she stuck into her nose and worked when it happened. This stuff in the cup was new to me, but I thought it must be asthma because he had a look of such tired intensity. He looked like he thought if he pulled his nose away from the cup for a minute, he would strangle to death.

I walked in slowly and closed the door. My breath came tight. It had given me such a turn to come upon him all of a sudden like that. The house was so quiet I knew we must be alone in it. It began to feel spooky with the clock ticking on the mantelpiece and a cat standing stiff and silent in the corner, staring at me round-eyed, soundless, its back at the beginning of an arch, and this tall, thin dark man with a sunken face, sad and terrified as he struggled for breath over a cup.

I came around in front of him. "I'm in a hell of a jam," I said. It sounded like the wrong thing. What the hell was he in if not a hell of a jam? But I couldn't get used to the idea that he was too sick to worry about me. I felt I had to explain how I came in. "I stopped at that tourist home around the corner," I said, "and asked for something to eat and the lady there called the cops. Now I don't know what to do. I give you my word that's all I did."

He looked at me once in an exhausted, indifferent way and then he turned his eyes downward into the cup. I could see he wasn't even thinking about what I had said. I didn't even know if he had heard me, what with the rasping of the air through his nose and the long convulsive heaves of his chest, but even if he had heard, I was sure he hadn't taken it in.

"I don't want to bother you at a time like this," I said. I looked around and saw that the kitchen was just in back. The tip of the icebox—a nice, shiny frigidaire—stuck out and I thought, "There's cold meat and potatoes in a nice icebox like that. He can't do anything to me. I'll just go around and help myself. He can't move away from that cup. He can't even let out a holler. Here's where I get fed and slip out and the hell with him."

I went a little crazy at the thought of being so close to food. I wanted to get tough with him. I had to hold myself in to keep my voice soft. "Mister, I see you're in trouble," I said. "But I'm in trouble too. I'm starving. I'm crazy with hunger. Can I go in the icebox and get myself something?"

He didn't answer me. He was too in-

tent on his breathing. I felt violently angry.

"You big damn fool," I thought, "don't you know I got you by the short hairs? Don't you know that all I got to do is pull that cup away from your nose and I got you? I can kill you." I felt all choked up with hate and anger. "I'm going to get something to eat," I told him. I didn't know how long his attack was going to last, but I didn't care any more. I walked into the kitchen.

I had just time to open the icebox when I heard heavy steps running up the porch and heard the door creak open. "I don't want to get caught here," I thought. "If that's somebody from the family, I'll come out saying I've been hunting up something to help him. Water, a wet cloth for his head to make him feel easier."

I swung in line with the door and looked out and saw this cop—my Mr. Jinx—standing there with his mouth open, his face stricken, as he looked pityingly at the suffering man.

"You got another attack, Mr. Dunfee?" he said. I stood still, afraid to move, afraid to make a sound by ducking back out of sight. I knew if this cop saw me now, whatever I said I wouldn't be able to talk myself out of it. With any other cop, I might have had a chance, but not with Mr. Jinx. I hoped if I stood still maybe he'd get overcome with decency and back out and go away.

"Mrs. Dunfee gone to telephone for the doctor," he said, "or shall I call one?"

He was a plodder all right, that cop, a big dumb plodder. Mr. Dunfee didn't answer and I stood there waiting, breathing through my open mouth so that the cop should hear no noise because if he lifted his eyes he'd see me. I was right in line with him.

"There's a suspicious character around here," the cop said, after a while, "and Miss Wilson says she saw him go in here." The cop's eyes wavered around the room. Then they landed full on mine and I saw him go gray all over. I saw the blood drain out of his face and he looked as if he was going to keel over from the shock of seeing me standing there in the gloom, silent, open-mouthed, not moving.

I guess I just lost my head. I turned and ran. Four steps to the kitchen door. If that door was locked I'd die. It wasn't. Luck, luck, I had some luck. I tore it open, slammed it shut behind me to give me a little start, and ran down the steps and out across the lawn.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled the cop. I put my head down and ran faster. I ran like a rabbit, going through a hedge so fast I hardly felt it and then he put a bullet into the air over my head. Bam! A big roar of sound driving through the night like a fist.

I stopped short. I was caught now. Breaking and entering. . . . I didn't steal anything. . . . What kind of a story would that Wilson dame tell in court? God knows! Would this Dunfee live until the trial and would he say I had just asked him for something to eat? Would he be willing to tell the truth? Had he heard me say anything? What if he should die now? . . . They'd pin that on me . . . They'd try to make me responsible . . . NO! . . . Breaking and entering, that's what it would be . . . Dunfee saying, "He walked in. I didn't notice him say or do anything. I was too sick to pay attention or think about him." . . . The cop telling about following me around downtown and me lying to him and running away . . . Miss Wilson telling how I used all sorts of ruses to get her to open the door and maybe attack her . . . The Judge saying, "Ten years" . . . seventeen years . . . twenty-five years. On the gang . . . I'd come off an old man, a convict.

I had turned around and I thought all these things while standing there with my hands up in the air, waiting for the cop. I saw Mr. Jinx running toward me, his hard, tight belly jouncing, his face black with exertion and anger, his gun in his hand. There were heads popping out of the windows all around, lights going up, people leaning out to watch. The meanest crook in the world. That's

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me. Caught breaking and entering on poor Mr. Dunfee as he sat dying with asthma. The jury would know about asthma all right.

Then this cop, without saying a word, hit me with the gun right in the face and it felt like all the bones of my face were splintering. I was surprised. I didn't think he was so murderous angry at me. I stood watching him, dazed. I dropped my hands. I didn't feel the blood on my face, but I felt a big drop of it splashing down on the back of my hand and saw him all right, I saw him plain as he lifted his gun high in the air and brought it down hard on my head.

I don't know. When the luck starts running bad, so help me, I don't know. I drew a young judge. He was trying to get ahead and he wanted to say something the Atlanta papers would pick up.

And the warden had the clipping before him when I got up to the camp. " 'The circumstances surrounding your crime,' declared Judge Glover, 'are such as to prove that you are without the most elementary human emotions. Yours was the act of a dangerous beast. I had thought it beneath the meanest thief on earth.' "

The warden looked at me a long time. I could tell that nothing I would say or do would be right. "You try mean stuff up here," he said at last, "and I'll peel your hide with my fingers. Remember, bub, before you start anything mean, we got seventeen years to work on you."

FROM STATE RIGHTS TO STATE AUTARCHY

BY JAMES HARVEY ROGERS

"NOTHING wrong with Texas except entirely too many of us get up in the morning at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, button a pair of Ohio suspenders to a pair of Chicago pants. Put on a pair of Massachusetts shoes, wash in a Pittsburgh tin basin, using Cincinnati soap and a cotton towel made in New Hampshire, sit down to a Grand Rapids table, eat pancakes made from Minneapolis flour spread with Vermont maple syrup, and Kansas bacon fried on a St. Louis stove. Buy fruit put up in California, seasoned with Rhode Island spices, sweetened with Colorado sugar, and pay our bills with a check made in New York. Put on a hat made in Philadelphia, hitch a Detroit mule fed on Oklahoma gasoline to an Ohio plow, and work all day on a Texas farm covered with a New England mortgage, send our money to Ohio for tires, wondering why Texas taxes are $2.75 per acre while Ohio farmers pay $1 tax and drive on paved roads, and at night we crawl under a New Jersey blanket to be kept awake by a bulldog, the only home product on the place, wondering all the time where all the money went in this wonderful State of ours."

In the summer of 1937, while driving west across the South, I came unexpectedly to the Texas border. As it was about dark, I failed to notice a full-fledged customs office until I was hailed by the inspector.

"In Heaven's name what do *you* want?" I shouted.

"What have you got in that rumble seat?" was the reply as I backed up.

"Baggage and a little food," I answered. "But what is it to you?"

"You haven't got it full of Florida grapefruit, have you?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, that's all I want to know," he said, motioning me on.

Five weeks later, returning from Mexico, I found myself again confronted with a Texas customs inspector who, with the co-operation of the United States Customs officials, proceeded—quite unconstitutionally, I thought—to levy a tax on several bottles of West Indian rum which I had with me.

While the concern of the inspector over my possible possession of Florida grapefruit may have been the result of a worthy desire to prevent the spreading of some destructive plant disease, surely the same could not be said of the impost levied on my West Indian rum. The right to control the liquor traffic, I found, was being interpreted to take care of that.

Instead of one frontier between the United States and the rest of the world—as was clearly the intent of the Constitution—we bid fair soon to have forty-eight new frontiers, one for every State, raised against every other State as well as against all the rest of the world.

In international commerce Americans have accepted trade barriers during a large portion of their history. Some have thought, naïvely or in response to prejudice, that protective tariff walls were necessary for the protection of our standard of living. Others have held frankly

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that they aided particular industries—their own. Many people of course have believed otherwise but generally could do nothing about it. Between the States, however, Americans have insisted since the beginning of our national history that there be no barriers. It has long been held—*and rightly so*—that the absence of tariff barriers between the States would promote the general welfare. The authors of the Constitution took this attitude, and since that time few have dared to challenge it.

Nevertheless, under the impetus of depression, it is now argued in some quarters—and logically enough—that if hindrances to outside commerce will enrich a nation, hindrances to internal commerce will enrich our States and our local communities. Pressed with a need for increased revenues, politicians have lent an attentive ear to the proposals for erecting these local fences. Faced with a loss of profits, business men have looked on such obstructions with equal favor as a means of reducing competition. Finally the courts, which, as never before, have come to be regarded as the defenders of the American system, in many cases have added their approval to interstate barriers.

Meanwhile those who see the irreparable damage to our economy as a whole growing out of such restrictions to interstate commerce find themselves in the discouraging position of being unable to do anything about it!

II

The impetus to the growth of these unnatural barriers at this time is not far to seek.

1. State and local governments, just as national governments here and abroad, are desperately in need of additional revenue to meet new demands for relief and other public expenditures at a time when normal revenues have shrunk.

2. Railroads for more than a decade have been losing traffic to motor vehicles, and naturally are out to recover it by any means that they can find.

3. Many local merchants are threatened with ruin by competition from other communities and States, and consequently are determined to reduce to a minimum this so-called "foreign" menace.

All three of these phenomena have given rise to critical situations, the most ready relief from which seems to the suffering ones to be the erection of artificial barriers chiefly in the form of interstate and inter-community taxes.

Added to the above problems and intensifying the first of them, is that of assimilating the ever-increasing number of migrants from one State to another. Because of the depression, of recent droughts, and of the shifting of industries from one place to another, certain local communities and States have been faced with the difficult problems of caring for hordes of migrants from other parts of the country. The resulting additional burden on the already severely strained budgets of States and local communities has intensified their search for additional revenues. And, as with national governments similarly pressed, increasing tariff duties seemed a means of relief, so with State and local governments these barriers promised to help an otherwise intolerable situation. The fact that the administration of these tariffs also provides means of controlling to some extent the interstate migration adds to their attractiveness.

To help solve their tax problems, by September 1937 twenty-six States and seven municipalities had enacted general sales taxes. As a result, people who could tended to buy in tax-free or in low-tax jurisdictions. Also there were attempts to avoid all taxation by arranging interstate sales. Thus local merchants were at a disadvantage and the tax-levying States and cities were losing income.

To stop this leak in their revenues twelve of these States had adopted the compensated *use tax* as a complement to their general sales and gross receipts imposts. These taxes take the form of a levy on the *use* of goods which would have been subject to the sales tax had they been bought locally.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in one of its classic ratiocinations, has upheld the constitutionality of these compensated use taxes. The State of Washington had levied a tax of $18,423.78 on "machinery, materials, and supplies, such as locomotives, cars, conveyors, pumps, and trestle steel, which were bought at retail in other States" and then imported into Washington for use by a contractor engaged in Federal Government construction on the Grand Coulee Dam.

Speaking for the Supreme Court, the late Mr. Justice Cardozo said: (1) "The tax is not upon the operations of interstate commerce, but upon the privilege of use after commerce is at an end.

"Things acquired or transported in interstate commerce may be subjected to a property tax . . . when they have become part of the common mass of property within the state of destination. . . . The privilege of use is only one attribute, among many, of the bundle of privileges that make up property or ownership.

(2)"The tax upon the use after the property is at rest is not so measured or conditioned as to hamper the transactions of interstate commerce or discriminate against them.

"A tariff, whether protective or for revenue, burdens the very act of importation, and if laid by a State upon its commerce with another is equally unlawful whether protection or revenue is the motive back of it. But a tax upon use, or, what is equivalent for present purposes, a tax upon property after importation is over, is not a clog upon the process of importation at all, any more than a tax upon the income or profits of a business."

In establishing a charge for the use of their highways States have found another means of bolstering their failing revenues. Because of the unpopularity of trucks with the driving public, they have become an easy target for such taxation; and on account of the open hostility of the railroads and the railroad brotherhoods restrictions have not been long in developing.

"Consider a picture of barricaded roads and highways guarded by armed men in uniform," says a recent bulletin of the National Highway Users Conference. "Envision lines of travelers awaiting their turn to pass through the required formalities of proving their fitness to enter the country. Observe the arbitrary levying of imposts; the delay, expense, and inconveniences—and, finally, the issuance of the precious clearance certificate.

"Such is the picture of a frontier—not a frontier of Manchukuo nor of Soviet Russia—a picture that is being witnessed along the invisible boundary lines between some of our own States . . . right here in the United States of America."

The growth of such barriers to interstate motor traffic has gone on almost without notice. These barriers take many forms. Often intangible, they are none the less effective. Some result merely from a lack of co-operation between the States in regulating traffic allowed on their respective highways. Certain States have adopted regulations and restrictions with little regard to those imposed by their neighbors.

"Equipment requirements conflict, to the expense and inconvenience of the user," says the bulletin quoted above. "The experience of the Iowa farmer who did occasional trucking for his neighbors is in point. Carrying a load of cantaloupes to St. Louis, Missouri, he was stopped by the Iowa Highway Patrol at Mount Pleasant. There he was forced to install three green clearance lights. Shortly after dark he parked in a Missouri town. Emerging from the restaurant after a hasty supper, he found his newly purchased green lights being torn from the truck by the irate police. He was then given a much-needed lecture on law obedience."

In establishing ports of entry the Sunflower State was the first in the field. With its position as moral leader among the States already secure by virtue of its stand on prohibition and on the taxation of cigarettes, Kansas has again initiated

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a noble reform, in order, we are told, to protect its citizens and its oil producers against bad gasoline made in bad States other than Kansas. On January 1, 1938, sixty-six ports of entry were operated by this State. Kansas highways are adorned with the following sign:

All Trucks Entering Kansas Must
Register at Port of Entry
Penalty $100 Fine.

Under this port-of-entry protectionism, all trucks entering the State are required to obtain proper clearance. Carriers not having a Kansas registration are required to fill out an elaborate form describing the truck and its load and the proposed route of travel in the State. Officials inspect the truck and its equipment to make sure that it meets Kansas requirements, to check for proper insurance coverage, and to collect taxes which vary with the weight of the vehicle and the distance it is to travel in the State.

The Kansas plan has proved contagious, having been adopted in one form or another by Oklahoma, Nebraska, Arizona, New Mexico, California, Idaho, Utah, and Colorado. The plan has been in operation less than five years, and Kansas is now completely surrounded by States which have adopted port-of-entry legislation. To those familiar with tariff history the reason is not obscure.

The so-called bridge or bottleneck States through which interstate commerce is forced either by mountainous terrain or other natural barriers on either side are apparently making successful brigand financial ventures out of these interstate restrictions. There seems to be no limit in sight to these tax rackets of our State governments.

I intend no apology for trucking. Trucks are hard on highways and a nuisance to passenger cars. Lack of uniformity in width, in length, and in lighting makes a menace of these dreadnaughts of the road. The point of importance is not trucking per se, but restrictions to interstate commerce. Railroads pay taxes and so should trucks. Railroads are subject to many provisions for maintaining the safety of the public and certainly trucks should be likewise regulated. But restrictions beyond these —many of them mere façades for obstructing interstate commerce—are vicious, and should be speedily abolished.

III

Interstate restrictions on motor vehicles are not confined to truck traffic or to the transportation of goods. Traveling salesmen, upon whom much interstate commerce depends, are also targets for special treatment.

Anti-chain-store legislation, by placing restrictions on one of the important agencies behind interstate commerce, has further helped internal autarchy. Here again taxation is the most effective weapon. Since 1925 there has been active opposition to chain stores, but it was not effective until the United States Supreme Court declared valid the Indiana Chain Store Tax. This was in May, 1931. Now twenty States and more than fifty cities are enforcing anti-chain-store license taxes. And some of these taxes are graduated according to the number of stores operated in the State. In Michigan, for example, if only one store is operated the annual tax is $10; whereas if twenty-six or more are operated the tax is $250 for each over twenty-five. Moreover, sometimes the graduation is determined by the number of stores operated in other States as well as in the one imposing the tax. And such legislation too has been held constitutional by the United States Supreme Court. As an example of the effect of these laws on retail grocery claims, a recent article in *Fortune* states that "Twelve hundred A & P Stores were closed down last year, while profits declined 46 per cent."

To protect small business from outside competition, Federal legislation in the form of the Robinson-Patman Act was passed in 1936. In February, 1938, Congressman Wright Patman introduced the "Federal Community Preservation Bill,"

sponsored by seventy-five representatives from thirty-three States, which, if passed, will go a long way toward taxing chain stores out of existence.

"Buy at Home" movements appear from time to time and in almost all parts of the country. "Buy New England Made Goods" and "Keep New England Wheels Humming" are familiar slogans in the Northeast. Wisconsin, because it is a great dairy State, proposes that even the needy shall not be allowed to use any substitute for butter and has enacted a law which imposes prohibitive taxes on stores that sell margarine. Nor is this State alone. Many others have enforced similar penalties. A number of States protect home industries in awarding contracts for public works. Several have enacted laws compelling the award of these contracts to concerns within the State, when this can be done without increasing costs.

Finally milk control as a means of protecting local dairy interests is a marvelous example of the use of sanitary and health provisions for promoting internal autarchy. Connecticut, during the early depression years when the price of milk fell to extremely low levels, refused to register out-of-State dairies on the ground that it lacked funds to do so. Now its dairy commissioner may refuse to register farms beyond the State's "natural milkshed," the extent of which is left largely to his determination. Baltimore has forced a strict geographical limit to its milkshed; while New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey dairymen see to it that their State inspectors make "foreigners" toe the line.

"As a result of technological progress in refrigeration, it has become possible for Wisconsin to sell milk in Boston and New York City," says *Fortune*. "The dairy farmer in Massachusetts and New York, however, is already having a difficult time. He complains that the price of milk is already below his costs of production and about eighteen States have endeavored to meet such complaints by giving boards the power to fix the price of milk. The higher a State fixes the price of milk the more attractive does the market become. As a result the prospect of Wisconsin and Minnesota's milk being dumped into the Eastern market is thoroughly as terrifying as the menace of butter from Denmark or cheese from Canada."

Thus under the impetus of depression conditions and under the impact of lobbies supported by powerful pressure groups, State legislators to-day are busily destroying the chief economic basis of our national unity. Certainly it was the view of the framers of our national Constitution that interstate barriers to commerce were to be eliminated. However, the United States Supreme Court—supposedly the chief bulwark of our American system against all enemies—in its dogged attachment to words and to rationalization, rather than to substance, seems to be putting its stamp of approval on the wrecking movement. Thus the chief influence in the unparalleled economic development of the United States and in its usual high prosperity above that in other enlightened countries is apparently on the way to being destroyed.

Simultaneously, as if to make the destruction complete, we are confronted with much serious talk—some of it among staunch Administration supporters—of taxes to be levied by the national government on the products of States with lower wage-levels entering other States with higher wage-levels.

In other words, these vicious internal trade restrictions which, in response to the demands of States and of special interests, have sprung up so suddenly and rapidly in many parts of the country, are apparently in danger of being sponsored and encouraged by the Washington government. Thus, the greatest single obstacle to economic growth and prosperity, with which the world has struggled throughout its history and from which it has managed only slowly and gradually to free itself since the Middle Ages, may be thrust upon us again—as a means of social reform.

I DROVE A WHITE STEAMER

BY ARTHUR H. LITTLE

She was a hybrid, part model 1908 and part 1906.

Her headlights, each as big and as brassy as a cuspidor, burned acetylene that came from a generator mounted on one of her running-boards.

Under way and well warmed up, she yowled, occasionally, with the voice of a banshee. In an insulated region directly under the sit-spots of her forward crew she carried steam at a pressure of 650 pounds to the square inch. Her engine, mounted vertically and forward of her dash, had been modeled after the fore-and-aft compounds that drove our freighters up and down the Great Lakes.

Upon the threshold of each of the doorless doorways that led to her forward seats she carried a brass plate; and the plates proclaimed that this automobile had been "built" by the White Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland.

By 1907, when Old Doc Van Tilburg bought his first motor car, the White engineers had engrafted into the White car's anatomy a new member called the flow-meter. With the flow-meter they "modernized" certain cars of vintage 1906. Forehandedly, they advance-dated their achievement. They called it the "1908 system." And, in their considered opinion, they had just about attained perfection.

Old Doc Van Tilburg came to our house and said to my father: "I intend to buy an automobile. But I've no place to keep it; and I shan't drive it myself. And so, I propose—with your consent of course—to keep it in your barn; and the boy will drive it for me. Of course, I'll pay him."

My father said: "As far as space in the barn is concerned, you're welcome to it. But about the boy's driving for you—well, you'll have to talk with him. From the way he's been pestering me to buy a car I think he'll be willing."

They called me in and laid the matter before me.

I said to the doctor: "I'm ready to start right now."

But first I must meet three stipulations. I'd need to learn to drive. Driving for the doctor must not interfere with my school work—I was in high school. And because I'd be driving, for pay, an automobile not my own, I'd need a chauffeur's license.

Teaching drivers to drive, the doctor explained, was a part of the White company's service. About the school work, I solemnly promised. About the license, Old Doc said he'd write to the Secretary of State in Columbus.

II

She carried steam at approximately three times the pressure that, in those days, strained within the steam-dome of a locomotive; but she harbored no crown-sheet, anxiously waiting to explode. Rather her boiler consisted of a steel tube, coiled into layers; and her feed water flowed downward, layer by layer, toward her gasoline-burning fire. En route, the water "flashed" into steam, which emerged through the lowest layer; and

thence, through the main steam-line it traveled forward, a chained giant, to the engine; and the engine, having tamed it, exhausted it nearly spent into the condenser, whose power-driven pump promptly pushed the resulting water back into the water tank.

It was Art Burnham, a White company coach, who rode with me while I accustomed myself to a throttle that, for reasons best known to the White designers, opened and closed through a left-handed thread.

It was Burnham who, leading a willing pupil into postgraduate work, told me that, rolling downhill, you could slip into emergency gear and, with almost no pressure at all on the foot brake, luxuriously coast. And it was Burnham who failed to make clear that that maneuver, in a steamer, was fraught with the potentialities of surprise.

Later, with Burnham *not* at my side, but with Old Doc himself in massive state in the tonneau, I essayed the trick for the first time at the brink of Oak Point Hill.

A few days before I had found my emergency brake "frozen" with rust; and I had dosed its assembly, as I thought judiciously, with kerosene. The kerosene, as I was subsequently to learn, had soaked into and saturated the brake linings.

And now, before my headlights fell Oak Point Hollow, as mean a drop as you'd find in all the lake country of Ohio; and at the bottom of the hollow rose a hump-backed, jump-up bridge that crossed a lively stream.

Here, I thought, lay an opportunity to show Old Doc a little fancy-work.

Now a steamer lacked a clutch. For heavy pulling in emergencies, the White engineers had built into the rear axle a reduction gear whose operating lever rose from the floor to the right of your legs.

I reached for that lever. I hauled it back. And then, belatedly, there fell upon me the realization that, back there at the crest, I had failed to come to a stop. And now engine speed and road speed refused to synchronize. And down that grade we started, hell-for-leather.

I climbed the foot brake. With the driving gear now wholly disengaged—the foot brake worked on the propeller shaft—the foot brake might as well have been on Mars. I hauled back the emergency brake. With its linings soaked in oil, the emergency brake might as well have been on Neptune. And we picked up speed.

That jump-up bridge at the bottom, I knew, would turn us over, and turn us over quartering; for you approached it through an *S*.

And so I ditched her. I felt her wheels leave the ground, then catch again; and forward, as we ripped into an embankment, rose the sound of falling saplings.

She shuddered; and, at about the same instant that she came to a standstill, I was out, down over her side, clawing at the weeds that rose above her running-boards. In high, dry growth, unless you were to run for your life before she set herself afire and blew up her gas tank, you shut off her pilot light.

Then I opened a rear door. In flight, Old Doc had lost his Panama hat. The jolt, when we vaulted the ditch, had shot him skyward.

He looked dazed. In his rumbling voice, he spoke.

"I think," he said, "that I hit the top."

I doubted it. He weighed three hundred pounds.

He leaned toward me and said, "Look!"

On his shiny cranium, an area the size of a silver dollar oozed blood.

"It seems," I said, "that you've suffered a slight abrasion." I had picked up some of his diction. "It's possible that your head did hit one of the top-bows. There is—eh—some bleeding."

Out came his huge handkerchief. He patted the spot.

"Even in this advanced stage of scientific progress," he rumbled, "motoring never grows monotonous."

III

Nor did it.

For instance, there was the night that

Harry Owen and I undertook to drive home from Sandusky. I had taken Old Doc to a consultation that would last through the night. Harry had gone along for the ride. And, in the cool of the evening, Harry and I had headed eastward for the thirty-mile run.

Maybe somewhere there is a land that is lovelier than the land of my birth, but I haven't seen it. To the north lay Lake Erie, in summer an expanse of blue that, at sunset, became a mirror of gold. And to the south gently rose the ancient ridges, ribbed with vineyards and patterned with woodlands in which, in spring, among the oak and hemlock and black walnut, violets reared their heads and May-apples hid—but not deeply enough—from the exploring fingers of woods-wise boys.

Behind us the sun had set. Ahead lay the darkening east, blue-black, mysterious. And the prow of my craft unreeled a gravel road that ran between rows of poplars, a-whisper with the evening's gossip.

Harry Owen cleared his throat and said: "Detour."

"I *thought* I saw a barrier," I said. "But those damned headlights—"

Back in Sandusky, I had thought to minister to the carbide generator, a copper-bound contrivance whose theory of operation often crossed you up by reversing itself.

As you rolled along on the level the water-drip, which dropped water into a nest of carbide, would go dry and your headlights would die to twin pin-points of flame. Then, *after* you had hit the thank-ye-ma'am and the impact had jarred loose a water-blob inordinately generous, up would come the gas with a hissing rush; and your headlights would flare as do the eyes of a person unexpectedly kicked in the pants.

In Sandusky I had thought about the generator and had decided that, with the help of the moon and the co-operation of the gods of mechanisms, my lights would lead us home. But no moon had risen; and the gods, it seemed, were busy elsewhere.

"It looks," said Harry Owen, "as if we turn right."

"Just a minute," I said.

I climbed down over the side, stepped back to the generator, and kicked it firmly in the thorax.

Hiss-s-s! Up came the headlights.

"Yup," I said. "Right it is."

From the shore road, we swung south. On the hard, gravelly going my tires picked up a tune. I settled into the seat and relaxed.

"Nice," I said to Harry. "Smell that breeze off the lake?"

"Yes," he said. "If only those lights—"

And then that steamer's head end shot upward while her forward wheels hurdled something crosswise of the road. Up she went, and then *slam,* down she came. And we stopped, and I don't mean gradually. We stopped *then.*

"Just sit where you are, Harry," I said, "and I'll see what we're into."

"Sit where I am?" he said. "I'm paralyzed!"

My own impression was that we had found the Immovable Obstacle, punched a hole through its side, and fallen part way into its basement.

I climbed out and looked matters over. Across the road, piled so high that we had plowed a furrow through it, ran what looked like a breastwork. And beyond the breastwork, with my front wheels solidly wedged between its walls, yawned a black, straight-sided trench.

"Not that it matters," Harry Owen said, "but there's a lantern coming."

The lantern came, and with it two men, one the farmer of the nearest farm and the other his hired man. I knew which was which because the farmer spoke as a taxpayer.

"Well, sir," he said to me, "that shows you how the county *does* things. They dug that trench jest today. They've got the shore road tore up too. It's for a drain. Before quittin' time this afternoon they put a lantern on it and fixed up a dee-tour over there on the far side. I guess you didn't see the dee-tour. Well, a few minutes ago, my man here noticed

that the county's lantern had burned itself out, and I says, 'We'll put a light on it ourselves.' And here we are."

I peeled off my duster and gauntlets and climbed into overalls and jacket. The farmer sent his man for a shovel. From the toolbox on the port side running-board I hauled out the jack. Then, from the trench bottom upward, we built two piers—precarious piers of earth and cobbles; and upon these, alternately jacking and blocking, I raised the steamer's head end until the trench sides released her tires. It was close-cramped, sweaty toil.

The farmer said: "There! Now, if you'll back her, we'll h'ist, and she'll pull herself out. Give 'er the power!"

I slipped behind the wheel and reached for the hand-fire. On a White the hand-fire functioned in the manner of a hand-picked Supreme Court, blithely independent of all constitutional checks and balances. Here was a procedure that no instruction book would have endorsed; but my job was to get that steamer out. With her hand-fire open and her engine idling, her steam-gauge pointer swung to the right. I watched it reach 1,050. Then I shut the hand-fire off, closed the throttle, threw the reverse lever into back-up, and slipped into emergency gear.

"And now," I said to the farmer and his hired man—breast-deep, they stood in the trench, one on each side of the car—"you two better stand clear."

"Pshaw!" the farmer said. "Give 'er the power and back 'er out! Ready, George?"

From the other side came the voice of George. "Ready! Give it to 'er!"

I gave it to 'er. I hauled the throttle down; and that steamer's engine churned. Her front end rose—then hung. I heard her drive wheels fight for traction, scrabbling, grabbing, tearing at the road. Then I smelled rubber. In a moment, I'd be shredding those treads to ribbons. . . . I shut off the steam.

As to what happened next, I reconstructed the details later. With a lurch, the steamer sagged forward and downward. Relieved for an instant of the burden that had jammed them upright, our precarious piers had collapsed. And down her head end went, as deeply as it had dived before. And a hardhead lurked on the trench-rim, a hardhead that, on her first plunge, had missed her vitals. But this time she came squarely down upon it; and that hardhead caught her blow-off valve and tore it out by the roots.

Hiss-s-s! Her headlights blazed. But that was nothing!

From beneath her, as 1,050 pounds of steam went screaming out through her rough-torn wound, there rose a sound that slashed and raked that night-drenched countryside as no sound had scarified it since the time when, with the hay fever upon him, Paul Bunyan sneezed and leveled miles of forests.

Here was no mere explosion, quickly and mercifully over. Here poured forth upon the ether a Vesuvian exhalation that, in its thunderous immensity, soon must deaden mortal eardrums as the sun, full-face, must blind mortal eyes. And after a moment, as it hammered at your consciousness, you no longer heard it, but only felt it—felt it in your breastbone and in your spine and in the marrow of your being.

And then the Ohio night, outraged by this offense against its peace and dignity, fell upon this bellowing thing and tried to strangle it; and, chilled by the evening air, what had been an invisible gas, screeching out through a jagged orifice, now became a vapor, then a fog, then a cloud that settled solidly upon us and shut us off from all mankind. And now our headlights, still flaring, shot their rays against a wall of white that shot them back into our faces. And, enveloped in what from the outside must have looked like a phosphorescent hillock of ectoplasm, that steamer roared and roared. . . .

An eternity.

Two eternities.

Then Nature regained her reason. The White had blown herself out. Slow-

ly, the echoes died. The fog dissolved. I looked round.

In the seat beside me Harry Owen sat staring straight ahead. I asked him:

"What became of the farmer and his hired man?"

I poked him and repeated the question. He turned to me and shouted:

"I'm as deaf, I think, as a post! You'll have to talk louder."

I shouted: "What became of the farmer and his hired man?"

"Oh, them?" he shouted back. "Didn't you see 'em go? I did. And if there's some kind of record for a half-mile dash from a standing start in a ditch, then those two have just smashed it to smithereens."

He added: "If you think *they* can still hear, you might try coaxing them back with your horn. I think we'll need them."

I squeezed the horn bulb. After a time, the two came slowly back, one from the depths of the field to our right and the other from the depths of the field to our left. This time the first to speak was the hired man.

"If we'd 'a' knowed," he said, "that she burned dynamite . . ."

That night I did get a horse. In fact, I got a team of horses. The farmer brought them from his barn. And, after an hour more of jacking and blocking, we snaked the White out by her tail, then hooked the team to her front axle and towed her to the farmer's barnyard. With the understanding that I'd return in the morning, patch her up, and take her away—and on that last point the farmer was firm—he took Harry and me in a buggy to the interurban station in Huron.

We caught the last eastbound car. As we settled into a seat, Harry Owen said:

"After this, life'll be so tame it'll seem like living in a vacuum."

IV

Those were stirring days in an industry whose products later were to shrink the continents, but then encountered high adventure on "reliability tours" from Cleveland to New York. On the roads, more or less uncertainly, ran motor vehicles that bore names that later were to disappear, or to become famous—the Popes (Toledo and Hartford) and Duryea, Haynes, Apperson, Packard, Prescott, Knox, Maxwell, Winton, Studebaker—these and the name of one who, in 1905, had paid his dubious respects to a whole industry by advertising: "Don't Experiment—Just Buy a Ford."

On the score of spectacular achievement, it did seem that steam had a future. In the East, at its "works" in Newton, Massachusetts, what had been the Locomobile Company of America was building the splendid Stanley, a steamer so fast that she created the myth—as the White also created it—that no man dared drive her with her throttle wide open. And to the Stanley, that which to-day is forecast as the most revolutionary characteristic of the car of the future was a commonplace: she carried her engine on her rear axle.

In Cleveland White built for Webb Jay, professional daredevil, a streamlined, underslung howler that, with a fine disregard for gender, came to be known as Whistling Billy. As compared with the 650-pound normal pressure in White stock cars, Billy carried his steam, as a matter of routine, at an even 1,200. For the business of getting over the ground with celerity, Billy had been lightened—denied a reverse and deprived of rear springs and differential. To negotiate turns while he was in motion his rear wheels were expected to skid. And, thanks to the 120 pounds of air-pressure that drove his fuel into his air-mixer, Billy's vaporizer howled, not occasionally, but all the time. His fuel tank full, his air-pressure connected, his water tanks loaded, and his driver in the saddle, Billy could run for a maximum of about two miles. Then, for all his racket and for all the dust he had kicked up, he subsided as quietly as if his mainspring had run down.

But between his start and his stop, he did curl your hair!

In 1905, with Webb Jay up, Billy went to the starting line at Morris Park and tore off a flat, oval mile in 53 seconds. Later in the year, on the same track, he ripped off another reverberating mile in 48⅗.

When, in 1907, Walter C. White, then the White company's vice-president, undertook to enter a stripped, stock White in the Wilkes-Barre hill-climb, the worried president of the Wilkes-Barre automobile club wrote him that "it was found that a large number of gasoline entries could not be received were steam cars allowed to compete in the gasoline events," and further that "the contest committee could see no other way to accomplish the greatest success of the meet than to admit the large number of gasoline cars by excluding the steam cars."

Permitted, finally, to enter as a free-lance, White set a new record for the hill, and undercut by a full ten seconds the time established by the fastest of forty-five other cars, all gas.

At Stucky Hill, near Chardon, Ohio, I saw White hang high another triumph. Barred by the rules from competing in any of the established classes, White went up that wicked grade in a time-trial; and again his time swept the field.

The next day the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* reported:

"Although great enthusiasm was shown throughout the whole contest by the 10,000 spectators who lined the course, all were in a great state of anxiety for White; for on his daring ride, the throttle was thrown so wide open that, at times, but two wheels touched the road. It really was a miracle that he controlled the machine; for at the finish the judges were of the opinion that the car reached a ninety-mile-an-hour clip."

And Walter White was to meet death in an automobile smash-up two decades later—not on a track nor in a hill-climb, but on a public highway between his Circle-W estate at Gates Mills and his Cleveland offices.

V

My friends say: "So you once drove a steamer! Well, well! Do you suppose steam automobiles will ever come back?"

If any one development doomed the steamers, it was an invention that gave gas cars a lap of lead that the steamers never overcame. It was the invention, for gas cars, of the electrical self-starter.

Aiming at economical operation as a competitive talking point, White in 1908 bought out a steamer that burned kerosene; and in the following year, overwhelmed by a trend, White surrendered and joined the gas camp. For a decade, the company manufactured passenger cars—and good cars too—propelled with internal-combustion engines, then gave up the private-passenger-car field and went in, exclusively, for gas-driven trucks, buses, and fire apparatus.

Stanley went out of business.

In the interim other steamers appeared, briefly, then disappeared; and no steamer remains.

Yet the automotive industry stirs, intermittently, with rumors that the Stanley, or the White, or some other steamer is to be revived.

The door stands open. Along with internal-combustion engineering, steam engineering has advanced tremendously. Let a present-day inventor find an evaporating medium that will resist freezing—for nowadays an automobile that hopes to survive must run without too much fuss the year round—and let him find a non-freezing medium that will refrain from scaling a boiler's insides, and, for all I know, the road will be his.

But as one who has lived, I hope that he will not refine too much. I hope that, remembering Whistling Billy, he will not deem it necessary to excise the vocal cords. For I should want her to howl as Billy was wont to howl when, in a hill-climb or on an oval track, upstarts dared dispute his right-of-way.

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WE NEEDN'T GO TO WAR

BY NORMAN THOMAS

THERE is to-day in the United States a host of people—including conservative friends of Great Britain, and liberals, and communists—who see in the present conflicts in Europe and Asia a clash of ideologies, a "we or they" of dictatorships and democracies, of fascist and anti-fascist powers. These people call for joint action, economic and, if necessary, military, by the democracies to stop fascist aggression. Until that has been done, they think, there can be no true peace. There is no security, they insist, which is not collective.

That these believers in collective security do, consciously or subconsciously, realize that the policy they advocate probably means war and certainly great readiness for war, is shown by their approval or purely formal opposition to Roosevelt's chauvinistic super-navy; by their support of a policy of keeping American ships and men in the Far Eastern war zone; by their opposition to the Ludlow Amendment, which by giving the people the right to vote on war might make it a little less likely. When the *Panay* was sunk, escorting Standard Oil tankers, the Young Communist League got out a passion-rousing leaflet worthy of Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

Concerning this advocacy of war, whether it comes from the right or the left, the *New York Times* or the *Daily Worker,* certain definite statements can be made: (1) American participation in war is not necessary to the life of the anti-fascist nations in Europe, nor will it crush fascism. (2) On the contrary, the minute America enters war democracy will yield to the totalitarian state necessary for totalitarian war; military fascism (or its equivalent) will win a major triumph. (3) There is no inevitable necessity that will drive the United States into such a war.

I propose in this article to enlarge upon these three points.

1. The danger of fascism can scarcely be exaggerated. But it is not primarily a military danger arising out of the strength of the fascist dictators. The U.S.S.R. alone is superior in natural resources and the size of her army to Germany and Japan. The combined might of the non-fascist nations of Europe is overwhelmingly superior to Mussolini or Hitler, with the Mikado thrown in for good measure. Three prima donnas don't make a chorus. There is no love lost between the members of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo triangle. Hitler scarcely regards the Mikado as the descendant of his Aryan gods, nor can the Italians accept at face value Hitler's assurance that with his soldiers at the Brenner Pass the Alpine boundaries of Italy are eternal. However grandiose may be Hitler's ambitions, it is hard to believe that he will succeed in Europe when Napoleon failed, especially since Napoleon came in the guise of emancipator from the feudal yoke, whereas to all non-Germans Hitler would come only as conqueror.

Military defeat of the non-fascist powers or the internal triumph of fascism within their boundaries can come only

because of internal weaknesses which we can in no way cure by the conscription of our sons again to save democracy. Undoubtedly one reason for British acquiescence to fascist growth in recent years has been Tory recognition that the alternative to fascism is not bourgeois democracy but some sort of socialist rule. One reason France and Britain have been giving Czechoslovakia a backing they refused to Loyalist Spain is the fact that Czechoslovakia is the one bourgeois "liberal" republic in Central Europe in which revolution is not the alternative to fascism.

Actually our government, like the others, will no more enter the war for idealistic reasons than it did in 1917. Gallant idealists may die for collective security as their elder brothers died for democracy, and as vainly. Their government, as is the nature of capitalist states, will have blundered into war for profit and prestige and as an escape from its failure to conquer depression at home. Its victory in alliance with the satisfied powers may curb particular aggressors. Of itself it will remove none of the causes of aggression or of fascism. We got rid of the Kaiser only to get Hitler. We may get rid of Hitler to get what worse foe of mercy and justice? The one certainty is that Roosevelt's war will not cure what Wilson's did so much to cause.

2. The last war almost cost America what liberty she had. Truth and freedom, men sadly observed, were the first casualties of war. The espionage law was the engine of grotesque oppression. The Postmaster General, an economic illiterate, became thought controller, with the result that all leftist papers were crippled or suppressed. The mob did what the police and courts did not. Frank Little was lynched; the striking miners of Arizona were driven out into the desert. America accepted docilely universal conscription for war. And when peace came the war hysteria continued. Mitchell Palmer's anti-red raids wrote some of the ugliest pages of our history.

That war for us was short; the next will probably be far longer and far more costly in life, in property, in terror, and suffering. The world has learned much of the processes of brutalization since 1917; its technic of mob propaganda has made giant strides. The very remoteness, relatively, of America from the conflict will make necessary a more artificial and bureaucratic propaganda of fear, hate, and conformity than in Europe.

In the name of victory over fascism we shall be made to accept all the worst traits of fascist organization—its intolerance, its dictatorship, and its hate. Already the May bill, allegedly blessed by the President, reveals the plans of the War Department for universal conscription and effective censorship—in short, for the totalitarian state organized for totalitarian war. At best the struggle against an American form of fascism is difficult; in war it will be impossible. The Hague idea of Americanism or patriotism will become victorious. Our sons may fight again for "democracy" but it will be the characteristic American Legion conception of democracy raised to the *n*th degree.

3. To all this many reply that in the event of a new world war—which they regard as virtually inevitable—the United States cannot keep out, and that she ought, therefore, to choose the conditions which will make her entry most effective for the conquest of fascism. It is one of the amazing features of current discussion that so often the same people insist (a) that nothing and nobody can keep the United States out of war; and (b) that those unable to restrain their government from war can yet by some miracle guide it in the madness of war to act for revolutionary or idealistic ends!

But to return to the argument of inevitability. War on an even larger scale than is now raging is altogether probable; it is not absolutely inevitable. Popular opposition to major war in Europe, some residual sanity of the dictators, a consciousness of their military weakness, fear of revolution growing out of defeat, or revolt before the outbreak of war; some

economic adjustments—these or some combination of them may possibly save mankind from a new world war. War is indeed the natural consequence of the strife our system engenders, but it does not follow that therefore all nations must enter every particular war. Certainly there is no grim, inexorable fate which will force the United States into war. We have an immense advantage in our historic and geographic position which we have every right to use for peace.

II

Whence arises the likelihood that America will enter a new war? Not from invasion. Even the admirals pleading for a larger navy do not fear that. No one seriously expects the Japanese navy to turn its back on all its troubles near home and steal unobserved across 5,000 miles of ocean through the Golden Gate into San Francisco Bay. Nor will the German navy be altogether free on a moonless night to land an army at Montauk Point sufficient to capture Brooklyn. The entire strength of the Allies could not make good a landing at the Dardanelles against the Turks. The admirals tell us that we should need a navy two or three times the size of the Japanese to win in their waters; the Japanese navy is about three-fifths the size of ours. Only Britain's is bigger, and we are far more likely to fight for than against Great Britain.

It is—as the advocates of the super-navy candidly acknowledge—not primarily our shores, but "our" insular possessions, "our" commerce, our citizens abroad, and —crowning chauvinism worthy of a Mussolini—"our" national policies which require the protection of a gigantic navy. You young Americans may have no job, but a mighty government will protect your share in Guam if necessary by conscripting you. You may not be safe to exercise the liberties of an American citizen in Jersey City, New Orleans, or the share-cropper country, but try Shanghai and see what the government will do for you! Fear of invasion can be written off the books.

So too can a metaphysical necessity such as is alleged to have forced us first into Napoleon's world war and a hundred years later into the Kaiser's. As a matter of fact, we got into the War of 1812 largely because there was no cable to bring in time the news of Britain's modification of her orders affecting American trade. We did not really fight for our maritime interests, which were vehemently opposed to the war, or to impressment of seamen, but because Midwestern politicians saw a chance to annex Florida and lower Canada. We got into the World War primarily to protect a lucrative trade and an enormous set of loans with one group of belligerents. Whether or not one thinks that our government ought to have got in, surely we were not mere pawns of fate.

And so it will be with the next war. We are all too likely to enter it unless we begin now to wage peace. But we shall enter, let us repeat it once more, because we seek economic advantage in a revival of an economic imperialism, or for the sake of a war trade that we believe is menaced. We shall be aided into war by the messianic aspirations of our rulers, by their desire, conscious or subconscious, to divert attention from unemployment at home and avail themselves of war's dreadful but temporarily effective inflation. The propaganda of collective security will be extremely useful to the warmakers. A tendency to go Sir Galahading around the world may help us into war. But capitalist America will not be Sir Galahad. That is not the role of a people almost 70 per cent of whom, according to *Fortune's* survey, oppose a more generous hospitality to political refugees from Europe, and 63 per cent of whom approve Roosevelt's rearmament policy. (Yet other surveys show an overwhelming popular desire for peace!)

Neither is Sir Galahad the role for a President who, despite his Chicago speech on quarantining aggressor nations, was responsible both for an embargo on Loy-

alist Spain which he refused to extend to Germany and Italy, and for a trade with Japan in war supplies and for the purchase of Japanese gold by our Treasury Department on a scale which made the United States Japan's partner in her criminal Chinese adventure. Even under an imperfect neutrality law the President could have lessened that trade without resorting to collective security. Mr. Drew Pearson's colloquy with Secretary Hull and the well-documented statement of the National Lawyers' Guild brought out the fact that, aside from the general neutrality law, there were treaty provisions under which all trade in military airplanes, etc., with Germany could have been prevented. The desire for profit was too strong for government and people.

III

Here is the nub of the matter: Is the stake of the United States and its people in the maintenance or increase of its foreign trade so great that it is virtually forced by economic considerations to engage in it and protect it at whatever cost?

The older idea of the more orthodox laissez-faire economists was that in worldwide free trade lay the hope of both peace and prosperity. Time has in some respects increased worldwide interdependence. It has not increased faith in free trade as the road to peace and plenty in a capitalist world where nations are so unequal in resources and industrial development.

Under the prevailing concepts of capitalism and nationalism foreign trade is not automatically, or as we say, "normally," a peace trade. It is in large degree war trade in a world where war is so usual a phenomenon. Immense profits are made by the sale of munitions and war supplies. It was war which changed the American position from that of a debtor to a creditor nation. Moreover, the mad scramble of capitalist nations for sources of supply for raw materials, markets for surplus goods, and places for investment is in itself a grim struggle of which war is often the natural extension.

This scramble would not be ended if by some miracle free trade could be imposed on mankind. It would not be a trade based on a mutually advantageous exchange of commodities, produced where by reason of natural advantage they can most advantageously be produced. It would be a trade among nations some of which have immense advantages over others owing to the special privileges they have previously been able to arrogate to themselves. It would be a trade among nations in which wages are very unequal. Money wages are not of course an accurate measure of labor costs, but they are an element in them, and if low-wage countries can be industrially disciplined and supplied with modern machinery, the competition does threaten standards painfully won elsewhere. If foreign exports are to be paid for by the exchange of goods and services these considerations are inescapable.

The attempt to sustain a great export trade not thus balanced is sooner or later disastrous. The United States tried it in the 'twenties by extending loans to Germany and other nations out of which they bought American goods and American machinery to make them independent of certain American goods. Then they did not and could not pay the loans. The collapse of a subsidized export trade was one factor in the great depression. Worldwide free trade would tend to lessen these subsidies to the exporters disguised as loans; but in a world where nations are still the absolute units it would do it at the price of imposing new difficulties in the way to internal social planning.

The moral of all this is not support of prohibitive tariffs or opposition to the reciprocal treaties so dear to the heart of Secretary Hull. Properly managed, these reciprocal arrangements can be mutually beneficial, and may somewhat lessen (but not remove) the tensions that lead to war. The world for which we ought to work is a federation of co-operative common-

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wealths with basic labor standards, a common fiscal system, and an allocation of raw materials. The effort at economic self-sufficiency has been costly even in Russia, rich as she is in resources. It has been or will be far more costly in Germany. The cost is greatest and most dangerous in the case of nations so limited in size and resources that self-sufficiency, save on a starvation basis, is a practical impossibility. Hence, let us again remind ourselves, so long as war may dangerously interrupt their trade the stronger and more aggressive of those nations will, like Japan, frankly seek markets and sources of supply of raw materials under their own control.

But the satisfied nations, well supplied with natural resources and potential internal markets, are under no such necessity. For them relative self-sufficiency is to-day the path to peace. Of these relatively self-sufficient nations the United States is the most fortunate. On its continent it has achieved an integration that Europe has disastrously lacked. (That disintegration in no small degree has been due since the time of Queen Elizabeth to the steadfast policy of Great Britain, our potential ally for peace and democracy!)

To say that the export trade of the United States is only about seven per cent of our total does not give an altogether fair picture of its importance to our well-being. But it is suggestive of our lack of dependence upon foreign trade for our economic life. Our relative independence is, moreover, increasing by reason of the work of scientists and engineers in finding substitutes or synthetic products to take the place of certain raw materials like rubber or silk.

Hence, not as the abstract or the ultimate ideal, but as mere common sense in a crazy world, we are to-day justified in turning primary attention to the development of internal markets rather than to a foreign trade fraught with the risk of war, bound up with imperialism, and supported by a fantastically expensive navy. It is the merest common sense to use building materials for houses, not battleships, and to seek relief for cotton farmers by seeing that those who grow cotton can wear it and use it. Charles Beard's *Open Door at Home* and Jerome Frank's *Save America First* * policy have merit as suggesting an immediate program in a world on the verge of war.

At the very least, those of us intent on keeping America out of war insist that the economic compulsion to war can be overcome by two relatively simple economic policies neither of which, as certain advocates of collective security maintain, will require an American totalitarian state or a dictatorship. They are:

(1) The accumulation in advance of reserves of certain raw materials, trade in which might be seriously interrupted by general war. If England can store up food we can store up rubber.

(2) A deliberate concentration on peace trade at home and with nations likely to keep the peace rather than on war trade.

This second point will require the development of a certain degree of planning and a positive ban against the quick profits of war trade. Herein lies the case for neutrality in the sense of *a refusal to supply not only belligerents but prospective belligerents with munitions or the raw material for war.* It means keeping scrap iron as well as monetary loans and bombing planes away from Japan. In the event of war nations should be allowed to purchase on a cash-and-carry plan supplies (foodstuffs being chief) for their civilian populations, on the basis of the five- or ten-year average preceding the outbreak of war. Such supplies may be diverted to military uses, a diversion against which civilians may make a wholesome protest, but such a risk is less than that of American participation in starving babies.

This neutrality policy should be extended to supplies for prospective belligerents clearly designed for war. It

* I do not of course accept Mr. Frank's optimism concerning the possibilities of reformed capitalism in America.

was as ridiculous as it was hypocritical for all nations to arm Mussolini for his burglar's raid on Abyssinia and then clap on inadequate sanctions after he had begun to do what everybody knew he was intending to do. The British and French orders for American bombers bode no good. This war-boom trade is thoroughly bad even if by a miracle no war follows. It puts the prosperity of the nations on such a basis that sudden disarmament would mean economic collapse. A nation like ours, one-third of whose people are ill housed, ill clothed, and ill fed, has other uses for its tools and workers, and those other uses can be provided without the dictator whom war would impose upon us.

I shall be told that the evil of this proposal is that it treats the innocent like the guilty and that it forces the "good" nations to more frantic armament because in an emergency America's doors are closed to them. The argument has some force. There is no royal road to peace; no way that does not involve some choice between evils.

The issue must be judged not in the light of an abstraction, "neutrality," but of our conviction that any progress in democracy or democratic socialism requires that we keep America out of war. It may also be added that there is no great American virtue in letting the du Ponts double their dividends by arming the "innocent," and that even in the world of dictators guilt and innocence are not always so easily judged as in the case of Franco's rebellion or Japan's attack on China. A policy of denying American supplies only to those the government then thought guilty of aggression would probably have expedited Wilson's entry into the first world war.

There may conceivably arise cases where a distinction between guilty and innocent combatants should be made, and where the chance of that exception's dragging the United States into war would be negligible. Of that, however, Congress, not the President, should be the judge. This not because of the superior virtue of Congress, but because in the nature of things it can act only after public discussion and is less subject than any one individual to secret pressures including the messianic complex. At the least, the rule should be a far more comprehensive neutrality than is now written into the law which President Roosevelt so blithely ignores. That conduct cannot be excused by American sympathy with China. In cold fact the President's stand has not helped China as much as Japan, because China gets most of her supplies elsewhere and Japan has had the ships and gold to get them here.

One seeming exception to what I have been saying I should have made in the case of Spain. I opposed the sudden imposition of the Spanish embargo when mine was one of the few voices raised in protest. I supported its removal. Why? Because the embargo was not necessary to keep America out of war; because in point of fact, practically and psychologically, its imposition aided Franco whose own supplies came from the dictators; and because its sudden imposition in the case of fascist revolt against the democratically elected government of Spain was contrary to American precedent and even to a treaty which our government had not denounced. In short, the imposition of this embargo without advance warning seemed to me the greater of the two evils. The insincerity of the government's action on Spain and its dependence on British influence were emphasized by the President's refusal to apply the general neutrality law, after its passage, to Italy and Germany, which were unquestionably waging real although undeclared war on Spain.

IV

A proper foreign policy for America can be summed up by saying: "The maximum possible American co-operation for peace; the maximum possible isolation from war." That principle must be understood in the light of the overwhelming evidence that it is easier to put on the

pressure which will keep a capitalist government out of war than that which will guide it to idealistic ends in war. It is about as logical to expect to use the elements and the formula which make TNT and, by breathing a prayer over them, get an elixir of life rather than a deadly explosive, as to expect to fuse capitalist and nationalist ambitions under the dreadful formula of war and obtain true collective security.

The sanctions most valid against both war and fascism will be international; they will be imposed and enforced not by the armies and navies of rival imperialisms but by the political and economic might of the workers, by consumers' boycotts and strikes against mobilization, and the manufacture and transport of supplies. Workers' sanctions have their difficulties and dangers. Conceivably they can be carried on in a spirit of hate likely to lead to international war. But not necessarily. They may serve as an alternative to such war and as an education in the true internationalism of the great summons: "Workers of the World Unite."

Meanwhile in America the way to keep from war is to keep from the course which logically leads to war. This Roosevelt is not doing. His foreign policy has only one unifying purpose: power for himself to guide our destinies. Of course his policy has not been altogether bad. The Hull treaties, generally speaking, have been good, and the President's own good neighbor policy is an improvement on that of his predecessors. It was not democratically applied when American moral support was so generously given to dictator Battista of Cuba and naval aid to dictator Vargas of Brazil. For a time the Administration used the indefensible silver purchase law to beat President Cardenas of Mexico into some gestures of promising compensation to the foreign oil interests which he expropriated. Mr. Roosevelt deserves credit for resisting the pressure of the British government as well as the oil interests for more aggressive action. He deserves credit also for initiating an international conference in the interest of refugees although he has not as yet sought any modification in the regulations which make the admission of refugees to America so difficult even if they are within the quota limits.

What has not been good was the President's treatment of the London Economic Conference early in his Administration, which first he blessed and then cursed; his big navalism; his support of the War Department's M-Day plans and probably of the May bill to legalize them; his stand on neutrality; his sudden gesture toward collective security in his Chicago speech accompanied by action which has in reality favored both Japan and European aggressors; his general tendency to go along with Britain—only American naval vessels joined the British in opening the Singapore naval base; and his bitter opposition to the Ludlow amendment to the Constitution which would require a popular referendum on the declaration of war.

V

A sound program of opposition to war will insist on clear-cut opposition to all imperialism and to the militarism of the big navy and mobilization bills. It will demand the recall of troops and ships from belligerent zones where no good that they can do is worth the risk they run. It will consent to no alliances, tacit or open, for war in the name of collective security. It will uphold the general policy of emphasis on peace trade, not war trade, which we have discussed. It will favor a popular referendum on the declaration of war.

This last point is one in which I have believed without putting great emphasis upon it. An ambitious or blundering President, I knew, could get us into war declared or undeclared, anyhow. The people as well as Congress may be stampeded into war. A fifty-one per cent vote for or against will not make a particular war holy or unholy. But the nature of the opposition to the Ludlow amendment made me realize a little more fully its po-

tential usefulness for peace and certainly for democracy.

The President led the chorus in declaring that the idea was repugnant to representative government—this in a country where most States require popular approval of bond issues. Is not a blood tax equally worth reference to those who must pay it? Others insisted that there would be no time for a referendum. Actually, a referendum by the aid of radio and electric recording devices could be put before the people and voted upon speedily. Still other critics declared that the amendment would paralyze American diplomacy and tie the hands of the executive. This was the worst argument of all. It is an insult to the resourcefulness of the executive and his leadership. Those who hold that a popular referendum would in some degree tie the hands of the President simply—probably correctly—argue that Congress is more easily stampeded, more truly the puppet of the President in foreign affairs than the people. In which case what becomes of the argument about our "representative" government which makes the referendum unnecessary?

For these reasons there is value in a referendum before the declaration of war. It is of course no panacea. But it is democratic. If men can't be trusted to vote on the wars in which they would be conscripted to kill and to die, what can they be trusted to vote upon? Are we not in the name of democracy yielding our front line trenches to fascism?

On any President, even the best, the temptations of power or of the role of savior of the world, or of escape from the nagging problems of depression at home by the temporary inflation of war, must at times be very great. The traditional policies which in a sense every President inherits are policies which logically lead to war however sincerely President and people may protest their love of peace. Woodrow Wilson did not betray the people. The policies which by good luck had not yet brought us to war in 1916 brought us to its verge in 1917. In general these policies had been approved by public opinion. The President went in. Unquestionably Mr. Roosevelt would do the same sort of thing under similar circumstances. That is why it is a matter of such profound concern that, as Mr. Hubert Herring in his book *And So to War* impressively maintains, Mr. Roosevelt by the spring of 1938 had gone farther in six months toward war than Mr. Wilson in two years.

I have dwelt on the possibility and the importance of keeping America out of war not because it is the end of the road, the goal of our ambition. What we want is to put war out of the world. In a world in which recurrent war is to be expected there is no room for the triumph of true democracy or true socialism; only for a set of garrison states in whose conflicts civilization if not mankind will perish. Possibly a general war in Europe might break, for a time at least, the power of fascist dictators. I am not sure even of that compensation for its horror and suffering. War in the United States would instantly impose that yoke upon one hundred and thirty million people. It would destroy a great haven of sanity, a potential place of refuge for the oppressed. It would hasten, not check, the penetration of Latin America by fascist ideologies. It would weaken and delay the development of working-class sanctions against both war and fascism.

The supreme reason for keeping America out of war is not, however, our own safety. That, also, is an honorable cause. But the supreme reason for peace is the fact that only in an America spared from war can we develop for ourselves and for mankind the new technics of conflict against the system which breeds poverty, tyranny, and war, without the wholesale murder, the mass insanity, and bitter frustration which are war's inescapable heritage.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

It was a fine clear day for the Fair this year, and I went up early to see how the Ferris wheel was doing and to take a ride. It pays to check up on Ferris wheels these days: by noting the volume of business one can get some idea which side is ahead in the world—whether the airborne freemen outnumber the earthbound slaves. It was encouraging to discover that there were still quite a few people at the Fair who preferred a feeling of high, breezy insecurity to one of solid support. My friend Healy surprised me by declining to go aloft; he is an unusually cautious man, however—even his hat was insured.

I like to watch the faces of people who are trying to get up their nerve to take to the air. You see them at the ticket booths in amusement parks, in the waiting room at the airport. Within them two irreconcilables are at war—the desire for safety, the yearning for a dizzy release. My *Britannica* tells nothing about Mr. G. W. G. Ferris, but he belongs with the immortals. From the top of the wheel, seated beside a small boy, windswept and fancy free, I looked down on the Fair and for a moment was alive. Below us the old harness drivers pushed their trotters round the dirt track, old men with their legs still sticking out stiffly round the rumps of horses. And from the cluster of loud speakers atop the judges' stand came the "Indian Love Call," bathing heaven and earth in jumbo tenderness.

This silvery wheel, revolving slowly in the cause of freedom, was only just holding its own, I soon discovered; for farther along in the midway, in a sideshow tent, a tattoo artist was doing a land-office business, not with anchors, flags, and pretty mermaids, but with Social Security Numbers, neatly pricked on your forearm with the electric needle. He had plenty of customers, mild-mannered pale men, asking glumly for the sort of indelible ignominy that was once reserved for prisoners and beef cattle. Drab times these, when the bravado and the exhibitionism are gone from tattooing and it becomes simply a branding operation. I hope the art which produced the bird's eye view of Sydney will not be forever lost in the routine business of putting serial numbers on people who are worried about growing old.

The sight would have depressed me had I not soon won a cane by knocking over three cats with three balls. There is no moment when a man so surely has the world by the tail as when he strolls down the midway swinging a prize cane.

Secretary Wallace thinks the farm income this year will be about seven and a half billion dollars, which is about twice what it was in 1932 but which will hardly pay me for my time even so. Since coming to live on the land I am concerned with all such reports. From a limited experience with farm operation, I should call seven and a half billion dollars scarcely enough to pay off the farmers in a dozen States. I should estimate that the farm income, with or without crop control, would have to be about a hundred times greater than it is to make it worth any man's while to work the land.

For example, let us consider my one remaining turkey. She is all that is left of a brood of six. Three were victims of a liver disorder, two were foully struck down by a weasel. This surviving bird, in order for me to turn her over at a profit, would have to be sold for somewhere in the neighborhood of four hun-

dred and fifty dollars. This is a conservative figure which I shall itemize presently. I have been keeping books on the bird and know what I am talking about. Of course my turkey and I constitute a branch of farming which the Secretary of Agriculture does not necessarily take into consideration, either in his national planning or in his cost accounting. Yet we are part of the rural scene these days; our ilk is increasing and must eventually be taken into account. I suppose Mr. Wallace looks upon my sort not as farmers but as middle-aged eccentrics; but here we are. By no means all of America's soil to-day is tilled by practical people doing things in a sensible way.

I remember the early days of the New Deal—those exciting days when Washington buzzed with its newfound idealism and there was a young thinker behind every bush. There was, naturally, a lot of talk about Wallace then, and he was around at tea parties. The thing everyone told you about him was that he was "a mystic." I hadn't been in Washington ten minutes before I learned that the Secretary of Agriculture was a mystic.

The news was part of the strange excitement of the town. I didn't quite catch what it signified, or whether it augured well or ill; but I am beginning to realize at last how valuable the mystical temperament might be in farming. I intend to develop it for my own preservation; but for the present the figures which I shall give about my turkey will be those of a realist—a waning realist, let us say.

Hatched June 19th, the turkey is a Bourbon Red, one of those beautiful, cocoa-colored birds with white tail feathers and a fine sense of catastrophe. This one is rather pindling for her age, for I've been busy this summer and haven't pushed her along. Her account figures up about as follows:

Cost of egg	$ .30
Cost of gas to place where I got egg	1.20
Remodelling chimney of dwelling house on property, $800.00. Share chargeable to turkey 1/10th	80.00
Corn for broody hen	.25
Growing mash	$ 1.25
Scratch	1.30
Hired man's time feeding, watering, etc.	20.00
My time, puttering, reading bulletins, vacillating, whipping off dog, spreading oilcloth over pen, rearranging hopper, setting skunk trap, at estimated hour basis of what I might have earned by putting my time to better advantage	168.40
Pair strap hinges	.15
Installing low-presure steam heat in dwelling house so we can survive in this climate on Thanksgiving Day $1300.00. Turkey's share 1/10th	130.00
Total	$402.85

Now there is my bird in black and white. The figures of course are open to question, and there would be plenty of people (dreamers like Henry Tetlow, for instance) who might quibble with them. I am attributing one-tenth of my heating and remodeling expenses to this turkey, which is just a guess. It would seem conservative, for the bird certainly had a great deal to do with my settling down here. The item of $168.40 is also part guesswork, as there is nothing harder to estimate than a writer's time, nothing harder to keep track of. There are moments—moments of sustained creation—when his time is fairly valuable; and there are hours and hours when a writer's time isn't worth the paper he is not writing anything on.

This turkey, although a mediocre and backward bird, is of profound interest to me and a highly significant thing in my life. She runs with some young bantams, and will presumably develop blackhead before Thanksgiving, if the government pamphlets are correct; but she is my bid for security. The world being in an unusually disturbed condition, the desire for security, whether we respect it or despise it, has grown quietly in all of us, even in the young. I read the other day of a meeting of Youth—I forget where—and "security" was a dominant note in the resolutions which were passed. This is a new thing, and I fear unpromising.

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Young people have never bothered much about security, they have traditionally gone after adventure, romance, and derring-do. Now they are holding out their arm for the branding iron, surrendering their free selves to an illusive certainty. I must have been groping toward this disreputable end when I bought a few turkey eggs last May. Somewhere in the back of a man's head there lingers the conventional picture of the harvest home of the early colonists—a Puritan with a gun on his arm, a wild turkey being brought in from the red-and-gold woods for the feast day, the abundant and natural life of our stern and rock-bound coast. No doubt when I carve up this four hundred and fifty-dollar fowl I shall enjoy a momentary glow of self-sufficiency and thrift and certainty, as treacherous as the hopes of a daffy old Californian dreaming his dreams of thirty dollars every Thursday.



THE young girls of this village used to choose nursing for a career, many of them. But one of the teachers in the high school tells me that this year most of her girl graduates aimed to become hostesses for an air line. (Or even for a bus line: some of the large cross-country busses now carry hostesses.) Here again are security and adventure locked in a death grip. To a young girl in a small town the inside of a transport plane is the glamorous corridor to life, with marriage (safety through danger, strength through joy) at the end of the voyage. Statistics show that virginal hostesses, the ministering angels of the sub-stratosphere, last only a scant few months, then they marry an Eastern branch manager en route to his branch through the sky.



IT SEEMED to me that I should have to have a desk, even though I had no real need for a desk. I was afraid that if I had no desk in my room my life would seem too haphazard; when the hired man came into my room in the morning bringing kindling it would look better if I were sitting at a desk with some papers before me, otherwise he would not think I was a person of affairs. I couldn't depend on the set of *Britannicas* to impress him, because from a look I once caught on his face when he examined the books I knew that he had concluded that I had been taken by a book salesman.

The desk looked incomplete when I got it set up, so I found a wire basket and put that on it, and threw a few things in it. This basket, however, gave me a lot of trouble for the first couple of weeks. I had always had *two* baskets in New York. One said IN, the other OUT. At intervals a distribution boy would sneak into the room, deposit something in IN, remove the contents of OUT. Here, with only one basket, my problem was to decide whether it was IN or OUT, a decision a person of some character could have made promptly and reasonably but which I fooled round with for days—tentative, hesitant, trying first one idea then another, first a day when it would be IN, then a day when it would be OUT, then, somewhat desperately, trying to combine the best features of both and using it as a catch-all for migratory papers no matter which way they were headed. This last was disastrous. I found a supposedly out-going letter buried for a week under some broadsides from the local movie house. The basket is now IN. I discovered by test that fully ninety per cent of whatever was on my desk at any given moment were IN things. Only ten per cent were OUT things—almost too few to warrant a special container. This, in general, must be true of other people's lives too. It is the reason lives get so cluttered up—so many things (except money) filtering in, so few things (except strength) draining out. The phenomenon is difficult for me to understand and has not been explained, to my knowledge, by physicists: how it is that, with a continuous interchange of goods or "things" between people, everybody can have more coming in (except money) than going out (except strength).

My inability to make a simple decision concerning a desk basket is an indication of some curious nervous weakness. Psychiatrists know about it, I don't doubt, and have plenty of theories about its cause and cure. Question: Does a psychiatrist have an IN basket?

WALKING in the deep woods yesterday and coming to a glade there, I found a female member of the League for Peace and Democracy at her evil sport. She was with other ladies, and I saw instantly that they were hatching something. They had a ball of cord, several stakes, and a tiny spirit level; and there was an axe among them too, which they passed gingerly about from one to another as they stumbled here and there over rock and fern. To surprise a subversive character in the middle of her treachery was more than I had bargained for, so I hid behind a tree and watched for a while.

The ladies, it was quite clear, had chosen this site on which to erect a building, and were intent on staking out the foundation, which, from their rather disorderly preliminaries, seemed destined to be about 14 x 20 and somewhat out of whack. I assumed, knowing the affiliations of the head lady with the League, that this was to be a secret arsenal, for storing poisonous herbs, wry gases, and implements for overthrowing the established form of government. If it had been the county courthouse about to rise, there could have been no more amiable bustle and confusion. The woodland paradise rang with the lilting (if rather loose) talk of right angles and back porches. The stakes which the ladies were using to establish the corners were of smooth pine, nicely sawn to a point at the mill. The spirit level was of a special sort, designed to hang on a cord, and even from my distance, I could see that it was telling some white lies about the horizontal, the cord being rather slack.

I found the whole scene so pleasing, the air so full of pure creation and harmless ineptitude, that I could hardly bring myself to intrude. From what I had read in the papers about the League, I was certain that I was gazing at a group of Reds, who had chosen this wilderness spot for boring from within at the vitals of capitalism. It was the more surprising then to learn after a bit that this embryonic structure of theirs was to be simply another simple American Guest Cottage. The Reds are unpredictable folk: here on their own soil, deep in the privacy of their own property, I think I have seldom seen greater devotees of capital goods, more jealous guardians and surveyors of the plot of earth they called their own.

WHILE the old wars rage and new ones hang like hawks above the world, we, the unholy innocents, study the bulb catalogue and order one dozen paperwhite Grandiflora Narcissus (60 cents) to be grown in a bowl of pebbles. To the list which my wife made out I have added one large root of bleeding heart, to remind us daily of dead Christians and living Jews.

My thirty-six pullets are ready to go into the laying house, and all the pamphlets say I must cull them rigidly. It strikes me the Federal pamphleteers are strangely out of date in their terminology: isn't "purge" the word they are groping for?

Incidentally, this is one farm on which there will be no purge. I'm putting the whole flock into the laying house. Those that like to lay eggs can do that; the others can sit around the groaning board, singing and whoring.



The Easy Chair



SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DREADS

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

IN ALMOST any town of five thousand that is fifty miles or more from the nearest city you will find the store of T. M. Kirby & Son, Office and Mimeographing Supplies, Papeteries, Favors, Souvenirs, Greeting Cards, Lending Library, and, decrescendo, Books. Toward midafternoon Ruth Martin comes into Kirby's, buys a box of correspondence cards and a dozen bridge pads, and pauses before a shelf labeled "Recent Fiction." Ruth is the wife of the cashier of the State Bank and Trust Company; she is thirty-four and has three children, the youngest of whom is four years old; she is an A.B. of State U., class of 1925; she is head of the local Episcopal charities, she once broke 95 at the country club, and, against Bob Martin's express command, she twice voted for Roosevelt. After twenty minutes of indecision she buys two new novels at two dollars and fifty cents apiece. One is the latest work of John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Thomas Wolfe, or Sinclair Lewis. The other is by a newcomer of whom she has heard only in the advertising columns of *Books,* which Kirby's gives away to all charge customers. A week later she has read both novels and Bob, who is fundamentally serious-minded and had a cold over the week-end besides, has read one of them (the newcomer's).

Ruth's purchase and the fact that she will repeat it in a week or two are the foundation that supports the publishing business and the trade of authorship. Not her purchase, however, but her pleasure in the books concerns us here. Novels are one of the durable satisfactions in Ruth's life, and in the lives of several hundred thousand other Americans; but one who undertook to find out what that satisfaction consists of would get little in print to help him. Why do people read novels? What is this pleasure bound in cloth which they buy for two dollars and a half? Such questions usually evoke only the most perfunctory answers.

Professional and amateur literary people must be excluded from the inquiry. Poets read poetry by living writers primarily to resent it. Novelists feel a similar resentment of novels but sublimate it better, and have other motives besides: they read one another's novels to keep abreast of fashions and technic, to study the solution of professional problems, to appraise materials, to argue and agree and repudiate. The semi-literary, the dilettanti and hangers-on, read fiction in order to talk about it as if they were novelists themselves. The Martins have none of these motives, however, and few of the motives which literary people attribute to them. Novelists are never content to consider themselves mere entertainers who provide amusement for people's leisure and will tell you that readers come to them in search of truth and beauty and to acquire a philosophy of life. That is a very solacing thought for novelists to hold, but the Martins are not self-conscious about truth or beauty, and their philosophy of life—happily for the

Republic—is imposed on them by forces far stronger than fiction, by family and friends, by school and church and other social institutions. Novelists also say that readers ask them to interpret experience, and here they are on firmer ground, though the interpretation asked of them is not the kind they usually claim to supply.

Ruth likes a good story of course and will talk about the two novels at the parish supper, and to that extent she is moved by the desire to be in fashion. But the privilege of keeping up with the Joneses in literature is a very slight privilege and she would not pay two dollars and a half for it, still less five dollars. She wants to keep up with the world but wants to do so by keeping up with the story of her own life, and what she asks of the novelist is not interpretation but information.

The clue may be found on simpler levels of fiction than Dos Passos and among more naïve people than the Martins. The aspiration of America is still upward, toward a better job, a finer house, a more powerful automobile, and in phantasy at least, which is to say in fiction, the aspiration is still reasonable. So there is a constant need to know what things are like on the next landing, that one may behave as if accustomed to it when he arrives there. The attendant at a Socony gas station derives from popular magazine fiction an immense amount of information about the surroundings he may expect to find when he is a field supervisor and, later, a district manager, and about the behavior appropriate to such surroundings. Most of all, information about rituals. How do people act at an executive's desk, at the country club, at a restaurant where dinner jackets must be worn? How do they talk and what do they talk about? What are fighting words here and what epithets treated on the floor below as insults are now to be shrugged away as mere good fellowship? What assumptions and beliefs does an initiate carry to a directors' meeting, a church wedding, the Kentucky Derby, the moment when an assistant's treachery is discovered? On his way up the Socony boy will have to know, and he turns to popular fiction in order to be prepared.

The Martins need not call on James Farrell for information of that kind. If Bob were raised to the national Treasury to-morrow he would repair his ignorance by direct inquiry and Ruth would go to *Vogue,* the smart shops, and the manuals provided. It is rather an emotional preparedness they need. Life goes on, their own individual stories unfold, they are confronted from month to month with the manifold experiences of human maturity and decline—and with them comes the immortal human necessity, not of knowing how to act, since action is imposed involuntarily, but how to feel about them. If drift and circumstance transform Bob's flirtation with his secretary to a moment of authentic passion acted upon, if a star-crossed summer night finds Ruth and the rector of St. Anne's transfixed by the flesh's agony, there is a turbulence whose instant need is to be understood, to be given terms of the experienced, to be brought out of uniqueness into the humanly familiar. Fiction has been encouraged to occupy itself so largely with adultery not, as some critics hold, because it supplies safe gratification for wishes that cannot be acted upon—for Bob and Ruth can gratify such wishes with much more vivid and particularized phantasies than any novelist can give them—but because every strong emotion is both unique and intolerable to the individual until it is fitted into a pattern of the familiar; and, with the confessional and the conversation of old friends, fiction is a ready means to such assimilation. No one can stand unshaped emotion: it must be given shape, familiarity, a conduit of the known. So Ruth's requirement of the novelist as she approaches the rector's arms (or the grave of her firstborn, a friend's insanity, or a doctor's diagnosis that she has cancer of the breast) is not What Shall I Do?—for her behavior is conditioned by forces no

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novelist can affect—but How Do I Feel?

A primary service of fiction is that it helps to answer that question, prepares Ruth and Bob for the whirlpools of their own feelings, ekes out experience by anticipating it and filling in its gaps. Ruth and Bob grow older, the children grow older too and turn against them or disappoint them or prove to be far otherwise than early parenthood had dreamed. What do I feel about all this? What is this agony or ecstasy? Their friends die and they see themselves plain, middle-aged, the coarsening of aspiration, the eclipse of hope, the details of loss and suffering and defeat and decay—and such achievements and exultations also as the human story contains. What do I feel about them? Delivered over to emotions that crucify and exalt him, the individual is helpless; all emotion happens to him for the first time and his great need is to know what it is, to give it contact and fixation in the known. Fiction is an effective way to close the circuit and bring the known in.

It is here, almost it is here alone, that the novelist may be trusted. Within limits, he can answer that pitiful question, How do I feel? Within limits, he can tell us what individual emotion is. When he moves on from there and tries to tell us what the world is like he is the feeblest of all diviners. An inquirer can get a more trustworthy interpretation of society, or any of its component parts and energies, from a dowser, a palmist, or an astrologer, and a far more trustworthy one from the bell-shaped curve or the toss of a coin. The novelist may sometimes describe the appearance of things with moderate accuracy (an accuracy impaired by his timorousness, ignorance, and lack of analytical capacity and worldly experience), though such surface descriptions are usually dead as fiction in so far as they are uncolored by the compulsions that make him an artist. But when it comes to explaining the world, to explaining anything beyond the impact of individual on individual and the emotion it begets, he has, in support of his compulsions, only hazily remembered and temperamentally distorted theorems learned in Sunday school, in college courses in ethics or metaphysics, or in some conversations about Plato, Spengler, or Marx which he participated in some years ago but didn't understand very well. If Ruth and Bob Martin relied on him for orientation in the world they would be farcically betrayed. But, not being of the literary, they do not: they go to guides who are not under compulsion, they go to the luncheon clubs and the saints and sinners of the parish guild.

But the Martins are not yet done with the novelist. If it is Ruth's deep need to know how she feels when the flesh wakens or the children stray, it is an even deeper need to slake desires and assuage terrors that never rise to the threshold of awareness. If a novelist is a person who by anatomizing his emotions enables her to identify hers, he is also one who sinks a shaft into his unconscious self for the stability of hers. It is this reason even more than the other that keeps Ruth reading novels, bad ones almost as pleasurably as good ones, plowing through fiction that is alien to her experience and opaque to her understanding, ineptly, tritely, repetitiously written. It is for this reason that publishers and novelists may count on her always to spend two dollars and a half for another version of a fable already wearily familiar to her or so strange in milieu or treatment that she cannot come to grips with it.

We have heard much of wish-fulfillment literature and the literature of escape, yet in the naïve sense given these words by literary critics they have only the slightest application to the people who read novels. A novel may be an escape for the novelist, but at best it can be no more than a brief holiday for the reader. No man ever escaped so believingly into a novel that he tried to kiss the heroine, and no woman was ever so engaged with one that the hero got into her reveries—which, if they must stray from Bob, settle on the rector of St. Anne's or some other person who is not type but

flesh. And it is superficial to suppose that, toward the fulfillment of desire, any Ruth Martin in the world identifies herself as Scarlett O'Hara to the end that she may surrender to Rhett Butler. The energies at work are more complex than that—and darker.

For Ruth is grown up and grows older, and the reality-principle has triumphed in her beyond the power of any character in fiction to impair it. When the mysterious energies of the personality make an identification on her behalf it is not with one character or two but with the sum of all the characters in the book and with the relationships in which they are placed. They can make such an identification only on a level of the personality that is buried much deeper than the shadow-play of phantasy. Among the mind's pre-Cambrian quicksands there is hardly even personality, and certainly there are not characters either of fiction or of the waking world; there are only wills, blind and frustrate, and a child crying in fear. It is the child who was left behind when Ruth grew up and is now only a wraith—a wraith not seen as Ruth goes about her daily life but heard as a voice whispering and an impulse exerted on all she does. There in that Lyonnesse of the soul, where the cathedral chimes toll under waves which no light penetrates, fiction does its greatest charity to the human spirit. It is a means by which the child to whom all time is one may find achievement, joy, expiation, and reconciliation. It is one of art's immortal handmaidens to the child who must not live and cannot die.

Thus Ruth Martin reading a novel about the rebellion of a generation against its parents is not only a mother in 1938 who greatly needs to know how she feels about her children's desertion; she is also a child in 1912 rent by will and terror to destroy a parent who died in 1918. If the novelist has clarified the mother in 1938 by displaying his own maternal woes, be sure he has also gratified her childish need by molding his in images. Ruth will raptly follow, say, William Faulkner through a hell's broth of panic, mutilation, murder, and disembowelment that should disgust the gently reared parishioner of St. Anne's—because from severed roots far below the parishioner's introspection grow out just those monstrous blossoms in a child's terror and necessity. She will follow John Dos Passos through a chronicle of events she does not understand occurring to puppets that never touch her adult heart because over and over in that chronicle events and puppets symbolically evoke relationships, currents of desire thwarted or gratified, guilt felt and anticipated, fear assuaged and ecstasy achieved when the child who is now a wraith confronted the unknown, and because that child must still quiver with them in the void. She will follow the brutalities of *Studs Lonigan* and the delicate poetry of *Winter Orchard* with the same intentness for, over and beyond the fictitious events occurring to imaginary characters, both permit that spellbound child to raise a curtain, in safety and some comfort, on a theater where a child's dreads played out their drama years ago.

The mole, its forehead bloody from the spade's thrust, burrows deeper than the mind can follow it, but in every novel there is Snow White and the poisoned comb, there is a thumbling loosed with his sword in the giant's house, there is an impetus and handhold for the child Ruth used to be. If it chances to be a fine novel it will fuse these pitiful symbols with the real objects of an adult's world; but it need not be even a good novel to provide channels for the immortal cravings and surcease for the seven dreads. It need only attach the marionettes to their proper strings and turn out the lights, leaving the rest to childhood. For it is fiction's eternal charter that children accept fairy tales as true. And it is the reader's reprieve and absolution that novelists, whatever else they may be, are also children talking to children . . . in the dark.

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